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HARPER'S  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LXXIV.

DECEMBER, 1886, TO MAY, 1887.

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"WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES."—From a drawing by E. A. Abbey.—[See page 62.]



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## THE BOYHOOD OF CHRIST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR."

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist."



LET us go see Uncle Midas."

"Oh yes! Let us go and have him talk to us."

Outside the house all was winter, still and cold; inside were summer warmth, a rosy glow of light, and music and merry voices; for it was Christmas Eve, and the young people of the town had met to celebrate it. Uncle Midas held that such was the right welcome of the glad event. The sweetest song men ever heard was that of the singers who came with the Annunciator; and arguing that the lesson was cheerfulness and joy, the old gentleman opened his doors to the boys and girls, and was himself happy, knowing they were happy.

Now she who at the moment thought of Uncle Midas, and said let us go see him, and she who answered so willingly, were more than girls, yet not quite young women. They carried their childish names, but had lovers, each a number of them; and while they would laugh and dance and never tire, 'midst it all they could allow a serious thought. The first of the two to speak was Nan, the other was Puss, and in their dissimilarity they were pretty. Moreover, for persons so young they were well read, and knew to talk of great events and take delight in hearing of far countries. So, leaving the

waltzers and the fiddling and merriment, and the harmless play that leads to love, and the dear delusions so like love that even the wise often yield to their enchantment, only to find themselves mistaken, the two, hand in hand, stole out of the parlor door on the way to Uncle Midas.

They came first to a conservatory full of verdant treasures. Amongst them, specially in favor, were a palm-tree bearing stoneless dates, and a vine loaded with black grapes large as damson-plums. "This," Uncle Midas would say of the palm, "was given me by the monks of Mar-Saaba. The tree I saw them cut it from was the only green thing in their grim monastery. And this"—the vine—"was from a garden just outside the walls of Jerusalem. Of such were the grapes of Eshcol. And see there," he would say of a certain dwarfish shrub; "I plucked an acorn from the oak at Mamre, where the angels rested with the patriarch. Two thousand years hence it might be suggestive of its paternity." There were but few flowers under the glass roof. "Flowers remind me of nothing so much as their frailty, but these"—and he would look proudly and kindly at the palm and the outstretching vine and their less ambitious accessories—"these keep me reminded of famous places I have seen, of persons, and of the ventures with which my days of nerve and will were seasoned. When, at last, one comes to live in the by-gone, as I am living, it is good to have such dependents always at his door to salute him, 'Hey, you remember this?' or 'Have you forgotten that?' Yon pomegranate, for example. I wrenched it from the terrace of a Greek

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garden on the Bosphorus, and now if I stop to clip a dead twig from it, it begins straightway whispering to me of misty mornings breaking over great ships coming and going in endless processions, and of afternoon dreams dreamed in caïques drifting along the empurpled shores of the hill-bound bay of Buyukdere."

Passing through the conservatory, the visitors, by a door overhung with sheeny *portières*, entered a study which was itself a study. With respect to interiors, proportions are always perfect when they raise no questions. No one ever asked Uncle Midas about the height of this room, or its length and breadth. There was in the centre a carpet from the looms of Smyrna, deep-tufted, and of indigo blue almost black. A desk of cherry-wood in the middle of the carpet was overlooked by a "Pensieroso" of Angelo in Castellina marble. As there was but one door, so there was but one window, and it too was richly draped. Book-cases of cherry, much carven, hung from three sides. A flame burned brightly in a broad open fireplace, and an old-gold-colored rug of Khorassan caught the light of the flame, and held it in lustrous imprisonment. A circular window in the shallow arch of the ceiling permitted day in its hours to flood the interior, until the lettering of the books, on shelves not higher than an easy hand-reach, sparkled like jewelry.

It is hardly enough to call the chamber a study. Uncle Midas had led a busy life; he had been a lawyer, a soldier, an author, and a traveller; he had dabbled in art, diplomacy, and politics; and, like most men so diversely occupied, there had never been a day in which he had not promised himself to let his mind say to his body, "Thou hast served me well, and carried me about for much teaching, and I have profited much; now, O good servant, take thine ease; the gathered fruits are waiting, and I alone will continue to labor." At length, noting the coming of his mid-afternoon of life, he determined to make the promise good. Toward that end he built the study, and tied it to his house with the conservatory, reserving the shelves for those other and higher associates which, in their cloaks of cloth and gold, would also wait for him, and, being called, begin talking in a manner the cleverest tongue cannot attain, and of every possible theme of human interest. For such are books! With good women,

they are the superlative solace of waning years. Then, the preparations all complete, he retired from the pursuits which have their origin in ambition, and betook himself to study and reflection, believing that the capacity to think was a necessary accomplishment for the next life, and that it could be carried there with him. The sick and desponding sometimes take to their chairs grimly waiting for death; but in perfect health, with a plentiful reserve of strength, a contentment which with him was but another name for charity, and a satisfaction perpetually exercising itself in finding excuses for the follies and frailties of strangers as well as acquaintances, he sat down in his study calmly and with deliberate forethought that his soul might educate and fit itself for the life to come. "And this," he used to say, "shall no man be able to do except he believe in Jesus Christ."

Now when the visitors had come into the study, they saw Uncle Midas in his rocking-chair before the fire, and as they ran to him they cried out cheerily, "Oh, Uncle Midas!"

And he arose and answered as cheerily, "Heigh! Puss—and Nan!"

And he would have got them chairs, for he was a gentleman faithful to all the canons of the old school; but they divined his purpose, and were quicker than he; and when the chairs were brought and set at his right near his arm, and he was seated, they kissed him affectionately.

Uncle Midas, it must be said, did not look his sixty and five years. He was tall, white-haired, and white-mustached. This evening he was in slippers and dressing-gown. A gray silk cap had the effect to deepen the ineradicable sun-tan of his cheeks.

"Well, well," he said, "yonder are beaux, and music, and dance; here there is only an old man; yet you leave them and come to him?"

"Yes; we have come to hear you talk," said Nan.

A wave of music, splashing through the open door, streamed into the study.

"Hark!" he said. "Who may talk to young people against fiddles timing a waltz?"

"You can—and must," said Puss.

"Must?" he repeated.

"That was the word;" and the pretty girl, resting her elbows on the arm of his chair, looked up under his brows with an





Uncle Midas turned his face to the fire; then his head dropped lower, giving the flame to redden his forehead and repeat itself in his eyes. The suggestion was plainly a surprise to him.

"Why that subject?" he asked, to gain a little time.

"Because it's Christmas Eve."

"TO DECK HIMSELF FROM THE ANEMONE BEDS ON THE HILLS."—[SEE PAGE 8.]

infinite persuasion in her blue eyes. His hand dropped upon her shoulder.

"I see I must; but—did you think to bring a subject with you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You were very wise."

"It was—" She glanced appealingly at Nan; and Nan answered with a bright look, "The Boyhood of Christ."

"Yes, yes; I had almost forgotten."

"And then," Puss added, "it is so hard to think of him as a boy—I mean to think of him running, jumping, playing marbles, flying kites, spinning tops, and going about all day on mischiefs, such as throwing stones and robbing birds' nests."

Uncle Midas looked up with a grave smile.



"Rest you, little friend," he said; "if the Nazarene lads of his day had tops, marbles, and kites—I am not sure they had—I would prefer to believe he found enjoyment in them."

"Oh, Uncle Midas!"

The good man's smile vanished.

"I see," he said, "you are going the way of the many; by-and-by you will not be able to think of our Lord as a man. To me his human birth was as much a divine fact as anything in all his sublime story."

Uncle Midas turned to the fire again, as if to assure himself of an idea.

"I find my love of God," he presently resumed, "does not of itself help me stand up under the unutterable thought of Him. He is so beyond my comprehension. But for Christ—ah, how different my feeling! He is my friend, my brother; I could have borne to look into his face; I could have even laid my head fearlessly upon his breast. Why? Because he was a man—a man capable of returning my love in vastest measure, and therefore of easy understanding—a man who actually died for me, and of whose dying I am so much better."

At this he stopped; whereupon the fiddles, taking advantage of the silence, flung some of their liveliest notes into the study.

"Did you ever hear any one deny the human nature of the Saviour? I never did," said Nan, solemnly.

"But there are plenty to skip it as unbecoming their ideal of him," Uncle Midas replied, sharply. And then continued: "Two pictures always present themselves when I think of our Lord in his character of Man. A little plain near Bethlehem is illuminated in the night-time by a light dropped from the sky; and in the light there is movement and the flashing of wings, and one figure of indescribable majesty speaks to some cowering shepherds, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men.' This was the second annunciation, and the beautiful speech is a simple definition of the relation of Christ to men. And then the scene changes, giving me to see three crosses planted upon a low hill with millions of people around it; and there is a gloom, almost darkness, in which the crosses rock to and fro, yielding to an earthquake, and upon one of them a man, nailed hands and feet, lifts his face overhung

with bloody locks, and cries, as if expiring, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' And the awfulness of the sight, my little friends, does not hide from me that the sufferer, dying as he was, tarried a moment to make definition of his relation to God."

Uncle Midas's voice shook; he was evidently very much in earnest; and while he rested, possibly to give his fair listeners time to comprehend his argument, there was a quick step behind the party, and they all turned to a new-comer. Again Uncle Midas would have risen, but Puss stayed him.

"It's only John," she said.

The person so familiarly spoken of approached.

"Do not move," he said to Uncle Midas.

"I come to tell Puss that the quadrille is forming, and if she wants to be in it, we must hurry."

Uncle Midas glanced at John and Puss, and smiled. "It's only John," meant a great deal to him.

"Thank you," she replied; "I will not dance now. Uncle is talking. Bring a chair and join us. He will not object, I am sure."

Then, when John was seated, Uncle Midas said, "As the young man has kindly consented to be of our audience, it is but fair, Puss, that you tell him of what we are talking." And Puss did so, after which Uncle Midas proceeded: "The vision of the Crucifixion never visits me without another—a veritable picture hanging in the Pitti Gallery in Florence—the 'Ecce Homo' of Carlo Dolce. In artistic phrase, it is an idealization of the face of Christ, yet there is much more of it than a mere face. An ordinary expert can make features in likeness, but the rendition on canvas of a thought, a passion, an emotion of the soul, a face being used for the purpose, is a subtlety of genius of the highest order; and then the picture is in fact a portrait of the thought, passion, or emotion. In this sense the 'Ecce Homo' of which I am speaking is a portrait of the agony of Christ dying, and to me there is nothing in the world of art of such overpowering effect. The crown of thorns, the dusty clotted locks, the blood-drops and sweat-stains, are utilized; but they do no more than identify the subject and the moment. There is no contraction of brow or writhing of facial muscle; the lower lip hangs a little apart, a deadly pal-





ANGELS WATCHING OVER THE CHILD JESUS.—[SEE PAGE 9.]

lor overcasts the countenance, the eyes—ah, therein lies the achievement! Even in their faintness they somehow fasten upon the beholder, and say to him, with a pathos far beyond the power of words, ‘See to what I have been

brought—I who came to tell you of a loving God, of resurrection after death, of a better life in store for you—I who only asked you to love and believe in me!’”

“I will certainly see that picture when I get to Florence,” said John, impulsively.

Uncle Midas waved his hand gently. “And you will then understand the lesson it taught me. As the artist could not have painted the agony of the Lord without giving us his face, so it is not possible for us to be convinced of his divinity except by the self-comparisons which a recognition of his human nature affords.”

“But, Uncle—” said Nan.

“I hear you,” he answered, with a glance which as much as said he knew her thought.

“You were to talk to us about—” She hesitated.

“About the boyhood,” he said, smiling. “Well,

little one, your reminder only satisfies me that my preface has not failed its object. You are impatient to hear the kind of boy such a man as Christ was; and we will now inquire if he had a boyhood, except as the years of that stage of life can be so called.”

The old gentleman drew his brows down over his eyes, gazed into the fire awhile, looked up again, and asked: “Perhaps, Nan, you can tell me the incidents in which the Lord as a child is made to appear in the Scriptures?”

“Yes: when the shepherds came to wor-



ship him; at the visit of the Magi; the flight into Egypt; the presentation in the Temple; and when he was found with the doctors at the end of the Passover."

"Thank you, dear," Uncle Midas said, with a bow; then immediately continued: "Now is it not amazing that the youth of one who intended so well and actually did so much, who left us the most pathetic of histories, who will remain forever the perfect standard of comparative holiness, applicable alike to every phase and circumstance of human life, whose hold upon men has already proven him a prophet unto himself, and still goes on widening and deepening—how wonderful, I say, that the childhood of such a man should be so beggarly of authentic incident! As an argument this fact seems at first glance to justify the opinion commonly held that the youth of the Saviour ran in course very much like that of the generality of poor Jewish children."

"I can't believe that, uncle," said Puss, with a show of indignation.

The old gentleman looked at her benignantly.

"Nor can I," he said. "They say that Joseph, to whom as a child our Lord was subject, was a carpenter who plied only the humbler branches of the trade, and that Mary, his wife, spun the flax and wool for the family, and was a housewife. These are the circumstances chiefly relied upon to support the theory that the condition of the child was poverty. Now while I admit the circumstances, I deny the conclusion. That Joseph was a carpenter signifies nothing; as the law required every Israelite, rich or poor, to follow some occupation. Then was it not written of the exemplar of all the mothers in Israel, 'She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness?' And if we may give heed to accounts not purely Scriptural, Mary owned the house in Nazareth in which the family dwelt; but conforming to the Scriptures, it is to be remembered that amongst the gifts of the Magi there was gold. And I please myself thinking that there was enough of it to support the holy family while it was in Egypt, and afterward in Nazareth. In my view, then, the child was not born to poverty. If any one doubts the conclusion, let him ponder the awful declaration in the Talmud: 'These four are accounted as dead: the blind, the leper, the poor,

and the childless.' As to the social position of the family, it is enough to remark that, besides being a just man, Joseph was a lineal descendant of David the King."

"They were neither rich nor poor, then," said John.

"Only comfortable," Uncle Midas rejoined; then proceeded: "Exactly the condition to allow our Saviour a marginal time in which to taste something of natural boyish freedom; to have little playmates, run races with the youngest of the flocks, deck himself from the anemone beds on the hills, and watch the clouds form slowly about the summit of old Hermon. It must be noted, however, that this period was shorter with him than with our lads, for the terrible Talmudic rules fell upon him early, after which there was small chance to enjoy boyhood according to our ideas of its enjoyment. By overwhelming men, women, and children with duties, they put existence in iron jackets. To neglect the rules, or the least of them, was to invoke perdition. And besides—" Uncle Midas drew his gray cap well down, and meditated a moment. "I was about to say," he then continued, "that there was another cause to cut short the jocund marginal period of our Lord which must not be overlooked—a cause peculiar to himself, and, in my judgment, more influential even than the Talmudic rules. His precocity was miraculous. At a time when other children are muling in their mother's arms, the cells of his understanding began to enlarge and fill with knowledge. The process must have been like the gradual rise of water in the basin of a spring; at all events, the knowledge was of a kind to make him preternaturally serious, and it was not derived from books or schoolmasters."

"You think the angels waited upon him?" interposed Nan.

The question was asked with such artlessness that Uncle Midas, who had been talking with self-concentration, looked at her half startled.

"I did not think of being called upon to make the admission, my little friend," he said; "but I will—only do not take me to be a modern spiritualist. You may have seen copies of the most beautiful of the Virgin Mothers. Murillo did but work according to his faith when he filled the space about the central figure with faces of attending spirits. At the feet of the



Sistine Madonna, beyond peradventure the most divinely perfect Mother and Child in group, there are two little cherubs inimitably suggestive of mischievous urchins; but examine them closely next time, and see what knowledge is conveyed in the expression of their countenances. Raphael painted them *con amore*, meaning that he believed in them—and so do I. I do not think such ministers go with us common mortals. Goodness help them if they do! That they went with the divine Child, however, I am quick to believe. They watched him with jealous care; they floated on the clouds above him; they trod the air in his chamber; they gave color, direction, purity, and strength to his thought. His mother may have taught him the alphabet, but neither she nor the teachers in the synagogue could have helped him to that other rarer and higher learning in the light of which the hearts of those about him were as primers for easy reading. Through what human agency was it that before he was a man he was master of a lore which Hillel had not been able to obtain with all his one hundred and twenty years of studious life?"

Uncle Midas concluded this speech with something like declamation; unconsciously he had become excited, and it was not a little to his relief that other young people broke into the study, and with whispers and smothered laughter closed around the fire.

"Hush!" said John, severely. "Uncle Midas is talking."

But Uncle Midas spoke more kindly: "I fear the fiddlers will complain of me."

"Not just now," replied a girl as she rested her arms on the back of his chair. "They are at the cold chicken and mulled cider on the sideboard."

"Never mind them, uncle," passed round in encouraging chorus.



"THE STORY CAME FIRST FROM HER."

As such was the general voice, he said: "Very well—only I am sorry the newcomers will have to guess what has preceded by the fragment that follows. My



subject is the boyhood of Christ. I was saying I did not think he had much time to enjoy his, and will now add another argument in support of the opinion. Suppose by any chance he came while a child to know the mysteries of his birth. The effects would have been manifold, but of one of them I am certain—all desire for pastime by childish means would have then ended."

"Then you believe he knew it all?" asked Puss, impulsively—"knew it all when he was a child?"

"Well," he answered, "let us see. He was from the beginning in care of at least two persons who could not have put their knowledge of him away had they wished to do so. The world has done injustice to Joseph. The fathers of the Church did better when they canonized him. He held a prodigious secret in his possession, and was true to it. 'Who is this?' the rabbis asked, when Christ began his miracles; and they answered themselves, 'Oh, it is the carpenter's son!' The other person was Mary, the mother. After all that has been said and written of her appearance, her devotion, her sanctity—her womanliness makes her as incomparable amongst women as her son is incomparable amongst men. I am somewhat rigid in my idea that worship is due to God alone; nevertheless, it would have been hard for me to refuse to fall in and march with Cyril in his great dispute with Nestorius, and I am sensible of a kindly feeling for Pope Gregory the Great, because he at length settled the dispute by making it lawful to write 'Holy Mother of God' after Mary's name. Neither have I any disposition to quarrel with the devotional habit the peasants have of stopping to kneel before the Mother as she appears above the rural altars on the waysides of Italy. On the quay of the Bosphorus as one approaches Therapia there is an arched vault of an ancient ruin in which a poor hunch-backed Greek keeps a candle always burning before a wretched picture of the Virgin. In front of that humble church I habitually stopped my caïque, and going in, dropped a piastre in the alms-box, and crossed myself. The deformed keeper kept his light, such as it was, burning in the world; my money helped give him bread and maintain his light; the sign was reverence to her who is to be the pattern of mothers while the earth endures; and such worship as there

was in my salutation and gift went up to God with as much acceptance, in my belief, as if it had been rendered with organ accompaniments amidst the splendors of St. Peter's."

There was a decided movement amongst the audience at these words. Uncle Midas was allowing himself to be carried away again. The rustle, however, brought him back to his subject.

"I beg pardon," he said, with charming candor. "If I have wandered a little, charge the fault to my great love of good women. The two, Joseph and Mary, I was saying, possessed the secret of our Lord's origin. When I consider their relationship to him, it becomes impossible for me to think they did not tell him all they knew about him. I prefer to believe the story came first from her. She knew it best; she loved him most; and as to the time the tale was told, exactness is of no importance. The hour, we may be sure, was auspicious; she held him clasped in her arms; his head lay upon her breast; from that soft pure pillow he looked up into her eyes; and then she remembered that he was the Messiah, and she the most blessed of women, and from that moment he was lost to all the claims of boyhood. In the good old language so nearly descriptive of the indescribable, 'The grace of God was upon him.'"

"Well, if he did not play as other children, he at least went to school?" one of the auditors said; and Uncle Midas hastened to reply:

"If Nazareth had a school—and the better opinion is that the village was not so favored—it is to be kept in mind that scholars could not be admitted before the age of six, and that all instruction was limited to the Law, and entirely oral. The master sat on a raised seat; the children, on the floor, simply repeated what he recited to them until they knew the lesson by heart. After six years—certainly after he came to know himself—our Lord was taught, I think, by his mother. She may have initiated him in the alphabet earlier; anyhow I delight in imagining the two at work. The *torah* is spread upon her knee; he has a hand over her shoulder, she an arm about his waist; he is quick to apprehend; their voices are low and sweet; at times they turn to each other, and it is the old story—

'Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again.'





MARY TEACHING JESUS THE ALPHABET.









“LISTENING FOR VOICES.”

Uncle Midas's voice was a little tremulous, but he went on in the same strain:

“After the lad came to know himself, the knowledge enforced solemnity and se-

rious thought. The old master who painted him trudging after Joseph with a basket of tools had the true conception of him about this time, for he was humble and



uncomplaining, and delighted in service. Of out-door employments, I am sure he most loved that of the shepherd. In following the capricious flocks, as they wandered over the broad Esdraelon, he could freely indulge the expectancy of revelation that must have been his constant condition of mind. I have had visions of him out in the historic plain, sunburned, large-eyed, oval-faced, leaning upon a crook, a dog by his side. What time he is not observant of his charge, he is listening for voices, attentive to each passing wind, or gazing at the clouds for seraphic messengers, or giving heed to the emotions of his own being in the hope of their becoming telltales of all he so wished. How tenderly he would carry the weaklings of the herd down the steeps and over the stony places! He loved them, and they loved him. But—"

And Uncle Midas rested upon the word, and thereupon the violins off in the parlor seemed suddenly to find their lost notes. A peal of Strauss's liveliest dance music penetrated the study, though without effect; even the waltzers of the party remained patiently around the old gentleman's chair. One little miss whispered, "We're all here but the fiddlers."

"And they'll be along presently," another one replied.

"I was about to do what the lovers of our Lord have so often done," Uncle Midas at length said, confidently, as if he had overtaken the idea that was trying to escape him in the fire—"I was about to grumble again at the meagreness of the record; but let us do better—let us take up and eke out all we can of what there is. One of you get the Testament there on the table, and read from Luke ii., beginning with the 39th verse."

Presently the reading began.

"Observe," said Uncle Midas, after the 43d verse, "he is spoken of as the child Jesus. Jump now to 46 and 47."

The reader was attentive.

"And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

"Rest there," said Uncle Midas, somewhat in the style of a captain giving an order—"rest there, and let us weigh what we have, lightening it with outside facts, and now and then with permissible touch-

es of fancy. The herdsmen of Nazareth were ignorant and poor; still they complied with the Law, and at least once every year went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. In the procession on one such occasion there was a family the head of which was a plain, serious-looking, middle-aged man, with whom the world has since become acquainted as Joseph. His wife, Mary, was then about twenty-seven years of age, gentle, modest, sweet-spoken, of fair complexion, with eyes of violet-blue, and hair half brown, half gold. She rode a donkey. James, Joses, Simon, and Jude, full-grown sons of Joseph, walked with their father. A child of Mary, twelve years old, walked near her. It is not at all likely that the group attracted special attention from their fellow-travellers. 'The peace of the Lord be with you!' they would say in salute, and have return in kind. More than eighteen hundred years have passed since that obscure family made that pious pilgrimage. Could they come back and make it now, the singing, shouting, and worship that would go with them would be without end; not Solomon in all his glory, nor Cæsar, nor any or all of the modern kings, would have such attendance. Let us single out the boy, that we may try and see him as he was—afoot like his brethren, small, growing, and therefore slender. His attire was simple: on his head a white handkerchief, held in place by a cord, one corner turned under at the forehead, the other corners loose. A tunic, also white, covered him from neck to knees, girt at the waist. His arms and legs were bare; on his feet were sandals of the most primitive kind, being soles of ox-hide attached to the ankles by leathern straps. He carried a stick that was much taller than himself. The old painters, called upon to render this childish figure on canvas, would have insisted upon distinguishing it with a nimbus at least; some of them would have filled the air over its head with cherubs; some would have had the tunic plunged into a pot of madder; the very courtierly amongst them would have blocked the way of both mother and son with monks and cardinals. The boy's face comes to me very clearly. I imagine him by the road-side on a rock which he has climbed, the better to see the procession winding picturesquely through the broken country. His head is raised in an effort at far sight.





ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.



The light of an intensely brilliant sun is upon his countenance, which in general cast is oval and delicate. Under the folds of the handkerchief I see the forehead, covered by a mass of projecting sunburned blond hair, which the wind has taken liberties with and tossed into tufts. The eyes are in shade, leaving a doubt whether they are brown, or violet like his mother's; yet they are large and healthfully clear, and still retain the parallelism of arch between brow and upper lid usually the characteristic of children and beautiful women. The nose is of regular inward curve, joined prettily to a short upper lip by nostrils just full enough to give definition to transparent shadows in the corners. The mouth is small, and open slightly, so that through the scarlet freshness of its lines I catch a glimpse of two white teeth. The cheeks are ruddy and round, and only a certain squareness of chin tells of years this side the day the Magi laid their treasures at his feet. Putting face and figure together, and mindful of the attitude of interest in what is passing before him, the lad as I see him on the rock is handsome and attractive. When the journey shall have ended, and his mother made him ready for the court of the temple, he may justify a more worshipful description; we may then see in him the promise of the Saviour of Men in the comeliness of budding youth, his sad destiny yet far in the future."

Uncle Midas sank back into the ample arms of his chair, tweaking his white mustache with nervous fingers; and thinking to give him a rest, Puss said: "Thank you, uncle. The figure on the rock is ever so plain to our sight—plain as if painted. We will wait a little if you are tired."

"I will go on," he replied. "It was only the intrusion of that horrible Crucifixion. The plainer one sees the Lord the more dreadful his end appears." The old gentleman cleared his throat and resumed:

"'The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom,' is the language of the text. *Spirit*, as there used, means mind, and, in the connection, *wisdom* stands for vastly more than reading and writing, more even than ability to repeat the Law and the commentaries from end to end; it expresses all knowledge—knowledge of the high and low, of heaven and earth, of God and man; the knowledge that needs not the instruction of schools, that is not an acquisition at all, but an

intuition of the universal; a quality that cannot be better described than as an illuminated consciousness by help of which men see the truth invariably and prophecy and work miracles—in short, a quality that is itself a miracle. I do not bother asking how the lad came by the wisdom; the words of the old Apostle are enough; they cover the process and the fact—*he filled with wisdom*. In this light the succeeding narrative becomes comprehensible;" and raising his voice, Uncle Midas gave order, "Now read the other verses."

The reader promptly responded.

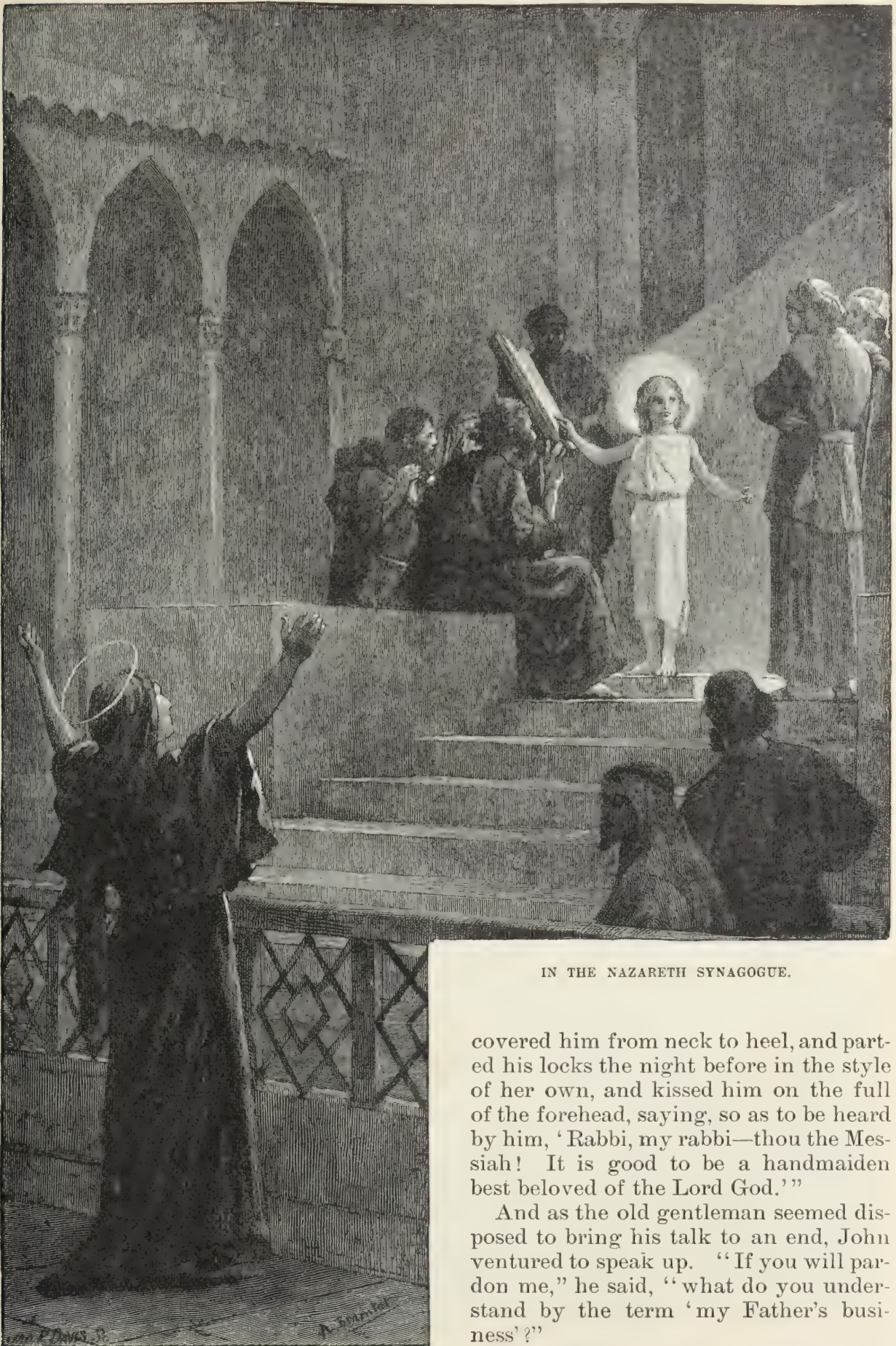
"'48. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

"'49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

"'50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.'"

"Ay," said Uncle Midas, with positive vehemence; "that they did not understand him helps us realize the amazing growth of the child, and how prodigiously out of the common he so early became. And then, my young friends"—his voice fell to its habitual calm assurance—"with that realization the discussion concludes itself. If any of you yet think the lad came away from Jerusalem a common boy, light-hearted, easily amused, quick at acquaintanceship, consider the effect upon him of the illuminated consciousness I have ventured in definition of what the chronicler calls wisdom. It was a light which for him reached and laid bare the infinite mysteries never so simply described as his 'Father's business.' His next appearance in Nazareth, we may well believe, was as a teacher. Up 'midst the congregation he arose, and going to the reader's place, received the sacred roll which was that Sabbath's lesson. I hear the clear childish voice with which he begins, shriller growing as he advances. When at length he lifts his eyes from the page and launches into exposition, I see in their light the first suggestion of the nimbus. I see also his audience, in amazement, sunk to breathless silence; and thinking of the Virgin Mother behind the lattice of the women's place in the synagogue, my sterner nature thrills in acknowledgment of the feeling with which she finished the white woollen gown that





IN THE NAZARETH SYNAGOGUE.

covered him from neck to heel, and parted his locks the night before in the style of her own, and kissed him on the full of the forehead, saying, so as to be heard by him, 'Rabbi, my rabbi—thou the Messiah! It is good to be a handmaiden best beloved of the Lord God.'"

And as the old gentleman seemed disposed to bring his talk to an end, John ventured to speak up. "If you will pardon me," he said, "what do you understand by the term 'my Father's business'?"

Uncle Midas gave him a serious glance, and replied:

"My dear friend, I have a faith which in the great and material things, as it is permitted me to see them, accords perfectly with the ideas of the Christian world,



and it gives me an infinity of pure enjoyment. It is obvious to me that there are many things in the connection which I do not understand; these all lie out in the field of conjecture. One of the clearest observations of my life is that people of good intent are never troubled in the matter of religion except as they stray off into that field. In return for your trust in me, take a rule of conduct good for every day's observance: When you hear a man talking oracularly in definition of topics which our Lord thought best to leave outside of his teachings and revelations, set it down that he is trenching on the business of the Father and the prerogative of the Son; then go your way and let him alone. The rule is, of course, applicable only to subjects classified as religious."

Here Uncle Midas arose, and said, with his old-school politeness: "To-morrow,

my young friends, or any time you choose other than to-night, I give you leave to criticise my talk upon the subject dealt with; you may even laugh at me for having taken so many of your precious minutes in attempting to convince you that in fact Christ had no boyhood at all; but now—the fiddlers are waiting for you—"

"You are mistaken, uncle," said Nan, with twinkling eyes.

"How so?"

"They too are here, and have been for the last fifteen minutes."

"Oh! very well; I am content with my short triumph over the fiddlers. Good-night to you all."

Thereupon the company went to him one by one; the boys shook his hand and thanked him, the girls kissed him. And the music and the dance went on till holy-day stole through the windows.

## THE LEGEND OF SAINT NICHOLAS.

BY ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

Esso parlava anchor della larghezza  
Che fece Niccolao alle pulcelle,  
Per condurre ad onor lor giovinezza.—PURGATORIO, XX.

IN old Italian story, ere Florence went astray,  
Misled by wealth and glory, in stern, sad Dante's day,  
A certain Knight, in hard-fought fight, was captured by his foe,  
Who swore a fierce, unknightly oath he would not let him go  
Without a ransom such as might a king or prince set free—  
Ten thousand golden crowns paid down—and that right speedily.  
The Knight refused these cruel terms; they cast him then straightway  
Into the castle's *oubliette*, where one poor loaf a day  
And draught of water—less and less—were let down by a cord,  
While a hoarse voice above exclaimed: "By order of my lord  
Again I ask, wilt thou, Sir Knight, make terms for thy release?  
If not—to-morrow—any day—thy dole of food may cease."  
"I will not cast my children's bread to dogs," the answer came.  
"I will not bring my babes and wife to beggary and shame.  
I cannot raise ten thousand crowns—nor would I if I could.  
Far better that my enemy should triumph in my blood  
Than Pia with her sweet sad eyes, and Nella with her smiles,  
And sweet Costanza, rosy-lipped, all kisses and all wiles,  
Should come to poverty through me; for who is there but knows  
The hardships that a maid of rank, undowered, undergoes?"

But his lady fair discovered where her lord was held in prison.  
In her woman's might, for her own true Knight, to the rescue she has risen.  
She has mortgaged their castle stern and grim, and all she can sell has sold;  
She has pledged the dower she brought to him for three thousand crowns in gold;  
She has pawned her tapestries, lace, and plate, her jewels and robes and furs—  
There is nothing in all her coffers left of the treasures that once were hers.  
Still, lands and stuff were not enough to set the captive free:  
A thousand golden crowns she lacks to buy his liberty.





"SHE STANDS WITH SHAME ON HER GLOWING FACE."





"THEY TOOK HIS HAND AND THEY LED HIM UP TO THE CHAMBER OF THE DEAD."

She has taken her three little girls by the hand, Costanza, Nella, and Pia,  
And she stands with shame on her glowing face, in open day in the market-place,  
She holds out her hand with a piteous grace, and alms drop down at her feet apace,  
For her wifely courage and woful case melt the hearts of all who see her.

The ransom was completed thus by public charity.  
They weighed the gold, its tale they told; they set the captive free.  
A gallant Knight in armor bright he to the fight had sped;  
A broken cripple he came back, with bowed and silvered head.  
He entered his court-yard still and bare: no wife came forth with greeting;  
Costanza, Pia, and Nella were there, with tearful eyes and a frightened stare.  
' Where is your mother, children—where? Is this our longed-for meeting?'

"Oh! father, come; you must make her wake; she lies all white on her bed."  
They took his hand and they led him up to the chamber of the dead.

A dull despair came over him there, and it lasted many a day.  
The damp, the mould, the cruel cold of that fatal cell on his life had told:  
They had made him a man prematurely old, and had turned his black locks gray.

Not far from the good Knight's garden wall a little low hut there stood,  
Where he whom we call Saint Nicholas dwelt, then only known as the Good.  
We know how he looks from our story-books, as he travels our lands of snow,  
But he was a Florentine cobbler once, in the far-off Long Ago.



He was old and gray, and merry, they say, and his cheeks, though withered, were red.  
 His dress was leather, whatever the weather, with a hood to pull over his head.  
 He saw the Knight sit night after night alone in a big straw chair;  
 He could hear him groan as he watched alone, and wrestled with dumb despair.  
 "I shall die; I am dying," was ever his plaint; "and alas! when I am gone,  
 My three poor portionless pretty maids will be left in the world alone.  
 Three poor little feeble creatures left to the cruel mercies of men—  
 Costanza seven, and Nella eight, and Pia, the eldest, ten.  
 I cannot even provide the fee each convent asks with a nun.  
 O Father, strengthen my heart for me till I say, Thy will be done!"

"Alas! alas!" good Nicholas cried, when he heard the sad Knight's words,  
 "I see it needs hope to prop up faith and to bend our wills to the Lord's.  
 Last night I saw Costanza sweet feed a bird with her scanty bread,  
 And blithe little Nella blew me a kiss as she mounted the stairs to bed;  
 And motherly, patient, pious, and good is the eldest of all of them—Pia;  
 I think the angels must love that child as they bend from their thrones and see her  
 Patiently sewing and mending by night, and hearing her sisters' prayers,  
 And folding their clothes, and making them neat, with her little motherly airs.  
 I have gold in my chest; the Lord has blessed my labors from day to day;  
 Three thousand crowns in gold I hold till He shall give it away.  
 'Twas His by vow, long, long ago, and now I await His word  
 To say in my heart, 'Rise, do thy part, bestow the gift of the Lord.'  
 I seem to hear that voice draw near. Speak, Lord; is it really so?  
 My dearest Lord, may I spend my hoard? In Thy name may I go  
 And rain on this desolate house a shower, a shower of golden rain,  
 Till each sweet flower beneath its power shall blossom in hope again?  
 But, ah! I must do my part by stealth, for kindness may be unkind  
 If it woundeth the pride of a noble race, and leaveth a sting behind."



"IT BURST, AND OUT OF IT ROUND THE KNIGHT A GOLDEN SHOWER DID POUR."



He sat down then on his cobbler's bench, and he made him a bag to hold,  
 Packed close and tight, a thousand bright red crowns of Venetian gold.  
 The bells at midnight rang out clear on Christmas Eve so merrily  
 When the good man crept like a thief in the night on his errand of charity.  
 The sad Knight keeping his lonely watch sat still in his big straw chair,  
 And the maidens three in their purity asleep in their chamber were.  
 He gave one look—good aim he took—the bag fell flop on the floor;  
 It burst, and out of it round the Knight a golden shower did pour.  
 Upon the bag there was written thus: "Take this and dower thy Pia.  
 God loves the faithful, and His eyes with sweet approval see her."

Down on his face the father fell, the gold all scattered round him.  
 "God will provide," a kind voice cried; "never again misdoubt Him."

The next night came good Nicholas, cautious, by by-paths creeping,  
 When all the town had gone to rest, and the three babes were sleeping.  
 "How shall I fling my bag," he said, "to-night for little Nella?  
 I would not have it miss its mark, and yet to-night the house is dark;  
 I cannot see of light a spark, from coping-stone to cellar."

But as he spake out peeped the Moon—sweet Lady Moon soft-hearted,  
 And with a smile the curtain clouds that hid her face she parted.  
 She let a shining beamlet fall where the old Knight was lying,  
 And in a moment, quick as thought, another bag came flying.  
 The Knight sprang quickly to his feet, still deeming he was dreaming,  
 But through the window on the floor a flood of light was streaming,  
 And Lady Moon peeped down to see (for she had none to tell her)  
 How the glad father joyfully received the bag marked "Nella."

The third night came, this time all black with clouds and drenching rain.  
 Saint Nicholas to his good work crept stealthily again.  
 He carried in his hand a bag on which were writ these words:  
 "For her who, though in need herself, yet fed God's little birds."  
 But as he raised his arm to fling this his last gift of gold,  
 Two arms behind him clasped him tight, with a convulsive hold.  
 The arms that grasped him were the Knight's. "Oh, Nicholas," cried he,  
 "Servant of God, why should you seek to hide yourself from me?  
 Here in my little maidens' names I humbly kiss thy hands,  
 And pray this deed that thou hast done be told through many lands."  
 "Nay, nay, Sir Knight, I beg, I pray—I kneel upon my knee—  
 Let this thing be a secret kept between thyself and me.  
 I love, when all are sound asleep, to creep by stealth at night,  
 And comfort little lonely babes, or add some new delight  
 To those that happy homes provide for good girls and good boys.  
 If watched, how could I carry round my sweetmeats, cakes, and toys?  
 Be silent, then, Sir Knight; some day my mission will be over;  
 Then tell them all (for then you may) I was the children's lover."  
 But as he spoke the midnight bells seemed as by one endeavor  
 To ring out softly like a chime, Forever—ever—ever!

Eight hundred years have passed, and still the good saint has permission  
 On every Christmas Eve to start upon his happy mission.  
 He carries round the world that night (to fill our hearts with wonder)  
 Gifts to make children's Christmas bright, and burst their socks asunder.  
 His name is now a household word, to no one land restricted,  
 But world-wide and "for evermore," as the church chimes predicted.  
 We know him, love him; his pet name we hail with glad applause,  
 All happy children's patron saint, our own dear Santa Claus.



LA MÈRE VENUS.  
AN OUT-DOOR STUDY.  
BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.



NEVER could understand why or wherefore that lightsome little band of art students came to fix upon poor old Virginie the above playful *sobriquet*.

It was not particularly pat or well fitting, for she was gnarled and battered with storm, and bent and twisted with infirmities, saddened and shadowed with poverty and sorrows. And yet, nothing is sacred to a French sapper, nor to the callow art student, especially on French soil. So she was by common consent "Mère Venus" to us all, notwithstanding the fact that she rather liked the nickname, as Richelieu did his of the "old fox," and it therefore had not that charm so sweet to the inventive *blaguer* of annoying his victim.

Not that we were particularly spiteful, beyond the usual wont of fiery and conceited youth, but they had the little weaknesses of their kind, and when they

had been at the pains to tack a nickname to any one, they liked to have him feel the point of the tack.

The poor old soul had a very pretty name of her own, and there were those of her old cronies who said that once upon a time she had been the beauty of the village. Even in our time one could trace beneath the seams and scars of time and care the remains of a certain comeliness that had not been entirely furrowed and harrowed out. The villagers, one and all, called her by her baptismal name, I might say her "maiden" name, for she had never married, and therefore had no plausible or moral right to be called La Mère anybody, like the other old crones.

We first met—"the usual way"—by chance. But let me sketch a bit of the back-



ground and surroundings before I do any more to the figures.

I was passing the summer, some "good few" years ago, in a much besketched and painted little village not far from Paris. There was a rare nestful of us at the time, as I remember—Americans, English, and French, a stray German or Swede now and then—and it was a mere toss-up as to which country could lay claim to the most reckless and abandoned *farceurs* of the party. To lead the other fellows into some farcical pitfall was with each nationality a duty so serious that it almost verged on patriotism. How they found time for all these wild pranks, and the good hard work and study they did as well, is a mystery to me to this day. And though there was a constant striving as to who should show the best work, nothing could be more kindly and genuine than the applause all round for any worthy effort. We often worked together out in the woods and fields, seldom more than two of us, as a larger number generally led to pranking of some kind—good enough in its way, but utterly inimical to serious sketching. I often noticed that the most wild *farceur* would take for choice some steady worker with him, if he could entice him, as companion, and they often did their best work when they got their powers of levity and gravity properly adjusted.

So it happened that on one sweltering summer afternoon one of the most abandoned of the prankers and myself—perhaps he might revise the description; but *c'est égal!*—were tempted by cool shades of the fragrant wood to wander off on chance of a subject in some of its devious *allées*. It was too hot for anything indoors or in the open—even nonsense seemed to wilt and collapse.

In the *allée* were peace and shade and coolness, and we could lie under a tree and read and smoke, if too lazy to work. The late summer leaves were turning to that bronze gold hue that lights up to yellow flame under the afternoon sun. Where the leaves of the slender beech were catching the glints of light, and just the breath of a passing breeze, they danced and trembled like showers of gold flakes. Some were silting sidelong down along the slender sinuous pathways.

Lazy and demoralized as we felt with the heavy air of indolence and peace, the effect of the lovely shimmer of glowing color was too much for our dearest in-

stincts. We occupied most of our time and energy, however, in very voluble admiration of it all. Even when trying to paint it, it was a running glorification of nature, a wild lament on how futile any attempt to do it, a running execration in the choicest of French bad language on the midges and mosquitoes that got into one's open pores and just buried themselves, to arise slaked with our gore only to wade into the fresh paint on palette or sketch. We had arrived almost at the point of despair where one breaks into calming song or violent action.

"By Jove! here she comes!"

"Which she?" I had my back to the direction indicated.

"Why, old Virginie, and old Julie with her."

"Look now! turn up that green tart of yours and gaze. Make haste. They're just in the right spot."

I did turn up the work so felicitously described, and I rather gladly got up from the cramping camp-stool, with my system full of "pins and needles," and gazed as directed. Had Hebe and Aphrodite in their proper persons been brought before our ravished eyes, we could not have hailed them with much more rapture. To the young and tolerably healthy scarcely any good thing comes amiss. We had not tasted yet the fatal drug of the satiety that leads to ennui.

They were, in fact, only two very old and time-battered crones that we saw coming slowly and wearily down the narrow path—one leaning upon the arm of the other, and assisting herself with a stick as well. As they came nearer they passed through a slant beam of golden sunlight, and then somehow the whole picture fell into complete shape.

We stayed them gently in their exact attitudes, as chance had put them in that fortunate moment. They were well used to such sudden demands on them, and took it all as a matter of course.

My companion knew them well, but I, being a comparatively new comer, was a stranger for the moment. But to that posing community of villagers a painting palette or an open sketch-book was at any time a sufficient introduction. No further ceremony was required. Our conversation was mainly in the peculiar *patois* of the region. And somehow we students managed to rapidly acquire and revel in such wondrous feats in it that the





VIRGINIE AND JULIE.

accomplishment gave us more solid joy than would the purest vernacular of the Faubourg St. Germain itself.

After the usual little salutations and greetings of the most polite kind we could command any sort of knowledge of—for we always treated these women of the fields as if they were grand dames of the court—we asked them if they had time to pose a little for us. They in their turn could not express their delight at being of any service to us. Would they sit down first after their walk?—and we offered them a bank of springy moss as if it had been a satin couch at Versailles. “*Merci*,” they would just rest a bit. We arranged them as comfortably as we could, and offered them a biscuit each. The wine was “out”—being a warm day—naturally.

When we were arranging them to their proper position I made the discovery that the elder woman was quite blind. I had noticed at first something uncanny about her eyes, as she seemed to blink out from under her deep-set gray brows with a sort of watery glimmer. I thought, how-

ever, it was only the effect of the strong glancing sunlight on them. She had that tender, patient, submissive smile that one often sees on the sensitive sightless. Noting an unfamiliar voice and presence, she was informed about me by my companion in an unmerciful personal description, at which she laughed in a quiet, kindly way. We were thenceforth introduced. They would have nothing to do with my surname, finding it impossible to pronounce, naturally. She would only agree to know me as M’sieu’ Georges; and in fact so were we all known to the villagers—as M’sieu’ “Tome, Dicque, or Harrie,” “Billie” or “Sharlie,” as the case might be.

The tiresome studies of trees in shifting sunlight were put by, and we took out fresh boards, and went to work with renewed vigor on our two figures, from different points of view.

That pose finished, they were helped to their feet, and encouraged to execute a weird and rustic polka to get the “pins and needles” out of their cramped limbs. This was rare fun for them, which they



enjoyed as much as we did. They scorned the idea of being tired. It was only a diversion to them to pose. They had grown tolerably gray in the service of the many artists who haunted the village. So they did another position for us, scarcely moving a muscle, although allowed to rest when so disposed, even encouraged to have another fandango.

They beguiled the time with that light and somewhat spicy *badinage* which the French crone usually knows so well how to make the most of. I observed that Virginie used a much better style of language and pronunciation to us than to her companion. It soon came out that in her youth she had spent some years as nurse-maid in a large provincial town; that she there lost her sight, and was obliged to return to her native village. Her companion was much younger in years, but by some trick of time or mischance she appeared much older and far more infirm. Indeed, the causes of these little infirmities were the pins on which the blind old friend hung most of the little *plaisanteries* that passed between them.

"She has been such a wild, giddy thing—mon Dieu! If I had not been here to look after her and exercise her about, she wouldn't be here now."

And when our little *séance* was over, and they had their little silver reward, and were doddering homeward along the sun-flecked path, it was the elder who supported, though she was guided by the younger. Indeed, Venus had said, "You know I can get about by myself even in the woods, but she can't without me, or some one. She tumbles about, and sits down in the road and can't get up again."

A few days afterward, wishing to add some details to my sketches, I found my way to the home of Virginie. It was in an angle of an arid village court-yard, composed of the most retiring of the humble cottages. I rapped at the door somewhat startlingly, as we now and then fancy for a moment that a blind person is deaf as well. This brought not La Mère Venus, however, but most of the neighboring dames to their doors and windows. They were most kind each and all in the matter of profuse, wildly voluble, and almost hopelessly unintelligible information. The gist of it was that Virginie had gone to the wood for sticks some time since, and might soon be back. I was in-

vited to go in and make myself at home *chez Virginie*, or, if I preferred it, to come in where I liked, and if I wanted an urchin to go for her, or to show me the best place to find her, there were willing ones at my service; or if I would like a chair to sit on while I sketched the court-yard generally, I had only to mention it. There was such an embarrassment of rich proposals that I was puzzled for a moment what to do. The little den of La Mère Venus looked very inviting to the lover of stern simplicity and strong contrasts of light and shade. The door had been obligingly flung wide open for me, so I determined to wait there. "*Al-lons, bon!*" The best chair was brought forward and dusted with the ready apron, the grimy casement was thrown back, and a mug of wild flowers was transferred from the mantel to the table to cheer and enliven the scene; several scattered old *chiffons* of the departed Venus were hustled into a capacious chest, and a broken pair of old muddy sabots into the back room, and "*Voilà, m'sieu!*" there we were, presentable, and they soon considerably left me to my own devices. The little low dark room was on the ground—literally the earth—floor; it had even been hollowed by constant sweeping and the constant impact of many hard wooden sabots for many years.

The furniture was pathetically clumsy and decrepit. The most hardened sinner in bric-à-brac would never have been tempted by a single worm-bitten object in the place. And yet it was all so beautifully paintable where it stood. The little mendings and patchings, the lopsided old chest with a hingeless lid, the propped-up, debilitated old wardrobe, which seemed to be cupboard and lumber-room as well, were things that the sketcher with a knowing eye would gurggle over with delight. The impressive, and, in fact, oppressive, object in the place, however, was the bed—the couch of Mother Venus herself. It nearly filled half the room. She was evidently her own handmaiden, and the "toilet" of the apartment was the outcome of a sensitive touch alone—not oversensitive here and there, perhaps; but what right had *I* there, after all?

What little linen evinced itself timidly here and there seemed a priceless bit of artistic tone (with its own surroundings), but out in the free air, and under the azure



sky, I don't care to fancy what the exact tint of it would be. There were several crazy old chairs, two with bulgy cushions of faded chintz upon them, the only approach to luxury or ease in the place, if one may except an old bit of worn and ravelled rug near the bed. It was too far gone for me to make out whether it had once been an Eastern prayer rug; if so, it had sadly changed for the worse.

A half-glazed door divided this little room from its back kitchen and scullery, and, indeed, its only other room of any kind. I set open the doors of both rooms, so that the free air might rush through, and perchance carry off a little of the smoky aroma that filled the place. In a few minutes it began to smell a little less like the inside of a chimney that had not been swept for years. The added light, however, spoiled the Rembrandt shadows, and let me see too painfully how sadly unkempt the little den was altogether. So, after a short blast of air and sweetness, I went back to my old-master-like effects. It takes a good dose of mere aroma to discourage an eager art student who sees through it and into a realm of rich bitumen and brown madder and velvety blacks. The back kitchen reeked with decaying onions, complicated with forgotten soapsuds. I was quite willing to admit that quietly to myself; but if any supersensitive cynic had been there to remind me of it, I should have almost denied it, and have seen naught but golden browns and smoky grays and whites, and a delicious "tone" over all. I found it a good plan, however, to pull the tops of one's socks over the bottoms of the trousers; the little brown skipper does not invite himself then by that approach. Then the aromas may come on. There is the ever-ready brier-root pipe loaded with Caporal, and it is a poor fellow who is afraid to fight back reek for reek.

During the hour or so that I waited for the lady of the house, amusing myself with hasty notes of light and shade, I think half the population of that courtyard filed through the place and through the little back garden into the field beyond, having a good stare and a kindly word of some kind by the way. Soon a triumphant boy, with a broad smile upon him up to the stiff roots of his hair, came back with the Venus herself. Seeing possible sous in the air, he had fled to the wood and captured her; and there she was,



ONE OF MY VISITORS.

beaming on me from her own door, and making me a little speech of welcome. The ladies of the court came round, and explained in rattling *patois* how they in her absence had done the honors of the place. She thanked them in the same hearty rattle, and hobbled in with her small gleanings of twigs. I soon unfolded a little plan I had formed during my wait, namely, to use her little den as an occasional studio, where I could pose my village children and herself and cronies, in-doors and out, and count on Rembrandt effects to my heart's content. I named my own terms, which seemed to enchant her enormously; and thereafter, for many weeks, I had the run of the place, free to come and go and stay to my heart's content.



There was no need of a pass-key. The poor old soul's door was ever yielding to the push of any comer whenever the knock was unanswered. Thither came all the posing population of the village, and so much were the services of the picturesque people in request that sitting for artists might have been called one of the flourishing industries of the place. Mothers would bring the most painfully polished and combed babies and youngsters, warranted never to shed a tear, but to be as good with Mother Venus or with any stray volunteer nurse as with their own kin, and often they were better. Sitting tolerably quiet for a short time seemed to somehow connect itself in the infant mind with lumps of sugar, or even elementary dolls and tin soldiers.

The baby was often taken into the garden, and there let to disport itself as seemed best to it within a certain radius. If the flying pencil could not follow its lovely natural poses swiftly enough, so much the worse for the sketcher. The only way was to consider them like kittens, or skipping lambs, or breaking waves, and study them in that spirit.

One fine morning a small boy who had been given a baby to mind thought to earn a few honest sous by bringing him for me to draw. He was a sturdy, rebellious-looking mite, with crisp red hair and hard mottled limbs. There was never much time wasted with undecided arrangements and poses; anyhow would do, so long as he was kept tolerably right side up. The idea was new and simple, and pleasing to the boy, but the baby regarded it not in that light; he howled and kicked and fought like a young tiger. It was all the same to me; I wanted to study a young howler just then, and to note how exactly he managed to screw his eyes so tight, to extend his rose-bud mouth so cavernously, and to punch his countenance so viciously with his own fists. It was not so always, however, as he managed to implant a few backhanders on the devoted head of his boy-nurse. The fine healthy yells soon brought every old woman about the court to see who was being murdered. "Can't you keep him still?" "*Voyons p'tit démon!*" "Sacred little tiger-cat!" and various other endearing infamies were heaped on the little howler's head.

When I did not care to work with a large and somewhat critical audience of

children about me, I sought the seclusion of Mother Venus's back garden. On other days the open field, or a corner of the little larch wood, or a hedge-side, was good enough studio. By a little careful management the youngsters could be kept in some sort of order. They took especial pleasure in criticising the personal charms of some unfortunate sitter. And their delight in the misery of the victim who had to keep still and listen to scathing remarks was, I blush to say, almost as much fun to me as it was to them. There was so much caustic sarcasm, so free a flow of fiendish delight, that if I failed to awaken any art instincts among those young varlets, at least I may fancy that I fostered a rising brood of born critics of a certain well-known kind. I didn't come off scathless either, for they didn't mind at all barbing their arrows with any shortcoming in the sketching. There is no exact equivalent for the spice and bite of their peasant vernacular. The little bits of unmeant profanity that are common even with children, and looked upon as rather pious ejaculations than otherwise, and their frank and natural little improprieties, gave them a certain *chic* that other urchins do not possess. I found myself studying the peculiarities of their *patois* (and using them too where I ought not to, I found to my horror) nearly as hard as I was studying drawing, and as I could do the two at the same time, I got on very rapidly. Mother Venus was a great help to me in this respect, as she could explain in proper French any new word or phrase that interested me. And though my questions now and again brought a deep brown blush to her corrugated cheek, she did her duty of instruction nobly. She spoke her words to me so slowly and carefully that I could follow her as well as print.

To amuse the sitters and me, she would sometimes volunteer to sing to us, and it would generally be one of those crooning old songs of the last century, about Colin and Lubin and Susette and the other shepherds and shepherdesses, and love in large and generous doses spread lavishly about. But she was not always gay and giddy. One morning I went to her door rather earlier than usual, and went in rather unexpectedly to her, and found her on her knees at her bedside in an attitude so expressive of the utter prostration of whole body and soul in prayer that I could not help a mental photograph





"MOTHERS WOULD BRING THE MOST PAINFULLY POLISHED AND COMBED BABIES."

as I passed quickly and quietly through the room. I merely said, "Don't derange yourself; I am going into the garden."

"Bon, bon, M'sieu' Georges; I'll be there in a little moment." I turned to take another glance at her, as she had not moved from her position. I took out my

sketch-book from my pocket by some irresistible impulse, and she seemed at once to know it. "I can keep like this as long as you wish, M'sieu' Georges. I often keep this way for hours."

I could not resist the temptress.

"Are you sure you are not tired?"



"No, no; I had only just begun as you came in. *Allez.*"

And I need not say I did. And I think she never moved a muscle for goodness knows how long. I had done all I wished at the time, and could have done more, as she was still anxious to go on, pretending she had not *quite* finished even then.

"Were you really praying the whole time, Virginie?"

"The whole time." And after a little pause: "Part of the time I was praying for you, M'sieu' Georges."

"That's very good of you."

"Yes; I was praying that your picture might be a *grand* success."

"Not for my soul, then?"

"Oh no, m'sieu'. You can take care of yourself, but I feel you are going to make a good picture of me. M'sieu' Sharlie, who sings 'Bob Ridley,' I sat for him four hours. He sang the whole time *chansons de nègre* to amuse me. I didn't pray much then; I listened to him; how funny! Although I didn't know a word, I did laugh. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

"Do you think my picture ought to be better than his because I didn't sing and amuse you?"

She gave a little mixed laugh, half sad and thoughtful and half gay. "It has a better chance. Anyhow I prayed for it, and I didn't pray for his, for he made me laugh so. At least, if it doesn't do you any good, it can't do any harm." This was her usual tag of philosophy for all her spiritual efforts. She then proceeded to arrange her head-gear, standing actually before a dim little lop-sided glass by the bed, and which she had to locate by sense of touch.

"Can you see anything at all, Virginie?"

"No, m'sieu', not yet; but I hope to some day, just as I am standing in this place." She then went almost as straight as if she had her sight to a small bottle on the high mantel, standing beside a small black crucifix. She tremblingly uncorked the bottle, and began to touch her closed lids with her moistened finger.

"What is that, Virginie, you are using?"

"Oh, this is some holy-water the curé gave me. It may do me the good I pray for some day. At any rate, it can't do any harm." And again came that same smile made of good-humor and sad patience.

Some days her old crony of the woodland path would come in to have a chat with her, and the two would huddle together and croon over a little sputtering fire of a few green twigs on that great gaunt hearth of the Rembrandt fireplace. There they would sit on their creaky easy-chairs, and rake over the gray ashes of their past, and now and then they would stir up a few sparks of humor or a little smoke of some fire of days gone by. They had their little *histoires*, I found. They had danced lightly on



ON HIS GOOD BEHAVIOR.





THE CRONIES.

many a greensward, and lovers were lovers in those days.

"Aha! Oui, pas vrai, Julie?" "Dam'!" And they would gurgle and chuckle, and nudge each other, and spread their shrivelled brown hands toward the flicker to catch a little warmth.

"You would not think, m'sieu', so they tell me, that when we were girls together, she had not gone yet to her first communion when I was a grown girl with sweethearts in plenty."

This was a constant source of pride to Mother Venus, that she had kept more youthful than her younger crony.

It was singular how little nourishment they seemed to take; and as for any stimulants, beyond a little blue wine or crude cider—unless one might call their weak *café au lait* stimulating—they knew nothing of their nature.

A thick vegetable soup, powerful of onions and cabbage, a section of coarse bread, a morsel of odorous cheese, and that was about all. Tea was only spoken of as a medicine to be taken—after a long and careful stewing—when recovering from an illness. I longed to bring them some little tea-set and a pound or so of the herb from town, to cheer that gaunt



hearth-side, but was discouraged by my frank and matter-of-fact friend, who accused me of trying to corrupt with unwonted luxuries a set of simple and tolerably innocent peasants.

This sort of life and experience went on for some months, and I found its charm and usefulness to me, as a means of quiet study, increase and develop constantly. The master-mind that had attracted us to the spot was ever ready to aid with sterling advice and teach by pure unaffected examples. Evident love and devotion to the pursuit of the art he loved so well was a sufficient pass to his good graces and his sincere interest in you. He loved above all things to foster and encourage individual effort, and hailed with delight any new, fresh way of looking at the things with which he was so familiar.

It was almost an impossibility, however, to paint the material there that he had made his own without in a degree resembling him. Why, the very children and the old women of the place looked like his pictures come to life, so that if you got the local form and color at all, it was, in proportion to its success, bound to look like him as much as it knew how. His advice was never about methods, or *fads*, or style. There were no absurd conceits of *naïveté* or simplicity about him. Purely natural himself, he was a keen discoverer of affectation in others, and nothing pained him more. His advice when given—and it always was free as air (literally and commercially so too)—would ever relate to the eternal good principles of the art. No matter how you chose to look or translate, his advice would apply equally well to the most simple realist as to the most ineffable idealist. It was the counsel and advice that one has never occasion to change or ask for again, as it is very seldom forgotten. Brilliant faddists may for a time keep him in seeming shade by the crude glitter of their cheap tinsel, but for all time the name of Édouard Frère will be a cherished power in the annals of French art.

Now and then some student-friends, pale and limp from some superheated Parisian atelier, would come out for a day or so in our country retreat. They would begin to mildly and condescendingly pity our exile and deprivation of the "movement" of art in the capital. But somehow in the way of interchaff we rustics could hold a good front; and not unfre-

quently we would be reënforced with a fresh recruit, weary of the noisy idleness of some of the big art schools. With the older and more experienced of the students of either camp there was not much discussion. Each would know his own wants and his own nature well enough to follow his own devices and work out his own destiny. I found from my own observation that the larger the mob of students in any one big atelier, the less individuality seemed to crop up. Forty students would all imitate the good and bad of the so-called master with more senseless unanimity than six would have done. When a master has fewer pupils, he generally succeeds in rousing in each some personal and individual effort; he will discourage blind imitation as much as possible. Frère himself was a favorite pupil of Paul Delaroche, and what could be more wide apart than their styles? and yet I have no doubt that Frère worked ever from the broad precepts of his master, applying them to his own needs.

One fine day a visiting friend from Paris found his way to my reeking little den *chez la Mère Venus*, with some difficulty, it may be owned, as the villagers didn't know her by that name, or me by the proper name he gave me. So he fell back on a striking personal description of myself and a certain grievous green blouse I wore (bought by gas-light under the impression that it was a new tint of blue), and which gave me a nickname that modesty alone prevents me from trying to translate. He was brought straight to me at once. How radiant, but inharmonious and incongruous, he looked, clad in a "mashing" suit of delicate gray check, in that Rembrandtish den of ours! The company chair expressly polished (with a copious paint rag) was not good enough; he must needs spread out his newspaper as well before he would sit down, and then his feet were on the rungs of the chair, so as not to touch the floor. He winked and blinked and sniffed in an ostentatious manner, and excused it by reminding me that he had just come out of the sunshine and fresh air.

"My dear boy, you are just getting moss-grown down here."

"You know you are just green with envy over this paradise of bitumen. Look at it! it's running down the very walls. As old Squeers said about the school milk, 'There's richness for you!'"



"Yes, I know," said my cynic; "but tube bitumen is good enough for me, as I don't care to breathe it all day long, or to wade about in it for a few hours even."

"Promise me one thing, old man, you bric-à-brac fiend of the prairies—don't buy up this massive furniture and cart it off to Paris." I could see his practised eye rove quickly from object to object with no other expression than weary disdain.

"Seriously, now, you do want a change yourself. This coal-tar color is getting into your soul, and varnishing over all your better instincts. Now you come with me for a week's rest, and then come back and see this den afresh, as I see it now. Hallo! what's that? Wait a moment. Just move the leg of your seat a wee bit. Oh, I say, *get* up! Excuse my impatience, old man. Got a knife?" I offered him a scraper. "Just the very thing!" And he began scraping the dirt floor from some shiny object half hidden beneath.

"What have you turned up now? A Roman drain, or some ancient Gaulish pottery?" He paid little attention to me, but scraped away at his object; it looked like a flat fragment of pottery. "If you don't mind leaving that a few minutes longer, I shall be obliged to you. It is only a bit of Mother Venus's wash-pan that I put there to level up my sketching seat with." He stopped like a shot, and scanned my face, that I was trying to control; but he only hesitated a moment.

"I *know* you, Clara Vere de Vere. So not this time." And on he went with his scrape. "I'll bet I've got one this time, or a piece of one." And sure enough he had laid bare a small blue and gold tile with a *fleur-de-lis* on it in good rich color. "There you are; and if Mother Venus has a toilet set of this stuff, I should like to make her a bid for it."

"What ware is it, anyhow?" said I, now subdued and sad at a frivolous fellow like that unearthing precious relics under my very nose.

"You mean to say you have lived here all these months and don't know what stuff this is?"

"I blush to say it is a sad fact, but I have been busy—very busy all the time painting. I was just thinking of getting a pick and shovel to see what I could strike, and now you've let me off. What do you call it when you find that sort?"

"Well, I will tell you, and henceforth

the placid currents of your existence will take a new and perhaps intelligent direction." I bowed. "You have heard of Palissy the Potter, no doubt?"

"I am positively sick and tired of him, and his wife's wedding ring as well."

"That's a good sign. Well, then, you perhaps know that his first success was this tile, not *this very* one, but this sort, and he tiled the floors of the old château on the hill with them.

"During the great French Revolution, which, of course, was before your time, the mob broke into the château and turned it inside out. They even grubbed up all the Palissy tiles, and cast them into the highways and by-ways. Soon afterward, when the storm blew over, the peasants gathered them all together again, and paved their cottages with them. The village baker paved his oven floor even with the archangel tiles. And later on, when Time brought his revenge, the restored Montmorencys made the villagers disgorge their ill-gotten tilings, and even the baker had to pull his oven to pieces. This cottage has evidently been tiled at one time, and this *fleur-de-lis* is the proof of it. This broken corner, too, may account for its getting left. *Viola!* and now I think the poison of antiquarianism is beginning to course through your system."

"Well, you see, as I said before, I'm very busy just now, but when I get to your age of affluence and indolence I may let the poison work, if it should ever take a good hold."

"Well, I still feel as if I had done some good this morning, and this tile alone is worth all my trouble of coming out to see you." And he proceeded to enwrap his tile in a bit of his paper.

"But before you depart with what you call your find, how about the poor owner of the property? For all you know, it may form some part of a well-planned decoration."

"I see, old fellow, what you are driving at. We often do forget ourselves and others in moments of delirious success. Do you think ten solid francs would comfort the Venus for the loss of this?"

"I'll try; and if she wants further consolation, you can send on a check."

He soon departed in high glee with his prize, and I returned to my work, but with a wandering eye prowling about the floor for a stray hint of lurking blue and



gold; but not a bit could my unpractised eye discover.

When Mother Venus returned from the *bois* with her small garner of sticks, I related the incident, and I put the two big five-franc pieces in her shrivelled hand. How her sightless, furrowed face lit up! it was like a gleam of sunshine over a brown ploughed field. "I'm in luck with you!" she cried. "I prayed to the *bon Dieu* for a little turn of good chance, and here it is. *C'est bien drôle tout d'même.*" And then followed a string of pious blasphemy—to my ears—and all for ten francs. "I didn't know of *that* tile, but there is a good tile with a picture on it that props up the back leg of the couch, and it was put there many years ago." I felt the blood of the antiquary and discoverer beginning to riot through me. "Would m'sieu' like it? because if he would, *mon Dieu!* that shall be the tile for the ten francs. By the little image carven of wood [literal], I had clean forgotten all about the sacred little tile till you mentioned it." The crazy, creaky old couch was soon "slewed round," and there was the tile, safe and sound, and glad perhaps to see the light once more. It was perfect, and lovely. I felt it singing and appealing to me the moment it came to view. As she said, it had a figure on it, an archangel; a corner-piece, the *fleur-de-lis*, was only the border, and it was perfect, without crack or flaw. A bit of wood was handy to fill its place, and the couch was soon wheeled round again.

"Now look you, Venus, the tile my friend discovered was his for his own ten

francs; this is *another* affair. Now as this is better, you shall have fifteen or twenty francs for this, and it is to be mine."

"*Mon Dieu*, M'sieu' Georges, you may be right, after all; but as the ten francs is more than the two sacred old rubbish of the dust heap is worth, I should like to give it to you or to the other m'sieu'."

She took the money, however, and a well-spring of pious mutterings overflowed from her overfull heart. Soon after that I arranged my vengeance. I got out my antiquary again, and having planted my tile near to where he would be sitting, I proceeded to discover it as artfully as I could. Not very well, I fear, for he flatly accused me of bad comedy before it was half dug out; but when he saw its archangel face in all its perfection—poor man! tears almost stood in his eyes.

"Well, what about it?" And then ensued a roundabout negotiation for the treasure. Result, just to prove my good faith, and how easy it was now to find them after he showed me how, I bestowed it upon him with my blessing. It was small reward of revenge, years after, when I saw that same tile in an honored place in his cabinet, and he said to me, "My dear boy, you did owe me something for opening your gummed eyelids to these things; but the day you parted with that angel you were greener than you are now."

And the Venus? Well, there was a scene of parting, soon after, that I will omit. There is much more to say, but not much more to tell. She long since opened her eyes to other light than ours.

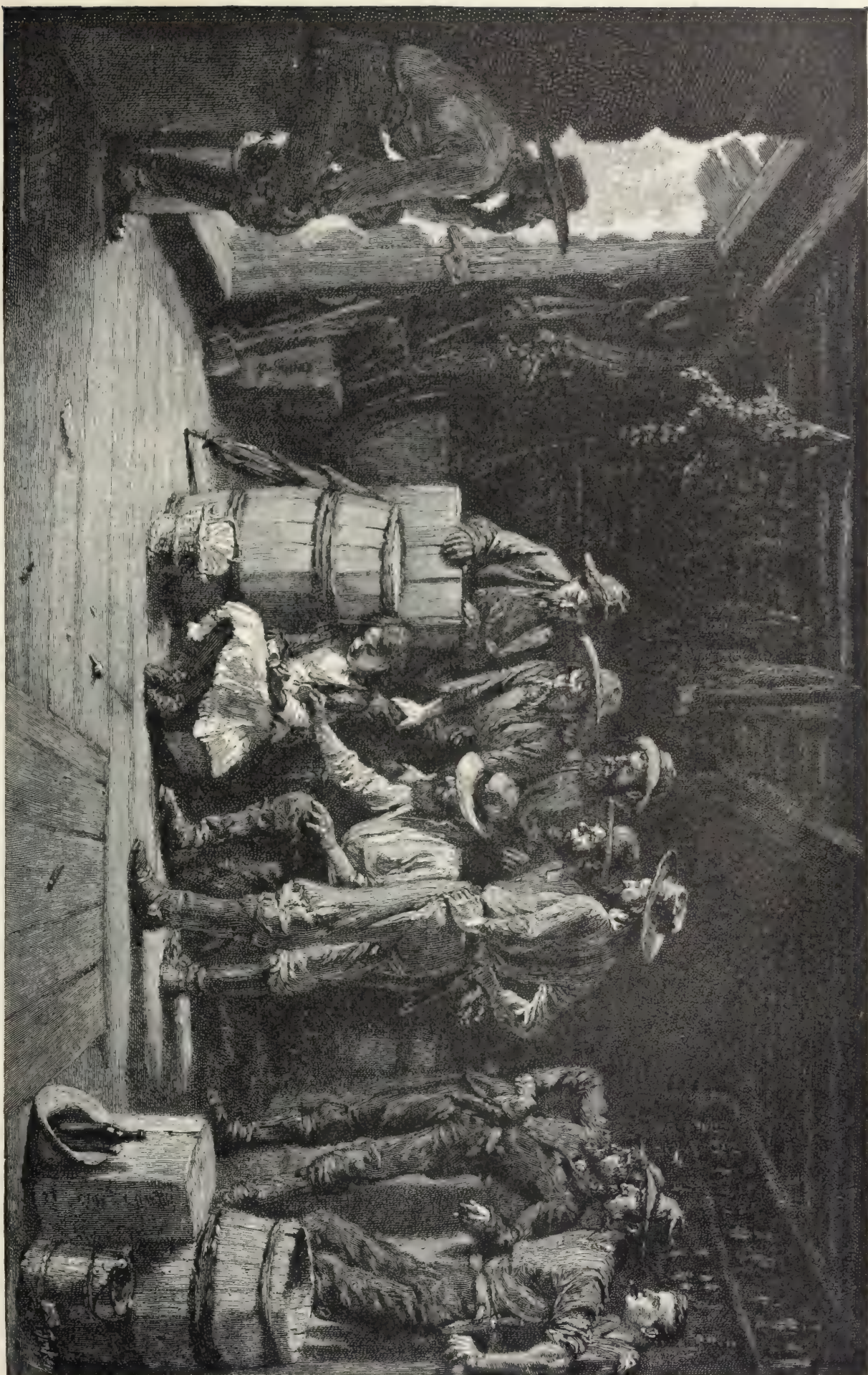
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### "INASMUCH."

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

YOU say that you want a meetin'-house for the boys in the gulch up there, And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books? Well, put me down for a share. I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the cattle feed. And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preachin' born, Who let alone the husks of creed, and measure out the corn. The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are gospel-fed; And they say 'twas to a manger that the star of glory led. So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the stalls: I always give the best I've got whenever my partner calls. And, stranger, let me tell you: I'm beginning to suspect That all the world are partners, whatever their creed or sect; That life is a kind of pilgrimage, a sort of Jericho road, And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the code. No matter about the 'nitals; from a farmer, you understand,





"CHANGED HER SILVER PIECE FOR GOLD."



Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an or'nary hand.  
I've never struck it rich; for farming, you see, is slow,  
And whenever the crops are fairly good, the prices are always low.  
A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same:  
The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game.  
It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees—  
"Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these."  
I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote:  
It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.  
I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain:  
'Twas down in Frisco, years ago; had been there hauling grain.  
It was near the city limits, on the Sacramento pike,  
Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatterin' like.  
Not the likeliest place to be in, I remember, the saloon,  
With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all in one.  
And this made up the picture—my hair was not then gray,  
But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday.  
A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter there,  
Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with grief and care;  
And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold—  
Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old.  
She said: "Two bits for bread and tea. Ma hasn't much to eat;  
She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all some meat.  
We've been half starved all winter, but spring will soon be here,  
And she tells us, Keep up courage, for God is always near."  
Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called away  
To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as 'Forty-niners say.  
I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud  
As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd.  
But the poor tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels deep,  
On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.  
Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar  
Said, "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over thar?"  
The boy then told her story, and that crew, so fierce and wild,  
Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.  
The glasses all were lowered; said the leader: "Boys, see here;  
All day we've been pouring whiskey, drinking deep our Christmas cheer.  
Here's two dollars—I've got feelings which are not entirely dead—  
For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread."  
"Here's a dollar." "Here's another." And they all chipped in their share,  
And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.  
Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from his belt,  
Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt;  
Took the "two bits" from her fingers; changed her silver piece for gold.  
"See there, boys; the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear-drops rolled.  
One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street.  
Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet  
With a dazed and strange expression, saying: "Oh, I thought 'twas true!  
Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew.  
We had everything we wanted, food enough, and clothes to wear;  
And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair."  
As she looked, and saw the money in her fingers glistening bright,  
"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite,  
How you've sent 'way up to heaven, where the golden treasures are,  
And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar."  
That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear;  
True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's duty clear.  
Hence to matters of subscription you will see that I'm alive:  
Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I'll make it five.



## POLLY.

### A CHRISTMAS RECOLLECTION.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

**I**T was Christmas Eve. I remember it just as if it was yesterday. The Colonel had been pretending not to notice it, but when Drinkwater Torm\* knocked over both the great candlesticks, and in his attempt to pick them up lurched over himself and fell sprawling on the floor, he yelled at him. Torm pulled himself together, and began an explanation, in which the point was that he had not "tetched a drap in Gord knows how long," but the Colonel cut him short.

"Get out of the room, you drunken vagabond!" he roared.

Torm was deeply offended. He made a low, grand bow, and with as much dignity as his unsteady condition would admit of, marched very statelily from the room, and passing out through the dining-room, where he stopped only to abstract one more drink from the long heavy cut-glass decanter on the sideboard, meandered out to his house in the backyard, where he proceeded to talk religion to Charity, his wife, as he always did when he was particularly drunk. He was expounding the vision of the golden candlestick, and the bowl and seven lamps and two olive-trees, when he fell asleep. The roarer, as has been said, was the Colonel; the meanderer was Drinkwater Torm. (The Colonel gave him the name, "because," he said, "if he were to drink water once, he would die.") As Drinkwater closed the door, the Colonel continued, fiercely:

"Damme, Polly, I will! I'll sell him to-morrow morning; and if I can't sell him, I'll give him away."

Polly, with troubled great dark eyes, was wheedling him vigorously.

"No; I tell you I'll sell him. 'Misery in his back!' the mischief! he's a drunken, trifling, good-for-nothing nigger, and I have sworn to sell him a thousand—yes, ten thousand times; and now I'll have to do it to keep my word."

This was true. The Colonel swore this a dozen times a day—every time Torm got drunk, and as that had occurred very frequently for many years before Polly was born, he was not outside of the limit. Pol-

\*This spelling is used because he was called "Torm" until it became his name.

ly, however, was the only one this threat ever troubled. The Colonel knew he could no more have gotten on without Torm than his old open-faced watch, which looked for all the world like a model of himself, could have run without the main-spring. From tying his shoes and getting his shaving water, to making his juleps and lighting his candles, which was all he had to do, Drinkwater Torm was necessary to him (I think he used to make the threat just to prove to himself that Torm did not own him; if so, he failed in his purpose—Torm did own him). Torm knew it as well as he, or better; and while Charity, for private and wifely reasons, occasionally held the threat over him when his expoundings passed even her endurance, she knew it also.

Thus Polly was the only one it deceived or frightened. It always deceived her, and she never rested until she had obtained Torm's reprieve "for just one more time." So on this occasion, before she got down from the Colonel's knees, she had given him in bargain "just one more squeeze," and received in return Torm's conditional pardon, "only till next time."

Everybody in the county knew the Colonel, and everybody knew Drinkwater Torm, and everybody who had been to the Colonel's for several years past (and that was nearly everybody in the county, for the Colonel kept open house), knew Polly. She had been placed in her chair by the Colonel's side at the club dinner on her first birthday after her arrival, and had been afterward placed on the table and allowed to crawl around among and in the dishes to entertain the gentlemen, which she did to the applause of every one, and of herself most of all; and from that time she had exercised in her kingdom the functions of both Vashti and Esther, and whatever Polly ordered was done. If the old inlaid piano in the parlor had been robbed of strings, it was all right, for Polly had taken them. Bob had cut them out for her, without a word of protest from any one but Charity. The Colonel would have given her his heart-strings if Polly had required them.

She had owned him body and soul from



the second he first laid eyes on her, when, on the instant he entered the room, she had stretched out her little chubby hands to him, and on his taking her had, after a few infantile caresses, curled up and, with her finger in her mouth, gone to sleep in his arms like a little white kitten.

Bob used to wonder in a vague, boyish way where the child got her beauty, for the Colonel weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and was as ugly as a red head and thirty or forty years of Torm's mint-juleps piled on a somewhat reckless college career could make him; but one day, when the Colonel was away from home, Charity showed him a daguerreotype of a lady which she got out of the top drawer of the Colonel's big secretary with the brass lions on it, and it looked exactly like Polly. It had the same great big dark eyes, and the same soft white look, though Polly was stouter, for she was a great tomboy, and used to run wild over the place with Bob, climbing cherry-trees, and fishing in the creek, and looking as blooming as a rose, with her hair all tangled over her pretty head, until she grew quite large, and the Colonel got her a tutor. He thought of sending her to a boarding-school, but the night he broached the subject he raised such a storm, and Polly was in such a tempest of tears, that he gave up the matter at once. It was well he did so, for Polly and Charity cried all night, and Torm was so overcome that even next morning he could not bring the Colonel his shaving water, and he had to shave with cold water for the first time in twenty years. He therefore employed a tutor. Most people said the child ought to have had a governess, and one or two single ladies of forgotten age in the neighborhood delicately hinted that they would gladly teach her; but the Colonel swore that he would have no women around him, and he would be eternally condemned if any should interfere with Polly; so he engaged Mr. Cranmer, and invited Bob to come over and go to school to him also, which he did, for his mother, who had up to that time taught him herself, was very poor, and was unable to send him to school, her husband, who was the Colonel's fourth cousin, having died largely indebted, and all of his property, except a small farm adjoining the Colonel's, and a few negroes, having gone into the General Court.

Bob had always been a great favorite with the Colonel, and ever since he had

been a small boy he had been used to coming over and staying with him.

He could gaff a chicken as well as Drinkwater Torm, which was a great accomplishment in the Colonel's eyes, for he had the best game-chickens in the county, and used to fight them, too, matching them against those of one or two of his neighbors who were similarly inclined, until Polly grew up and made him stop. He could tame a colt quicker than anybody on the plantation. Moreover, he could shoot more partridges in a day than the Colonel, and could beat him shooting with a pistol as well, though the Colonel laid the fault of the former on his being so fat, and that of the latter on his spectacles. They used to practise with the Colonel's old pistols that hung in their holsters over the tester of his bed, and about which Drinkwater used to tell so many lies; for although they were kept loaded, and their brass-mounted butts peeping out of their leathern covers used to look ferocious enough to give some apparent ground for Torm's story of how "he and the Colonel had shot Judge Cabell spang through the heart," the Colonel always said that Cabell behaved very handsomely, and that the matter was arranged on the field without a shot. Even at that time some people said that Bob's mother was trying to catch the Colonel, and that if the Colonel did not look out, she would yet be the mistress of his big plantation. And all agreed that the boy would come in for something handsome at the Colonel's death; for Bob was his cousin and his nearest male relative, if Polly *was* his niece, and he would hardly leave her all his property, especially as she was so much like her mother, with whom, as everybody knew, the Colonel had been desperately in love, but who had treated him badly, and notwithstanding his big plantation and many negroes, had run away with his younger brother, and both of them had died in the South of yellow-fever, leaving of all their children only this little Polly; and the Colonel had taken Drinkwater and Charity, and had travelled in his carriage all the way to Mississippi, to get and bring Polly back. It was Christmas Eve when they reached home, and the Colonel had sent Drinkwater on a day ahead to have the fires made and the house aired for the baby; and when the carriage drove up that night you would have thought a queen was coming, sure enough.



Every hand on the plantation was up at the great house waiting for them, and every room in the house had a fire in it. (Torm had told the overseer so many lies that he had had the men cutting wood all day, although the regular supply was cut.) And when Charity stepped out of the carriage, with the baby all bundled up in her arms, making a great show about keeping it wrapped up, and walked up the steps as slowly as if it were made of gold, you could have heard a pin drop; even the Colonel fell back, and spoke in a whisper. The great chamber was given up to the baby, the Colonel going to the wing room, where he always staid after that. He spoke of sitting up all night to watch the child, but Charity assured him that she was not going to take her eyes off of her during the night, and with a promise to come in every hour and look after them, the Colonel went to his room, where he slept until nine o'clock the next morning. But I was telling what people said about Bob's mother.

When the report reached the Colonel about the widow's designs, he took Polly on his knees and told her all about it, and then both laughed until the tears ran down the Colonel's face and dropped on his big flowered vest and on Polly's little blue frock; and he sent the widow next day a fine short-horned heifer to show his contempt of the gossip.

And now Bob was the better shot of the two; and they taught Polly to shoot too, and to load and unload the pistols, at which the Colonel was as proud as if one of his young stags had whipped an old rooster.

But they never could induce her to shoot at anything except a mark. She was the tenderest-hearted little thing in the world.

If her taste had been consulted she would have selected a cross-bow, for it did not make such a noise, and she could shoot it without shutting her eyes; besides that, she could shoot it in the house, which, indeed, she did, until she had shot the eyes out of nearly all the bewigged gentlemen and bare-necked, long-fingered ladies on the walls. Once she came very near shooting Torm's eye out also; but this was an accident, though Drinkwater declared it was not, and tried to make out that Bob had put her up to it. "Dat's de mischievouses' boy Gord ever made," he said, complainingly, to Charity. Fortu-

nately his eye got well, and it gave him an excuse for staying half drunk for nearly a week; and afterward, like a dog that has once been lame in his hind-leg, whenever he saw Polly, and did not forget it, he squinted up that eye and tried to look miserable. Polly was quite a large girl then, and was carrying the keys (except when she lost them), though she could not have been more than twelve years old; for it was just after this that the birthday came when the Colonel gave her her first real silk dress. It was blue silk, and came from Richmond, and it was hard to tell which was the proudest—Polly, or Charity, or Drinkwater, or the Colonel. Torm got drunk before the dinner was over, "drinking de healthsh to de young mistis in de sky-blue robes what stands befo' de throne, you know," he explained to Charity, after the Colonel had ordered him from the dining-room, with promises of prompt sale on the morrow.

Bob was there, and it was the last time Polly ever sucked her thumb. She had almost gotten out of the habit anyhow, and it was in a moment of forgetfulness that she let Bob see her do it. He was a great tease, and when she was smaller had often worried her about it until she would fly at him and try to bite him with her little white teeth. On this occasion, however, she stood everything until he said that about a girl who wore a blue silk dress sucking her thumb; then she boxed his jaws. The fire flew from his eyes, but hers were even more sparkling. He paused for a minute, and then caught her in his arms and kissed her violently. She never sucked her thumb after that.

This happened out in front of her mammy's house, within which Torm was delivering a powerful exhortation on temperance; and, strange to say, Charity took Bob's side, while Torm espoused Polly's, and afterward said she ought to have "tooken a stick and knocked Marse Bob's head spang off." This fortunately Polly did not do (and when Bob went to the university afterward he was said to have the best head in his class). She just turned around and ran into the house, with her face very red. But she never slapped Bob after that. Not long after this he went off to college; for Mr. Cranmer, the tutor, said he already knew more than most college graduates did, and that it would be a shame for him not to have a university education. When the question



of ways and means was mooted, the Colonel, who was always ready to lend money if he had it, and to borrow it if he did not, swore he would give him all the money he wanted; but, to his astonishment, Bob refused to accept it, and although the Colonel abused him for it, and asked Polly if she did not think he was a fool (which Polly did, for she was always ready to take and spend all the money he or any one else gave her), yet he did not like him the less for it, and he finally persuaded Bob to take it as a loan, and Bob gave him his bond.

The day before he left home he was over at the Colonel's, where they had a great dinner for him, and Polly presided in her newest silk dress (she had three then); and when Bob said good-by, she slipped something into his hand, and ran away to her room, and when he looked at it, it was her ten-dollar gold piece, and he took it.

He was at college not quite three years, for his mother was taken sick, and he had to come home and nurse her; but he had stood first in most of his classes, and not lower than third in any; and he had thrashed the carpenter on Vinegar Hill, who was the bully of the town. So that although he did not take his degree, he had gotten the start which enabled him to complete his studies during the time he was taking care of his mother, and until her death, so that as soon as he was admitted to the bar he made his mark. It was his splendid defence of the man who shot the deputy-sheriff at the court-house on election day that brought him out as the Democratic candidate for the Constitutional Convention, where he made such a reputation as a speaker that the *Enquirer* declared him the rising man of the State; and even the *Whig* admitted that perhaps the Loco-foco party might find a leader to redeem it. Polly was just fifteen when she began to take an interest in politics; and although she read the papers diligently, especially the *Enquirer*, which her uncle never failed to abuse, yet she never could exactly satisfy herself which side was right; for the Colonel was a stanch Whig, while most people must have been Democrats, as Bob was elected by a big majority. She wanted to be on the Colonel's side, and made him explain everything to her, which he did to his own entire satisfaction, and to hers too, she tried to think; but when Bob came over to tea, which he very frequently did, and

the Colonel and he got into a discussion, her uncle always seemed to her to get the worst of the argument; at any rate, he generally got very hot. This, however, might have been because Bob was so cool, while the Colonel was so hot-tempered.

Bob had grown up very handsome. His mouth was strong and firm, and his eyes were splendid. He was about six feet, and his shoulders were as broad as the Colonel's. She did not see him now as often as she did when he was a boy, but it was because he was kept so busy by his practice. (He used to get cases in three or four counties now, and big ones at that.) She knew, however, that she was just as good a friend of his as ever; indeed, she took the trouble to tell herself so. A compliment to him used to give her the greatest happiness, and would bring deeper roses into her cheeks. He was the greatest favorite with everybody. Torm thought that there was no one in the world like him. He had long ago forgiven him his many pranks, and said "he was the grettest gent'man in the county skusin him [Torm] and the Colonel," and that "he al'ays handled heself to he raisin'," by which Torm made indirect reference to regular donations made to him by the aforesaid "gent'man," and particularly to an especially large benefaction then lately conferred. It happened one evening at the Colonel's, after dinner, when several guests, including Bob, were commenting on the perfections of various ladies who were visiting in the neighborhood that summer. The praises were, to Torm's mind, somewhat too liberally bestowed, and he had attempted to console himself by several visits to the pantry; but when all the list was disposed of, and Polly's name had not been mentioned, endurance could stand it no longer, and he suddenly broke in with his judgment that they "didn't none on 'em hol' a candle to his young mistis, whar wuz de ve'y pink an' flow'r on 'em all."

The Colonel, immensely pleased, ordered him out, with a promise of immediate sale on the morrow. But that evening, as he got on his horse, Bob slipped into his hand a five-dollar gold piece, and he told Polly that if the Colonel really intended to sell Torm, just to send him over to his house: he wanted the benefit of his judgment.

Polly, of course, did not understand his allusion, though the Colonel had told her



of Torm's speech; but Bob had a rose on his coat when he came out of the window, and the long pin in Polly's bodice was not fastened very securely, for it slipped, and she lost all her other roses, and he had to stoop and pick them up for her. Perhaps, though, Bob was simply referring to his having saved some money, for shortly afterward he came over one morning and, to the Colonel's disgust, paid him down in full the amount of his bond. He attempted a somewhat formal speech of thanks, but broke down in it so lamentably that two juleps were ordered out by the Colonel to reinstate easy relations between them—an effect which apparently was not immediately produced—and the Colonel confided to Polly next day that since the fellow had been taken up so by those Loco-focos he was not altogether as he used to be.

"Why, he don't even drink his juleps clear," the old man asserted, as if he were charging him with, at the least, misprision of treason. "However," he added, softening as the excuse presented itself to his mind, "that may be because his mother was always so opposed to it. You know mint never would grow there," he pursued to Polly, who had heard him make the same observation, with the same astonishment, a hundred times. "Strangest thing I ever knew. But he's a confoundedly clever fellow, though, Polly," he continued, with a sudden reviving of the old-time affection. "Damme! I like him." And, as Polly's face turned a sweet carmine, added: "Oh, I forgot, Polly; didn't mean to swear; damme if I did. It just slipped out. Now I haven't sworn before for a week; you know I haven't. Yes, of course, I mean except then." For Polly, with softly fading color, was reading him the severest of lectures on his besetting sin, and citing an ebullition over Torm's failing of the day before. "Come and sit down on your uncle's knee and kiss him once as a token of forgiveness. Just one more squeeze," as the fair girlish arms were twined about his neck, and the sweetest of faces was pressed against his own rough cheek. "Polly, do you remember," asked the old man, holding her off from him and gazing at the girlish face fondly—"do you remember how, when you were a little scrap, you used to climb up on my knee and squeeze me just once more to save that rascal Drinkwater, and how you used to

say you were going to marry Bob and me when you were grown up?"

Polly's memory apparently was not very good. That evening, however, it



"DIDN'T NONE ON 'EM HOL' A CANDLE TO HIS YOUNG MISTIS."

seemed much better, when, dressed all in soft white, and with cheeks reflecting the faint tints of the sunset clouds, she was strolling through the old flower-garden with a tall young fellow whose hat sat on his head with a jaunty air, and who was so very careful to hold aside the long branches of the rose-bushes. They had somehow gotten to recalling each in turn some incident of the old boy and girl days. Bob knew the main facts as well as she, but Polly remembered the little details and circumstances of each incident best, except those about the time they were playing "knucks" together. Then Bob recollected most. He was positive that when she cried because he shot so hard, he had kissed her to make it well. Curiously, Polly's recollection failed again, and was only distinct about very modern matters.



She remembered with remarkable suddenness that it was tea-time.

They were away down at the end of the garden, and her lapse of memory had a singular effect on Bob; for he turned quite pale, and insisted that she did remember it, and then said something about having wanted to see the Colonel, and having waited, and did so strangely that if that rose-bush had not caught her dress, he might have done something else. But the rose-bush caught her dress, and Polly, who looked really scared at it, or something, ran away just as the Colonel's voice was heard calling them to tea.

Bob was very silent at the table, and when he left, the Colonel was quite anxious about him. He asked Polly if she had not noticed his depression. Polly had not.

"That's just the way with you women," said the Colonel, testily. "A man might die under your very eyes, and you would not notice it. I noticed it, and I tell you the fellow's sick. I say he's sick!" he reiterated, with a little habit he had acquired since he had begun to grow slightly deaf. "I shall advise him to go away and have a little fling somewhere. He works too hard, sticks too close at home. He never goes anywhere except here, and he don't come here as he used to do. He ought to get married. Advise him to get married. Why don't he set up to Sally Brent or Malviny Pegram? He's a likely fellow, and they'd both take him—fools if they didn't. I say they are fools if they didn't. What say?"

"I didn't say anything," said Polly, quietly going to the piano.

Her music often soothed the Colonel to sleep.

The next morning but one Bob rode over, and instead of hooking his horse to the fence as he usually did, he rode on around toward the stables. He greeted Torm, who was in the backyard, and after extracting some preliminary observations from him respecting the "misery in his back," he elicited the further facts that Miss Polly was going down the road to dine at the Pegrams', of which he had some intimation before, and that the Colonel was down on the river farm, but would be back about two o'clock. He rode on. At two o'clock promptly Bob returned. The Colonel had not yet gotten home. He, however, dismounted, and tying his horse, went in. He must have been tired of sit-

ting down, for he now walked up and down the portico without once taking a seat.

"Marse Bob 'll walk heself to death," observed Charity to Torm from her door.

Presently the Colonel came in, bluff, warm, and hearty. He ordered dinner from the front gate as he dismounted, and juleps from the middle of the walk, greeted Bob with a cheeriness which that gentleman in vain tried to imitate, and was plumped down in his great split-bottomed chair, wiping his red head with his still redder bandana handkerchief, and abusing the weather, the crops, the newspapers, and his overseer before Bob could get breath to make a single remark. When he did, he pitched in on the weather. That is a safe topic at all times, and it was astonishing how much comfort Bob got out of it this afternoon. He talked about it until dinner began to come in across the yard, the blue china dishes gleaming in the hands of Phoebe and her numerous corps of ebon and mahogany assistants, and Torm brought out the juleps, with the mint looking as if it were growing in the great silver cans, with frosted-work all over the sides.

Dinner was rather a failure, so far as Bob was concerned. Perhaps he missed something that usually graced that table; perhaps only his body was there, while he himself was down at Miss Malviny Pegram's; perhaps he had gone back and was unfastening an impertinent rose-bush from a filmy white dress in the summer twilight; perhaps— But anyhow he was so silent and abstracted that the Colonel rallied him good-humoredly, which did not help matters. They had adjourned to the porch, and had been there for some time, when Bob broached the subject of his visit.

"Colonel," he said, suddenly, and wholly irrelevant to everything that had gone before, "there is a matter I want to speak to you about—a—ah—we—a little matter of great importance to—ah—myself." He was getting very red and confused, and the Colonel instantly divining the matter, and secretly flattering himself, and determining to crow over Polly, said, to help him out:

"Aha, you rogue, I knew it. Come up to the scratch, sir. So you are caught at last. Ah, you sly fox! It's the very thing you ought to do. Why, I know half a dozen girls who'd jump at you. I



knew it. I said so the other night. Polly—”

Bob was utterly off his feet by this time. “I want to ask your consent to marry Polly,” he blurted out, desperately. “I love her.”

“The devil you do!” exclaimed the Colonel. He could say no more; he simply sat still, in speechless, helpless, blank amazement. To him Polly was still a little girl climbing his knees, and an emperor might not aspire to her.

“Yes, sir, I do,” said Bob, calm enough now—growing cool as the Colonel became excited. “I love her, and I want her.”

“Well, sir, you can’t have her,” roared the Colonel, rising from his seat in the violence of his refusal. He looked like a tawny lion whose lair had been invaded.

Bob’s face paled, and a look came on it that the Colonel recalled afterward, and which he did not remember ever to have seen on it before, except once, when, years ago, some one shot one of his dogs—a look made up of anger and of dogged resolution. “I shall,” he said, throwing up his head and looking the Colonel straight in the eyes, his voice perfectly calm, but his eyes blazing, the mouth drawn close, and the lines of his face as if they had been carved in granite.

“I’ll be — if you shall!” stormed the Colonel; “the King of England should not have her!” and turning, he stamped into the house and slammed the door behind him.

Bob walked slowly down the steps and around to the stables, where he ordered his horse. He rode home across the fields without a word, except, as he jumped his horse over the line fence, “I shall have her,” he repeated, between his fast-set teeth.

That evening Polly came home all unsuspecting anything of the kind; the Colonel waited until she had taken off her things and come down in her fresh muslin dress. She surpassed in loveliness the rose-buds that lay on her bosom, and the impertinence that could dare aspire to her broke over the old man in a fresh wave. He had nursed his wrath all the evening.

“Polly,” he blurted out, suddenly rising with a jerk from his arm-chair, and unconsciously striking an attitude before the astonished girl, “do you want to marry Bob?”

“Why no,” cried Polly, utterly shaken out of her composure by the suddenness and vehemence of the attack.

“I knew it,” declared the Colonel, triumphantly. “It was a piece of cursed impertinence.” And he worked himself up to such a pitch of fury, and grew so red in the face that poor little Polly, who had to steer between two dangers, had to employ all her arts to soothe the old man and keep him out of a fit of apoplexy. She learnt the truth, however, and she learnt something which, until that time, she had never known, and though, as she kissed her uncle “good-night,” she made no answer to his final shot of, “Well, I’m glad we are not going to have any nonsense about the fellow; I have made up my mind, and we’ll treat his impudence as it deserves,” she locked her door carefully when she was within her own room, and the next morning she said she had a headache.

Bob did not come that day. If the Colonel had not been so hot-headed—that is, if he had not been a man—things would doubtless have straightened themselves out in some of those mysterious ways in which the hardest knots into which two young people’s affairs contrive to get untangled themselves; but being a man, he must needs, man-like, undertake to manage according to his own plan, which is always the wrong one.

When, therefore, he announced to Polly at the breakfast table that morning that she would have no further annoyance from that fellow’s impertinence, for he had written him a note apologizing for leaving him abruptly in his own house the day before, but forbidding him, in both their names, to continue his addresses, or indeed to put his foot on the place again, he fully expected to see Polly’s face brighten, and to receive her approbation and thanks. What, then, was his disappointment to see her face grow distinctly white! All she said was, “Oh, uncle!”

It was unfortunate that the day was Sunday, and that the Colonel went with her to church (which she insisted on attending notwithstanding her headache), and was by when she met Bob. They came on each other suddenly. Bob took off his hat, and stood like a soldier on review, erect, expectant, and a little pale. The Colonel, who had almost forgotten his “impertinence,” and was about to shake hands with him as usual, suddenly



remembered it, and drawing himself up, stepped to the other side of Polly, and handed her by the younger gentleman as if he were protecting her from a mob. Polly, who had been looking anxiously everywhere but in the right place, meaning to give him a smile which would set things straight, caught his eye only at that second, and felt rather than saw the change in Bob's attitude and manner. She tried to give him the smile, but it died in her eyes, and even after her back was turned she was sensible of his defiance; and she went into church, and dropped down on her knees in the far end of her pew, with her little heart needing all the consolations of her religion.

The man she prayed hardest for did not come into church that day. Things went very badly after that, and the knots got tighter and tighter. An attempt which Bob made to loosen them failed disastrously, and the Colonel, who was the best-hearted man in the world, but whose prejudices were made of wrought iron, took it into his head that Bob had insulted him, and Polly's indirect efforts at pacification aroused him to such an extent that for the first time in his life he was almost hard with her. He conceived the absurd idea that she was sacrificing herself for Bob on account of her friendship for him, and that it was his duty to protect her against herself, which, man-like, he proceeded to do in his own fashion, to poor little Polly's great distress.

She was devoted to her uncle, and knew the strength of his affection for her. On the other hand, Bob and she had been friends so long. She never could remember the time when she did not have Bob. But he had never said a word of love to her in his life.

On that evening in the garden she had known it just as well as if he had fallen on his knees at her feet. She knew it was just because he had owed her uncle the money; and oh! if she just hadn't gotten frightened; and oh! if her uncle just hadn't done it; and oh! she was so unhappy! The poor little thing, in her own dainty, white-curtained room, where were the books and things he had given her, and the letters he had written her, used to—but that is a secret. Anyhow, it was not because he was gone. She knew that was not the reason—indeed, she very often said so to herself—but because he had been treated so unjustly, and suffer-

ed so, and she had done it all. And she used to introduce many new petitions into her prayers, in which if there was not any name expressed, she felt that it would be understood, and the blessings would reach him just the same. The summer had gone, and the Indian summer had come in its place, hazy, dreamy, and sad. It always made her melancholy, and this year, although the weather was perfect, she was affected, she said, by the heat, and did not go out-of-doors much. So presently her cheeks were not as blooming as they had been, and even her great eyes lost some of their lustre; at least Charity thought so, and said so too, not only to Polly, but to her master, whom she scared half to death, and who, notwithstanding that Dr. Stopper was coming every other day to see a patient on the plantation, and that the next day was the time for his regular visit, put a boy on a horse that night and sent him with a note urging the doctor to come the next morning to breakfast. The doctor came, and spent the day; examined Polly's lungs and heart, prescribed outdoor exercise, and left something less than a bushel-basketful of medicines for her to take.

Polly was, at the time of his visit, in a very excited state, for the Colonel had, with a view of soothing her, the night before delivered a violent philippic against marriage in general, and in particular against marriage with "impudent young puppies who did not know their places," and he had proposed an extensive tour, embracing all the United States and Canada, and intended to cover the entire winter and spring following. Polly, who had stood as much as she could stand, finally rebelled, and had with flashing eyes and mantling cheeks espoused Bob's cause with a courage and dash which had almost routed the old Colonel. "Not that he was anything to her except a friend," she was most careful to explain, but she was tired of hearing her "friend" assailed, and she thought that it was the highest compliment a man could pay a woman, etc., etc., for all of which she did a great deal of blushing in her own room afterward.

Thus it happened that she was both excited and penitent the next day, and thinking to make some atonement, and at the same time to take the prescribed exercise, which would excuse her from tak-



ing the medicines, she filled a little basket with goodies to take old Aunt Betty at the Far Quarters; and thus it happened that as she was coming back along the path that ran down the meadow on the other side of the creek, which was the dividing line between the two plantations, and was almost at the foot-bridge that Somebody had made for her so carefully with logs cut out of his own woods, and the long shadows of the willows made it

membered that afterward—but he was so mean: it was always a little confused in her memory, and she could never recall exactly how it was. She was sure, however, that it was because he was so pale that she said it, and that she did not begin to cry until afterward, and that it was because he would not listen to her explanation; and that she didn't let him do it, she could not help it, and she did not know her head was on his shoulder.



"UNTIL DINNER BEGAN TO COME IN ACROSS THE YARD."

gloomy, and everything was so still that she had grown very lonely and unhappy—thus it happened that just as she was thinking how kind he had been about making the bridge and hand-rail so strong, and about everything, and how cruel he must think her, and how she would never see him any more as she used to do, she turned the clump of willows to step up on the log, and there he was standing on the bridge just before her, looking down into her eyes. She tried to get by him—she re-

Anyhow, when she got home that evening her improvement was so apparent that the Colonel called Charity in to note it, and declared that Virginia country doctors were the finest in the world, and that Stopper was the greatest doctor in the State. The change was wonderful indeed; and the old gilt mirror with its gauze-covered frame would never have known for the sad-eyed Polly of the day before the bright, happy little maiden that stood before it now and smiled at the beaming



face which dimpled at its own content. Old Betty's was a protracted pleurisy, and the good things Polly carried her daily did not tend to shorten the sickness. Ever afterward she blessed the Lord for "dat chile" whenever Polly's name was mentioned. Had she known how sympathetic Bob was during this period, she would doubtless have included him in her benison.

But although he was inspecting that bridge every afternoon regularly, notwithstanding Polly's oft-reiterated wish and express orders as regularly declared, no one knew a word of all this. And it was a bow drawn at a venture when, on the evening that Polly had tried to carry out her engagement to bring her uncle around, the old man said, "Why, hoity-toity! the young rascal's cause seems to be thriving." She was so confident of her success that she was not prepared for failure, and it struck her like a fresh blow; and though she did not cry until she got into her own room, when she got there she threw herself on the bed and cried herself to sleep. "It was so cruel in him," she said to herself, "to desire me never to speak to him again! And, oh! if he should really catch him on the place and shoot him!"

The pronouns in our language were probably invented by young women. The headache Polly had the next morning was not invented. Poor little thing! her last hope was gone. She determined to bid Bob good-by, and never see him again.

She had made up her mind to this on her knees, so she knew she was right. The pain it cost her satisfied her that it was right. She was firmly resolved when she set out that afternoon to see old Betty, who was, in everybody's judgment except her own, quite convalescent, and whom Dr. Stopper pronounced entirely well. She wavered a little in her resolution when, descending the path along the willows, which were leafless now, she caught sight of a tall figure loitering easily up the meadow, and she abandoned—that is, she forgot—it altogether when, having doubtfully suggested it, she was suddenly enfolded in a pair of strong arms, and two gray eyes, lighting a handsome face strong with the self-confidence which women love, looked down into hers. Then he proposed it!

Her heart almost stood still at his boldness. But he was so strong, so firm, so

reasonable, so self-reliant, and yet so gentle, she could not but listen to him. Still she refused—and she never did consent; she forbade him ever to think of it again. Then she begged him never to come there again, and told him of her uncle's threats, and of her fears for him; and then, when he laughed at them, she begged him never, never, under any circumstances, to take any notice of what her uncle might do or say, but rather to stand still and be shot dead; and then, when Bob promised this, she burst into tears, and he had to hold her and comfort her like a little girl.

It was pretty bad after that, and but for Polly's out-door exercise she would undoubtedly have succumbed. It seemed as if something had come between her and her uncle. She no longer went about singing like a bird. She suffered under the sense of being misunderstood, and it was so lonely! He too was oppressed by it. Even Torm shared in it, and his expositions assumed a cast terrific in the last degree. It was now December.

One evening it culminated. The weather had been too bad for Polly to go out, and she was sick. Finally Stopper was sent for. Polly, who, to use Charity's expression, was "pestered till she was fractious," rebelled flatly, and refused to keep her bed or to take the medicines prescribed. Charity backed her. Torm got drunk. The Colonel was in a fume, and declared his intentions to sell Torm next morning, as usual, and to take Charity and Polly and go to Europe. This was well enough, but to Polly's consternation, when she came to breakfast next morning, she found that the old man's plans had ripened into a scheme to set out on the very next day for Louisiana and New Orleans, where he proposed to spend the winter looking after some plantations she had, and showing her something of the world. Polly remonstrated, rebelled, cajoled. It was all in vain. Stopper had seriously frightened the old man about her health, and he was adamant. Preparations were set on foot; the brown hair trunks, with their lines of staring brass tacks, were raked out and dusted; the Colonel got into a fever, ordered up all the negroes in the yard, and gave instructions from the front door, like a major-general reviewing his troops; got Torm, Charity, and all the others into a wild flutter; attempted to superintend Polly's matters, made her promises of



fabulous gifts; became reminiscent, and told marvellous stories of his old days, which Torm corroborated; and so excited Polly and the plantation generally that from old Betty, who came from the Far Quarters for the purpose of taking it in, down to the blackest little dot on the place, there was not one who did not get into a wild whirl, and talk as if they were all going to New Orleans the next morning, with Joe Rattler on the boot. Polly had, after a stout resistance, surrendered to her fate, and packed her modest trunk with very mingled feelings. Under other circumstances she would have enjoyed the trip immensely; but she felt now as if it were parting from Bob forever. Her heart was in her throat all day, and even the excitement of packing could not drive away the feeling. She knew she would never see him again. She tried to work out what the end would be. Would he die, or would he marry Malviny Pegram? Every one said she would just suit him, and she'd certainly marry him if he asked her. The sun was shining over the western woods. Bob rode down that way in the afternoon even when it was raining; he had told her so.

He would think it cruel of her to go away so and never even let him know. She would at least go and tell him good-by. So she did.

Bob's face paled suddenly when she told him all, and that look which she had not seen often before settled on it. Then he took her hand and began to explain everything to her. He told her that he had loved her all her life; showed her how she had inspired him to work for and win every success that he had achieved; how it had been her work even more than his. Then he laid before her the life plans he had formed, and proved how they were all for her, and for her only. He made it all so clear, and his voice was so confi-

dent, and his face so earnest, as he pleaded and proved it step by step, that she felt as she leaned against him and he clasped her closely that he was right, and that she could not part from him.



"HE WAS INSPECTING THAT BRIDGE EVERY AFTERNOON."

That evening Polly was unusually silent; but the Colonel thought she had never been so sweet. She petted him until he swore that no man on earth was worthy of her, and that none should ever have her. After tea she went to his room to look over his clothes (her especial work), and would let no one, not even her mammy, help her; and when the Colonel insisted on coming in to tell her some more concerning the glories of New Orleans in his day, she finally put him out and locked the door on him. She was very strange all the evening. As they were to start the next morning, the Colonel was for retiring early; but Polly would not go; she loitered around, hung



about the old fellow, petted him, sat on his knee and kissed him, until he was forced to insist on her going to bed. Then she said good-night, and astonished the Colonel by throwing herself into his arms and bursting out crying.

The old man soothed her with caresses and baby talk, such as he used to comfort her with when she was a little girl, and when she became quiet he handed her to her door as if she had been a duchess. The house was soon quiet, except that once the Colonel heard Polly walking in her room, and mentally determined to chide her for sitting up so late. He, however, drifted off from the subject when he heard some of his young mules galloping around the yard, and he made a sleepy resolve to sell them all, or to dismiss his overseer for letting them get out of the lot. Before he had quite determined which he should do, he dropped off to sleep again.

It was possibly about this time that a young man lifted into her saddle a dark-habited little figure, whose face shone very white in the starlight, and whose tremulous voice would have suggested a refusal had it not been drowned in the deep, earnest tone of her lover. Although she declared that she could not think of doing it, she had on her hat and furs and riding-habit when Bob came. She did, indeed, really beg him to go away; but a few minutes later a pair of horses cantered down the avenue toward the lawn gate, which shut with a bang that so frightened the little lady on the bay mare that the young man found it necessary to lean over and throw a steady arm around her.

For the first time in her life Polly saw the sun rise in North Carolina, and a few hours later a gentle-voiced young clergyman, whose sweet-faced wife was wholly carried away by Polly's beauty, received under protest Bob's only gold piece, a coin which he twisted from his watch chain with the promise to quadruple it if he would preserve it.

When Charity told the Colonel next morning that Polly was gone, the old man for the first time in fifty years turned perfectly white. Then he fell into a consuming rage, and swore until Charity would not have been much surprised to see the devil appear in visible shape and claim him on the spot. He cursed Bob, cursed himself, Torm, Charity, and the entire female sex individually and collec-

tively, and then, seized by a new idea, ordered his horse, that he might pursue the runaways, threatened an immediate sale of his whole plantation, and the instantaneous death of Bob, and did in fact get down his great brass-mounted pistols, and lay them by him as he made Torm, Charity, and a half-dozen younger house-servants dress him.

Dressing and shaving occupied him about an hour—he always averred that a gentleman could not dress like a gentleman in less time—and still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, he marched out of his room, making Torm and Charity follow him, each with a pistol. Something prompted him to stop and inspect them in the hall. Taking first one and then the other, he examined them curiously.

"Well, I'll be —!" he said, dryly, and flung both of them crashing through the window. Turning, he ordered waffles and hoe-cakes for breakfast, and called for the books to have prayers.

Polly had utilized the knowledge she had gained as a girl, and had unloaded both pistols the night before, and rammed the balls down again without powder, so as to render them harmless.

By breakfast-time Torm was in a state of such advanced intoxication that he was unable to walk through the backyard gate, and the Colonel was forced to content himself with sending by Charity a message that he would get rid of him early the next morning. He straitly enjoined Charity to tell him, and she as solemnly promised. "Yes, suh, *I gwi* tell him," she replied, with a faint tone of being wounded at his distrust; and she did.

She needed an outlet.

Things got worse. The Colonel called up the overseer and gave new orders, as if he proposed to change everything. He forbade any mention of Polly's name, and vowed that he would send for Mr. Steep, his lawyer, and change his will to spite all creation. This humor, instead of wearing off, seemed to grow worse as the time stretched on, and Torm actually grew sober in the shadow that had fallen on the plantation. The Colonel had Polly's room nailed up, and shut himself up in the house.

The negroes discussed the condition of affairs in awed undertones, and watched him furtively whenever he passed. Various opinions by turns prevailed. Aunt





"HE HANDED HER TO HER DOOR AS IF SHE HAD BEEN A DUCHESS."

Betty, who was regarded with veneration, owing partly to the interest the lost Polly had taken in her illness, and partly to her great age (to which she annually added

three years), prophesied that he was going to die "in torments," just like some old uncle of his whom no one else had ever heard of until now, but who was raked up



by her to serve as a special example. The chief resemblance seemed to be a certain "rankness in cussin."

Things were certainly going badly, and day by day they grew worse. The Colonel became more and more morose.

"He don' even quoil no mo'," Torm complained pathetically to Charity. "He jes set still and study. I 'feard he gwine 'stracted."

It was indeed lamentable. It was accepted on the plantation that Miss Polly had gone for good—some said down to Louisiana—and would never come back any more. The prevailing impression was that if she did, the Colonel would certainly kill Bob. Torm had not a doubt of it.

Thus matters stood three days before Christmas. The whole plantation was plunged in gloom. It would be the first time since Miss Polly was a baby that they had not had "a big Christmas." Torm's lugubrious countenance one morning seemed to shock the Colonel out of his lethargy. He asked how many days there would be before Christmas, and learning that there were but three, he ordered preparations to be made for a great feast and a big time generally. He had the wood-pile replenished as usual, got up his presents, and superintended the Christmas operations himself, as he used to do. But it was sad work, and when Torm and Charity retired Christmas Eve night, although Torm had imbibed plentifully, and the tables were all spread for the great dinner for the servants next day, there was no peace in Torm's discourse; it was all of wrath and judgment to come. He had just gone to sleep when there was a knock at the door.

"Who dat out dyah?" called Charity. "You niggers better go 'long to bed."

The knock was repeated.

"Who dat out dyah, I say?" queried Charity, testily. "Whyn't you go 'long 'way from dat do'?"

Torm was hard to wake, but at length he got up and moved slowly to the door, grumbling to himself all the time.

When finally he undid the latch, Charity, who was in bed, heard him say, "Well, name o' Gord! good Gord A'mighty!" and burst into a wild explosion of laughter.

In a second she too was outside of the door, and had Polly in her arms, laughing, jumping, hugging, and kissing her, while Torm executed a series of caracoles around them.

"Whar Marse Bob?" asked both negroes, finally, in a breath.

"Hello, Torm! How are you, Mam' Charity?" called that gentleman, cheerily, coming up from where he had been fastening the horses; and Charity, suddenly mindful of her peculiar appearance and the frosty air, "scuttled" into the house, conveying her young mistress with her.

Presently she came out dressed, and invited Bob in too. She insisted on giving them something to eat; but they had been to supper, and Polly was much too excited hearing about her uncle to eat anything. She cried a little at Charity's description of him, which she tried to keep Bob from seeing, but he saw it, and had to— However, when they got ready to go home, Polly insisted on going to the yard and up on the porch, and when there, she actually kissed the window-blind of the room whence issued a muffled snore suggestive at least of some degree of forgetfulness. She wanted Bob to kiss it too, but that gentleman apparently found something else more to his taste, and her entreaty was drowned in another sound.

Before they remounted their horses Polly carried Bob to the greenhouse, where she groped around in the darkness for something, to Bob's complete mystification. "Doesn't it smell sweet in here?" she asked.

"I don't smell anything but that mint bed you've been walking on," he laughed.

As they rode off, leaving Torm and Charity standing in the road, the last thing Polly said was, "Now be sure you tell him—nine o'clock."

"Umm! I know he gwi' sell me den sho 'nough," said Torm, in a tone of conviction, as the horses cantered away in the frosty night.

Once or twice, as they galloped along, Bob made some allusion to the mint bed on which Polly had stepped, to which she made no reply. But as he helped her down at her own door, he asked, "What in the world have you got there?"

"Mint," said she, with a little low, pleased laugh.

By light next morning it was known all over the plantation that Miss Polly had returned. The rejoicing was clouded by the fear that nothing would come of it.

In Charity's house it was decided that Torm should break the news. Torm was doubtful on the point as the time drew



near, but Charity's mind never wavered. Finally he went in with his master's shaving water, having first tried to establish his courage by sundry pulls at a black bottle. He essayed three times to deliver the message, but each time his courage failed, and he hastened out under pretence of the water having gotten cold. The last time he attracted Charity's attention.

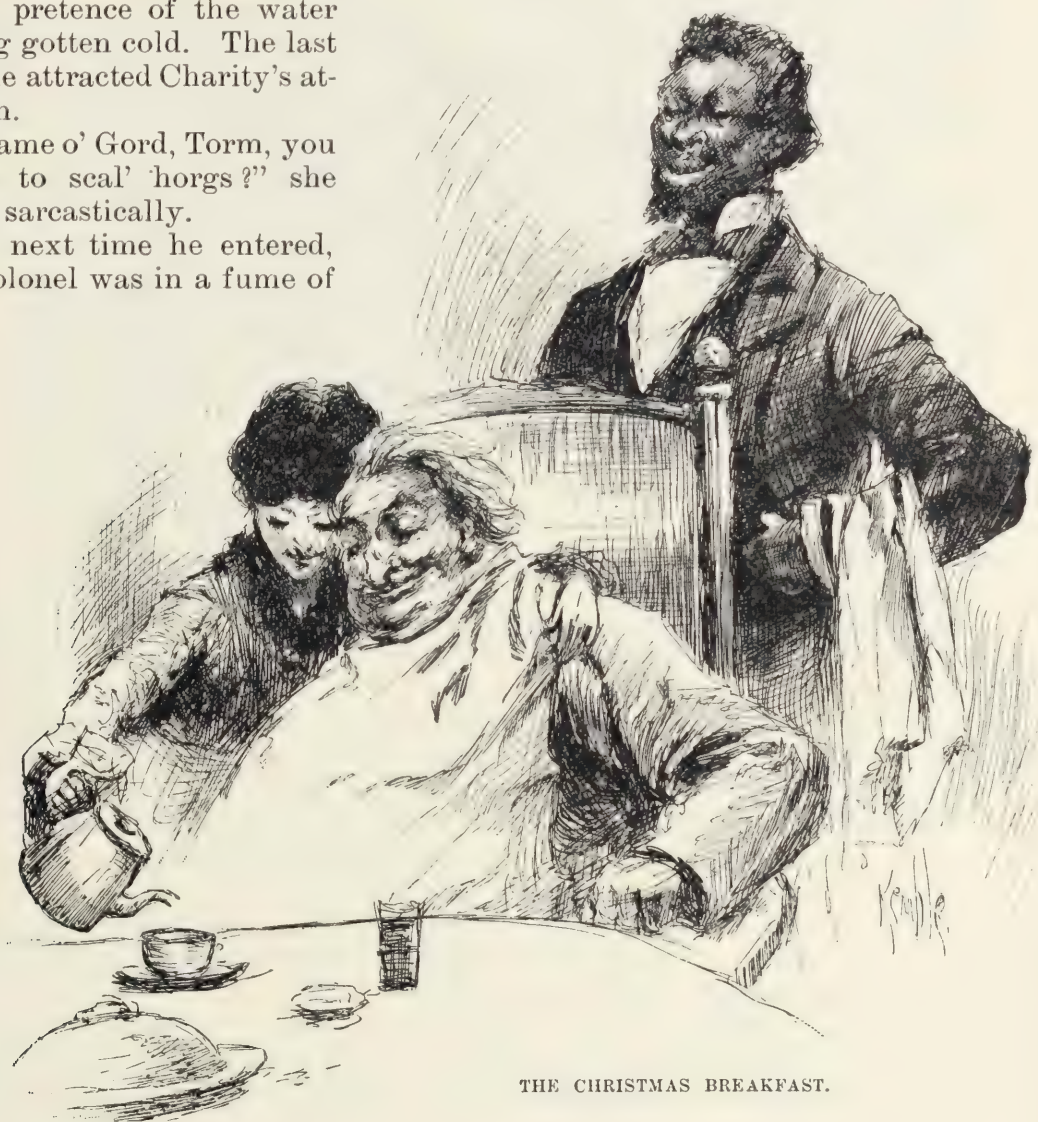
"Name o' Gord, Torm, you gwine to scal' horgs?" she asked, sarcastically.

The next time he entered, the Colonel was in a fume of

purpose. He strode up and down the long porch, evidently in great excitement.

"He's turrible dis mornin'," said Torm; "he th'owed de whole kittle o' b'ilin' water at me."

"Pity he didn' scal' you to death," said



THE CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST.

impatience, so he had to fix the water. He set down the can, and bustled about with hypocritical industry. The Colonel was almost through; Torm retreated to the door. As his master finished, he put his hand on the knob, and turning it, said, "Miss Polly come home larse night; sh' say she breakfast at nine o'clock."

Slapbang! came the shaving can smashing against the door, just as he dodged out, and the roar of the Colonel followed him across the hall.

When finally their master appeared on the portico, Torm and Charity were watching in some doubt whether he would not carry out on the spot his long-threatened

his wife, sympathizingly. She thought Torm's awkwardness had destroyed Polly's last chance. Torm resorted to his black bottle, and proceeded to talk about the lake of brimstone and fire.

Up and down the portico strode the old Colonel. His horse was at the rack, where he was always brought before breakfast. (For twenty years he had probably never missed a morning.) Finally he walked down, and mounting, rode off in the opposite direction to that whence his invitation had come. Charity, looking out of her door, inserted into her diatribe against "all wuthless, drunken, fool niggers" a parenthesis to the effect



that "Ef Marster meet Marse Bob dis mornin', de don' be a hide nor hyah left o' nyah one on 'em; an' dat lamb over dyah may-be got oystchers waitin' for him, too." Torm was so much impressed that he left Charity and went out-of-doors.

The Colonel rode down the plantation road, his great gray horse quivering with life in the bright winter sunlight. He gave him the rein, and he turned down a cross-road which led out of the plantation into the main road. Mechanically he opened the gate and rode out. Before he knew where he was he was through the wood, and his horse had stopped at the next gate—the gate of Bob's place. The house stood out bright and plain among the yard trees; lines of blue smoke curled up almost straight from the chimneys; and he could see two or three negroes running backward and forward between the kitchen and the house. The sunlight glistened on something in the hand of one of them, and sent a ray of dazzling light all the way to the old man. He knew it was a plate or a dish. He took out his watch and glanced at it; it was five minutes to nine o'clock. He started to turn around to go home. As he did so the memory of all the past swept over him, and of the wrong that had been done him. He would go in and show them his contempt for them by riding in and straight out again; and he actually unlatched the gate and went in. As he rode across the field he recalled all that Polly had been to him from the time when she had first stretched out her arms to him; all the little ways by which she had brought back his youth, and had made his house home, and his heart soft again. Every scene came before him as if to mock him. He felt once more the touch of her little hand; heard again the sound of her voice as it used to ring through the old house and about the grounds; saw her and Bob as children romping about his feet, and he gave a great gulp as he thought how desolate the house was now. He sat up in his saddle stiffer than ever. D—— him! he would enter his very house, and there to his face and hers denounce him for his baseness; and he pushed his horse to a trot. Up to the yard gate he rode, and dismounting, hitched his horse to the fence, and slamming the gate fierce-

ly behind him, stalked up the walk with his heavy whip clutched fast in his hand. Up the walk and up the steps without a pause, his face set as grim as rock, and purple with suppressed emotion; for a deluge of memories was overwhelming him.

The door was shut; they had locked it on him; but he would burst it in, and—Ah! what was that?

The door flew suddenly open; there was a cry, a spring, a vision of something swam before his eyes, and two arms were clasped about his neck, while he was being smothered with kisses from the sweetest mouth in the world, and a face made up of light and laughter, yet tearful too, like a dew-bathed flower, was pressed to his, and before the Colonel knew it he had, amid laughter and sobs and caresses, been borne into the house, and pressed down at the daintiest little breakfast table eyes ever saw, set for three persons, and loaded with steaming dishes, and with a great fresh julep by the side of his plate, and Torm was standing behind his chair, and Bob was helping him to "oystchers," while Polly, with dimpling face, was attempting the exploit of pouring out his coffee without moving her arm from around his neck.

The first thing he said after he recovered his breath was, "Where did you get this mint?"

Polly broke into a peal of rippling, delicious laughter, and tightened the arm about his neck.

"Just one more squeeze," said the Colonel; and as she gave it he said, with the light of it all breaking on him, "Damme if I don't sell you! or, if I can't sell you, I'll give you away—that is, if he'll come over and live with us."

That evening, after the great dinner, at which Polly had sat in her old place at the head of the table, and Bob at the foot, because the Colonel insisted on sitting where Polly could give him one more squeeze, the whole plantation was ablaze with "Christmas," and Drinkwater Torm, steadying himself against the sideboard, delivered a discourse on peace on earth and good-will to men so powerful and so eloquent that the Colonel, delighted, rose and drank his health, and said, "Damme if I ever sell him again!"





*SALLY IN OUR ALLEY*  
*A SONG by*  
*H. CAREY*











"THERE'S NONE LIKE PRETTY SALLY."

OF all the girls that are so smart  
There's none like pretty Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.





"HER FATHER HE MAKES CABBAGE-NETS."

There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em;  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally!  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.





"HER MOTHER SHE SELLS LACES LONG."





"MY MASTER COMES LIKE ANY TURK."

C. A. Alder  
1896



When she is by, I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely;  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely;



CAREY'S ALLEY.

But let him bang his bellyful,  
 I'll bear it all for Sally:  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week  
 I dearly love but one day,  
 And that's the day that comes betwixt  
 A Saturday and Monday;





"TO WALK ABROAD WITH SALLY."

For then I'm drest all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



1886





"I LEAVE HIM IN THE LURCH."

When Christmas comes about again,  
 Oh, then I shall have money;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
 I'll give it to my honey:  
 I would it were ten thousand pound,  
 I'd give it all to Sally:  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all  
 Make game of me and Sally,  
 And, but for her, I'd better be  
 A slave and row a galley;  
 But when my seven long years are out,  
 Oh, then I'll marry Sally!  
 And then how happily we'll live,  
 But *not* in our alley.





"MY MASTER AND THE NEIGHBORS ALL MAKE GAME OF ME AND SALLY."



## THE MOUSE-TRAP.

A FARCE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

IN her drawing-room, Mrs. Amy Somers, young, pretty, stylish, in the last evanescent traces of widowhood, stands confronting Mr. Willis Campbell. She has a newspaper in her hand, folded to the

width of a single column, which she extends toward him with an effect of indignant menace.

*Mrs. Somers:* "Then you acknowledge that it is yours?"

*Campbell:* "I acknowledge that I made a speech before the legislative committee on behalf of the anti-suffragists. You knew I was going to



"WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?"—[SEE PAGE 69.]



do that. I don't know how they've reported it."

*Mrs. Somers*, with severity: "Very well, then; I will read it. 'Willis Campbell, Esq., was next heard on behalf of the petitioners. He touched briefly upon the fact that the suffrage was evidently not desired by the vast majority of educated women.'"

*Campbell*: "You've always said they didn't want it."

*Mrs. Somers*: "That is not the point." Reading: "'And many of them would feel it an onerous burden, and not a privilege.'"

*Campbell*: "Well, didn't you—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Don't interrupt!" Reading: "'Which would compel them, at the cost of serious sacrifices, to contend at the polls with the ignorant classes who would be sure to exercise the right if conferred.'"

*Campbell*: "That was your own argument, Amy. They're almost your own words."

*Mrs. Somers*: "That isn't what I object to." Reading: "'Mr. Campbell then referred in a more humorous strain to the argument, frequently used by the suffragists, that every tax-payer should have the right to vote. He said that he objected to this, because it implied that non-tax-payers should not have the right to vote, which would deprive of the suffrage a large body of adoptive citizens, who voted at all the elections with great promptness and assiduity. He thought the exemption of women from some duties required of men by the state fairly offset the loss of the ballot in their case, and that until we were prepared to send ladies to battle we ought not to oblige them to go to the polls. Some skirmishing ensued between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Willington, on the part of the suffragists, the latter gentleman affirming that in great crises of the world's history women had shown as much courage as men, and the former contending that this did not at all affect his position, since the courage of women was in high degree a moral courage, which was not evoked by the ordinary conditions of peace or war, but required the imminence of some extraordinary, some vital emergency.'"

*Campbell*: "Well, what do you object to in all that?"

*Mrs. Somers*, tossing the paper on the table, and confronting him with her head lifted and her hands clasped upon her left

side: "Everything! It is an insult to women."

*Campbell*: "Woman, you mean. I don't think *women* would mind it. Who's been talking to you, Amy?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Nobody. It doesn't matter who's been talking to me. That is not the question."

*Campbell*: "It's the question I asked."

*Mrs. Somers*: "It isn't the question I asked. I wish simply to know what you mean by that speech."

*Campbell*: "I wish you knew how pretty you look in that dress." *Mrs. Somers* involuntarily glances down at the skirt of it on either side, and rearranges it a little, folding her hands again as before. "But perhaps you do."

*Mrs. Somers*, with dignity: "Will you answer my question?"

*Campbell*: "Certainly. I meant what I said."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, you did! Very well, then! When a woman stands by the bedside of her sick child, and risks her life from contagion, what kind of courage do you call that?"

*Campbell*: "Moral."

*Mrs. Somers*: "And when she remains in a burning building or a sinking ship—as they often do—and perishes, while her child is saved, what kind of courage is it?"

*Campbell*: "Moral."

*Mrs. Somers*: "When she seizes an axe and defends her little ones against a bear or a wolf that's just bursting in the cabin door, what kind of courage does she show?"

*Campbell*: "Moral."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Or when her babe crawls up the track, and she snatches it from the very jaws of the cow-catcher—"

*Campbell*: "Oh, hold on, now, Amy! Be fair! It's the engineer who does that: he runs along the side of the locomotive, and catches the smiling infant up, and lays it in the mother's arms as the train thunders by. His name is usually Hank Rollins. The mother is always paralyzed with terror."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Of course she is. But in those other cases how does her courage differ from a man's? If hers is always moral, what kind of courage does a man show when he faces the cannon?"

*Campbell*: "Immoral. Come, Amy, are you trying to prove that women are braver than men? Well, they are. I



never was in any danger yet that I didn't wish I was a woman, for then I should have the courage to face it, or else I could turn and run without disgrace. All that I said in that speech was that women haven't so much nerve as men."

*Mrs. Somers*: "They have more."

*Campbell*: "Nerves—yes."

*Mrs. Somers*: "No, nerve. Take Dr. Cissy Gay, that little, slender, delicate, sensitive thing: what do you suppose she went through when she was studying medicine, and walking the hospitals, and all those disgusting things? And Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon: do you mean to say that *she* has no nerve, facing all sorts of audiences, on the platform, everywhere? Or Rev. Lily Barber, living down all that ridicule, and going quietly on in her work—"

*Campbell*: "Oh, *they've* been talking to you."

*Mrs. Somers*: "They have *not*! And if they have, Dr. Gay is as much opposed to suffrage as you are."

*Campbell*: "As *I*? Aren't you opposed to it too?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Of course I am. Or I was till you made that speech."

*Campbell*: "It wasn't exactly intended to convert you."

*Mrs. Somers*: "It has placed me in a false position. Everybody knows, or the same as knows, that we're engaged—"

*Campbell*: "Well, *I'm* not ashamed of it, Amy."

*Mrs. Somers*, severely: "No matter! And now it will look as if I had no ideas of my own, and was just swayed about any way by you. A woman is despicable that joins with men in ridiculing women."

*Campbell*: "Who's been saying that?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "No one. It doesn't matter who's been saying it. Mrs. Mervane has been saying it."

*Campbell*: "Mrs. Mervane?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes, Mrs. Mervane, that you're always praising and admiring so for her good sense and her right ideas. Didn't you say she wrote as logically and forcibly as a man?"

*Campbell*: "Yes, I did."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Very well, then, she says that if anything could turn her in favor of suffrage, it is that speech of yours. She says it's a subtle attack upon the whole sex."

*Campbell*: "Well, I give it up! You are all alike. You take everything per-

sonally in the first place, and then you say it's an attack on all women. Couldn't I make this right by publishing a card to acknowledge your physical courage before the whole community, Amy? Then your friends would have to say that I had recognized the pluck of universal womanhood."

*Mrs. Somers*: "No, sir; you can't make it right now. And I'm sorry, sorry, *sorry* I signed the anti-suffrage petition. Nothing will ever teach men to appreciate women till women practically assert themselves."

*Campbell*: "That sounds very much like another quotation, Amy."

*Mrs. Somers*: "And they must expect to be treated as cowards till they show themselves heroes. And they must first of all have the ballot."

*Campbell*: "Oh!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes. Then, and not till then, men will acknowledge their equality in all that is admirable in both. Then there will be no more puling insolence about moral courage and vital emergencies to evoke it."

*Campbell*: "I don't see the steps to this conclusion, but the master-mind of Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon reaches conclusions at a bound."

*Mrs. Somers*: "It *wasn't* Mrs. Harmon."

*Campbell*: "Oh, well, Rev. Lily Barber, then. You needn't tell me *you* originated that stuff, Amy. But I submit for the present. Think it over, my dear, and when I come back to-morrow—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Perhaps you had better not come back to-morrow."

*Campbell*: "Why?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Because—because I'm afraid we are not in sympathy. Because if you thought that I needed some vital emergency to make me show that I was ready to die for you any moment—"

*Campbell*: "Die for me? I want you to *live* for me, Amy."

*Mrs. Somers*: "And the emergency never came, you would despise me."

*Campbell*: "Never!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "If you have such a low opinion of women generally—"

*Campbell*: "I a low opinion of women!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "You said they were cowards."

*Campbell*: "I didn't say they were cowards. And if I seemed to say so, it





"THERE NEVER WAS ANY MOUSE HERE."—[SEE PAGE 73.]



was my misfortune. I honestly and truly think, Amy, that when a woman is roused, she isn't afraid of anything in heaven or on—" He stops abruptly, and looks toward the corner of the room.

*Mrs. Somers*: "What is it?"

*Campbell*: "Oh, nothing. I thought I saw a mouse."

*Mrs. Somers*: "A mouse!" She flings herself upon him, and clutches him with convulsive energy. Then suddenly freeing him, she leaps upon a chair, and stoops over to hold her train from the floor. "Oh, drive it out, drive it out! Don't kill it. Oh—e-e-e-e! Drive it out! Oh, what shall I do? Oh, Willis, love, jump on a chair! Oh, horrid little dreadful reptile! Oh, drive it out!" In uttering these appeals Mrs. Somers alternately looses her hold upon her train in order to clasp her face in her hands, and then uncovers her face to seize her train. "Oh, is it gone? Come here, Willis, and let me hold your hand! Or no! Drive it, drive it, drive it out!"

*Campbell*, going about the room in deliberate examination: "I can't find it. I guess it's gone into its hole again."

*Mrs. Somers*: "No, it hasn't! It hasn't got any hole here. It must have come in from somewhere else. Oh, I hope I shall have a little wisdom some time, and never, never, never have cake and wine brought into the drawing-room again, no matter how faint with walking any one is. Of course it was the smell of the fruit and crumbs attracted it; and they might just as well take the horse-cars, but they said they had walked all the way to get me to sign the suffrage petition, and when I said I'd signed the anti-suffrage, of course I had to offer them something; I couldn't do less. Have you driven it out?"

*Campbell*: "I've done my best. But I can't find it, and I can't drive it out till I do find it."

*Mrs. Somers*: "It's run into the fireplace. Rattle the tongs!" Campbell goes to the fireplace and rattles the tongs against the shovel, Mrs. Somers meanwhile covering her face. "Ow—ugh—e-e-e-e! Is it gone?" She uncovers her eyes.

*Campbell*: "It never was there."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes, it was, Willis. Don't tell me it wasn't! Where else was it if it wasn't there? Look under that book table!"

*Campbell*: "Which one?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "That one with the shelf coming down almost to the carpet. Poke under it with the poker!" As Campbell obeys, she again hides her face. "U-u-u-gh! Is it gone now?"

*Campbell*: "It wasn't there."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Poke hard! Bang against the mop-board! Bang!"

*Campbell*, poking and banging: "There! I tell you it never was there."

*Mrs. Somers*, uncovering her face: "Oh, what shall I do? It must be somewhere in the room, and I never can breathe till you've found it. Bang again!"

*Campbell*: "Nonsense! It's gone long ago. Do you suppose a mouse of any presence of mind or self-respect would stay here after all this uproar?" He restores the tongs to their stand with a clash.

*Mrs. Somers*, responsive to the clash: "Ow!"

*Campbell*, advancing toward her and extending his hand: "Come, Amy; get down now. I must be going."

*Mrs. Somers*, in horror: "Get down? Going?"

*Campbell*: "Certainly. I can't stay here all day. I've got to follow that mouse out into the street and have him arrested. It's a public duty."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Don't throw ridicule on it!" After a moment: "You know I can't let you go till I've seen that mouse leave this room. Go all round, and stamp in the corners." She covers her face again. "Ugh!"

*Campbell*: "How are you going to see him leave the room if you won't look? He's left long ago. I wouldn't stay if I was a mouse. And I've got to go, anyway."

*Mrs. Somers*, uncovering her face: "No! I beg, I command you to stay, or I shall never get out of this room alive. You know I sha'n't." A ring at the street door is heard. "Oh dear, what shall I do? I've told Jane I would see anybody that called, and now I daren't step my foot to the floor! What shall I do?"

*Campbell*, with authority: "You must get down. There's no mouse here, I tell you; and if people come and find you standing on a chair in your drawing-room, what will they think?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I can kneel on it." She drops to her knees on the chair. "There!"

*Campbell*: "That's no better. It's worse."

*Mrs. Somers*, listening to the party at



the door below, which the maid has opened: "'Sh! I want to make out who it is. 'Sh! Yes—it is!'" After listening: "Yes! It's Mrs. Miller and Lou Bemis and Mrs. Curwen! I don't see how they happen to come together, for Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Curwen perfectly hate each other. Oh yes! I know! They're all on the way to Mrs. Ransom's reception; he's showing his pictures and some of her things—horrid daubs; I don't see how she can have the face—and they've met here by accident. 'Sh! She's showing them into the reception-room. Yes, that's quite right." Mrs. Somers delivers these sentences in a piercing whisper of extreme volubility. "Now as soon as she brings up their cards I'll say I'm not at all well—that I'm engaged—just going out. No, that won't do. I *must* be sick. Anything else would be perfectly insulting after saying that I was at home; and Jane has got to go back and tell them she forgot that I had gone to bed with a severe headache." As Jane appears at the drawing-room door, and falters at sight of Mrs. Somers kneeling on her chair, that lady beckons her to her, frowning, shaking her head, and pressing her finger on her lip to enforce silence, and takes the cards from her, while she continues in whisper: "Yes. All right, Jane! Go straight back and tell them you forgot I had gone to bed with a perfectly blinding headache; and don't let another soul into the house. Mr. Campbell saw a mouse, and I can't get down till he's caught it. Go!"

Jane, after a moment of petrification: "A mouse! In the room, here? Oh, my goodness gracious me!" She leaps upon the chair next to Mrs. Somers, who again springs to her feet.

Mrs. Somers: "Did you see it? Oh, e-e-e-e!"

Jane: "W-o-o-o-o! I don't know! Where was it? Oh yes, I thought—" They clutch each other convulsively, and blend their cries, at the sound of which the ladies in the reception-room below come flocking upstairs into the drawing-room.

The Ladies, at sight of Mrs. Somers and her servant: "What is it? what is it?"

Mrs. Somers: "Oh, there's a mouse in the room. Oh, jump on chairs!"

Mrs. Miller, vaulting into the middle of the sofa: "A mouse!"

Mrs. Lou Bemis, alighting upon a slight reception-chair: "Oh, not in *this* room, Mrs. Somers! Don't say it!"

Mrs. Curwen, with a laugh of mingled terror and enjoyment, from the top of the table where she finds herself: "Where is it?"

Mrs. Somers: "I don't know. I didn't see it. But, oh! it's here somewhere. Mr. Campbell saw it, and Jane did when she came up with your cards, and he's been trying to drive it out, but he can't even *budge* it; and—"

Campbell, desperately: "Ladies, there isn't any mouse here! I've been racketing round here with the shovel and tongs all over the room, and the mouse is gone. You can depend upon that. You're as safe here as you would be in your own rooms."

Mrs. Somers: "How can you say such a thing? No, I won't be responsible if anything happens. The mouse is in this room. No one has seen it go out, and it's here still."

Mrs. Bemis, balancing herself with difficulty on her chair: "Oh dear! how tippy it is! I'm sure it's going to break."

Mrs. Curwen: "Get up here with me, Mrs. Bemis. We can protect each other."

Mrs. Miller: "You would both fall off. Better come here on the sofa, Mrs. Bemis."

Mrs. Curwen: "The mouse could run up that ottoman sofa as easily as the ground."

Mrs. Miller, covering her face: "Oh, how can you say such a thing?"

Mrs. Bemis: "Oh, I know I'm going to fall!"

Mrs. Somers: "Willis, for shame! Help her!"

Campbell: "But how—how can I help—"

Mrs. Somers: "Get her another chair."

Campbell: "Oh!" He pushes a large arm-chair toward Mrs. Bemis, who leaps into it with a wild cry, spurning the reception-chair half across the room in her flight.

Mrs. Bemis: "Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Campbell! Oh, I shall always bless you!"

Mrs. Curwen: "Yes, you have saved all our lives. Where there's a man, I don't care for a thousand mice."

Mrs. Miller: "Oh, how very frank!"

Mrs. Curwen: "Yes, I'm nothing if not open-minded."

Campbell, surveying her with amusement and interest: "I don't believe you're very much scared."

Mrs. Bemis: "Oh yes, she is, Mr. Camp-



bell. She keeps up that way, and then the first thing she faints."

*Mrs. Curwen*: "Not on centre tables, my dear; there isn't room."

*Campbell*, with increasing fascination: "Why don't you get down, and set the rest an example of courage?"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "I prefer to set the example here: it's safer."

*Campbell*: "You look like the statue of some goddess on her altar—or saint—"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "Thank you. If you will say victim, I will agree with you. Say Iphigenia. But the others are too much. I draw the line at goddesses and saints."

*Campbell*: "And you're afraid of mice too?"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "To be sure I am."

*Campbell*: "Well, there is no mouse down here—nothing but a miserable man. Now will you get down?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Mrs. Curwen, don't think of it! He's just *saying* it. The mouse *is* there." To *Campbell*: "You are placing us all in a very ridiculous position."

*Campbell*: "I am sorry for that; I am indeed. I give you my word of honor that I don't believe there's any mouse in the room."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Jane just saw it."

*Campbell*: "She *thought* she saw it, but I don't think she did. A lion would have been scared out by this time." A ring at the door is heard.

*Mrs. Somers*: "There, Jane, there's some one ringing! You must go to the door."

*Jane*, throwing her apron over her head: "Oh, please, Mrs. Somers, I can't go! I'm so afraid of mice!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Nonsense! you *must* go. It's perfectly ridiculous your pretending not."

*Jane*: "Oh, I couldn't, Mrs. Somers! I was always so from a child. I can't bear 'em."

*Mrs. Somers*: "This is disgraceful. Do you mean to say that you won't do what I ask you? Very well, then; you can *go*! You needn't stay the week out; I will pay you, and you can go at once. Do you understand?"

*Jane*: "Yes, I do, and I'd be glad to go this very minute, but I don't dare to get down."

*Mrs. Somers*: "But why shouldn't you get down? There isn't the least danger.

Is there any danger now, Mr. Campbell?"

*Campbell*: "Not the least in the world. Mouse gone long ago."

*Mrs. Somers*: "There!"

*Jane*: "I can't help it. There are so many in the dining-room—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "In *my* dining-room? Oh, my goodness! why didn't you tell me before?"

*Jane*: "And one ran right over my foot."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Your foot? Oh! I wonder that you live to tell it. Why haven't you put traps? Where's the cat?"

*Jane*: "The cook's spoiled the cat, feeding it so much."

*Mrs. Miller*: "Yes, that's the worst of cooks: they always spoil cats."

*Mrs. Bemis*: "They overfeed them."

*Mrs. Miller*: "And then, of course, the cats are worth nothing as mousers. I had a cat—" The bell sounds again.

*Mrs. Somers*: "There! Some one *must* go."

*Campbell*: "Why, *I'll* go to the door."

*Mrs. Somers*: "And leave *us* here? Never! How can you propose such a thing? If you dare to go, I shall die. Don't think of such a thing."

*Jane*: "The cook will go, if they keep ringing. Oh! ugh! hu! hu! When ever shall I get out of this?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Stop crying, Jane! Be calm! You're perfectly safe. You may be glad it's no worse. 'Sh! There's the cook going to the door at last. Who can it be? Listen!"

*Jane*, clutching Mrs. Somers: "Oh! ugh! Wo-o-o-o!"

*All the Ladies*: "E-e-e-e!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "What's the *matter*, Jane? Let me go! *What's* the matter?"

*Jane*: "Oh, I thought I was falling—right down in amongst it!"

*Mrs. Agnes Roberts*, calling up from below: "What in the world *is* it, Amy?"

*Campbell*: "Oh, my prophetic soul, my sister!"

*Mrs. Somers*, shouting: "Is that you, Agnes? Don't come up! Don't come up, for your *life*! *Don't* come up, unless you wish to perish instantly. Oh, it's dreadful, your coming now. Keep away! Go right straight out of the house, unless you wish to fling your life away."

*The other Ladies*: "Don't come! Don't come! Keep away! It will do no good."

*Mrs. Roberts*, mounting the stairs, as if



lured to her doom by an irresistible fascination: "Not come? Keep away? Who's talking? What is it? Oh, *Amy*, what is it?" As she reaches the stair-landing space before the drawing-room and looks in, where Campbell stands in the middle of the floor with his hands in his pockets and despair in his face: "You here, Willis? What are you doing? What is it?" Her eye wanders to the ladies trembling in their several refuges, and a dawning apprehension makes itself seen in her face. "What is— Oh, it is—it isn't—it isn't a—mouse! Oh, *Amy*! *Amy*! *Amy*! Oh, how *could* you let me come right into the room with it? Oh, I never can forgive you! I thought it was somebody getting killed. Oh, why didn't you *tell* me it was a mouse?" She alights on the piano stool, and keeps it from rocking by staying herself with one hand on the piano top.

*Campbell*: "Now look here, Agnes—"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Hush! Don't speak to me, Willis! You unnatural, cruel, heartless— Why did *you* let me come in? I wonder at you, Willis! If you had been *half* the brother you ought to be— Oh dear! dear! I know how you will go away and laugh now, and tell everybody. I suppose you think it corroborates that silly speech of yours before the legislative committee that's wounded all your best friends so, and that I've been talking myself perfectly dumb defending you about." *Mrs. Roberts* unconsciously gives a little push for emphasis, and the stool revolves with her. "E-e-e! Oh, *Amy*, how can you have one of these old-fashioned, horrid, whirling things, fit for nothing but boarding-house parlors!"

*Mrs. Somers*, with just pique: "I'm very sorry you don't like my piano stool, Agnes. I keep it because it was my poor mother's; but if you'll give me due notice another time, I'll try to have a different—"

*Mrs. Roberts*, bursting into tears: "Oh, don't say another word, *Amy* dear! I'm so ashamed of myself that I can hardly breathe now!"

*Campbell*: "And I'm ashamed of you too, Agnes! Get down off that stool, and behave yourself like a sensible woman." He goes toward her as if to lift her down. "The mouse is gone long ago. And if it was here, it wouldn't bite you."

*Mrs. Roberts*, repelling him with one hand while she clings insecurely to the piano with the other: "Bite? Do you suppose I care for a mouse's *biting*, Willis?

I wouldn't care for the bite of an elephant. It's the *idea*. Can't you understand?"

*The other Ladies*: "Oh yes, it's the idea."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes, I told him in the first place, Agnes, that it was the *idea* of a mouse."

*Mrs. Curwen*: "It's the innate repugnance."

*Campbell*: "It's the enmity put between the mouse that tempted Eve and the woman—"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Don't be—sacrilegious, Willis! Don't, for your own sake!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes, it's very easy to make fun of the Bible."

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Or woman. And the wit is equally contemptible in either case."

*Mrs. Miller*: "Other animals feel about mice just as we do. I was reading only the other day of an elephant—your mentioning an elephant reminded me of it, Mrs.—"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Oh!"

*The other Ladies*: "E-e-e-e!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "What is it?"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Nothing. I thought I was going to fall. Go on, Mrs. Miller."

*Mrs. Miller*: "Oh, it's merely that the elephant was asleep, and a mouse ran up its trunk—"

*All the Ladies*: "Horrors!"

*Mrs. Miller*: "And the poor creature sprang up in the greatest alarm, and belowed till it woke the whole menagerie. It simply shows that it isn't because women are nervously constituted that they're afraid of mice, for the nervous organism of an elephant—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "The first time I went to Europe I found a mouse in one of *my* trunks. It was a steamer trunk, that you push under the berth, and I've perfectly loathed them ever since."

*Mrs. Bemis*: "Once, in a farm-house where we were staying the summer, a mouse ran right across the table."

*All the Ladies*: "Oh!"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "One morning I found one in the bath-tub."

*All the Ladies*: "Oh, Mrs. Curwen!"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "We'd heard it scrambling round all night. It was stone-dead."

*All the Ladies*: "Hideous!"

*Campbell*: "Why, bless my soul! if the mouse was dead—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Then it was ten times as bad as if it was alive. Can't you un-



derstand? It's the *idea*. But, oh, don't let's talk of it any more, ladies! Let's talk of something else! Agnes, are you going to Mrs. Ransom's?"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "I've been. Nearly everybody's coming away."

*Mrs. Miller*: "Why, what time is it, Mrs. Somers?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't know."

*Campbell*, looking at his watch: "It's ten minutes of six, and I've missed my appointment."

*Mrs. Curwen*: "And if we don't go now we shall miss the reception."

*Mrs. Bemis*: "Papa was very particular I should go, because he couldn't."

*Mrs. Miller*: "We must go at once."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, I'm so sorry! Jane, go down with the ladies."

*Jane*: "Oh, please, Mrs. Somers!"

*Mrs. Miller*: "But how are we to go? We are imprisoned here. We cannot get away. You must do something."

*Mrs. Curwen*: "It is your house, Mrs. Somers. You are responsible."

*Mrs. Somers*: "But what can I do? I can't get down myself. And if I did, what good would it do?"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "For shame, Willis! To laugh!"

*Campbell*: "I wasn't laughing. I was merely smiling aloud."

*Mrs. Roberts*: "It's the same thing. You ought to think of something."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh yes, do, Willis. Think of something for my—for goodness' sake, and I will always thank you. You're so ingenious."

*Campbell*: "Well, in the first place, I don't believe there's any mouse in the room."

*Mrs. Somers*: "That is nonsense; Jane saw it. Is that all your ingenuity amounts to?"

*Mrs. Roberts*, electrically: "Amy, I have an idea!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, Agnes! How like you!"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Not at all. It's the simplest thing in the world. It's the only way. And no thanks to Willis, either."

*All the Ladies*: "Well? Well? Well?"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "It's just this: all make a rush, one after another, and the rest scream. And Willis must keep beating the floor."

*Mrs. Somers*: "How perfectly magnificent! Well, Agnes, you *have* got your

wits about you! It is the very thing! Now, Mrs. Curwen, if you will jump down and make a rush—"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "It's for you to make the rush first, Mrs. Somers. You are the hostess."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes, but I'm not going, don't you see. I've sent my card to Mrs. Ransom."

*Mrs. Curwen*: "Then, Mrs. Miller, will you, please—"

*Mrs. Miller*: "Mrs. Bemis is nearest the door. I think she will wish to start first."

*Mrs. Bemis*: "No; I will wait for the rest."

*Mrs. Somers*: "That is a good idea. They ought to all rush together, not one after another. Don't you think so, Agnes?"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "Yes; that was what I meant. And we ought to all scream just before they start, so as to scare it."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, how capital! You *have* got a brain, Agnes! *Now* I begin to believe we shall live through it. And Mr. Campbell ought to beat the floor first, oughtn't he?"

*Campbell*: "I haven't got anything to beat it with." He looks about the room. "But I can go down and get my cane—"

*All*: "No!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Jane will go down and get it for you."

*Jane*: "Oh, I couldn't, Mrs. Somers."

*Campbell*: "Perhaps the poker—but it would spoil your carpet."

*Mrs. Somers*: "No matter for the carpet; you can beat it into—pulp." Campbell gets the poker and beats the carpet in different places. "Harder! Beat harder!"

*Mrs. Roberts*: "You're not beating at all, Willis. You're just—temporizing." Campbell wildly thrashes the carpet.

*Mrs. Somers*: "There! that is something like. Now scream, Agnes! Scream, Mrs. Curwen! Mrs. Miller, Lou, scream, please!"

*All*: "E-e-e-e!"

*Mrs. Somers*: "But nobody started!"

*Mrs. Curwen*: "I didn't believe the rest would start, and so I didn't."

*Mrs. Miller*: "I was sure no one else would start."

*Mrs. Bemis*: "So was I."

*Mrs. Roberts*: "We must have faith in each other, or else the plan's a failure. Now all scream!" They scream.

*Mrs. Somers*: "E-e-e-e! Keep beating the carpet, Willis! Hard, hard, hard!"



The other ladies all leap down from their perches, and rush screaming out of the drawing-room, followed by Jane, with a whoop that prolongs itself into the depths of the basement, after the retreating wails and hysterical laughter of the ladies have died out of the street door. "Oh, wasn't it splendid? It was a perfect success."

*Campbell*, leaning on his poker, and panting with exhaustion: "They got out alive."

*Mrs. Somers*. "And it was all Agnes's idea. Why, Agnes is gone too!"

*Campbell*: "Yes, Agnes is gone. I think it was a ruse of hers to save her own life. She's quite capable of it."

*Mrs. Somers*, with justice: "No, I don't think that. She was just carried away by the excitement of the moment."

*Campbell*: "At any rate, she's gone. And now, Amy, don't you think you'd better get down?"

*Mrs. Somers*, in astonishment: "Get down? Why, you must be crazy. How can I get down if it's still there?"

*Campbell*: "What?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "The mouse."

*Campbell*: "But it *isn't* there, my dear. You saw for yourself that it wasn't there."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Did you see it run out?"

*Campbell*: "No; but—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Very well, then, it's there still. Of course it is. I wouldn't get down for worlds."

*Campbell*: "Oh, good heavens! Do you expect to spend the rest of your life up there in that chair?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't know. I shall not get down till I see that mouse leave this room."

*Campbell*, desperately: "Well, then, I must make a clean breast of it. There never was any mouse here."

*Mrs. Somers*: "What do you mean?"

*Campbell*: "I mean that when we were talking—arguing—about the physical courage of women, I thought I would try a mouse. It's succeeded only too well. I'll never try another."

*Mrs. Somers*: "And could you really be guilty of such a cruel—"

*Campbell*: "Yes."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Shameless—"

*Campbell*: "I was."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Despicable deception?"

*Campbell*: "It was vile, I know, but I did it."

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't believe it. No, rather than believe that of *you*, Willis, I

would believe there were a million mice in the room."

*Campbell*: "Amy, indeed—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "No; if you could deceive me then, you can deceive me now. If you could say there was a mouse in the room when there wasn't, you are quite capable of saying there isn't when there is. You are just saying it now to get me to get down."

*Campbell*: "Upon my honor, I'm not."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, don't talk to me of honor! The honor of a man who could revel—yes, *revel*—in the terrors of helpless women—"

*Campbell*: "No, no; I'd no idea of it, Amy."

*Mrs. Somers*: "You will please not address me in that way, Mr. Campbell. You have forfeited all right to do so."

*Campbell*: "I know it. What I did was very foolish and thoughtless."

*Mrs. Somers*: "It was very low and ungentlemanly. I suppose you will go away and laugh over it with your—associates."

*Campbell*: "Why not say my ruffianly accomplices at once, Amy? No, I assure you that unless you tell of the affair, nobody shall ever hear of it from me. It's too disastrous a victory. I'm hoist by my own petard, caught in my own mouse-trap. There is such a thing as succeeding too well."

*Mrs. Somers*: "I should *think* you would be ashamed of it. Suppose you *have* shown that women are nervous and excitable, does that prove anything?"

*Campbell*: "Nothing in the world."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Very likely some of us will be sick from it. I dare say you think that would be another triumphant argument."

*Campbell*: "I shouldn't exult in it."

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't know when I shall ever get over it myself. I have had a dreadful shock."

*Campbell*: "I'm sorry with all my heart—I am indeed. I had no conception that you cared so much for mice—despised them so much."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh yes, laugh, do! It's quite in character. But if you have such a contempt for women, of course you wouldn't want to *marry* one."

*Campbell*: "Yes, I should, my dear. But *only* one."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Very well, then! You can find some *other* one. All is over be—



tween *us*. Yes! I will send you back the precious gifts you have lavished upon me, and I will thank you for mine. A man who can turn the sex that his mother and sister belong to into ridicule can have no real love for his wife. I am glad that I found you out in time."

*Campbell*: "Do you really mean it, Amy?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes, I mean it. And I hope it will be a lesson to you. If you find any other poor silly trusting creature that you can impose yourself upon for a gentleman as you have upon me, I advise you to reserve your low, vulgar, boyish tricks till after she is helplessly yours, or she may tear your hateful ring from her finger, and fling it—" She attempts to pull a ring from her finger, but it will not come off. "Never mind! I will get it off with a little soapsuds; and then—"

*Campbell*: "Oh no, my dear! Come, I can allow for your excitement, but I can't stand everything, though I admit everything. When a man has said he's played a silly part he doesn't like to be told so, and as for imposing myself upon you for a gentleman—you must take that back, Amy."

*Mrs. Somers*: "I do. I take it back. There hasn't been any imposture. I *knew* you were not a gentleman."

*Campbell*: "Very good! Then I'm not fit for a lady's company, and I don't deny, though you're so hard upon me, that you're a lady, Amy. Good-by." He bows and walks out of the room.

*Mrs. Somers*, sending her voice after him in a wail of despair: "Willis!"

*Campbell*, coming back: "Well?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I can't let you go." He runs toward her, but she shrinks back on her chair against the wall. "No, no!"

*Campbell*, hesitating: "Why did you call me back, then?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I—I didn't call you back; I just said—Willis."

*Campbell*: "This is unworthy—even of you."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh!"

*Campbell*: "Do you admit that you have been too severe?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't know. What did I say?"

*Campbell*: "A number of pleasant things; that I was a fraud, and no gentleman."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Did I say that?"

*Campbell*: "Yes, you did."

*Mrs. Somers*: "I must have been very much incensed against you. I beg your pardon for—being so angry."

*Campbell*: "That won't do. I don't care how angry you are if you don't call me names. You must take them back."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Do you see my handkerchief anywhere about on the carpet?"

*Campbell*, looking about, and then finding it: "Yes; here it is." He hands it to her, and she bends forward and takes it from him at arm's-length, whipping it nervously out of his hand. "What's the matter?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, nothing—nothing! Will you please give me my fan from the table there?" He obeys, and she catches it from him as she has caught the handkerchief. "Thank you! Keep away, please!"

*Campbell*, angrily: "Really this is too much. If you are afraid of touching me—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "No, I don't mind touching you; that isn't it. But if you stood so near, don't you see, it might run up *you* and jump on to *me*."

*Campbell*: "What might?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "You know. The mouse."

*Campbell*: "The mouse! There *is* no mouse."

*Mrs. Somers*: "That's what you said before."

*Campbell*: "Well, it's true. There isn't any mouse, and there never was."

*Mrs. Somers*: "There's the *idea*. And that's all I ever cared for."

*Campbell*: "Well, what are you going to do? I can't kill the idea of a mouse, and I can't drive it out of the room."

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't know what I'm going to do. I suppose I shall die here." She presses her handkerchief to her eyes. "I shall never get out of the room alive. Then I hope you will be satisfied."

*Campbell*: "Amy, how can you say such things to me?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Oh, I suppose you're fond of me, in your contemptuous way. I never denied that. And I'm sorry, I'm sure, if I wounded your feelings by anything I said."

*Campbell*: "Then you admit that I am a gentleman?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I didn't say that."

*Campbell*: "And I can't be satisfied



with less. I'll own that I've been stupid, but I haven't been ungentlemanly. I can't remain unless you do."

*Mrs. Somers*: "And do you think threatening me is gentlemanly?"

*Campbell*: "That isn't the question. Do you think I'm a gentleman?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "You're what the world calls a gentleman—yes."

*Campbell*: "Do *you* think I'm one?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "How can I tell? I can't think at all, perched up here."

*Campbell*: "Why don't you get down, then?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "You know very well why."

*Campbell*: "But you'll have to get down some time. You can't stay there always."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Why should you care?"

*Campbell*: "You know I do care. You know that I love you dearly, and that I can't bear to see you in distress. Shall I beat the carpet, and you scream and make a rush?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "No; I haven't the strength for that. I should drop in a faint as soon as I touched the floor."

*Campbell*: "Oh, good heavens! What am I going to do, then?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "I don't know. You got me into the trouble. I should think you could get me out of it."

*Campbell*, after walking distractedly up and down the room: "There's only one way that I can think of, and if we're not engaged any longer, it wouldn't do."

*Mrs. Somers*, yielding to her curiosity, after a moment's hesitation: "What is it?"

*Campbell*: "Oh, unless we're still engaged, it's no use proposing it."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Can't you tell me without?"

*Campbell*: "Impossible."

*Mrs. Somers*, looking down at her fan: "Well, suppose we are still engaged, then?" Looking up: "Yes, say we *are* engaged."

*Campbell*: "It's to carry you out."

*Mrs. Somers*, recoiling a little: "Oh! do you think that would be very nice?"

*Campbell*: "Yes, I think it would. We can both scream, you know."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes?"

*Campbell*: "And then you fling yourself into my arms."

*Mrs. Somers*: "Yes?"

*Campbell*: "And I rush out of the room with you."

*Mrs. Somers*, with a deep breath: "I would never do it in the world."

*Campbell*: "Well, then, you must stay where you are."

*Mrs. Somers*, closing her fan: "You're not strong enough." She puts her handkerchief into her pocket. "You would be sure to fall." She gathers her train in one hand. "Well, then, look the other way!" *Campbell* turns his face aside and waits. "No, I can't do it."

*Campbell*, retiring wrathfully to the other side of the room: "What shall we do, then?"

*Mrs. Somers*, after reflection: "I don't know what we shall do. But if I were a man—"

*Campbell*: "Well, if you were a man—"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Don't you think Mrs. Curwen is fascinating?"

*Campbell*: "*She* does."

*Mrs. Somers*: "You must admit she's clever? And awfully stylish?"

*Campbell*: "I don't admit anything of the kind. She's always posing. I think she made herself ridiculous standing there on the table."

*Mrs. Somers*, fondly: "Oh, do you think so? You are very severe."

*Campbell*: "Come, now, Amy, what has all this got to do with it?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Nothing. But if I were a man—"

*Campbell*: "Well?"

*Mrs. Somers*: "Well, in the first place, I wouldn't have got you wrought up so."

*Campbell*: "Well, but if you had! Suppose you had done all that I've done, and that I was up there in your place standing on a chair, and wouldn't let you leave the room, and wouldn't get down and walk out, and wouldn't allow myself to be carried, what should you do?"

*Mrs. Somers*, who has been regarding him attentively over the top of her fan, which she holds pressed against her face: "Why, I suppose if you wouldn't let me help you willingly—I *should* use violence."

*Campbell*: "You witch!" As he makes a wild rush upon her, the curtain, which in the plays of this author has a strict regard for the *convenances*, abruptly descends.





BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

#### I.—THE LETTERS.

THEY had dined late that afternoon, and now, in a room dim with the shadow of a November twilight, three people sat silently: one was a girl whose fair hair fell in heavy braids, caught by a black ribbon; another, a woman with a face that was restful to look upon because of its gentleness; and the third was a young man. After a time the maid came in with a letter and a pasteboard box. "For Miss Kitty and Mr. John," she said. "They came while you were away." She hesitated a little over the last word, as if her first intention had been to use some more definite term. Mr. John, reaching out his hand for the letter, held it unopened, and seemed soon to forget its presence. Kitty took from the box, which the maid had placed before her, a bunch of golden chrysanthemums, and she cried a little over a note which fell from among them. Presently she explained that they were from a girl at school, a very queer sort of a girl, whom nobody knew much. Thereupon Kitty cried a little more, and began to arrange the flowers in a tall vase of some dull blue ware.

"It was thoughtful of your friend to

send them to-night," said the woman, breaking the silence which had again settled upon the room.

"I don't see how she dared to do it," said Kitty; "they are such bright flowers. But she has written a very nice note; it sounds as if she had made it right out of her own head. She says," read Kitty, "'It would be very sad if this were the end; but it is only a more beautiful way of living, and so I send you the flowers.' Isn't that a strange thing for her to write, Uncle John?"

"Yes," said the young man, absently; "but it is very kind. You had better answer it to-night; that will give you something to do. The others can wait."

"Fifteen to-day," said Kitty; "that makes one hundred and seventeen, and I suppose more will be coming all the time; we may have as many as two hundred. Uncle John?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Aunt and I have opened the letters just as you told us, and there is one from a very old lady, who writes to say that she is your great-aunt Catherine, and she hopes you haven't forgotten her."

"Aunt Catherine!" said the young man, arousing a little. "She must be



nearly ninety. And she has remembered us! Put the letter by itself, dear. Some one must write to-morrow."

"She says a great deal about me," observed Kitty. "She thinks I am still a baby, and she doesn't see how you will ever be able to bring me up; and she wishes she lived nearer. I shall send her my photograph. And here is a very thick letter that has not yet been opened. It is to you, Uncle John. Shall I open it?"

"If you will, dear."

"I can't make the least sense out of it," said Kitty, glancing through the closely written pages. "It does not apply to us in the least, unless some one has made a story about you and papa when you were very young. It is fearfully written—such a funny cramped hand! Just listen to this:

"And the little angel helped the children to heap up stones until they formed a wall around the place, and then he said, 'Now make everything ready and wait, and the next time I will lend you each a pair of wings, and you shall gather some seeds for yourselves.' Thereupon the angel flew away, and the two children began to spade the ground very carefully.' Isn't that singular?" said Kitty, who had deciphered this with great difficulty. "And it has no signature," she added, turning to the end.

"Read on," said Aunt Mary, as John made no comment, and scarcely seemed to notice Kitty's discovery.

"And the angel brought a paint-box, and told the children that if they wanted a very red rose, they could easily add a little color to a pink one, and that they might paint all the yellow pansies purple if they wished; but the grass was always to be green, and they were never to make any black flowers or white flowers; that as soon as a flower became black it ceased to be a flower, and that white flowers were only for the gardens of paradise."

"Certainly very remarkable," said Aunt Mary. John apparently had not been listening, for he showed no curiosity.

"I would put it away for to-night, child; your eyes look tired. Don't you feel sleepy enough to go to bed?"

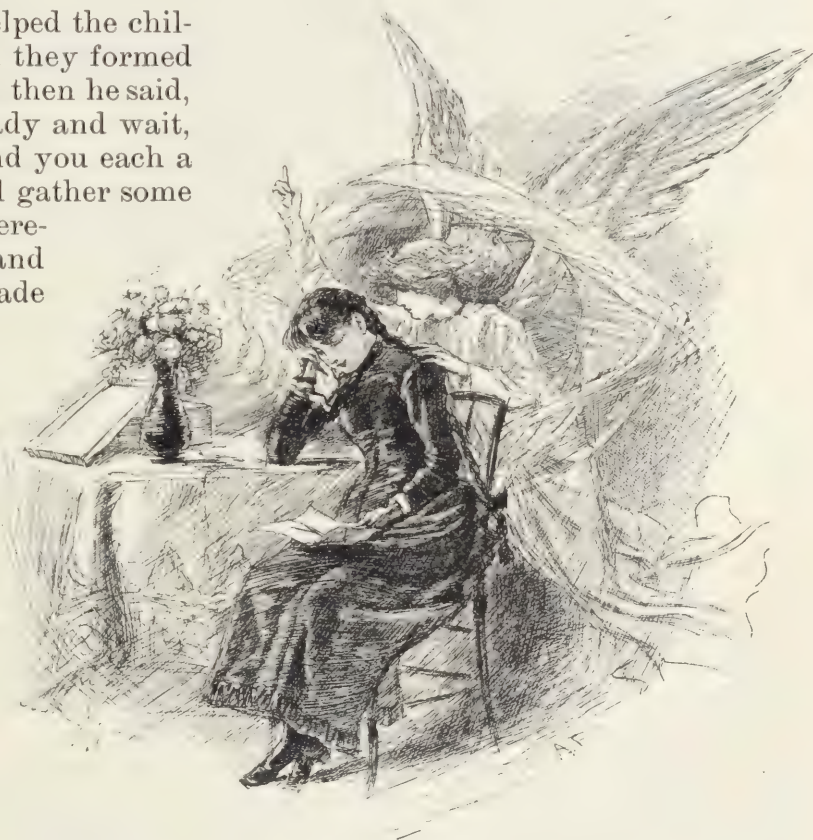
"I might try," said Kitty. "I suppose we have got to go on eating and sleeping just the same. Did you see what dear Dan Fergusson wrote?"

"About his mother's rose-bush?" said Aunt Mary.

"Yes. Wasn't it lovely? And he is such a plain sort of a man, who would have expected him to write at all?"

The girl rested her head upon her hand wearily for a moment; then, gathering the letters into the table drawer, she said, "Good-night," and went out of the room.

Ten years before, when Kitty was six years old, she was in the street one morn-



"IT WOULD BE VERY SAD IF THIS WERE THE END; BUT IT IS ONLY A MORE BEAUTIFUL WAY OF LIVING."

ing with her hands full of white roses. A man who was mending a neighbor's fence stopped in his work and gave a longing look at the flowers, and as the child passed he called to her, "Little girl, do you think I could see the bush that your roses grew upon?"

"I'll show it to you now," said Kitty, and child-like gave him her hand and led him back to the garden.



"It's a real old-fashioned bush," said the man. "I was afraid it wouldn't be; it's like the one that used to grow over the porch at home. I thought the kind had gone by."

After that Dan Fergusson came every June, generally on Saturday evening when his week's work was over, and Kitty had named the bush "Dan Fergusson's mother's rose-bush." He had now written to say that possibly Mr. John might not feel quite like working in the garden another summer, and he would be pleased, if there were no objection, to come around and look after things a little every Saturday evening, and he hoped the white rose that dear Mr. Robert had planted would be some comfort to Mr. John and Miss Kitty, as it always was to their humble servant, Daniel Fergusson.

Aunt Mary, left alone with her nephew, spoke of the letter which he still held, and asked if he were not going to open it.

"Yes," he said, but there was time enough yet; and he added, as they heard footsteps in the room above, that it was not good for the child to be up there by herself; ought not some one to go to her? he feared she might take cold.

"I think not," answered the woman. "The room is warm; I had the fire lighted."

"That was very thoughtful," said the man. "Poor little girl! and she is so brave!" He rose and walked up and down the room. Presently he stopped by the fire, and asked, restlessly, "Aunt Mary, what becomes of the remnants, the pieces that are left over?"

"They are invaluable for all sorts of things," said the woman, carrying out his thought without seeming to understand him—"for charity work, a baby's dress, a sofa cushion, a Christmas present. Sometimes the choicest thing is made out of a remnant."

"I suppose it all depends upon whose hands it falls into," said John, and then there was another long silence.

The woman longed to break it again. Her own mind was so full of sweet and comforting thoughts that she felt selfish in not sharing them; but with the sight of the unopened letter in her nephew's hand, and the knowledge of the one hundred and seventeen in the library table drawer, she knew that all words either spoken or written would be but meaningless. And so the silence remained undisturbed until

the door above opened and closed, and Kitty crossed the hall to her own room. Then the man arose and went upstairs, and Aunt Mary heard the girl's voice saying: "Yes, I am quite well; yes, I think I shall sleep. Good-night, uncle dear." After this there were sounds of other footsteps in the room above.

"I am glad I remembered the fire," said the woman, with a look of great sympathy in her eyes; "it cannot be so utterly lonely if the fire is bright."

It was not so lonely as John Goodwin had feared; it even seemed pleasant in the room, but that might have been the fire-light. He had hesitated at the door, and wondered how Kitty had the heart to go in. The world seemed so helpless without Robert: it was he who understood everything, who made their life worth living, and he had gone so suddenly, and it was so unlike him to leave them. Snatches of sentences spoken during the evening drifted aimlessly through the young man's mind: "It would be very sad if this were the end," and "they were to make no black flowers, for if a flower became black it ceased to be a flower," and "he is such a plain sort of a man, who could have expected him to write?" "a baby's dress," "a sofa cushion," "a Christmas present," "Yes, I think I shall sleep; good-night, uncle dear." His head was very tired. Suddenly he reached out his hand toward the bed, and said: "Did you speak, Robert? Are you quite comfortable?" This startled him, and, recalled to himself, he remembered what had happened. Then he noticed some bits of paper upon the carpet; it was the letter which all this time had been in his hand until it had become twisted and torn into fragments. He collected these, and placed them together until this sentence was formed:

"DEAR MR. JOHN,—I miss you so. Will you not come soon to

"Your friend JOY?"

## II.—KITTY'S COMMISSION.

It was a Queen of Flowers, a Queen of Wisdom, and a Queen of Hearts who sent this message. "I miss you so." John was the Prime Minister and court musician. He knew all the royal secrets and sorrows; he knew as no other did the pain that lay hidden under the smiles and gracious words; he knew also that for what



he gave, she would repay him a thousand-fold. This little Queen had great power, and, like Kitty, she was a young girl fair and sweet and sixteen. John Goodwin's house-keeping went on very quietly that winter. Kitty came home from school every Saturday night, and two evenings in the week he spent with Joy; otherwise his life was a solitary one.

On the last morning of the year, Kitty, who was at home for the Christmas holidays, stood looking out into the snowy world. It had stormed during the night, and through the scarcely passable streets a few early people were making their way with difficulty.

"There she goes!" cried the girl, suddenly. "I was wondering what had become of her;" and hurrying into the hall, Kitty reappeared with her fur-trimmed garment already half fastened.

"I cannot wait a moment, Matha," she said. "Tell uncle when he comes down that it was something very important and unexpected."

"Do take some coffee first, Miss Kitty," said the maid; "you'll be ill going out in this dreadful walking without any breakfast."

Kitty raised the cup to her lips. "I may be back in an hour," she said, "and I may be gone all the morning. I wouldn't miss that woman for anything in the world."

A very ordinary-looking little woman had passed on the opposite side of the street. She was quite lame, and a thick veil concealed her face. Kitty had counted upon this lameness when she waited for her coffee, and going out, she saw the woman only a short distance in advance. At the end of a long walk, and a climb up two flights of stairs, the woman opened a door marked with gilt letters on a black ground, "Madame Flower, Fashionable Dress-maker." Kitty, who had followed,

stood for a moment considering, and then, as she remembered having passed a milliner's room on the floor below, she went back, and found the friendly shopwoman as ready to communicate all she knew concerning her neighbors as to measure off a ribbon for this early customer.



"DID YOU SPEAK, ROBERT? ARE YOU QUITE COMFORTABLE?"

"Janet Green at Madame Flower's," repeated Kitty to herself, and going out, she made a careful memory note of the number over the street door.

Janet Green was a member of that innumerable sisterhood of lone women who live in a few rooms, or one room with an alcove, following a plan of life known as light house-keeping. She began her loneliness with two rooms, two stairways, two outside doors, one wood-shed, and a cat. The cat, finding it a little dull, remained but one night. The rooms were small and sunny, and each had a window full of plants; the two outside doors and the wood-shed were as much like other outside doors and wood-sheds as one thing can be like another, but the two stairways were unlike anything of a similar nature ever before constructed either above or under the earth. To Janet Green they were a constant subject of thought and wonder. When she was in her rooms, she was wondering how she got there, and how she should ever be able to get down; and when she was down she was wondering how she should ever be able to get up again.



The front stairs had a neat green carpet, but they were dark and twisting and narrow, each stair, being of a different width, had to be learned separately, and at one dangerous point in their winding they ran through such obscurity as to be completely invisible. The back stairs were built outside the house; they were steep and ruinous all the year round, and during the winter exceedingly cold and icy. Visitors generally preferred this outside stairway, danger being not so much to be dreaded when the sun shines upon it. Janet climbed cautiously up these stairs on New-Year's Eve, and entered the little kitchen, glad to be back again in the shelter of what to her was home. The fire had burned low, and she replenished this before taking off her wraps. Then she pushed the table of plants away from the window and threw an apron carefully over them.

"I told the man at the bake-shop that you were all quite well, posies dear," she said. "Now you must be careful not to take cold to-night." This plain little woman had a sweet way of talking with her flowers as if they were friends; indeed, she had no one else with whom she could talk. On her way home she had stopped at a bakery, and the man who waited upon her inquired with indiscriminate kindness if the folks were all well at home, this question being a polite attention usually reserved for his regular customers. Janet thanked him and said they were quite well, and thereupon he remarked that there was nothing like good health, and that he wished her a happy New-Year. She thought of all this as, having carefully covered both tables of plants, she sat before the kitchen fire and waited for the teakettle to boil.

A happy New-Year! Of course the baker didn't care what sort of a year she had, any more than he cared whether she had any folks at home or not; still it sounded pleasant. What was her year likely to be? Button-holes! Yes, that was it, cutting holes in beautiful cloth, silk and satin and velvet, and then making the edges beautiful to match the material. "It does not seem like a happy New-Year," said Janet to herself, and then she began to calculate if she made so many dozen a day, how many could she make in three hundred and sixty-five days, including Sundays. She was not old, this little woman—at the shop they called her a girl

—still she was a good deal older than Kitty. Some one came stumbling up the outside stairway, and Janet, taking the lamp from the table, held it in the open doorway.

"I've 'most broke my neck, not to speak of my leg," said a boy who appeared at the top. It was the errand-boy from Madame Flower. "Nobody has any right to build such stairs," he grumbled; "might as well have a ladder and done with it. They ain't fit for a third-class hen-coop. Here's a couple of bundles, and if you could work the button-holes before tomorrow morning, Miss Flower"—this boy could never be induced to say Madame—"told me to tell you it would be an awful accommodation. Other bundle is something left at the shop for you."

"Very well," said Janet. "Thank you, Jimmy. Be careful how you go down."

The boy said he guessed there wa'n't no danger, but that he'd be careful; and reaching the lower landing, he called back to Janet, who still held the lamp in the doorway, that it was much as ever he'd got down alive, and that he wouldn't insult her by wishing her a happy New-Year, knowing as how she'd got to risk her life every day getting in and out of her house. The girl closed the door with a shiver, and went in to open the bundles. The blue velvet basque she had already seen at the shop, but the pot of white heath was as unexpected as a happy New-Year would have been to her.

"Oh, you beauty!" she said; "you little white New-Year's tree." She laid her cheek gently against the plant for a moment, as if to welcome it. It was very kind of the girls in the shop, she thought; they were always good to her. Here Janet caught sight of an envelop, and opening this, she found a package of horse-car tickets, and a card upon which was written, "Sent by Kitty from your friend and hers."

Then it was not from the girls at the shop. Janet felt herself growing first hot, then cold, then a little faint. She opened the door and went out to the top of the stairway. It was a clear night; the stars were out, but they were so far away, and the world looked so bitterly cold! If the kitten had been there she might have rubbed her rough little tongue over the girl's hands, and that would have been something in the way of sympathy; but there was no one and nothing; even the



plants were hidden away under a gingham apron. Janet had just one friend who would have sent her this gift.

"It was so like him to think of the tickets," she said; "he was always remembering other people's comfort. It was so like him to send it by Kitty, that I might know I had two friends instead of one. It was so like him to send the little

the heath with the other plants, and drew the covering around it. She could not bear the sight of it just then. The tickets and the written slip she laid under a pile of heavy books, and then she sat down to her work. Her head ached with an inward excitement, as if she were undergoing the strain of some great trouble. She was glad that the first button-hole came under the collar. She found that she could not see very well, and her hands were cold.

"How foolish I am!" she said, putting down her work; "and how good he is! How good they both are!"

Then she walked up and down helplessly for a while in the darkness of the inner room. After this she was able to say that she was glad for them, and that she thanked them for remembering her; and having fastened a wet cloth around her aching temples, she sat down to work out her feelings in the button-holes, of which there were twenty-four.

"I did a little commission for papa to-day," said Kitty Goodwin, as, sitting with her uncle before the library fire, she waited to see the new year come in, "something that got left over. You remember the lame girl, uncle, whom papa used to watch from the window? He said one day he meant to send her some horse-car tickets. She went by this morning, and that is the reason I was not here to pour out your coffee."

"And how did you do it, Lovely One?"

"Oh, I followed her," said Kitty, "and I managed—it was easy enough. I didn't quite know what to write on the card. You know a present without some clew to the giver is worse than no present. I wanted to write something that would mean both our names, because it was papa's present, and I was doing it; so I wrote, 'Sent by Kitty from your friend and hers.'"

### III.—JOY.

One day John took Kitty's mysterious discovery from the one hundred and seven-



"ALL THIS JANET SAID VERY SLOWLY AND QUIETLY, AS IF SHE WERE TRYING TO SOOTHE SOME OTHER PERSON."

white tree." All this Janet said very slowly and quietly, as if she were trying to soothe some other person. She stood perfectly still for some moments in the cold night; then she said, in the same low, decided voice: "It is all right. I told him to go away. I said that waiting would be useless; that I was not fit for him—I, Janet Green, lame and disfigured. I meant all that I said. And now this comes, and it hurts me. I am unreasonable."

Going back to the kitchen, she placed



teen letters in the library table drawer; and carrying the package to the Queen, he asked if her Highness would find pleasure in looking it over.

"It seems to be a story," he said; "but we have never been able to understand it, or why it should be sent to me. It may be that I am the wrong man, still you see it is addressed to John X. Goodwin. There are other John Goodwins in the town, but only one John X."

"And only one John X. in the world," said the Queen, graciously. She delighted in mysteries, and when she had finished reading the story she began to make a clear copy that was as easy to read as print. The Queen's life was a very busy one. There were books to be studied each day, there were flowers to be arranged every morning, there were royal favors to be considered and granted, there were the court receptions and private audiences. The Queen's throne was white, with a mass of flowers at the foot, the throne was a bed, and Joy, in her soft white gown, rich with wrought-work and bordered with beautiful lace, could never leave it, for the Queen was ill with an illness past recovery. No one knew much about her sufferings; she never spoke of them, and it was against the court etiquette to allude to them in her presence. Her room was the brightest, happiest place in the land, and John was the royal favorite. Sometimes they read together, often they talked; before going he always played to her, now and then she showed him the fragment which she had that day copied, or related the progress of the story, and one evening she read the following:

"On a certain summer morning Prince Gold Heart, the older brother, saw the younger brother, Dear Boy, walking among the sweet-peas with the angel's paint-box in one hand and a long brush in the other. "Do not touch the sweet-peas," called Gold Heart; "they are sweetest pink." Dear Boy, who was as fond of dark rich colors as of having his own way, said that they would be just as sweet one color as another, and thereupon he painted a whole row of pink blossoms in shades of reddish-brown and dull purple. He was quite willing to acknowledge later that they were very ugly, but after this the two brothers could never agree about the coloring. Gold Heart wished to have everything pale and delicate; Dear Boy said he never could live among a lot of washed-

out flowers. The angel flew down and advised them to divide the garden equally, and thus have half the flowers light and half dark. "The contrast will be beautiful," said the angel, "and the harmony of your lives will be still more beautiful;" but the very next day the two brothers disputed again concerning the shade of blue for the forget-me-nots, and in the night Dear Boy entered the garden and emptied a pot of dark blue paint over the forget-me-not beds. There were bitter words between the brothers after this, and the younger said that if Gold Heart wanted a faded-out pink and blue garden he might have it.' That is as far as I have written," said the Queen; "but you know what comes next."

"No," said John; "I never even read as far as that. I am sorry that Dear Boy had such poor taste in sweet-peas. A sweet-pea ought always to be pink. It is a good thing that his temper got the better of him before he commenced to spoil the roses."

"Play to me now," said the Queen; "something that is your very own."

A few weeks later the Queen told John that Dear Boy having left the garden in anger, Gold Heart had died of grief, and before he died he asked the angel to send his brother a bag of forget-me-not seeds, with a message of reconciliation; and his last words were, "I ought not to have cared so much about the colors, but I did love pink sweet-peas."

"Dear Boy wandered over the whole earth," read the Queen, "'and whenever he did a kind deed he planted a row of forget-me-not seeds, but the blossoms were always dark blue. One day he came to a high gateway, and before this he planted the remaining seeds. The place reminded him of the entrance to the garden where he had left his brother. He waited eagerly for the first flower to bloom; it was dark blue, his own selfish color, and thereupon he went away. The older people called him 'the sad Prince Dear Boy,' for he was Prince now that his brother was dead; the sick and poor called him 'the good Prince Dear Boy'; and the children called him 'their own Dear Boy,' without any Prince whatsoever.'"

"I am sorry for him," said John. "I can almost forgive him for upsetting that pot of blue paint. How long will he go on in this way?"

"There isn't much more," said Joy,



"but there is enough for another night. The end is quite wonderful; you will like the end. Haven't you the slightest idea who wrote it?"

"Absolutely none," said John. "Kitty and I have considered every one we ever knew or heard of. If it were really intended for me, as it would seem, being an account of two brothers, why couldn't the author have made me more life-like? Why, I hate everything that Dear Boy does in the way of flowers, and I never go about doing good, and no one ever calls me Poor John or Good John, or even their own Dear Boy."

"Somebody shall," said the Queen. "I am quite tired of saying Mr. John;" and then she asked, what no one else had dared to ask before, how Robert's garden was, and if her own Dear Boy worked in it every day as he used to do.

"I have never been in it at all," said John, "except in the early spring, and then it hurt me so to see the green things coming up, and every one of them seeming to say, 'Do you remember?'"

"And so you never go there now?" said Joy, with a touch of sympathy in her tone that could only be added by a Queen of Hearts.

"No," said John; "I haven't the courage. Kitty works in it every Saturday evening when she comes home for her holiday. I often hear her out there chatting with Dan Fergusson. Poor garden! I am afraid Robert would hardly know it now. I overheard Dan Fergusson saying that it was curious how many things got winter-killed."

John played to the Queen as usual that night, and as he was leaving she called him back to ask what the music meant. "I couldn't understand it at all," she said.

It was Robert's birthday, and a fragment of verse had been constantly accompanying John Goodwin's thoughts. He hesitated a little at the girl's question, and then answered, rather lightly, that it might mean a bit of verse which had come into his mind. Did she care to hear it? "Yes," said Joy. And the young man repeated:

"I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain,  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain,  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget."

"And 'haply' means perhaps," said the little Queen. "Thank you, Dear Boy. I like to understand things."

Joy finished her work of copying. She



"HAPLY."

fastened the leaves of the manuscript with a white satin ribbon, and gave it to John. "You must read the end for yourself," she said; "my voice is not so strong as it used to be."

The court receptions grew rarer, and finally ceased, and there were fewer private audiences. The books were banished, and the sunlight only permitted to enter the room through shaded windows; but the flowers remained, a mass of color at the foot of the throne; and Joy, now very pale and still, was the same brave young Queen.

John went to her every evening. Sometimes he sat quietly by the bedside; sometimes he played a little. One summer twilight, Joy, who had seemed to be asleep, opened her eyes and said, faintly, "Dear Boy, I want some music that has no 'haply' in it."

"She was saying that this morning," said one of the attendants. "It may be the medicine." But John understood.

"Play me something with no 'haply' in it," said the girl again.

The woman who had spoken before made a sign for John to go to the piano.



"Some little gentle thing will soothe her, she loves your music so."

"With—no—'haply'—in—it," said Joy.

The Queen had ordered, and the court musician went to his instrument, and as he played, the Queen fell quietly asleep.

#### IV.—THE OTHER JOHN X. GOODWIN.

"Dear brave Joy!" said Kitty, as John told her the next morning; "and it happened when you were playing, uncle dear?"

"Yes," said the man. "I don't know how I was able to play. I hope it was what she wished. Will you read me the end of the story now?" The manuscript, copied in the Queen's fair hand, lay upon the library table, and as Kitty opened it, her uncle took from the table drawer the package of letters, and looked them through idly.

"After many years," said the girl, reading, "the younger brother found himself standing before the same high gateway, and upon either side was a bed of forget-me-nots; in one the flowers were a pale blue, and in the other a deep blue. Down the pathway came a number of young girls laden with white flowers; the tallest among the girls wore a bridal wreath. Dear Boy thought of the angel's words, and said, 'Surely this must be a garden in paradise; and yet how can it be, for I do not remember to have died?' As the girl-bride passed she held out to him a branch of white roses, and he asked how long there had been two shades of blue in forget-me-nots. 'Always,' she said, 'as long as I can remember.' 'I should have come sooner,' said the Prince. 'You have come at the best time,' answered the girl, 'for to-day you can see the White Garden; it is not always open.' Dear Boy, entering, saw that it was the garden of his childhood; the only difference was that now there were no colored flowers. He found the arbor, with the bench which Gold Heart and he had made together; then he came to the pansy bed. The pansies were sweeter and larger than in the old days, and they also were white. Near by stood the angel, who said, with gracious kindness: 'Welcome back to the garden, Prince Dear Boy. I am bidden to make you a guardian of white flowers.' From that time the world grew purer and fairer, for the Prince had given orders to leave the gateway open, that every one

might bear away something from the sweetness within."

"It is an ingenious little story," said the man, still searching among the letters. "Curious how people think of such things!"

"Things people write just seem to grow," observed Kitty; "only it is more curious than flowers growing, because you can't buy the seeds for a story."

"No; story seeds are too costly. I suppose everything written springs from some experience; and the strangest part of it is that out of a little hard black seed may grow the most wonderful flower. What became of that note from your school friend, the one who sent the chrysanthemums?"

"I think it was left with the others," said the girl. "Perhaps it got folded into one of the letters."

"Ah, here it is," said the man. "I feared it might have been destroyed."

As he spoke, the maid entered with the morning mail, and Kitty, having given a hurried glance through her share of this, exclaimed, in a tone of great excitement:

"Uncle John! here is the most extraordinary thing. Aunt Mary has found your namesake, the other John X. Goodwin. Uncle, are you listening?"

"With all my ears, Lovely One. Did I ever expect to hear of a fellow-being whose middle name began with X? I can't listen enough. What has she done with him?"

"She was sitting by the fire reading her Church paper," said Kitty, "and it seems, uncle, she saw a little poem signed John X. Goodwin. She thought it was unlike you to write a religious poem."

"Totally," said the man.

"And then she remembered the mystery of our flower story, and she wrote to the editor, who gave her the other John X. Goodwin's address, and she found that he lived in this very town, but quite a different street and number from ours, and so she has written to this other John X. to come here."

"Well, that certainly is extraordinary."

"And it is possible he may come to-day," continued Kitty. "I shall put on my best dress and watch. I want to see him come up the steps."

"What do you expect to see?"

"An interesting, pale, and rather shabby young man. People who write, I am



told, are generally interesting, pale, and shabby. I fancy he sets up type in some printing-office. You ought to help him publish his story, Uncle John, on account of the name; then I could have a copy with 'From the Author' written in it."

"Your author is quite as likely to be a woman as a man," said John. "Women, especially young women, often write under a man's name. I expect to see a pretty and rather timid young woman, a little pale perhaps, but not shabby. I think she will be becomingly and inexpensively dressed."

"You will not see any woman at all," said Kitty, "so don't expect one. The story hasn't a woman in it. The writing isn't like a woman's; and, moreover, I *feel* that it is a man, and every one knows that a woman's intuition is more to be relied upon than a man's judgment."

Kitty watched in vain that day for the arrival of a shabby, interesting, pale young man. Shabby young men went through the street

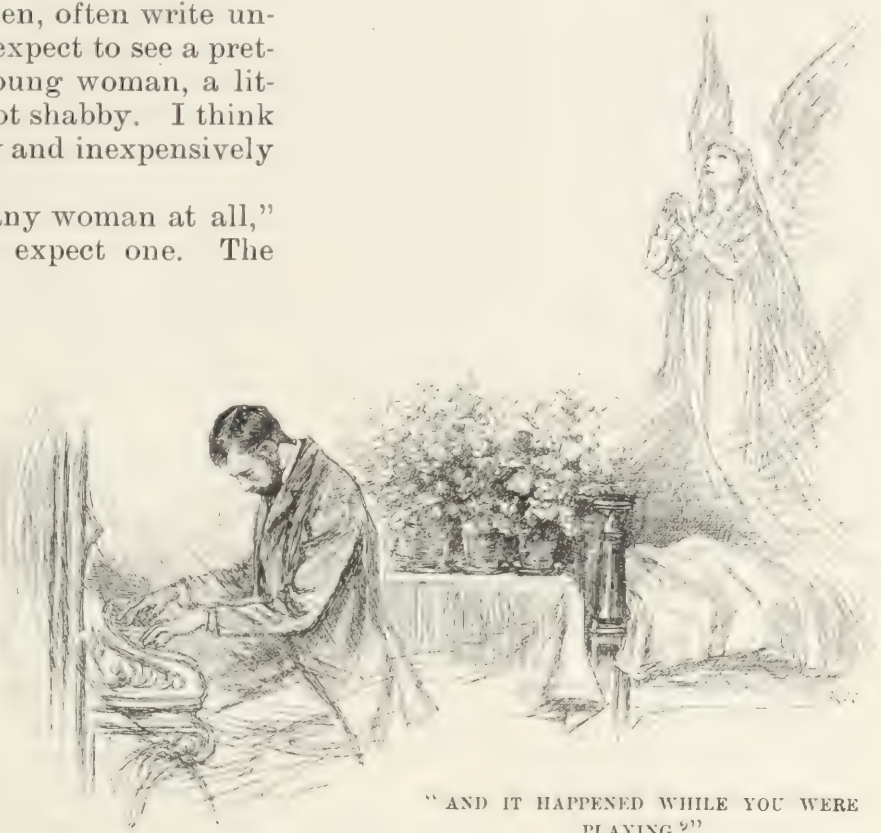
in great numbers, a few were pale and interesting, but none came up the steps. Just after tea, however, as she was discussing some points in gardening with Dan Fergusson—it being Saturday night—a caller was announced, and Kitty, going into the parlor, found a plainly dressed young woman sitting near the hall door; her face was partly shaded by a veil, and as she rose and took a few steps forward, she walked with some difficulty.

"Why, it's papa's woman!" said Kitty to herself, in astonishment.

"I am Janet Green," said the older girl, simply. "I am John X. Goodwin in print. I wrote the verses. Have I made a mistake?" she asked, as Kitty stood speechless. "A lady who wrote me a very kind letter about the verses said I was to come here. I have brought the letter;" and Janet held out an envelop addressed in Aunt Mary's familiar hand.

"And did you write a little story called 'Garden Flowers'?" asked Kitty, rather severely. She was greatly disappointed in the failure of her intuitions.

"Is that why I was told to come?" said Janet. "I sent it to a magazine, and I



"AND IT HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE PLAYING?"

never heard from it again. I thought some day it might be published, because these things take a very long time."

"And did you have an experience to make you write it?" interrupted Kitty. "I mean did you go through anything? I hope I do not seem rude, but Joy and I were so interested in the story. See! Joy has copied it," and Kitty placed the manuscript in the girl's hand. "I wish I knew what sort of an experience it takes to make a person write like that," continued Kitty. "When you have it published will you write in one copy, 'From your friend the Author,' and give it to me? and you know you cannot write that truthfully unless you are my friend." It was impossible to be more winningly gracious than Kitty Goodwin as she held out her hands to the little lame woman; and in the unexpectedness of being asked to tell her experiences, when she had none, of seeing her half-forgotten manuscript



daintily copied and tied with a white satin ribbon, of finding her two hands in the friendly clasp of this fair young girl, Janet Green found speech for a moment an impossibility.

"This is my great experience," she said at length. "I never had one before."

"But how could you write the story, then?" said Kitty; "and why do you sign yourself John X. Goodwin? Uncle is John X., because there were four John Goodwins in our family, and so grand-papa said that uncle should be called John X. to distinguish him from the others, and also to mean that he was to excel. People think that X. stands for Xerxes or Xenophon, but it is just the letter X."

"That is what mine is," said Janet. "Just the letter X. I sign my articles John Goodwin because they have to be signed something, and the initials J. G., you see, form my initials. I added the 'X.' for the first of your grandfather's reasons, to distinguish my John Goodwin from other John Goodwins. As for writing out of an experience," she continued, "if I write out of anything, it is out of button-holes. I make them for a living; there are a great many button-holes in 'Garden Flowers.'"

"Dear me!" said Kitty, intensely surprised and sympathetic.

"I understand why I am here now," said Janet: "the story was rejected, and I must have forgotten to write out my name and street, and so it came back to the real John X. Goodwin."

"And have you never seen a white garden?" questioned Kitty. "Did you make that out of button-holes?"

"I have never even seen any white pansies," replied the woman, looking with loving interest at the flowers which Kitty wore.

#### V.—IN THE WHITE GARDEN.

The young girl led Janet out into a garden and through a pathway which ran between borders of pale sweetness, until they came to an arbor where there was a bench; near by grew a pansy bed, and the pansies were large and white.

"It is like your story, dear," said Kitty. "Do you see that this is a white garden?" She still held Janet's hand, and she had added the "dear" with a feeling of tender solicitude. She was afraid that this little woman, who seemed so frail, and who had never before had an expe-

rience, might faint now that things were happening to her.

"And you are the angel," said Janet, who was not at all faint, and inwardly longed to say "dear" also.

"No, I am not the angel," said Kitty, "for this is not a garden in paradise, because we have not yet died. Don't you remember there was something like that in your story?" Then, making the lame girl sit down in the arbor, she told her about the evening when the manuscript was found among the letters; about Joy, the brave young Queen, who had copied it; about the two brothers, who had planted the garden together, and how now that only one brother was left, he never came into the garden, because it was so sad and it hurt him so.

"Has it been white all summer?" asked Janet. "Did it begin white?"

"Ever since the first crocus and violet," said Kitty. "Matha, our maid, calls it the 'mourning garden,' and thinks the flowers wear white for the same reason that I wear black, because we are all mourning for papa."

Janet looked about her in wonder.

"It is beautiful to have it white," said Kitty, "and it is a great comfort, but it is easy enough to explain. It happened that most of the colored flowers died in the winter from not being properly protected, and the few seeds we planted never came to anything. It can all be explained except the pansies; they were purple last year."

"I had a terrible accident once," said Janet Green, as if she felt that it was now her turn to make an explanation. "You see I am lame, and one side of my face has an ugly scar. I have been very unhappy about it, because I love beautiful things, and it was hard to be young and to lose all one's fairness. I could not bear to be pitied, and so I have avoided people; and through all my loneliness and unhappiness the one good thing has been that I loved flowers, and have kept them with me, and have written about them because I loved them; and now to come here among more flowers than I have ever seen! I can never make you understand what it means to me."

"And the hymn," said Kitty, "the little poem in the Church paper, do you mind telling me how you happened to write that? Don't tell me, if you mind, but it is so interesting!"



"There is nothing to tell," said Janet, "except that I am not good at all, and I wrote it because the words had a pleasant sound. I didn't feel the words; I wish I had."

"Oh dear!" said Kitty again; "but perhaps you get hold of the words first, and the feeling will come later; you cannot have everything at once." And then she went on to regret that Janet had never seen Joy. "It was curious," she said, "that Joy knew you through the story, and papa knew you from seeing you go by, and you do not know them at all."

"What do you think," asked the lame girl, abruptly, "about death and what comes after it, and all the worry and tangles and mistakes that go before it? I mean what do you believe?—people believe so many things. You must have thought about it."

There was a wistful look in Janet's eyes, as if this lonely soul were starving for some reassurance, and it came to Kitty to say, simply and unhesitatingly, as if there could be no other answer, "'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord.'"

"Oh!" said Janet, "I never heard it sound like that before," and after a pause she said that she had heard it said in church, but the people always seemed in a hurry to get to Pontius Pilate, and that she had never thought about it, except to wonder if Pontius were Pilate's first name, or a title like Queen Victoria.

"Listen!" said Kitty. "Uncle is playing. Come nearer the window."

John had been thinking all day of Joy, and of the music he had played the night before; he wondered if he could remember it—if this last song of the court were to be his inheritance; and as Kitty and Janet stood listening outside, his fingers were wandering slowly into "the music that had no 'haply' in it."

"He is playing what you believe," said Janet, in a hushed voice. "Don't you hear the grandness of it, and the gladness and the sureness and the tenderness?"

After this neither of them spoke until the music died away in a few quiet chords.

"If any one believed that," continued Janet, impulsively—"I mean believed it as you said it, and as the music said it, one could never be unhappy, because to be unhappy would be to doubt it; the way you gave me your hand and asked me to

be your friend was a part of it. It was so kind, and it did me so much good. No one ever came to me like that before."

"You forget, Janet," said a voice at her side, and Dan Fergusson held out both his hands.

"Uncle John!" And that was all Kitty found herself able to say as she opened the door of the music-room.

"Well, was the young man here? Did he look as pale and shabby as you expected? And why was the X. placed between his two respectable names? Why, Lovely One, what is it? What has happened?" asked John, as, turning from the piano, he saw Kitty standing with wet eyes.

"Nothing at all," said Kitty. "Don't speak to me." And she crossed the room to the window. John waited. He knew better than to approach her, but from the lesson of past experiences he ventured to say that if it were pleasant the next day he might go away in the early train, and if it rained, he was afraid the hay crop would be quite ruined, which would make no particular difference to him, but would be bad for the farmers.

"That will do," said Kitty; "you need not keep on. I have got over it—at least comparatively. It wasn't a young man at all; it was papa's little lame woman. She is in the garden, and she wrote the story out of nothing but button-holes. She thinks as she works them. I suppose you and I might work button-holes day and night forever without being able to write anything."

"Yes," said John, "if we were able to work them under any circumstances, which I doubt."

"Somehow," said Kitty, "she belongs to Dan, only she didn't think she was fit for him after her accident—as if that could make any difference. And so he has been waiting, and what I sent on New-Year's Eve only served to make matters a great deal worse, because she thought that this was the way he took to let her know that he was married, and that his wife's name was Kitty. I don't see how things could get so twisted."

"They seem strangely twisted to me," said John. "Button-holes, an author whose manuscript comes back to me, and an accident, and you married to Dan."

"Oh, that part is all untwisted now," said Kitty. "I have explained, and Dan has explained; but it was queer at first. Her name is Janet Green, and I am afraid



she will be ill, for she has done nothing but go through experiences ever since she came, which is only an hour ago, and she says that she never had any experiences before. Will you come out to them, uncle, or shall I bring them in?"

"I will go out," said the man.

And thus it happened that the two John X. Goodwins met in the White Garden. There was not much said, because

so much was happening; but when the little lame woman went away, her hands were full of roses from Dan Fergusson's mother's rose-bush, and to Kitty's uncle, lingering among the wonderful whiteness, there came a remembrance of the school-girl's letter: "It would be very sad if this were the end; but it is only a more beautiful way of living, and so I send you the flowers."

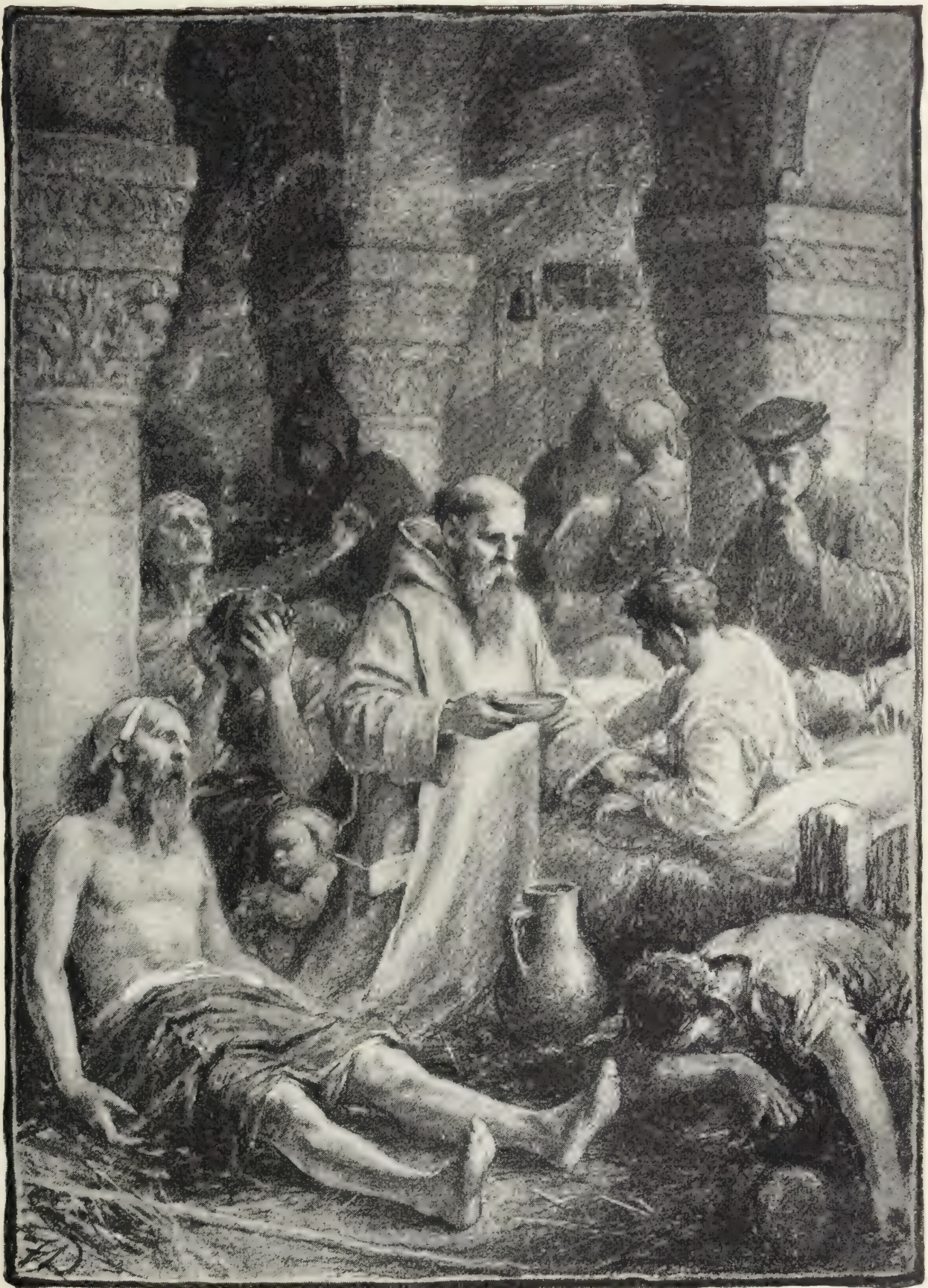
### THE LEGEND OF FREY BERNARDO.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THREE hundred years ago, or more,  
In Portugal, at Santarem,  
Between whose walls the Tagus flows,  
Washing with lazy waves the shore,  
A stately monastery rose,  
Begirt with palaces, for there  
The King in summer did repair  
With his light loves, of course for prayer,  
For their confessors came with them!  
A busy place; for in the streets,  
Where one to-day the muleteer meets,  
Jogging in dust with jangling bells,  
Rude as the mountains where he dwells,  
Grave merchants met, who fortunes drew  
From world-old lands discovered new  
Beyond the dark and dangerous seas  
By followers of the Genoese;  
These, and the crews their ships who  
manned,  
Whose cheeks with tropic suns were  
tanned,  
Who rolled their costly bales ashore  
With songs like ocean's stormy roar.  
A holy spot was Santarem,  
Famed for its tall cathedral spires,  
That caught the morning's earliest  
fires,  
And for the chapels under them,  
Peopled with priests and sandalled friars;  
Famed for its monastery more,  
For where 'twas builded years before  
The Virgin in a Vision shone,  
A lady on a golden throne,  
Who in her arms an Infant bore.  
To mark the spot they builded there

A monastery, large and fair,  
Whose doors were open night and day,  
Inviting all who passed that way  
To enter freely, and to stay,  
If when within its walls they stood,  
And saw its pious brotherhood,  
The simple lives they led seemed good;  
As good they were to many then,  
World-wearied, meditative men,  
Who, till their spirits found release,  
Desired forgetfulness and peace.  
One of this sort one summer day  
Came to the monastery gate,  
Burdened with some mysterious fate  
That made him prematurely gray.  
He may have been a banished lord,  
Bereft of his ancestral state;  
A soldier who had sheathed his sword,  
Repenting deeds of blood too late.  
Whoe'er he was, he sought the prior,  
And from that hour became a friar;  
Adopted all the brothers' ways,  
And patterned after theirs his days;  
Rose when they rose at matin bell,  
And went when they went to his cell.  
Dead to the world, which missed him not,  
But which he clung to with regret,  
He struggled sternly to forget  
Something that would not be forgot—  
Struggled in silence and alone,  
Asking no aid except his own  
The spectre of his soul to lay;  
For he was never known to pray,  
Either at morning's dewy prime,  
Or Angelus, or vesper chime,





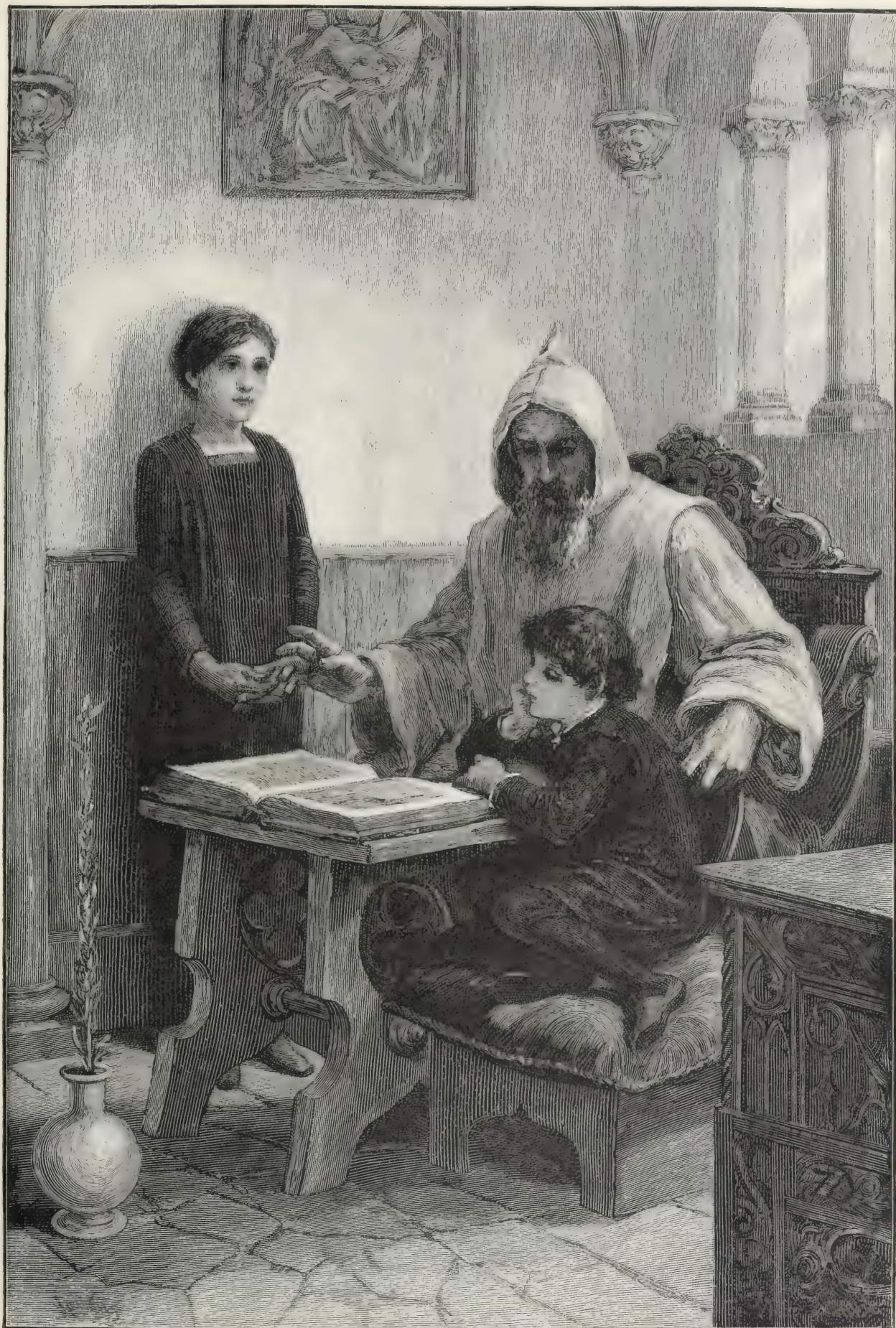
"WHERE THE LEECH FEARED TO GO HE WENT."



Though at the service of the dead  
 He closed his eyes and bowed his head.  
 He lived not wholly understood  
 Among that simple brotherhood.  
 They pitied him for his distress,  
 That never sought relief in prayer,  
 But loved him for his gentleness,  
 And for the comfort he was there,  
 For many a weary heart and head  
 By him was sweetly comforted.  
 His was the hand, when they were ill,  
 And tossing on the bed of pain,  
 That gave the draught, and his the skill  
 That nursed them back to life again.  
 Such Frey Bernardo was, and so  
 The years with him did come and go,  
 Monotonous and dull and slow,  
 Till one dark day the pestilence  
 Broke out in Santarem, from whence,  
 Smitten with fear, the people fled,  
 Leaving the dying and the dead.  
 Then he arose in righteous ire,  
 Like one who has been calm too long,  
 And with quick steps, and eyes of fire,  
 And late-recovered manhood strong,  
 Went where the pestilence was worst,  
 And where they needed most his care,  
 Among the outcast and accursed,  
 Where death was in the tainted air:  
 He mitigated mortal pains  
 In cells where prisoners lay in chains,  
 And in the close dark hold of ships  
 Moistened the sailor's fevered lips:  
 Where the leech feared to go he went,  
 And to the sick and dying lent  
 Patience to live and strength to die,  
 And faith to pale priests standing by  
 To give them the last sacrament.  
 All man could do he did to save  
 His stricken fellows from the grave,  
 If ever doubtful, certain then  
 That God was served by serving men.  
 Before the pestilence was done  
 The shadows of departed lives  
 Filled all the streets of Santarem;  
 Husbands lamented for their wives,  
 The widowed mother for her son,  
 And little children, left with none  
 To comfort or to care for them,  
 Wept for their parents up and down  
 That dark, depopulated town.  
 The heart of Frey Bernardo, wrung  
 At sights and sounds of sorrow, grew

Womanly o'er these waifs, who drew  
 Tears to his eyes, they were so young,  
 And so unfriended and alone;  
 And two, whose mother he had known  
 In better days, and might have grown  
 To love, if fate had not denied,  
 And who—poor thing!—the hour she died,  
 Giving to each the parting kiss,  
 Had placed their little hands in his,  
 He fathered—he could do no less,  
 He pitied so their helplessness.  
 When the last sufferer was at rest,  
 And hushed the last sad funeral knell,  
 He clasped the children to his breast  
 And bore them to his lonely cell.  
 Whether the saintly brotherhood,  
 To whom their cloistral solitude  
 And still, set ways alone seemed good,  
 Would let them stay with him, or he  
 Would have to shelter them elsewhere,  
 Troubled him at first, but needlessly,  
 The children were so welcome there.  
 What they to Frey Bernardo were  
 He could not, if he would, have told,  
 Nor how from his soul's sepulchre  
 The stone had suddenly been rolled,  
 And he had shuffled off at last  
 The stifling ceremonies of the Past.  
 But so it was. And he began  
 To put his old dead self away,  
 No more the lone and loveless man  
 Whose head and heart alike were gray:  
 For what a few short days before  
 Had pity been for their distress,  
 Had deepened into something more,  
 And now was anxious tenderness.  
 Sweet was the light in their young faces,  
 For the swift hours restored their bloom,  
 Unconscious of their childish graces  
 As dewy buds in secret places  
 Of their rather beauty and perfume.  
 Perpetual sunshine filled his cell  
 Since he had fetched the children there,  
 And sweet, low voices, seldom still;  
 For long before the matin bell  
 Summoned the drowsy monks to prayer,  
 Before the earliest of the birds  
 Had piped its first faint morning trill,  
 They wakened him with loving words.  
 He feared, in separating them  
 From all the children whom they knew  
 In their past life at Santarem,  
 He might, perhaps, have done them wrong





"LISTENING WHILE FREY BERNARDO READS."





"THEY WANDERED OUT-OF-DOORS TOGETHER."

(And may have done so—who can tell?),  
 There was so little he could do  
 To make them happy in his cell,  
 And shorten for them the long days.  
 They had a hundred little plays  
 That kept the days from being long.  
 Pablo, the youngest, had his toys,  
 Like other Lusitanian boys—  
 Rude images in clay and wood,  
 The Patriarchs here and Prophets stood,  
 With fishermen of Galilee;  
 And there the followers of Mahound,  
 Their swarthy brows with turbans bound,  
 And red-cross knights, armed cap-a-pie.  
 If the girl, Inez, played with these,  
 It was to please her restless brother,  
 Who she had promised her dead mother  
 Should be her care when *she* was gone.  
 Left to herself, she sits alone,  
 Her small hands folded on her knees,  
 Holding her lately counted beads,  
 Listening while Frey Bernardo reads

Black-letter tomes of ancient lore,  
 Which men, grown wiser, read no more.  
 Such was the quiet life they led  
 In the seclusion of his cell,  
 Through whose barred grate the sunlight  
 fell  
 Till the hot sun was overhead;  
 Then, wooed by softest airs and sounds,  
 They wandered out-of-doors together,  
 And flitting through the garden grounds,  
 Enjoyed the perfect summer weather.  
 Beneath the shady orchard trees,  
 Whose laden boughs with fruit were bent,  
 Hand locked in hand, the children went,  
 Their light locks fluttering in the breeze;  
 The birds were singing far and near,  
 But they were hushed, content to hear  
 Such heavenly songs, so low, so clear!  
 What they to Frey Bernardo grew  
 As days went by, and their sweet ways  
 Became a portion of the days,  
 He rather felt at first than knew.



It was a pleasant sight to see  
 This grave, good man, erewhile so stern,  
 So gracious and so happy now;  
 And how his loving eyes would turn  
 And watch the children, who had brought  
 Their brightness to his heart and thought,  
 The boy, say, sitting on his knee,  
 Where song or story he demands,  
 While closer still his sister stands,  
 Smoothing the furrows from his brow!  
 He told them stories such as he  
 Was told in childhood, and as we  
 Were in our later childhood told—  
 Old stories that are never old,  
 Despite their known antiquity;  
 For though mythologists may trace  
 Through all the lands their golden way,  
 Back to the cradle of the race,  
 They are as fresh and young to-day  
 As when they first were said or sung—  
 Young as old Homer's song is young!  
 When these, which in his cell apart  
 Day after day the children heard  
 Till their light hearts no more were stirred,  
 For now they knew them all by heart,  
 Had lost their charm, he told them others,  
 As mythical, perhaps, as these,  
 Culled from the hagiologies,  
 Of holy fathers, sainted mothers,  
 Gone to their long and heavenly rest—  
 Only the sweetest and the best;  
 Not those that touched on martyrdom,

For soon enough their tears would come  
 For their own sorrows. "They shall be  
 Happy while they are here with me."  
 Watching the pair with kindly eyes,  
 Which tears unshed would sometimes dim,  
 He pondered what they were to him,  
 And he to them—the tender ties  
 That bound their hearts together there,  
 Their confidence, his constant care;  
 And pondering so one day, his mind,  
 Which till that moment had been blind,  
 Saw what he had so long denied,  
 So dark had been his soul with pride—  
 The sovereign Fatherhood above,  
 The certainty of Heavenly Love!  
 "Thou art, whatever doth befall,  
 The Maker and the Lord of all;  
 And as these children cling to me,  
 Hereafter I will cling to Thee,  
 Father and God." He said no more,  
 But wept he had not prayed before.

The legend ends here. But I know  
 It never ended here, nor so;  
 For given the man whom I have sung,  
 Who was at once so old and young,  
 And who at last his duties learned  
 To God and Man—that man returned  
 Back to the world, where both could be  
 Much better served by such as he,  
 Who had begun by shunning them,  
 Than in his cell at Santarem.





## WOOD NOTES.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

"WE are as much strangers in nature as we are aliens from God," says Emerson. "We do not understand the notes of birds. The fox and the deer run away from us." But to those worthy of their companionship there are few strangers in the forest.

Sitting alone in the woods I have sometimes known a moment of such supreme exaltation that I have almost questioned my sanity—a spirit and an impulse which I would no more attempt to frame into words than I should think to define the Deity Himself. "I am glad to the brink of fear." The pulses of the woods beat through me. The joyous flight of bird starts buoyant memories, and the linnet's song seems swelling in my own throat.

At such times boundless confidences seem open to us; anything seems possible. Have you never stood at the edge of a precipice and realized that you could fly? I have approached a squirrel running wild in the woods, have seen him pause to wait for me, while he permitted himself to be taken into my arms and caressed. I captured one thus in the piny woods of North Conway. Had I been alone, what old-time confidences might we not have exchanged together! but there were witnesses, and I think that the unworthy self-consciousness of my proud distinction served to break the spell. My pet discovered that I was only a degenerate human being after all, and quickly made his escape.

I have often felt the contact of the plummy halo of the humming-bird above the flowers; yes, and know what it was to have him nestle contentedly within my palm as I drew my fingers about him in his hovering poise. I have taken the winged jewel to my room and covenanted with him as he perched voluntarily upon my finger, and preened his ruby breast and tiny wing.

It is noticeable in many ways with what a kindly spirit these nature-broods will meet you on their own ground if you are truly converted. Even when you go a step further, and strive to converse with them in their own tongue, how willingly, surprisingly, indeed, they seem to ignore your palpable shortcomings, as though detecting the right intent even in your

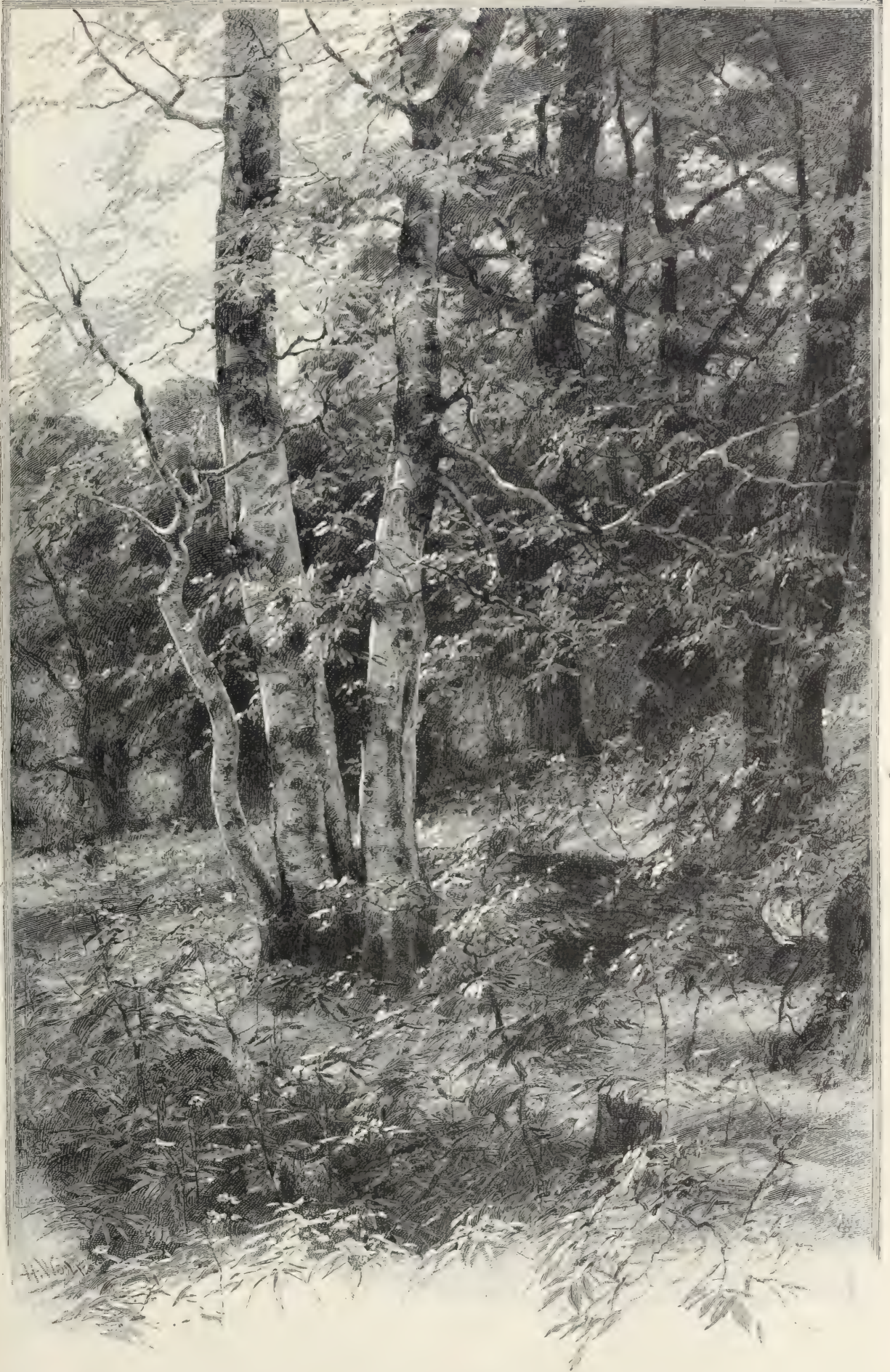
crudest and most primitive efforts! I have often surprised myself at the ease with which I could call about me a convocation of chickadees or a flock of jays, a robin or a wood-pewee, and other birds.

Hark! Do you hear that distant jargon of the crows? Come, sit close against this shaded beech trunk, and await developments; only as I play the liar don't gaze at me, I beg. 'Twould disconcert me, "spoil my pucker," perhaps break my throttle-valve. There! I have done the best I could. Now we will wait a little.

Listen again! Do you not notice how their tumult is lessened, and how evidently nearer is its proximity? I will give them one more blast. There! that has silenced them all, you will find. You may listen in vain for a single sound. 'Sh! look up yonder above our tree—the wily scout of the gang! See him circle about above the woods in our vicinity, with head bent low, and eager eyes searching every nook and vista. And now the sunny spots among the woods are dancing with flitting shadows, and as we look aloft again the sky seems swarming with the sable multitude; but they are as mum as death, even to the crafty muffling of their wings. Presently one by one they will perch, and at length people the topmost boughs in silent, curious scrutiny. Again and again have I lain beneath the pine-trees and thus decoyed the crows, even to the very tree beneath which I loitered, always observing this same routine of cautious advance-courier, and of the silent, suspicious invasion of the tree-tops. But only now let me as much as crack a twig, and what a hocus-pocus! what a demoralization! From a Quaker meeting to the Stock Exchange in the flap of a wing. Such a chorus of commotion, of laughs, screams, and other strange exclamations, until at length it dies away in the distance, where we may even yet catch the burden of their reflective observations at their council tree: Haw! haw! Oh, corvus! corvus! Shaw! shaw! shaw!

The chewink and veery-thrush are other birds which I have often thus brought within close eye-shot. What an amusing, artful fellow this chewink is! for I am





A WOOD INTERIOR.





STRATEGY OF THE CHEWINK.

persuaded that there is more significance in that foxy-red vest of his than is generally accredited.

Once after having amused myself, as I supposed, at his expense for a full half-hour, I suddenly discovered that I, and not he, had been playing the fool. While watching with much self-credit his queer antics as he hovered about my concealment, I chanced to observe his mate alight for a moment on a distant branch, just long enough for me to note the caterpillar in her bill and tell me that her brood nestled somewhere near at hand. Taking the angle of her flight as a guide, I arose from my covert to seek the nest, and then began the ejaculatory jargon from bush and thicket. "*Don't ye wink! don't ye wink!*" said this alert picket-guard, in the plainest Anglo-Saxon, as I prowled around among the undergrowths, only soon to discover the female bird on

a branch above me. After several moments' vain search I loitered back to my original retreat, and here my robin again entertained me with all sorts of antics among the underbrush and dried leaves, seeming to favor especially a spot beneath a clump of maiden-hair ferns to my left. In fact, nearly all of his manoeuvres were confined to this particular side, and with artful purpose, as I afterward discovered to my chagrin; for on arising suddenly to leave the wood, the female bird started up not ten feet to the right of where I stood, and a moment's search revealed the nest embedded in the leaves at the foot of a tree, and containing four callow young.

Seated at a new point of view, whence I could easily perceive the nest, I awaited to observe the mother-bird return. But I waited long and vainly. She was nowhere to be seen, though her knowing

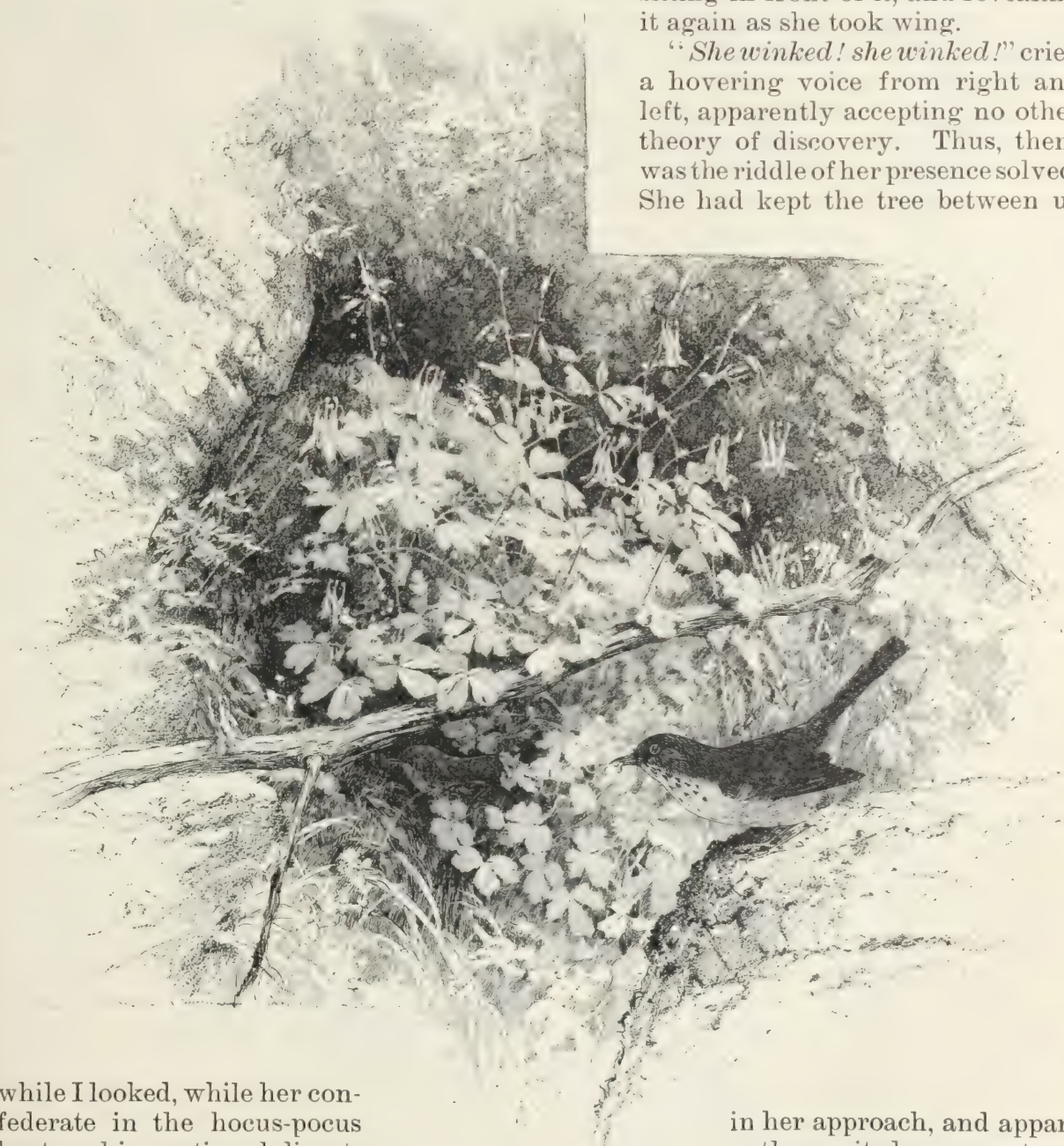


spouse still pursued his former arts close by. Only once he called out so plainly "Don't ye wink!" that I instinctively turned toward the nest. But the mother-bird failed to appear, and as I arose once more to depart, and approached her brood, what was my astonishment to observe her deliberately get off the nest before my eyes, run a few feet, and fly up among the trees! Thus twice she seemed to spirit herself upon her nest, and elude me even

of the deer, who during daylight sights his stationary rifle upon a piece of phosphorescent wood adjusted above the baited salt-lick, and waits in the darkness to observe his "fox-fire" obscured ere he pulls the trigger.

Imagine my surprise, however, to observe this white spot disappear, apparently without any intervention, even while I looked upon it; and of my still further surprise to discover, on a nearer approach, the quiet, soft-eyed bird demurely sitting in front of it, and revealing it again as she took wing.

"*She winked! she winked!*" cried a hovering voice from right and left, apparently accepting no other theory of discovery. Thus, then, was the riddle of her presence solved. She had kept the tree between us



NEST OF THE VEERY.

while I looked, while her confederate in the hocus-pocus kept up his continual diverting pleasantries. At length I thought of an aid to my investigations, and approaching the nest, I tucked within the meshes of its further side a small piece of white paper—a focussing point—some-what after the manner of the night hunter

in her approach, and apparently awaited an opportune moment when my eyes were directed to her arch-confederate to steal around the base of the trunk and glide upon

her nest—an act which I soon observed—and when once nestled she so assimilated herself to her surroundings that I doubt if



the dried leaves themselves knew of a foreign presence among them. Yes, the ground-robin comes honestly by his motley.

The veery, the nuthatch, the chat, the Maryland yellow-throat, and the daintiest feathered forms of tiny warblers will come about your woodland haunt without decoy or other invitation. The cat-bird among the fringy undergrowth at the edge of the wood will "dart and mew," and otherwise beguile your amused attention by the hour. I doubt not that I could stroke his gray coat if I really and determinedly attempted. I have often come very near it without half trying.

"Listen and look intently, and catch the exact effect as nearly as you can," says a well-known contemporaneous saunterer. Strolling through a thick wood one day, I heard the familiar guttural notes of the cuckoo, or rain-crow, among the trees not far distant. A closer analysis of the sound suggested a peculiar quality not before noted, and I instinctively picked up two bowlders from the stone wall which ran through my covert, and by striking them together with a slight rebounding pressure and a gradually accelerated stroke, to my surprise I decoyed the bird so close that I could see the color of its eyes. I hope to get another opportunity to repeat the test and assure myself that the former episode was not an accident or mere coincidence.

How the resonant tattoo of the woodpecker rings out through the arches of the vernal wood! It has proven a puzzle to many that this tiny hammer should possess the power to awaken such a volume of sound. But the secret lies not so much in the hammer as the drum—the dry, vibrant wood. The bird is not here for food; no crumbly, soggy timber would thus speak out for him, for he has his bulletin tree in the orchard and his signal tree in the forest. If he desires to wake the echoes, to tell the whole woodsy community, including his listless mate, perhaps, that he is about, this ringing wooden tongue serves him better than his own. Sometimes it serves him to his peril as well, no doubt, for the hunter too has ears, whether he be that human bird of prey, the "biped without feathers," or his winged prototype. I once observed a red-tailed hawk cautiously following up this inviting clew of sound. Approaching from behind the tree, he made a sudden

dash for the spotted quarry. There was a commotion of wings, a shower of falling twigs and lichens, but the nippers and the hammer never met. Downy was off with flying colors, and I soon heard the pæan of victory resound from a distant tree.

Apropos of the vibrant property of wood, have you never heard the grinding in the dead, dry trunk of the pine—the gnawing of the minute teeth of the borers? It is like a busy carpenter shop in full blast. I remember, in a recent walk in Conway woods, that such a tree audibly announced its presence fully twenty feet in advance of me. Sawdust poured out from hundreds of apertures, and on laying my ear against the trunk and closing my eyes, I seemed to be in the midst of a metropolitan bedlam—a whole city block behind in its contract and rushed for the finish, with hammers and planes and chisels in wild echoing confusion. I could hear the saws and augers, gouges, derricks, and pulleys, almost the hurried foot-falls—indeed, everything but the profanity of the workmen. And yet a single one of these disclosed in his hiding-place was scarcely larger than a brad.

I have before alluded to the remarkable shooting powers of the witch-hazel pod. Some time ago, being desirous of putting this force to some practical test to ascertain the distance covered by the flight of the seeds, I brought home several of the branches, as well as a pocketful of the nuts. My experiments with the latter upon a long piazza and elsewhere proved to a demonstration that the momentum of the seed would commonly carry it to a distance of twenty feet, often over thirty feet, and in one or two instances the diminutive double-barrelled howitzers succeeded in propelling their missiles to the distance of forty-five feet by actual measurement. I placed the bough well laden with the nuts over a picture in my room, and retired; but I might as well have sought sleep in Pandemonium. The incessant clatter upon ceiling, wall, and furniture forced me at length to drop the offending branch out of the window. A large pasteboard box containing a pint or so of the loose pods kept up such a continual spiteful tattoo that these also had to follow their fellows, and several of my friends to whom I had presented sprigs of the festive shrub told me on the following morning that they had been obliged to give them separate apartments.



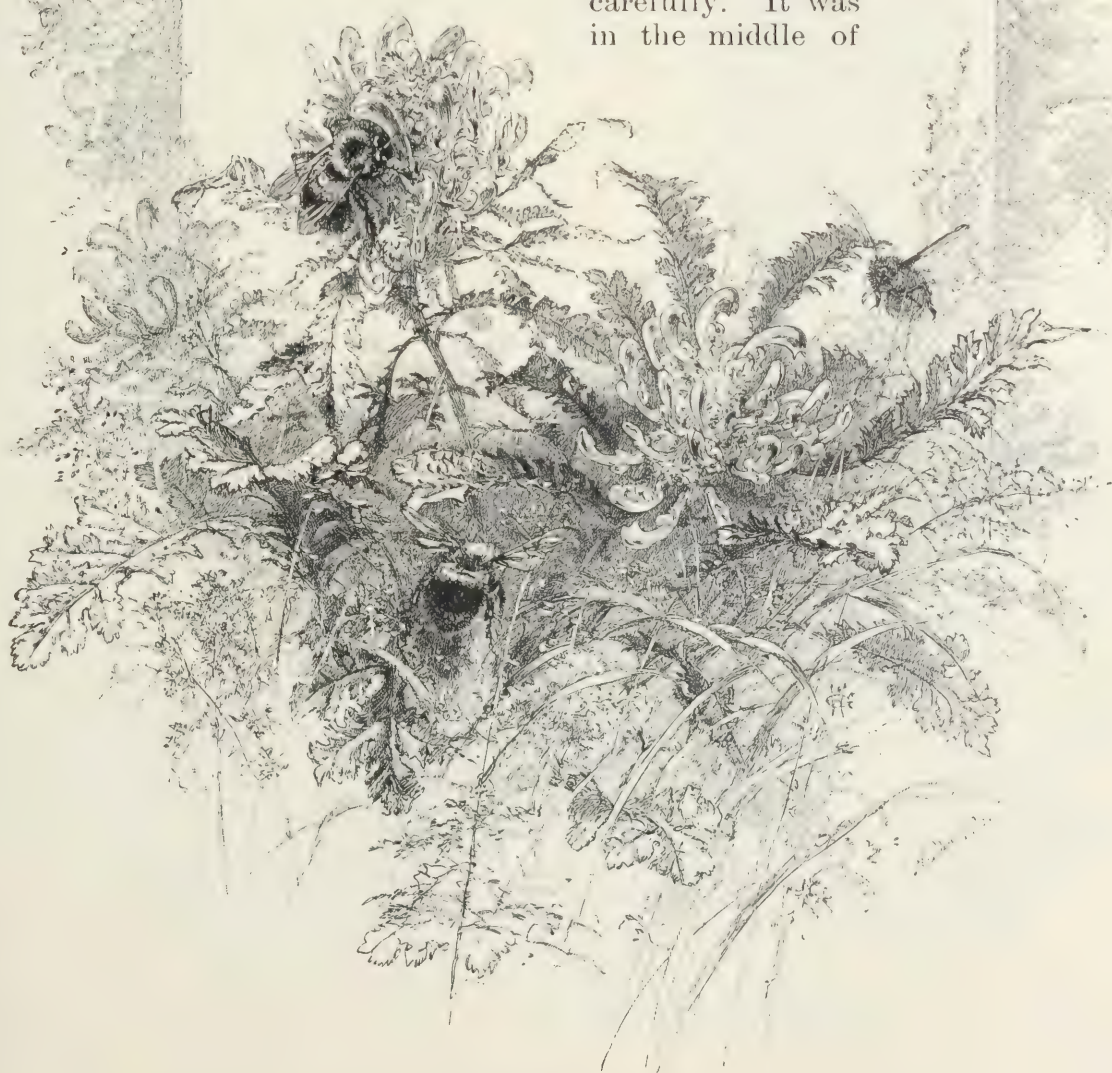
Who has not been brought closer to the flowers and insects through the spirit of such books as those of Darwin, Sprengel, Müller, and Lubbock? How these volumes lift the veil! how they sharpen and equip the eye to interpret the hieroglyphics of wood and field! With what awe and respect we now look upon the humblest blossom! Where shall we begin? Even here at our elbow in the woods is a plant which we have all known since childhood. The wood-betony, it is called—to select its worthier title—a common early flower of our woods, blooming in company

with the uvularia, Solomon's-seal, crane's-bill, downy yellow violet, and others, the plants growing in fern-like tufts, with scattered blossom heads of varied shades, from pinkish, purplish, or even carmine. It will

readily be recalled by a glance at the accompanying drawing.

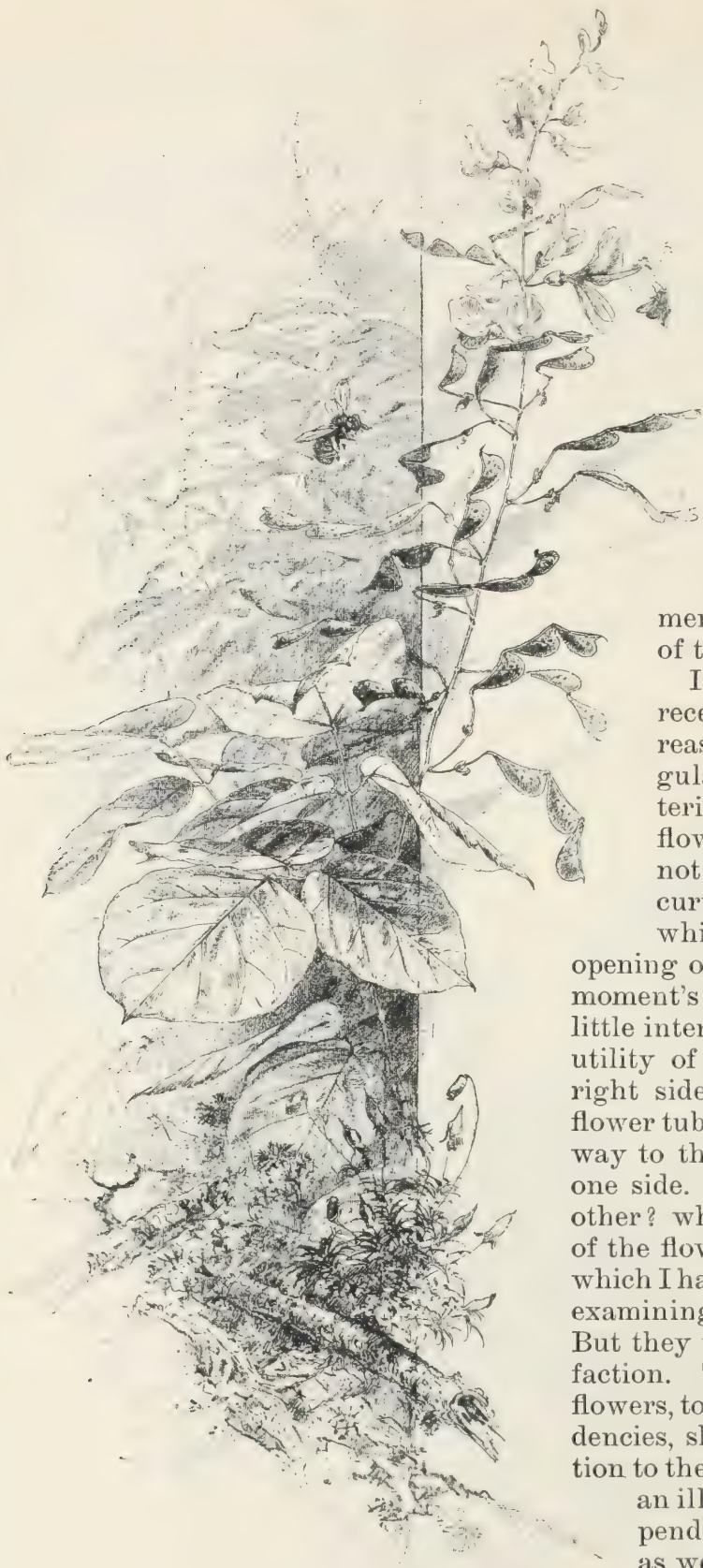
I remember reading a few years since a remark by a prominent botanical authority concerning this flower, to the effect that its fertilization was a puzzle, as insects were rarely to be found upon it, which, taken together with what I had observed of the strange form and disposition of the blossoms, and the curiosity awakened by my reading, possessed a peculiar significance for me.

In the light of Darwin's and Müller's pages, how eagerly I now sought the haunt of my wood-betony, and how readily, too, it confided to me the secret which had heretofore escaped me as well as other earnest though too hasty seekers! Visiting a certain wood path where the plants grew in profusion, I seated myself among them, and observed carefully. It was in the middle of



BUMBLEBEE'S CHARGE.





AN INTERESTING TRAMP.

May, and the flowers were in their prime, and in such omnipresent profusion that I felt assured that some honey-seeking insect must soon be tempted thither among the tens of thousands of brimful nectaries.

I had not long to wait before a well-known "drowsy hum" fell upon my ear, and a large bumblebee alighted upon a flower head close by. In his habitual impetuous fashion he rifled the sweets from another and another of the blossom heads, so lost in his absorbing work that I was permitted to steal close upon him and observe his eager method, for method indeed there was in every movement. In almost every instance he made his approach at the base of the flower head, and followed around the spiral arrangement of the flowers to the summit of the cluster.

It needed only a single glance to receive an instant revelation of the reason which lay beneath this singular and always heretofore mysterious spiral arrangement of the flowers—their spiral arrangement not only, but the individual lateral curve of each separate blossom, which in every case brought the opening of its tube facing to the left. A moment's careful attention to my burly little interpreter revealed also the strange utility of the singular fissure down the right side of each corolla—a slit in the flower tube extending from its throat halfway to the base of the tube, but only on one side. Why on one side and not the other? why always on this outer curve of the flower? These had been questions which I had frequently asked myself when examining this queer one-sided formation. But they were now answered to my satisfaction. The whole arrangement of these flowers, together with their individual tendencies, shows a direct, conscious affiliation to the bumblebee, affording as perfect an illustration of the sympathetic dependence between flower and insect as we may find among the wonders of the orchid tribe so beautifully and clearly disclosed by Darwin.

What is this peculiar spiral process if not an inducement of convenience—an inviting flight of stairs, as it were? What is this individual turning about of each separate flower, if not a welcome invitation to its heart? And what is this strange fissure at the side but a fa-



cility to aid and to "speed the parting guest"? And through all this, how beautifully, by what wondrous art, has his mission been fulfilled! Observe our bee closely with me. He now alights obliquely at the base of a flower head, inserts his head deep within the tube of the lowest flower, the strange fissure assisting in the expansion of its tube while his long tongue probes its nectary. His wedge-shaped head has forced apart the compressed sides of the corolla, thus opening the pollen box (the compressed anthers) within the walls of the arched tip of the flower, the yellow fertilizing powder falling upon his head. He has now emptied the horn of plenty, when, almost without withdrawing his head, he slips his tongue through the ready exit—the fissure in the flower tube—to find an expectant, inviting face turned toward him, and in the most convenient possible attitude for his kiss.

He proceeds as before, but not until he has unwittingly paid his toll and won his right of way, having deposited the requisite touch of pollen upon the overhanging tip of the stigma, and thus cross-fertilized the flower. And thus he pursues his course to the summit of the spiral, carrying from its latest anthers a vivifying touch which secures in the next flower head he visits the still more important function of absolute cross-fertilization from a separate plant. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the pollen from separate heads is not more or less continually intermingled and this end secured in all

the flowers, considering that only a grain or two of the thousands are required to insure the fertilization of the ovules.

Here is another familiar face. We all know him—the tramp of the underwoods; for who, in spite of himself, has not brought home the "beggars-ticks" (*Desmodium accuminatus*)? Look out for him in the rogues' gallery. See him now! with clustered leaves and saucy chains of seed-pods and airy tips of pink pea-blossomed flowers! A tiny fly alights upon the small pink blossom, when, lo! the flower explodes, the insect is greeted with a slap on the face or breast and a dab of dust in his eyes. For this flower, like many others of its tribe, is a veritable trap, delicately set. Upon the slight-



KEYS TO BURIED TREASURE.



est touch the loaded spring—consisting of the rigid column of filaments enclosing the young pod—is released from its overlapping petals, and the anthers hurl their shower of pollen upon the body of the intruder. But observe the wise adjustment beneath all this mechanism. The stigma—the organ through which the seeds are fertilized—projects a little beyond the anthers, and is the first to come in contact with the insect, and thus gets a supply of pollen from the previously visited flower.

The woad-waxen (*Genista tinctoria*), the identical “whin” of the English downs, now sparingly naturalized in some sections of New England, affords, perhaps, in the large size of its flowers and rigid tension the best illustration of this peculiar explosive mechanism to be found among our flora, and, like the various desmodiums, is well worth a little study in its haunts.

But the sprightly trap of the genista is an innocent affair compared to that of the dog-bane (*Apocynum androsaemifolium*), another very common and pretty plant frequenting the borders of our woods. It will be readily recognized by a mere mention of its fragrant clusters

of pinkish, bell-shaped flowers and its long, drooping, spike-like pods. Only let a fly thrust its tongue within, and in an instant the stamens fasten upon its tip, and hold the struggling prisoner in a grip from which he seldom escapes alive.

How now, my convert? Has our woodland walk brought no harvest—no garner too precious for words? Do you not even now feel a special quickening presence here within these dim aisles of the hemlocks, a lighter, surer foot, as though now at last you trod the path to a nobler, worthier fortune? Look about you: this glossy inviting carpet of intermingled leaves and blossoms; the *coptis* with its lucky stars and proffered keys to buried treasure—emblems of nature's half-hidden wealth. Press among the yielding leaves. Open up the damp débris. How the bright gold-thread gleams against the dark mould!

O for more *coptis gold* in our daily walk!—gold which is kept where wise Nature hath designed; for hath she not planted it in the earth, given it weight only as the token that it should keep the lower plane, a means subservient to a higher life with fragrance, fruit, and blossom?

## THE KING OF FOLLY ISLAND.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

### I.

THE September afternoon was nearly spent, and the sun was already veiled in a thin cloud of haze that hinted at coming drought and dustiness rather than rain. Nobody could help feeling sure of just such another golden day on the morrow; this was as good weather as heart could wish. There on the Maine coast, where it was hard to distinguish the islands from the irregular outline of the main-land, where the summer greenness was just beginning to change into all manner of yellow and russet and scarlet tints, the world seemed to have done its work and begun its holidays.

Along one of the broad highways of the bay, in the John's Island postmaster's boat, came a stranger—a man of forty-two or forty-three years, not unprosperous, but hardly satisfied, and ever on the quest for entertainment, though he called his pleasure by the hard name of work, and liked himself the better for such a wrong trans-

lation. Fate had made him a business man of good success and reputation; inclination, at least so he thought, would have led him another way, but his business ventures pleased him more than the best of his holidays. Somehow life was more interesting if one took it by contraries; he persuaded himself that he had been looking forward to this solitary ramble for many months, but the truth remained that he had found it provokingly hard to break away from his city office, his clerks, and his accounts. He had grown much richer in this last twelve-month, and as he leaned back in the stern of the boat with his arm over the rudder, he was pondering with great perplexity the troublesome question what he ought to do with so much money, and why he should have had it put into his careless hands at all. The bulk of it must be only a sort of reservoir for the sake of a later need and ownership. He thought with scorn of some liberal gifts for which he



had been aggravatingly thanked and praised, and made such an impatient gesture with his shoulder that the boat gave a surprised flounce out of its straight course, and the old skipper, who was carefully inspecting the meagre contents of the mail-bag, nearly lost his big silver spectacles overboard. It would have been a strange and awesome calamity. There were no new ones to be bought within seven miles.

"Did a flaw strike her?" asked Jabez Pennell, who looked curiously at the sky and sea and then at his passenger. "I've known of a porpus h'isting a boat, or mayhap you kind o' shifted the rudder?"

Whereupon they both laughed; the passenger with a brilliant smile and indescribably merry sound, and the old postmaster with a mechanical grimace of the face and a rusty chuckle; then he turned to his letters again, and adjusted the rescued spectacles to his weather-beaten nose. He thought the stranger, though a silent young man, was a friendly sort of chap, boiling over with fun, as it were; whereas he was really a little morose—so much for Jabez's knowledge of human nature. "Feels kind o' strange, 'tis likely; that's better than one o' your forrard kind," mused Jabez, who took the visitor for one of the rare specimens of fancy-goods runners who sometimes visited John's Island—to little purpose it must be confessed. The postmaster cunningly concealed the fact that he kept the only store on John's Island; he might as well get his pay for setting the stranger across the bay, and it was nobody's business to pry into what he wanted when he got there. So Jabez gave another chuckle, and could not help looking again at the canvas-covered gun case with its neat straps, and the well-packed travelling bag that lay alongside it in the bows.

"I suppose I can find some place to stay in overnight?" asked the stranger, presently.

"Do' know's you can, I'm sure," replied Mr. Pennell. "There ain't no reg'lar boarding places onto John's Island. Folks keep to theirselves pretty much."

"I suppose money is of some object?" gently inquired the passenger.

"Waal, yes," answered Jabez, without much apparent certainty. "Yes, John's Island folks ain't above nippin' an' squeezin' to get the best of a bargain. They're pretty much like the rest o' the human race, an' want money, whether they've got

any use for it or not. Take it in cold weather, when you've got pork enough and potatoes and them things in your sular, an' it blows an' freezes so 'tain't wuth while to go out, 'most all that money's good for is to set an' look at. Now I need to have more means than most on 'em," continued the speaker, plaintively, as if to excuse himself for any rumor of his grasping ways which might have reached his companion. "Keeping store as I do, I have to handle—" But here he stopped short, conscious of having taken a wrong step. However, they were more than half across now, and the mail was overdue; he would not be forced into going back when it was ascertained that he refused to even look at any samples.

But the passenger took no notice of the news that he was sailing with the chief and only merchant of John's Island, and even turned slowly to look back at the shore they had left, far away now, and fast growing dim on the horizon. John's Island was, on the contrary, growing more distinct, and there were some smaller fragments of land near it; on one he could already distinguish a flock of sheep that moved slowly down a barren slope. It was amazing that they found food enough all summer in that narrow pasture. The suggestion of winter in this remote corner of the world gave Frankfort a feeling of deep pity for the sheep, as well as for all the other inhabitants. Yet it was worth a cheerless year to come occasionally to such weather as this; and he filled his lungs again and again with the delicious air blown to him from the inland country of bayberry and fir balsams across the sparkling salt-water. The fresh north-west wind carried them straight on their course, and the postmaster's passenger could not have told himself why he was going to John's Island, except that when he had apparently come to the end of everything on an outreaching point of the mainland, he had found that there was still a settlement beyond—John's Island, twelve miles distant, and communication would be that day afforded. "Sheep farmers and fishermen—a real old-fashioned crowd," he had been told. It was odd to go with the postmaster: perhaps he was addressed by fate to some human being who expected him. Yes, he would find out what could be done for the John's Islanders; then a wave of defeat seemed to chill his desire. It was better to let



them work toward what they needed and wanted; besides, "the gift without the giver were dumb." Though after all it would be a kind of satisfaction to take a poor little neighborhood under one's wing, and make it presents of books and various enlightenments. It wouldn't be a bad thing to send it a Punch and Judy show, or a panorama.

"May I ask your business?" interrupted Jabez Pennell, to whom the long silence was a little oppressive.

"I am a sportsman," responded John Frankfort, the partner in a flourishing private bank, and the merchant-postmaster's face drooped with disappointment. No bargains, then, but perhaps a lucrative boarder for a week or two; and Jabez instantly resolved that for not a cent less than a dollar a day should this man share the privileges and advantages of his own food and lodging. Two dollars a week being the current rate among John's-Islanders, it will be easily seen that Mr. Pennell was a man of far-seeing business enterprise.

## II.

On shore, public attention was beginning to centre upon the small white sail that was crossing the bay. At the landing there was at first no human being to be seen, unless one had sharp eyes enough to detect the sallow, unhappy countenance of the postmaster's wife. She sat at the front kitchen window of the low-storied farm-house that was perched nearly at the top of a long green slope. The store, of which the post-office department was a small fraction, stood nearer the water, at the head of the little harbor. It was a high, narrow, smartly painted little building, and looked as if it had strayed from some pretentious inland village, but the tumble-down shed near by had evidently been standing for many years, and was well acquainted with the fish business. The landing-place looked still more weather-beaten; its few timbers were barnacled and overgrown with sea-weeds below high-water mark, and the stonework was rudely put together. There was a litter of drift-wood, of dilapidated boats and empty barrels and broken lobster pots, and a little higher on the shore stood a tar kettle, and, more prominent still, a melancholy pair of high chaise wheels, with their thorough-braces drawn uncomfortably tight by exposure to many seasonings of relentless weather.

The tide was high, and on this sheltered side of the island the low waves broke with a quick, fresh sound, and moved the pebbles gently on the narrow beach. The sun looked more and more golden red, and all the shore was glowing with color. The faint reddening tinge of some small oaks among the hemlocks farther up the island shore, the pale green and primrose of a group of birches, were all glorified with the brilliant contrast of the sea and the shining of the autumn sky. Even the green pastures and browner fields looked as if their covering had been changed to some richer material, like velvet, so soft and splendid they looked. High on a barren pasture ridge that sheltered the landing on its seaward side the huckleberry bushes had been brightened with a touch of carmine. Coming toward John's Island one might be reminded of some dull old picture that had been cleansed and wet, all its colors were suddenly grown so clear and gay.

Almost at the same moment two men appeared from different quarters of the shore, and without apparently taking any notice of each other, even by way of greeting, they seated themselves side by side on a worm-eaten piece of ship timber near the tar pot. In a few minutes a third resident of the island joined them, coming over the high pasture slope, and looking for one moment giant-like against the sky.

"Jabez needn't grumble to-day on account o' no head-wind," said one of the first comers. "I was mendin' a piece o' wall that was overset, an' I see him all of a sudden, most inshore. My woman has been expecting a letter from her brother's folks in Castine. I s'pose ye've heard? They was all down with the throat distemper last we knew about 'em, an' she was dreadful put about because she got no word by the last mail. Lor', now wa'n't it just like Jabe's contrairiness to go over in that fussin' old dory o' his with no sail to speak of?"

"Wouldn't have took him half the time in his cat-boat," grumbled the elder man of the three. "Thinks he can do as he's a mind to, an' we've got to make the best on't. Ef I was postmaster I should look out, fust thing, for an abler boat nor any he's got. He's gittin nearer every year, Jabe is."

"Tain't fa'r to the citizens," said the first speaker. "Don't git no mail but twice a week anyhow, an' then he l'iters.



round long's he's a mind to, dickerin' an' spoutin' politics over to the Foreside. Folks may be layin' dyin', an' there's all kinds o' urgent letters that ought to be in owners' hands direct. Jabe needn't think we mean to put up with him f'rever;" and the irate islander, who never had any letters at all from one year's end to another's, looked at both his companions for their assent.

"Don't ye git riled so, Dan'el," softly responded the last-comer, a grizzled little fisherman-farmer, who looked like a pirate, and was really the most amiable man on John's Island—"don't ye git riled. I don' know as, come to the scratch, ary one of us would want to make two trips back an' forrard every week the year round for a hunderd an' twenty dollars. Take it in them high December seas, now, an' 'long in Jenuary an' March. Course he accommodates himself, an' it comes in the way o' his business, an' he gits a passenger now an' then. Well, it all counts up, I s'pose."

"There's somebody or 'nother aboard now," said the opponent. "They may have sent over for our folks from Castine. They was headin' on to be dangerous, three o' the child'n and Wash'n'ton himself. I may have to go up to-night. Dare say they've sent a letter we 'ain't got. Darn that Jabe! I've heard before now of his looking over everything in the bag comin' over—sortin' he calls it, to save time—but 'twouldn't be no wonder ef a letter blowed out o' his fingers now an' again."

"There's King George a-layin' off, ain't he?" asked the peace-maker, who was whittling a piece of dry kelp stalk that he had picked up from the pebbles, and all three men took a long look at the gray sail beyond the moorings.

"What a curi's critter that is!" exclaimed one of the group. "I suppose, now, nothin's goin' to tempt him to set foot on John's Island long's he lives—do you?" but nobody answered.

"Don' know who he's spitin' but himself," said the peace-maker. "I was underunning my trawl last week, an' he come by with his fare o' fish, an' hove to to see what I was gittin'. Me and King George's al'a's kind o' fellowshipped a little by spells. I was off to the Banks, you know, that time he had the gran' flare up an' took himself off, an' so he 'ain't counted me one o' his enemies."

"I always give my vote that he wa'n't

in his right mind; 'twa'n't all ugliness, now. I went to school with him, an' he was a clever boy as there was," said the elder man, who had hardly spoken before. "I never more'n half blamed him, however 'twas, an' it kind o' rankled me that he should ha' been drove off an' outlawed hisself this way. 'Twas Jabe Pennell; he thought George was stan'in' in his light 'bout the postmastership, an' he worked folks up, an' set 'em agin him. George's mother's folks did have a kind of a punky spot somewhere in their heads, but he never give no sign o' anything till Jabe Pennell begun to hunt him an' dare him."

"Well, he's done a good thing sence he bought Folly Island. I hear say King George is gittin' rich," said the peaceful pirate. "'Twas a hard thing for his folks, his wife an' the girl. I think he's been more scattery sence his wife died, anyway. Darn! how lonesome they must be in winter! I should think they'd be afeard a sea would break right over 'em. Pol'tics be hanged, I say, that 'll drive a man to do such things as them—never step foot on any land but his own agin! I tell ye we've each on us got rights."

This was unusual eloquence and excitement on the speaker's part, and his neighbors stole a furtive look at him and then at each other. He was an own cousin to King George Quint, the recluse owner of Folly Island—an isolated bit of land several miles farther seaward—and one of the listeners reflected that this relationship must be the cause of his bravery.

The post-boat was nearly in now, and the three men rose and went down to the water's edge. The sail was furled, and the old dory slipped about uneasily on the low waves. The postmaster was greeted by friendly shouts from his late maligners, but he was unnecessarily busy with his sail and with his packages amidships, and took his time, as at least one spectator grumbled, about coming in. King George had also lowered his sail and taken to his oars, but just as he would have been alongside, the postmaster caught up his own oars, and pulled smartly toward the landing. This proceeding stimulated his pursuer to a stern-chase, and presently the boats were together, but Pennell pushed straight on through the low waves to the strand, and his pursuer lingered just outside, took in his oars, and dropped



his killick over the bow. He knew perfectly well that the representative of the government would go ashore and take all the time he could to sort the contents of the mail-bag in his place of business. It would even be good luck if he did not go home to supper first, and keep everybody waiting all the while. Sometimes his constituents had hailed him from their fishing-boats on the high seas, and taken their weekly newspaper over the boat's side, but it was only in moments of great amiability or forgetfulness that the King of Folly Island was so kindly served. This was tyranny pure and simple. But what could be done? So was winter cold, and so did the dog-fish spoil the trawls. Even the John's-Islanders needed a fearless patriot to lead them to liberty.

The three men on the strand and King George from the harbor were all watching with curious eyes the stranger who had crossed in Jabez Pennell's boat. He was deeply interested in them also; but at that moment such a dazzling glow of sunlight broke from the cloud in the west that Frankfort turned away to look at the strange, remote landscape that surrounded him. He felt as if he had taken a step backward into an earlier age—these men had the look of pioneers or of colonists—yet the little country-side showed marks of long occupancy. He had really got to the outer boundary of civilization.

"Now it's too bad o' you, Jabez, to keep George Quint a-waitin'," deprecated the peace-maker. "He's got a good ways to go 'way over to Folly Island, an' like's not he means to underrun his trawl too. We all expected ye sooner with this fair wind." At which the postmaster gave an unintelligible growl.

"This 'ere passenger was comin' over, calc'latin' to stop a spell, an' wants to be accommodated," he announced presently.

But one of the group on the strand interrupted him. He was considered the wag of that neighborhood. "Ever ben to Folly Island, stranger?" he asked, with great civility. "There's the King of it, layin' off in his boat. George!" he called, lustily, "I want to know ef you can't put up a trav'ler that wants to view these parts o' the airth?"

Frankfort somehow caught the spirit of the occasion, and understood that there was a joke underlying this request. Folly Island had an enticing sound, and he lis-

tened eagerly for the answer. It was well known by everybody except himself that Jabez Pennell monopolized the entertainment of the travelling public, and King George roared back, delightedly, that he would do the best he could on short notice, and pulled his boat farther in. Frankfort made ready to transfer his luggage, and laughed again with the men on the shore. He was not sorry to have a longer voyage in that lovely sunset light, and the hospitality of John's Island, already represented by these specimens of householders, was not especially alluring. Jabez Pennell was grumbling to himself, and turned to go to the store. King George reminded him innocently of some groceries which he had promised to have ready, and always fearful of losing one of his few customers, he nodded and went his way. It seemed to be a strange combination of dependence and animosity between the men. The King followed his purveyor with a blasting glance of hatred, and turned his boat, and held it so that Frankfort could step in and reach back afterward for his possessions.

In a few minutes Mr. Pennell returned with some packages and a handful of newspapers.

"Have ye put in the cough drops?" asked the fisherman, gruffly, and was answered by a nod of the merchant's head.

"Bring them haddick before Thu's-day," he commanded the island potentate, who was already setting his small sail.

The wind had freshened. They slid out of the bay, and presently the figures on the shore grew indistinct, and Frankfort found himself outward bound on a new tack toward a low island several miles away. It seemed to be at considerable distance from any other land; the light of the sun was full upon it. Now he certainly was as far away as he could get from city life and the busy haunts of men. He wondered at the curious chain of circumstances that he had followed that day. This man looked like a hermit, and really lived in the outermost island of all.

Frankfort grew more and more amused with the novel experiences of the day. He had wished for a long time to see these Maine islands for himself. A week at Mount Desert had served to make him very impatient of the imported society of that renowned watering-place, so incongruous with the native simplicity and



quiet. There was a serious look to the dark forests and bleak rocks that seemed to have been broken into fragments by some convulsion of nature, and scattered in islands and reefs along the coast. A strange population clung to these isolated bits of the world, and it was rewarding to Frankfort's sincere interest in such individualized existence that he should now be brought face to face with it.

The boat sailed steadily. A colder air, like the very breath of the great sea, met the voyagers presently. Two or three light-house lamps flashed out their first pale rays like stars, and evening had begun. Yet there was still a soft glow of color over the low seaboard. The western sky was slow to fade, and the islands looked soft and mirage-like in the growing gloom. Frankfort found himself drifting away into dreams as if he were listening to music; there was something lulling in the motion of the boat. As for the King, he took no notice of his passenger, but steered with an oar and tended the sheet and hummed a few notes occasionally of some quaint minor tune, which must have been singing itself more plainly to his own consciousness. The stranger waked from his reverie before very long, and observed with delight that the man before him had a most interesting face, a nobly moulded forehead, and brave, commanding eyes. There was truly an air of distinction and dignity about this King of Folly Island, an uncommon directness and independence. He was the son and heir of the old Vikings who had sailed that stormy coast and discovered its harborage and its vines five hundred years before Columbus was born in Italy, or was beggar to the surly lords and gentlemen of Spain.

The silence was growing strange, and provoking curiosity between the new-made host and guest, and Frankfort asked civilly some question about the distance. The King turned to look at him with surprise, as if he had forgotten his companionship. The discovery seemed to give him pleasure, and he answered, in a good clear voice, with a true fisherman's twang and brogue: "We're more'n half there. Be you cold?" And Frankfort confessed to a stray shiver now and then, which seemed to inspire a more friendly relationship in the boat's crew. Quick as thought, the King pulled off his own rough coat and wrapped it about the shoulders

of the paler city man. Then he stepped forward along the boat, after handing the oar to his companion, and busied himself ostentatiously with a rope, with the packages that he had bought from Pennell. One would have thought he had freed himself from his coat merely as a matter of convenience; and Frankfort, who was not a little touched by the kindness, paid his new sovereign complete deference. George Quint was evidently a man whom one must be very careful about thanking, however, and there was another time of silence.

"I hope my coming will not make any trouble in your family," ventured the stranger, after a little while.

"Bless ye, no!" replied the host. "There's only Phebe, my daughter, and nothing would please her better than somebody extra to do for. She's dreadful folksy for a girl that's had to live alone on a far island, Phebe is. 'Tain't every one I'd pick to carry home, though," said the King, magnificently. "'Thas been my plan to keep clear o' humans much as could be. I had my fill o' the John's-Islanders a good while ago."

"Hard to get on with?" asked the listener, humoring the new tone which his ears had caught.

"I could get on with 'em ef 'twas anyways wuth while," responded the island chieftain. "I didn't see why there was any need o' being badgered and nagged all my days by a pack o' curs like them John's-Islanders. They'd hunt ye to death if ye was anyways their master; and I got me a piece o' land as far off from 'em as I could buy, and here I be. I ain't stepped foot on any man's land but my own these twenty-six years. Ef anybody wants to deal with me, he must come to the water's edge."

The speaker's voice trembled with excitement, and Frankfort was conscious of a strange sympathy and exhilaration.

"But why didn't you go ashore and live on the main-land, out of the way of such neighbors altogether?" he asked, and was met by a wondering look.

"I didn't belong there," replied the King, as if the idea had never occurred to him before. "I had my living to get. It took me more than twelve years to finish paying for my island, besides what hard money I laid down. Some years the fish is mighty shy. I always had an eye to the island sence I was a boy; and



we've been better off here, as I view it. I was some sorry my woman should be so fur from her folks when she was down with her last sickness."

The sail was lowered suddenly, and the boat rose and fell on the long waves near the floats of a trawl, which Quint pulled over the bows, slipping the long line by with its empty hooks until he came to a small haddock, which he threw behind him to flop and beat itself about at Frankfort's feet as if imploring him not to eat it for his supper. Then the sprit-sail was hoisted again, and they voyaged toward Folly Island slowly with a failing breeze. The King stamped his feet, and even struck his arms together as if they were chilled, but took no notice of the coat which his guest had taken off again a few minutes before. To Frankfort the evening was growing mild, and his blood rushed through his veins with a delicious thrill. The island loomed high and black, as if it were covered with thick woods; but there was a light ashore in the window of a small house, and presently the pilgrim found himself safe on land, quite stiff in his legs, but very serene in temper. A brisk little dog leaped about him with clamorous barks, a large gray cat also appeared belligerent and curious; then a voice came from the doorway: "Late, ain't you, father?"

Without a word of reply, the King of that isle led the way to his castle, haddock in hand. Frankfort and the dog and cat followed after. Before they reached the open door, the light shone out upon a little wilderness of bright flowers, yellow and red and white. The King stepped carefully up the narrow pathway, and waited on the step for his already loyal subject to enter.

"Phebe," he said, jokingly, "I've brought ye some company—a gentleman from Lord knows where, who couldn't seem to content himself without seeing Folly Island."

Phebe stepped forward with great shyness, but perfect appreciation of the right thing to be done. "I give you welcome," she said, quietly, and offered a thin affectionate hand. She was very plain in her looks, with a hard-worked, New England plainness, but as Frankfort stood in the little kitchen he was immediately conscious of a peculiar delicacy and refinement in his surroundings. There was an atmosphere in this out-of-the-way corner

of civilization that he missed in all but a few of the best houses he had ever known.

The ways of the Folly Island house-keeping were too well established to be thrown out of their course by even so uncommon an event as the coming of a stranger. The simple supper was eaten, and Frankfort was ready for his share of it. He was touched at the eagerness of his hostess to serve him, at her wistful questioning of her father to learn whom he had seen and what he had heard that day. There was no actual exile in the fisherman's lot after all; he met his old acquaintances almost daily on the fishing grounds, and it was upon the women of the household that an unmistakable burden of isolation had fallen. Sometimes a man lived with them for a time to help cultivate the small farm, but Phebe was skilled in out-door handicrafts. She could use tools better than her father, the guest was told proudly, and that day she had been digging potatoes—a great pleasure evidently, as anything would have been that kept one out-of-doors in the sunshiny field.

When the supper was over, the father helped his daughter to clear away the table as simply and fondly as could be, and as if it were as much his duty as hers. It was very evident that the cough drops were for actual need; the poor girl coughed now and then with a sad insistence and hollowness. She looked ill already, so narrow-chested and bent-shouldered, while a bright spot of color flickered in her thin cheeks. She had seemed even elderly to Frankfort when he first saw her, but he discovered from something that was said that her age was much less than his own. What a dreary lifetime! he thought, and then reproached himself, for he had never seen a happier smile than poor Phebe gave her father at that moment. The father was evidently very anxious about the cough; he started uneasily at every repetition of it, with a glance at his guest's face to see if he also were alarmed by the foreboding. The wind had risen again, and whined in the chimney. The pine-trees near the house and the wind and sea united in a solemn, deep sound which affected the new-comer strangely. Above this undertone was the lesser, sharper noise of waves striking the pebbly beach and retreating. There was a loneliness, a remoteness, a feeling of being an infinitesimal point in such a great ex-





"HE TOOK A LONG HONEST LOOK AT THE STRANGER."

panse of sea and stormy sky, that was almost too heavy to be borne. Phebe knitted steadily, with an occasional smile at her own thoughts. The teakettle sang and whistled away; its cover clicked now and then as if with hardly suppressed cheerfulness, and the King of Folly Island read his newspaper diligently, and doled out bits of information to his companions. Frankfort was surprised at the tenor of these. The reader was evidently a man of uncommon depth of thought and unusual common-sense. It was both less and more surprising that he should have chosen to live alone; one would imagine that his instinct would have led him among people of his own sort. It was no wonder that he had grown impatient of such society as the postmaster's; but at this point of his meditation the traveller's

eyes began to feel strangely heavy, and he fell asleep in his high-backed rocking-chair. What peacefulness had circled him in! the rush and clamor of his business life had fallen away as if he had begun another existence, without the fretful troubles of this present world.

"He's a pretty man," whispered Phebe to her father, and the old fisherman nodded a grave assent, and folded his hands upon the county newspaper while he took a long honest look at the stranger within his gates.

The next morning Frankfort made his appearance in the kitchen at a nobly early hour, to find that the master of the house had been out in his boat since four o'clock, and would not be in for some time yet. Phebe was waiting to give him his break-



fast, and soon afterward he saw her going to the potato field, and joined her. The sun was bright, and the island was gay with color; the asters were in their best pale lavender and royal purple tints; the bay was flecked with sails of fishing-boats, because the mackerel had again struck in; and outside the island, at no great distance, was the highway of the coasting vessels to and from the eastern part of the State and the more distant Provinces. There were near two hundred craft in sight, great and small, and John Frankfort dug his potatoes with intermittent industry as he looked off east and west at such a lovely scene. They might have been an *abbé galant* and a dignified *marquise*, he and Phebe—it did not matter what work they toyed with. They were each filled with a charming devotion to the other, a grave reverence and humoring of the mutual desire for quiet and meditation. Toward noon the fishing-boat which Phebe had known constantly and watched with affectionate interest was seen returning deep laden, and she hastened to the little landing. Frankfort had already expressed his disdain of a noonday meal, and throwing down his hoe, betook himself to the highest point of the island. Here was a small company of hemlocks, twisted and bent by the northeast winds, and on the soft brown carpet of their short pins our pilgrim to the outer boundaries spent the middle of the day. A strange drowsiness, such as he had often felt before in such bracing air, seemed to take possession of him, and to a man who had been perplexing himself with hard business problems and erratic ventures in financiering, potato-digging on a warm September day was not exciting.

The hemlocks stood alone on the summit of the island, and must have been a landmark for the King to steer home by. Before Frankfort stretched a half-cleared pasture, where now and then, as he lazily opened his eyes, he could see a moving sheep's back among the small birches and fern and juniper. Behind him were the cleared fields and the house, and a fringe of forest trees stood all round the rocky shore of the domain. From the water one could not see that there was such a well-arranged farm on Folly Island behind the barrier of cedars, but the inhabitants of that region thriftily counted upon the natural stockade to keep the winter winds away.

The sun had changed its direction altogether when he finally waked, and shone broadly down upon him from a point much nearer the western horizon. At that moment the owner of the island made his appearance, looking somewhat solicitous.

"We didn't know what had become of ye, young man," he said, in a fatherly way. "'Tain't nateral for ye to go without your dinner, as I view it. We'll soon hearten ye up, Phebe an' me; though she don't eat no more than a chippin'-sparrer, Phebe don't," and his face returned to its sadder lines.

"No," said Frankfort; "she looks very delicate. Don't you think it might be better to take her inland, or to some more sheltered place, this winter?"

The question was asked with hesitation, but the speaker's kind-heartedness was all in his words. The father turned away, and snapped a dry hemlock twig with impatient fingers.

"She wouldn't go withouten me," he answered, in a choked voice, "an' my vow is my vow. I never shall set foot on another man's land while I'm alive."

The day had been so uneventful, and Folly Island had appeared to be such a calm, not to say prosaic, place, that its visitor was already forgetting the thrill of interest with which he had first heard its name. Here again, however, was the unmistakable tragic element in the life of the inhabitants; this man, who might be armed and defended by his common-sense, was yet made weak by some prejudice or superstition. What could have warped him in this strange way? for, indeed, the people of most unenlightened communities were prone to herd together, to follow each other's lead, to need a dictator, no matter how much they might rebel at his example or demands. This city gentleman was moved by a deep curiosity to know for himself the laws and charts of his new-found acquaintance's existence; he had never felt a keener interest in a first day's acquaintance with any human being.

"Society would be at a stand-still," he said, with apparent lightness, "if each of us who found his neighbors unsatisfactory should strike out for himself as you have done."

The King of Folly Island gave a long shrewd look at his companion, who was still watching the mackerel fleet; then he



blushed like a girl through all the sea-changed color of his cheeks.

"Look out for number one, or else number two's got to look out for you," he said, with some uncertainty in the tone of his voice.

"Yes," answered Frankfort, smiling, "I have repeated that to myself a great many times. The truth is, I don't belong to my neighbors any more than you do."

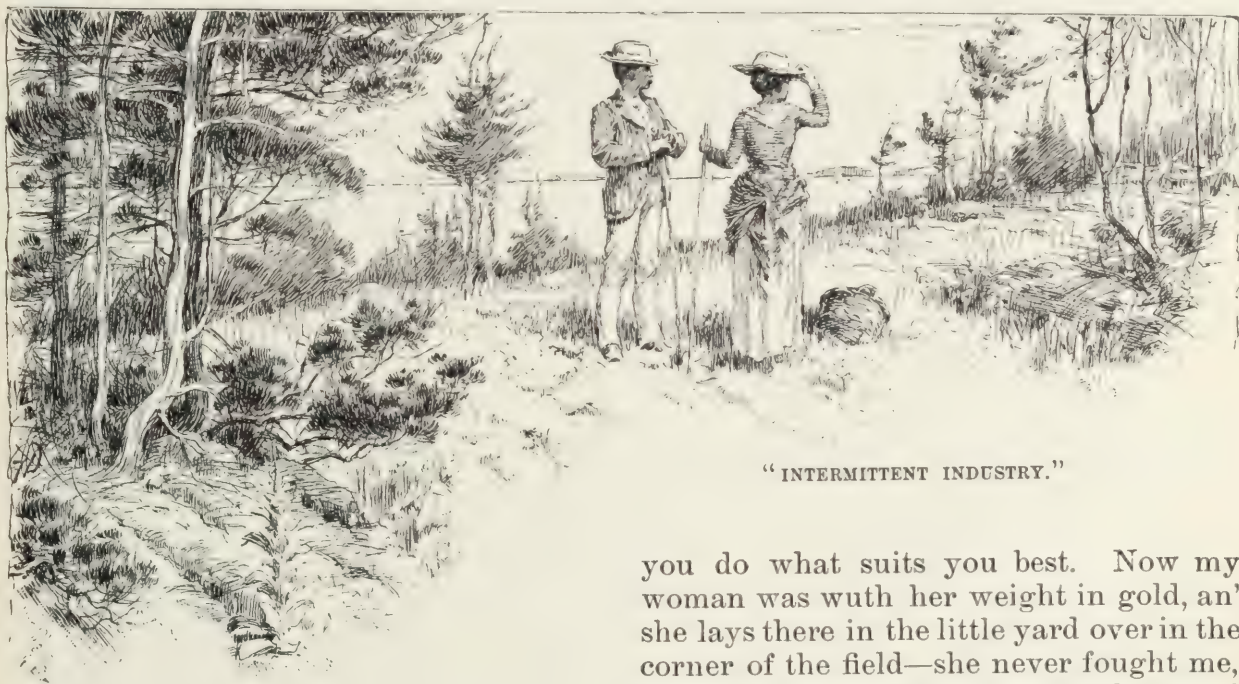
"I expect that you have got a better chance nor me; ef I had only been started amon'st Christians, now!" exclaimed Quint, with gathering fury at the thought of his John's-Islanders.

"Human nature is the same the world over," said the guest, quietly, as if more to himself than his listener. "I dare say

sure to go home disappointed, or worse, at night; but at this point he shrugged his shoulders angrily because he could not forget some still undecided ventures of his own. How degraded a man became who chose to be only a money-maker! The zest of the chase for wealth and the power of it suddenly seemed a very trivial and foolish thing to Frankfort, who confessed anew that he had no purpose in making his gains.

"You ain't a married man; live a bachelor life, don't ye?" asked the King, as if in recognition of these thoughts, and Frankfort, a little startled, nodded assent.

"Makes it a sight easier," was the unexpected response. "You don't feel as if you might be wronging other folks when



"INTERMITTENT INDUSTRY."

that the fault is apt to be our own;" but there was no response to this audacious opinion.

Frankfort had risen from the couch of hemlock pins, and the two men walked toward the house together. The cares of modern life could not weigh too heavy on such a day. The shining sea, the white sails, gleaming or gray-shadowed, and the dark green of the nearer islands made a brilliant picture, and the younger man was impatient with himself for thinking the armada of small craft a parallel to the financial ventures which were made day after day in city life. What a question of chance it was, after all, for either her-ring or dollars—some of these boats were

you do what suits you best. Now my woman was wuth her weight in gold, an' she lays there in the little yard over in the corner of the field—she never fought me, nor argued the p'int again after she found I was sot, but it aged her fetchin' of her away from all her folks, an' out of where she was wonted. I didn't foresee it at the time."

There was something martyr-like and heroic in the exile's appearance as he spoke, and his listener had almost an admiration for such heroism, until he reminded himself that this withdrawal from society had been wilful, and, so far as he knew, quite selfish. It could not be said that Quint had stood in his lot and place as a brave man should, unless he had left John's Island as the Pilgrim Fathers left England, for conscientious scruples and a necessary freedom. How many pilgrims since those have falsely made the same plea for undeserved liberty!



"What was your object in coming here?" the stranger asked, quietly, as if he had heard no reason yet that satisfied him.

"I wanted to be by myself;" and the King rallied his powers of eloquence to make excuses. "I wa'n't one that could stand them folks that overlooked an' harried me, an' was too mean to live. They could go their way, an' I mine; I wouldn't harm 'em, but I wanted none of 'em. Here, you see, I get my own livin'. I raise my own hog, an' the women-folks have more hens than they want, an' I keep a few sheep a-runnin' over the other side o' the place. The fish o' the sea is had for the catchin', an' I owe no man anything. I should ha' ben beholden if I'd stopped where we come from;" and he turned with an air of triumph to look at Frankfort, who glanced at him in return with an air of interest.

"I see that you depend upon the larger islands for some supplies—cough drops, for instance?" said the stranger, with needless clearness. "I cannot help feeling that you would have done better to choose a less exposed island—one nearer the main-land, you know, in a place better sheltered from the winds."

"They do cut us 'most in two," said the King, meekly, and his face fell. Frankfort felt quite ashamed of himself, but he was conscious already of an antagonistic feeling. Indeed, this was an island of folly; this man, who felt himself to be better than his neighbors, was the sacrificer of his family's comfort: he was heaping up riches, and who would gather them? Not the poor pale daughter, that was certain. In this moment they passed the corner of the house, and discovered Phebe herself standing on the door-step, watching some distant point of the sea or sky with a heavy, much battered spy-glass.

She looked pleased as she lowered the glass for a moment and greeted Frankfort with a silent welcome.

"Oh, so 'tis; now I forgot 'twas this afternoon," said Quint. "She's a-watchin' the funeral, ain't you, daughter? Old Mis' Danforth, over onto Wall Island, that has been layin' sick all summer—a cousin o' my mother's," he confessed, in a lower tone, and turned away with feigned unconcern as Frankfort took the spy-glass which Phebe offered. He was sure that his hostess had been wishing that she

could share in the family gathering. Was it possible that Quint was a tyrant, and had never let this grown woman leave his chosen isle? Freedom, indeed!

He forgot the affairs of Folly Island the next moment, as he caught sight of the strange procession. He could see the coffin with its black pall in a boat rowed by four men, who had pushed out a little way from shore, and other boats near it. From the low gray house near the water came a little group of women stepping down across the rough beach and getting into their boats; then all fell into a rude sort of orderliness, the hearse-boat going first, and the procession went away across the wide bay toward the mainland. He lowered the glass for an instant, and Phebe reached for it eagerly.

"They were just bringing out the coffin before you came," she said, with a little sigh; and Frankfort, who had seen many pageants and ceremonials, rebuked himself for having stolen so much of this rare pleasure from his hostess. He could still see the floating funeral. Though it was only a far-away line of boats, there was a strange awe and fascination in watching them follow their single, steady course.

"Danforth's folks bury over to the Fore-side," explained the King of Folly Island; but his guest had taken a little book from his pocket, and seated himself on a rock that made one boundary of the gay, disorderly garden. It was very shady and pleasant at this side of the house, and he was too warm after his walk across the unshaded pastures. It was very hot sunshine for that time of the year, and his holiday began to grow dull. Was he, after all, good for nothing but money-making? The thought fairly haunted him: he had lost his power of enjoyment, and there might be no remedy.

The fisherman had disappeared; the funeral was a dim speck off there where the sun glittered on the water, yet he saw it still, and his book closed over his listless fingers. Phebe sat on the door-step knitting now, with the old glass laid by her side ready for use. Frankfort looked at her presently with a smile.

"Will you let me see your book?" she asked, with a child's eagerness; and he gave it to her.

"It is an old copy of Wordsworth's shorter poems," he said. "It belonged to my mother. Her name was the same as yours."



"SHE LOOKED PLEASED AS SHE LOWERED THE GLASS FOR A MOMENT."





"She spelled it with the o," said Phebe, radiant with interest in this discovery, and closely examining the fly-leaf. "What a pretty hand she wrote! Is it a book you like?"

"I like it best because it was hers, I am afraid," replied Frankfort, honestly. "Yes, it does one good to read such poems; but I find it hard to read anything in these days; my business fills my mind. You know so little here on your island of the way the great world beyond pushes and fights and wrangles."

"I suppose there are some pleasant folks," said Phebe, simply. "I used to like to read, but I found it made me lonesome. I used to wish I could go ashore and do all the things that folks in books did. But I don't care now; I wouldn't go away from the island for anything."

"No," said Frankfort, kindly; "I wouldn't if I were you. Go on dreaming about the world; that is better. And it does people good to come here and see you so comfortable and contented," he added, with a tenderness in his voice that was quite foreign to it of late years. But Phebe gave one quick look at the far horizon, her thin cheeks grew very rosy, and she looked down again at her knitting.

Presently she went into the house. At tea-time that evening the guest was surprised to find the little table decked out for a festival, with some flowered china, and a straight-backed old mahogany chair from the best room in his own place of honor. Phebe looked gay and excited, and Frankfort wondered at the feast, as well as the master of the house, when they came to take their places.

"You see, you found me unawares last night, coming so unexpected," said the poor pale mistress. "I didn't want you to think that we had forgotten how to treat folks."

And somehow the man whose face was usually so cold and unchanging could hardly keep back his tears while, after the supper was cleared away, he was shown a little model of a meeting-house, steeple and all, which Phebe had made from card-board and covered with small shells a winter or two before. She brought it to him with a splendid sense of its art, and Frankfort said everything that could be said except that it was beautiful. He even begged to be told exactly how it was done, and they sat by the light together and discussed the poor toy, while the

King of Folly Island dozed and waked again with renewed pleasure as he contemplated his daughter's enjoyment. But she coughed very often, poor Phebe, and the guest wondered if the postmaster's supply of drugs were equal to this pitiful illness. Poor Phebe! and winter would be here soon!

Day after day, in the bright weather, Frankfort lingered with his new friends, spending a morning now and then in fishing with his host, and coming into closer contact with the inhabitants of that part of the world.

Before the short visit was over, the guest was aware that he had been very tired and out of sorts when he had yielded to the desire to hide away from civilization, and had drifted, under some pilotage that was beyond himself, into this quiet haven. He felt stronger and in much better spirits, and remembered afterward that he had been as merry as a boy on Folly Island in the long evenings when Phebe was busy with her knitting-work, and her father told long and spirited stories of his early experiences along the coast and among the fishermen. But business cares began to fret this holiday-maker, and as suddenly as he had come he went away again on a misty morning that promised rain. He was very sorry when he said good-by to Phebe; she was crying as he left the house, and a great wave of compassion poured itself over Frankfort's heart. He never should see her again, that was certain; he wished that he could spirit her away to some gentler climate, and half spoke his thought as he stood hesitating that last minute on the little beach. The next moment he was fairly in the boat and pushing out from shore. George Quint looked as hardy and ruddy and weather-beaten as his daughter was pale and faded, like some frost-bitten flower that tries to lift itself when morning comes and it feels the warmth of the sun. The tough fisherman, with his pet doctrines and angry aversions, could have no idea of the loneliness of his wife and daughter all these unvarying years on his Folly Island. And yet how much they had been saved of useless rivalries and jealousies, of petty tyranny from narrow souls! Frankfort had a bitter sense of all that as he leaned back against the side of the boat, and sailed slowly out into the bay, while Folly Island seemed to retreat into the gathering fog and slowly disap-



pear. His thoughts flew before him to his office, to his clerks and accounts; he thought of his wealth which was buying him nothing, of his friends who were no friends at all, for he had pushed away some who might have been near, strangely impatient of familiarity, and on the defence against either mockery or rivalry. He was the true King of Folly Island, not this work-worn fisherman; he had been a lonelier and a more selfish man these many years.

George Quint was watching Frankfort eagerly, as if he had been waiting for this chance to speak to him alone.

"You seem to be a kind of solitary creature," he suggested, with his customary frankness. "I expect it never crossed your thought that 'twould be nateral to git married?"

"Yes, I thought about it once, some years ago," answered Frankfort, seriously.

"Disappointed, was you? Well, 'twas better soon nor late, if it had to be," said the sage. "My mind has been dwellin' on Phebe's case. She was a master pooty gal 'arlier on, an' I was dreadful set against lettin' of her go, though I call to mind there was a likely chap as found her out, an' made bold to land an' try to court her. I drove him, I tell you, an' ducked him under when I caught him afterward out a-fishin', an' he took the hint. Phebe didn't know what was to pay, though I dare say she liked to have him follerin' about."

Frankfort made no answer—he was very apt to be silent when you expected him to speak—and presently the King resumed his suggestions.

"I've been thinking that Phebe ought to have some sort o' brightenin' up. She pines for her mother: they was a sight o' company for each other. Now I s'pose you couldn't take no sort o' fancy for her in course o' time? I've got more hard cash stowed away than folks expects, an' you should have everything your own way. I could git a cousin o' mine, a widow woman, to keep the house winters, an' you an' the gal needn't only summer here. I take it you've got some means?"

Frankfort found himself smiling at this pathetic appeal, and was ashamed of himself directly, and turned to look seaward. "I'm afraid I couldn't think of it," he answered. "You don't suppose—"

"Lor' no," said George Quint, sadly,

shifting his sail. "*She 'ain't* give no sign, except that I never see her take to no stranger as she has to you. I thought you might kind of have a feelin' for her, an' I knowed you thought the island was a sightly place; 'twould do no harm to speak, leastways."

They were on their way to John's Island, where Frankfort was to take the post-master's boat to the main-land. Quint found his fog-bound way by some mysterious instinct, and at their journey's end the friends parted with little show of sentiment or emotion. Yet there was much expression in Quint's grasp of his hand, Frankfort thought, and both men turned more than once as the boats separated, to give a kindly glance backward. People are not brought together in this world for nothing, and poor Quint had no idea of the confusion that his theories and his manner of life had brought into the well-regulated affairs of John Frankfort. Jabez Pennell was brimful of curiosity about the visit, but he received little satisfaction. "Phebe Quint was the pootiest gal on these islands some ten years ago," he proclaimed, "an' a born lady. Her mother's folks was ministers over to Castine."

The winter was nearly gone when Frankfort received a letter in a yellow envelop, unbusinesslike in its appearance. The King of Folly Island wrote to say that Phebe had been hoping to get strength enough to thank him for the generous Christmas-box which Frankfort had sent. He had taxed both his imagination and memory to supply the minor wants and fancies of the islanders.

But Phebe was steadily failing in health, and the elderly cousin had already been summoned to take care of her and to manage the house-keeping. The King wrote a crabbed hand, as if he had used a fish-hook instead of a pen, and he told the truth about his sad affairs with a simple, unlamenting bravery. Phebe only sent a message of thanks, and an assurance that she liked to think of Frankfort's being there in the fall. She would soon send him a small keepsake.

One morning Frankfort opened a much-crushed bundle which lay upon his desk, and found this keepsake, the shell meeting-house, which looked sadly trivial and astray. He was entirely confused by its unexpected appearance; he did not dare to



meet the eyes of an office-boy who stood near; there was an uncomfortable feeling in his throat, but he bravely unfastened a letter from the battered steeple, and read it slowly, without a very clear understanding of the words:

"DEAR FRIEND" (said poor Phebe),—"I was very thankful for all that you sent in the box—I take such pleasure in the things. I find it hard to write, but I think about you every day. Father sends his best respects. We have had rough weather, and he stays right here with me. You must keep your promise, and come back to the island; he will be lonesome, and you are one that takes father just right. It seems as if I hadn't been any use in the world, but it rests me, laying here, to think what a sight of use you must be. And so good-by."

A sudden vision of the poor girl came before his eyes as he saw her stand on the door-step the day they watched the boat funeral. She had worn a dress with a quaint pattern, like gray and yellowish willow leaves as one sees them fallen by the country roadsides. A vision of her thin, stooping shoulders and her simple, pleasant look touched him with real sorrow. "Much use in the world!" Alas! alas! how had her affection made her fancy such a thing!

The day was stormy, and Frankfort turned anxiously to look out of the window beside him, as he thought how the

wind must blow across the distant bay. He felt a strange desire to sweep away everything that might vex poor Phebe or make her less comfortable. Yet she must die, at any rate, before the summer came. The King of Folly Island would reign only over his sheep pastures and the hemlock-trees and pines. Much use in the world! The words stung him more and more.

The office-boy still stood waiting, and now Frankfort became unhappily conscious of his presence. "I used to see one o' them shell-works where I come from, up in the country," the boy said, with unexpected forbearance and sympathy; but Frankfort dismissed him with a needless question about the price of certain railroad bonds, and dropped the embarrassing gift, the poor little meeting-house, into a deep lower drawer of his desk. He had hardly thought of the lad before except as a willing, half-mechanical errand-runner; now he was suddenly conscious of the hopeful, bright young face. At that moment a whole new future of human interests spread out before his eyes, from which a veil had suddenly been withdrawn, and Frankfort felt like another man, or as if there had been a revivifying of his old, uninterested, self-occupied nature. Was there really such a thing as taking part in the heavenly warfare against ignorance and selfishness? Had Phebe given him in some mysterious way a legacy of all her unsatisfied hopes and dreams?

## THE CUP OF DEATH.

FOR A PICTURE BY ELIHU VEDDER.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

SHE bends her lovely head to taste thy draught,  
O thou stern "Angel of the Darker Cup,"  
With thee to-night in the dim shades to sup,  
Where all they be who from that cup have quaffed.  
She had been glad in her own loveliness, and laughed  
At Life's strong enemies who lie in wait,  
Had kept with golden youth her queenly state,  
All unafraid of Sorrow's threat'ning shaft.

Then human Grief found out her human heart,  
And she was fain to go where pain is dumb;  
So Thou wert welcome, Angel dread to see,  
And she fares onward with thee willingly,  
To dwell where no man loves, no lovers part—  
So Grief that is makes welcome Death to come.





"THE CUP OF DEATH."—From the painting by Elihu Vedder.







## BLIND WILLY.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

**Y**OU'VE given me meat and drink, and I thank you. It is the least I can do—and the most. If you had any idea that I could pay you for what you've done for me, the sooner you get rid of it the better. Twopence-ha'penny is all my fortune, and I've had the devil's own luck to get here with as much. It has been a hard pinch to keep body and soul together this last week—half a meal a day, and sleeping by the side of a hay-stack for three nights running, in the open air, with the white snow falling upon me. A cold blanket 'twas. For some poor devils a shroud, but not for me. I had something more important to do than to die; I had to keep alive and get to this village, though I'm here before my time; I wasn't expected so soon. Why did I sleep in the open air instead of under a dry roof? For the best of bad reasons. I hadn't money to pay for a bed, and no Christian offered me one. I might have begged a bed? Yes, but I haven't come to begging yet; before I do so, I'll take my choice and die in a ditch or a hay-field, where I shall be beholden to no one. My father was an honest man, and my mother an honest woman, and none of my race ever asked charity. So, though I could stand by the road-side, with my hat in my hand, crying, "Please pity the poor blind!" till I was sick of the sound of my own voice, I don't choose to do it. There's the pride of the poor and the pride of the rich, and I know which is the more honorable. I'm poor enough, it's true, but no cheat, though it's only a week since I came out of prison. I'm proud of having been there, and would serve my time over again rather than not have done what I got five years for. It's a queer thing to boast of, isn't it? But it's gospel truth, friend.

You know I've just come out of prison? Then I might have saved myself the trouble of telling you. I can believe you or not, as I please. I dare say you think it's easy enough to deceive a blind man, but let me tell you there's no credit in the doing of it, and as for your throwing it in my teeth that I'm a prison-bird— You didn't say it to reproach me? Thank you. What did you say it for at all, then? So that I might have confidence in you—

so that I might trust you? Well, there's something in that. To be kind to a man, as you have been to me, when you know he has just come out of prison, is a bit of a proof that you don't quite despise him. Give me your hand that I may feel it, and let me put mine on your face.

Your hand is cool and firm, and your face doesn't twitch. How old may you be? Fifty-two. Are you married? Ah, you've got a wife, then. No? I ask your pardon, friend, for opening a wound. Perhaps you have children, though. One daughter, seventeen years old? There's a shake in your voice I think I know the meaning of. A blind man has more senses than five. You and your daughter are knit pretty close. Well! well! When a child's pretty ways fasten on to the heart, they cling close to the roots. I had a little one myself, who died too soon, and I can see her soft eyes shining on me now. I had my sight when I lost her, but after she died I never saw her quite clearly till I became blind. Never a day or a night passes—though day and night to me are the same—that I don't see my little two-year-old child at her pretty tricks, that I don't feel her little hands on my face, that I don't hear her babbling about me. In prison they couldn't take her away from me, and couldn't prevent her toddling along at my side in a daisy-field, as she did one day when she was alive. So my blindness is a blessing, for my child is always with me. There are bits of heaven in life, master. Is that your daughter I hear singing outside? There's no cloud on *her* life; her voice is as sweet as the rippling of a brook.

Well, I must be going. What's my hurry? Simply that I'm dying almost to touch the hand of the only human being in the world left to me to love. If you think it's a woman, you're mistaken. It's a gentleman—and a man, every inch of him. That's what I've been walking the last six days for, feeling my way with my stick, getting a lift now and then from drivers who called out to me and asked where I was going—God thank them for it!—and blind to every flower in hedge and field. There was one wagoner brought me twenty miles along. I've got his name and where he lives, and the first few shill-



ings I can spare 'll go to his little ones, or my name isn't Willy Price.

I mustn't go yet? Why not? Because you know the gentleman I want to speak to? His name, then? Sir Edmund Barry! By the Lord, you've hit it!

There's something strange in all this—your meeting with me, your bringing me here to rest, your giving food (though I'll pay you for it before long) to a man who has no claim on you—What does it all mean? You met me by accident, you say, and knew me at once, though you never set eyes on me before. How can that be? Well, yes, you're right there; a man may be recognized by a description of him. Who gave you a description of me? The gentleman whose name you mentioned—Sir Edmund Barry! He hasn't forgotten me, then? No; but I was sure he would never do that. Ah! if I laid down my life for him a hundred times over, it wouldn't pay the debt of love I owe him. He owes me a debt of love, he says! Did he say that—did he? God bless him for it! He didn't expect to see me for another month at least, but they let me out before my time, for good conduct, they said, and I was only too glad to find myself a free man once more. Off I set for this village without an hour's delay, and now that I'm here, and have had this talk about my dear master, I can't wait another minute. I'll thank you kindly if you'll direct me to an inn called the Golden Crown. What do you say? This is the Golden Crown! You can't be deceiving me, for you've nothing to gain by it. But you've set me in the middle of a maze. Show me the way out of it.

Yes, yes; I understand that you are acting under orders, and I must be content to wait for my master till he can come to me; but I can't for the life of me understand what good or ill fortune it is in my power to bring to you. Yet it is so, you say. There's your daughter singing again. By the Lord, it's the song my master used to sing! She must have learned it from him. She did? That's a mark of friendship between him and her. You've got a message for me from him? What is it?

"On the first day you see Willy Price, ask him to tell you all he knows about me, and then you'll be able to judge how far that woman spoke the truth when she called me a cheat and a coward. He knows the woman I mean; her name is Lady Judith, and we have both cause to

remember her to the last hour of our lives.'"

I am satisfied; you are not deceiving me. Only Sir Edmund Barry could have given you that message. But I can't for the life of me see the connecting links between what he asks me to tell you, and Lady Judith, and the good or ill fortune that is to happen to you when I've finished what I'm bid to say. However, that's no immediate affair of mine; all that I care for is that it shall bring no misfortune to my dear master. It will bring a blessing upon him if he comes out of the affair as you hope he will? That has an honest ring in it, and I accept it in good faith. If Sir Edmund Barry has been speaking to you about me, you know, of course, that I have not been always blind. Until near upon five years ago my eyes were as good as any man need wish for.

I must collect my thoughts a bit, for the name of Lady Judith has set my blood boiling. What did she call him?—a cheat and a coward? A man and a hero, as sure as there's a God in heaven! So she's been at him again, that black-haired daughter of the devil! Ah, if I had her here before me, I'd strangle her where I stand, blind as I am, if I knew she was doing anything to injure my master. I'd put a stop to her lying tongue, once and for all. Listen: you shall hear the whole affair, and shall judge for yourself.

It commenced many a year ago between me and my dear master. I lived down Dorsetshire way, and my father was a farm laborer. There were four of us—mother, father, my sister Miriam, and myself—and we had a little cottage, and lived on next to nothing a week. That pretty well represents what my father's wages were. He was a hard worker, an ignorant, honest man; my mother was weakly, and could do nothing out-of-doors to help him; for the matter of that, she had enough to do in-doors, what with cooking, cleaning, and washing for the lot of us. My sister was a cripple—walked with two crutches—so she couldn't do much. I was sixteen; Miriam was a year younger, and no beauty: good looks didn't run in our family. No more did good luck; we had a terrible hard time of it; pigs were princes in comparison with us. Well, though nearly every one in my class accepts his lot as a matter of course, I didn't; I rebelled against it, and was



thoroughly unhappy. One reason was that I had a passionate love for my sister, and could do nothing to help her into health. It used to make me mad to see her white, hungry face. I was not all bad, though, whatever I might have ripened into. I was a strong lad and a plucky —there's no reason why I shouldn't say it —and one day when I saw a horse galloping across the fields, dragging after him a young gentleman who had been thrown, and whose foot was fast in the stirrup, I didn't wait to think, but I ran like mad after the horse, and catching the bridle, tried to stop the frightened creature. What I remembered afterward was the gentleman's handsome face splashed with blood, and myself screaming and holding on like grim death. That was all. Down I went, with my eyes full of blood; but for all that, it seems, at the very moment I lost my senses—for the horse had kicked me in the face, and given me the gash I put my finger on now—at that very moment the horse's speed slackened, and some people coming up carried the young gentleman and me to the nearest ale-house. There I lay for weeks, most of the time insensible, and near to death; the young gentleman was well and about sooner than I was, and when I rose from my bed I had the satisfaction of knowing that my little bit of pluck had made a stanch friend of the man whose life it was said I had saved. You guess, of course, that this gentleman was Sir Edmund Barry.

His father had lately bought an estate in the neighborhood, and had come to live there, and this, I dare say, helped to keep me in his mind. But if he had lived a thousand mile away he wouldn't have forgotten me. It isn't in the nature of men like him.

Now I don't know if it is a common thing to get attached to a man because you save his life, but I think it had something to do with the love I grew to have for Sir Edmund. I had strong reason for love and gratitude apart from that. Grateful, as not every man is, for the service I had rendered him, he had sought out my family while I lay knocking at death's door, and had made himself acquainted with their circumstances. What did I discover on the first day I was able to walk in the fresh air? Well, it seemed to me like a fairy story, and it had been kept from me while I was ill, so that it might afford me the greater pleasure. I found

my father and mother and Miriam living in a comfortable cottage, with a garden attached to it; I found my father in a situation in which he was earning fair wages; I found my mother's hard load lightened; I found a doctor attending my sister Miriam; I found them all brighter and happier, and ready to lay down their lives for the man who had made life sweet for them. Powerful reasons these for love and gratitude, and there came upon me a wonderful change. I was no longer morose and rebellious; my days and nights were not charged with bad thoughts; I was glad to live; and I too was ready to lay down my life for the man who had brought such blessings upon us. It seemed as if, to his thinking, he could not do too much. As I took a liking to him, he took a liking to me, and allowed me to hang about him, and render him small services it was a delight to me to perform. There was one thing he couldn't do, with all his kindness; he could not save my sister's life. She died after a long sickness, and seemed to be perfectly happy when he stood for a few moments at her bedside. I am telling you these things, which don't properly belong to what I shall presently come to, so that you may have some understanding of the kind of man I am speaking of. There are few, if any, who know him as I do.

On the evening of Miriam's funeral he came to me and said, "Willy, I am going away, and I should like to do something for you."

Just as if he had not already done enough.

"Take me with you," I said, "and let me be your servant. That is all I want."

And then, I remember, I broke out into passionate entreaties that he would not leave me behind him. I spoke roughly, of course, and according to my lights; I had had no education, and did not know one letter from another. It must have been on that evening, I think, that he became aware that I loved him better than anything or anybody in the world. He looked at me in silence until I had run myself out, and then he said:

"Well, Willy, I owe you more than I can ever repay; but I am going on a long tour, and I don't want a servant. To tell you the truth, I shouldn't know what to do with one if I had him. When I come back, I must have some one about me I like and can trust, and I'd sooner have



you than anybody else; you'll be a man then, and we should get along very well together. Now I have a plan."

I waited eagerly to hear it.

"You won't do as you are. The fact is, Willy, if I am to take you as my servant by-and-by, you will have to be polished up; and there's only one way to bring that about. I must send you to school; and if you get along well while I am away, I promise, if you are in the same mind, to take you as my valet. What do you say to that?"

Depressed as I was at the idea of not seeing him for a couple of years—the length of time he said his tour would occupy—I had the sense to see that he was doing the very best thing that could be done for me, and I expressed my gratitude and willingness. So he made arrangements to send me to a better school than could be found in our village, and that is why I can express myself better than many men of my station in life. For I tried my hardest to do credit to him when he returned from his tour in foreign parts. Don't run away with the notion that I had any idea of becoming a gentleman; that was the farthest from my thoughts; the only thing my mind was set upon was to show him when he came back that I was not a dunderhead, and that I was most sincerely desirous to serve him.

He travelled all over the world, and was away longer than he said. He wrote two or three times to the master of the school, and I know received a good report of me. I wrote to him, too, and perhaps you can understand the pride I felt when I sent him my first letter, written by my own hand. During his absence I lost both my parents, so that I may say, but for my young master—for in that connection, and no other, I always thought of him—I was alone in the world. He also lost his father, and it was that loss that brought him home suddenly and unexpectedly. There are certain things it isn't necessary to dwell upon, so it will be sufficient for me to say briefly that when he came home he fulfilled his promise, both of us being in the same mind, and took me into his service.

He was heir to a great fortune, and the absolute master of it. Being young, high-spirited, and liberal-hearted, he set himself out naturally to enjoy it. Of course he went to London, and there he became

a regular lion, as the society people call it. He went everywhere, was a member of the best clubs, and very soon was surrounded by so-called friends, who helped him spend his money. He was willing enough and careless enough, and it would have been strange if he had not been led into all kinds of extravagance. He was overwhelmed with invitations to fashionable houses, and he was so hunted after by match-making mothers that it was a mystery how he escaped being caught. I attended him everywhere, and made myself so necessary to him that he often told me he didn't know what he should do without me. I may take the credit of having kept him out of many a scrape, for though he was high and I was low, I saw through people a great deal quicker than he did. I took the liberty occasionally of airing my opinions of his acquaintances and friends, and he always listened to me good-naturedly, though he would never trouble himself about what I said.

"What if so-and-so is a hawk?" he would say. "I can afford to be plucked."

And plucked he was; but a fortune such as his takes a long time getting through, and so we jogged on comfortably enough for three or four years. He believed in everybody, distrusted nobody. "It is so much easier," he would say.

You must make no mistake in his character. His head, perhaps, was not so well balanced as it might have been, but his heart was in the right place, and he did many a kind action which carried joy with it. That he was frequently imposed upon in his charities did not disturb him; he was not to be soured. And, let me tell you, notwithstanding his extravagancies and the life he led, with its dangerous temptations, he was free from actual vice. He was never guilty of a mean or dishonorable act, and he never played a woman false. He was laughed and sneered at for his opinions of womankind, but he was not to be turned from them. He had an unconquerable belief in woman's goodness, and he pitied where others condemned. He never joined in the laughter caused by tales of scandal, and I remember that he was called by some of his friends the modern Bayard. He did not see, but I did, that the name was given to him more from derision than sincerity. I got him to explain to me the meaning of the name, and



I was satisfied that his friends had hit the mark without intending it.

A word as to myself. The love I had for him as a boy grew with my manhood. There was nothing in the world he could ask me to do for him that I was not ready to do. He was most truly my friend despite that we stood to each other in the relation of master and servant; he never gave me an unkind word, and I think he trusted and believed in me as I believed and trusted in him. Free as I was in airing my opinions to him, I always stopped when I saw that I was giving him pain.

And now there came a change in my life. We had chambers in a fashionable part of London; in the house there were two other sets of chambers, which, with our own, were looked after by a house-keeper, who lived in the basement. This woman, who was a widow, could have done very well and have saved money had it not been for a scapegrace of a son, who kept his mother in continual hot water, and squandered every shilling of her savings. He did not live with his mother, and it was because I was civil and respectful to her that she told me of her troubles. One day I saw a young woman coming from the basement; it was the house-keeper's niece—an orphan, who had come to live with her aunt. What did I do but fall in love with her, and what did she do but fall in love with me?

It did not trouble me at first, for we were both over head and ears, and when you are in that condition you don't stop to think. I paid court to her honestly, and was entangled and compromised before I knew where I was. I had no idea that our secret was known to any one but ourselves, and I was considerably astonished when my master spoke to me about it. That woke me up and set me thinking. It is strange that a man's love for a man should stand in the way of his love for a woman, but it was so in my case. I was determined not to leave my master; not even my love for Alice could drive me to that; and I told him so with a sinking heart, and with words as sincere as ever fell from a man's lips. He was touched by my devotion; I saw that.

"Well, Willy," he asked, with a smile, "what is to be done?"

I answered, very much troubled, that I did not see my way out of it.

"It will never do," he said, "to break the heart of a good and pretty girl. It

isn't what a true man would do, and I'll be no party to it."

This sent *my* heart down into lower depths, and I stood foolishly before him, and stammered that I would never leave him unless he drove me away, and that I did not know what to do. Then he spoke out, seriously and kindly, and bound me if possible closer to him. There was no reason for my leaving him, he said, if Alice would be satisfied with the suggestion he was about to make. He confessed that he liked as little as I did the idea of my quitting his service. He was good enough to say that he doubted whether he should ever find another man as faithful as I was to him. Why shouldn't I marry and remain with him? Alice could continue to live with her aunt, and no doubt a room could be found down-stairs for us. He had no intention of removing from London at present, and if he ever settled down in a separate establishment of his own, which, he said, pleasantly, he should probably have to do one of these fine days, some sort of position should be found for my wife in his new household, so that there need be no fear of our being separated. So it was arranged. Alice was delighted and contented, and you may be sure I was. In less than a month we were married. Sir Edmund came to the wedding, and made Alice a present of a gold watch and chain. I was the happiest man in all the wide world, and had any one prophesied that before three years passed by I should find myself in a felon's dock, listening to my sentence of five years' imprisonment, I should have laughed in his face, and called him the maddest of the mad. But it was to be. No man, let him be ever so secure, knows what strange reverses fate has in store for him.

For ten short months my happiness lasted, and then I was visited by a terrible grief. My wife died, and in her death another life was knit to mine. She left a baby girl behind her, and by Sir Edmund's advice I placed the child with a family in the country, where she throve and was well cared for. Through all these changes Sir Edmund showed me more the sympathy of a brother than a master, and he sometimes accompanied me when I paid my weekly visit to my little girl. I will finish that part of my story which relates to my own private affairs by saying that my child lived but two years. She had grown very fond of Sir Edmund, and he



of her. She lay in his arms when she drew her last breath.

If I have dwelt a little longer than you care for upon my own joys and sorrows, it is because I wish to show you the true grain of my master's nature. There lives not in the world a kinder-hearted, a truer gentleman than he. Never did he forget the small service I rendered to him when I was a lad, but I think it was apart from that, because he had a regard for me, and knew how faithful I was to him, that he allowed me privileges which a servant seldom enjoys. I come now to Lady Judith.

You have seen her, I understand, though I can't for the life of me discover why she should come to you and speak to you against my master. What do you say? You will tell me when I have finished my story? I will go on to the end, then.

Is she as handsome, I wonder, as she was when Sir Edmund first met her? Small-made and dark-skinned it is true, and with hair as glossy and black as coal. They generally pick out fair women for beauties, but, so far as appearances go, the Lady Judith could hold her own with the stateliest and most beautiful woman that ever was wooed. Her eyes were as bright as diamonds, her teeth as white as the whitest pearls, her lips were cherry red, her cheeks had the most wonderful glow in them. So much for her face; as for her heart, that is another matter. Sir Edmund believed he had won it, and she fooled him rarely. She had a great following—of men; she was the star wherever she appeared. The women, I heard, hated her, but that would be natural, perhaps, as she spoiled the chances of many. Although she was a widow, she was young enough—not more than twenty-two, I judged. There was a mystery about her which to some men may have been an additional attraction. By mystery I mean that she was not known in the higher fashionable circles of society until she came from India, where she had lived, I was told, from her childhood, where she married and lost her husband in the course of a few months, and came home with his fortune, which she inherited.

I don't know where my master first met her, nor do I know by what arts she had won his love. I was surprised when I got an inkling of the state of affairs, for she was not the style of woman I thought would have captivated him. In such mat-

ters, however, one man is not a judge of another. Now let me tell you. It was my impression then, and it is my conviction now. I have spoken the word "love" in connection with my master and Lady Judith, but although he was completely in her power, I venture to say that the feeling he entertained toward her was very different from a feeling of true love. She dazzled and enthralled him, and I make no doubt led him on until he found it was too late to retreat. I have read of such women, but I had never met with one until Lady Judith appeared to blight the lives of a noble man, and of him who, blind to all around him, is now speaking to you.

Look you. It is from no foolish desire to hear the sound of my own voice, it is from no vainglory, it is from no wish to excite your compassion for me, that I am taking pains to make my story clear to you; it is simply because my dear and beloved master has, through you, set a command upon me, which I obey, as I would obey any command from him, though it led me into the jaws of death.

Who comes into the room? Your daughter? And she sings the songs my master sang, and he is her friend? It will not harm her if she shakes hands with me. I beg of you. It will bring me nearer to *him*.

Tell me your name, child? Alice! God in heaven! it is the name of my wife and child. She is gone. Bear with me a little. It has shaken me a bit; you will have patience with me, I am sure. *You* know as well as I what it is to lose a wife who is truly loved. But you do not know, and pray you may never live to know, what it is to lose a child—a man's only child, who has wound herself into his heart so closely that its fibres quiver at the lightest touch.

Is your daughter dark or fair? Fair! I am glad to hear it.

Back to my Lady Judith and my story. When it became known that my master was following her and was a favorite suitor—though how far it had gone I will not take it upon myself to say, except that my master was honest and pure-minded in his following—other would-be lovers fell aside, as though it was useless contending with a man who had not only good looks to recommend him, but a large fortune at his back. Then there was her own behavior to him; her preference for him, whether sincere or not, could not be mis-



taken. Whenever he appeared, cold looks for others. It was as much as if she said, "You are intruding; this is the man of my choice." That was the way of it.

Most of them took the hint and retired. But one remained—Captain Whitelock.

This man once seen was never afterward to be mistaken, and there was a most curious resemblance between his name and a certain peculiarity in his appearance. His hair, like Lady Judith's, was coal-black; but there came down over his brows, exactly between his eyes, a white feather of hair which took the shape of a curl. A man who could take the liberty, seeing him for the first time, could not help feeling inclined to raise his hand and brush it away, it was so exactly like a feather hanging over his forehead. It was a birth-mark.

You have seen this man? When and where? Here, when you saw Lady Judith? Then he is not dead. You give me a curious kind of comfort, though it were better he was dead than alive. He had a black silk bandage round his right hand? Ah! he may thank me for that. Wait, wait, and you will understand.

Her husband, is he? A pretty pair! Well matched! Lady Judith's husband! A fair ending—for my master!

Before long Lady Judith, my master, and Captain Whitelock were seen constantly together in public; but the part Captain Whitelock played was that of a friend who took an honorable interest in the love-making that was going on between the other two. He also had a servant, who appeared to stand to him in the same relation as I stood to Sir Edmund, and between this man, whose name was Limpett, and me a kind of intimacy naturally sprung up, more cordial on his part than on mine. I doubt whether he saw through me as I saw through him. He served his master as I served mine, and that he looked on me as a bit of a simpleton was more in my favor than his in the game we were playing. For it did not take me long to discover, from the advances he made toward me and the questions he put to me, that he had been set on by his master, and was following out definite instructions. So I took my cue, and fell very comfortably, with my eyes wide open, into the trap prepared for me. By which means, in an indirect way, I made discoveries. He learned from me that Sir Edmund's fortune was very large

and entirely unencumbered, and I learned from him that Captain Whitelock had been very sweet on Lady Judith, and that he was number one in her eyes till my master appeared on the scene.

"Then, of course," said Limpett, "as Sir Edmund Barry has pounds where Captain Whitelock hasn't shillings, we had to take a back seat."

"Ah!" said I, "that is the way with women; it's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with the lot of 'em. And as far as that goes, it's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with most of us; it is with me, I know. If masters look after themselves, why shouldn't we?"

"Right, old fellow," said Limpett, slapping me on the shoulder; "if we can work the oracle, you won't be any the worse off for it."

I just give you this as a sample of our talk, and you may guess it made me keen to watch. Now if the impressions that forced themselves upon me were correct, there was every reason to suppose that Lady Judith was in collusion with Captain Whitelock in a conspiracy against my master. I sharpened myself up, so to speak, for the task I set before me—the task of saving my master from becoming the victim of a couple of tricksters.

It was difficult, and I had to play a quiet part. I did not dare to speak, even indirectly, to Sir Edmund; I did not dare to say the slightest word which might lead him to suppose that I had any suspicion of Lady Judith. Attached as he was to me, I make no doubt that he would have discharged me on the spot. When it came to choosing between me and Lady Judith, I knew which one would have to go to the wall. So all I could do was to wait and watch, and use my best cunning to gather evidence. What made my task all the more difficult was that Sir Edmund had not mentioned Lady Judith's name to me. Ordinarily he had been in the habit of speaking of his friends and acquaintances, but in my hearing Lady Judith's name had never passed his lips. It was not for me, therefore, lightly to introduce it; my reasons would have to be weighty ones.

It was about this time that my master began to play higher than usual, and to "plunge" heavily at the races. I heard Lady Judith say once it was a fortunate thing she was a widow, because it enabled her to do things which would be perfectly



shocking in a single young lady. That is why she came to Sir Edmund's rooms in London; it was at her persuasion, I had no doubt, that he gave parties there, so that she might have an opportunity of being present. Cards and dice were soon introduced, and there were times when I saw the tables covered with gold and bank-notes. I did not like the look of it: my master seemed to be going down hill.

Captain Whitelock was a great gambler, cool and methodical, and never caring how high the stakes were. One night, to my surprise, I saw Lady Judith sitting at one of the tables with a pile of money before her. It surprised me, because I had an idea that she would have been more prudent than to exhibit her failings to Sir Edmund. I noticed that he looked grave, which was not usual with him—he was always in the highest spirits—though whenever she addressed him he brightened up. I was seldom absent on these nights; my master liked to have me near him, so that he might give me instructions with respect to his guests. He was a princely host, and was annoyed if there was the slightest hitch in his entertainments. Limpett, also, was generally hanging around. One night there was some talk about an exhibition of pistol practice that was to be given in a shooting-gallery on the following day, and an arrangement was made to meet there. Captain Whitelock, upon Lady Judith's saying that she would like to be present, offered to escort her.

"I should prefer you," she said to Sir Edmund. And he answered that he would drive her and Captain Whitelock to the rooms.

The principal feature in the programme was a match between two famous professional pistol-shots, and there was high betting on the result. When the match was decided, Captain Whitelock challenged my master to a trial. My master excused himself, saying that he was a poor hand with the pistol. Then Captain Whitelock challenged the winner of the match. Limpett beckoned me aside.

"They're laying three to one on the professional," he whispered. "Back the captain; the money will be as good as in your pocket." And then he told me that Captain Whitelock was the finest shot in Europe. He must have spoken the truth, for Captain Whitelock won easily, and astonished everybody by his skill. Proud

of the praise he was receiving, he asked Lady Judith to lend him her gloves, which he fixed flat against the wall, with the fingers slightly apart. Then, firing rapidly at thirty paces, he shot off the tips of each finger and thumb. "Just the nails," he smilingly said.

"You owe me a dozen pairs of gloves," said Lady Judith to him.

"Sir Edmund will give them to you," he replied, with a laugh which was half a sneer; "he's the bird *you're* to bring down."

The remark was carelessly made, and it produced an impression. The speaker bit his lip, as though he would have liked to recall his words, Lady Judith uttered a little scream, and my master started and threw a look of suspicion on Lady Judith and the successful marksman.

"What I mean is," said Captain Whitelock, "that if I ventured to make you a present of a dozen pairs of gloves, I should expect Barry to call me out, which wouldn't be desirable."

"Certainly not for me," said my master, gravely.

Nothing more was said upon the subject, and the conversation turned upon some regimental races which were to take place on a suburban race-course in a few weeks.

"I'm open to make a match," said an officer, "for any sum up to five hundred sovs. My mare Miss Selim against anything that can be brought against her. Three miles over the steeple-chase course, thirteen stone, owners up."

"There's only one bit of horseflesh can beat Miss Selim," said Captain Whitelock, "and that's Babbling Fanny."

"She's to be bought," said some one.

"Whoever buys it will be sold," remarked the officer.

I saw a look of intelligence pass between Captain Whitelock and Lady Judith. I think no one else observed it; but I was on the watch: the game was growing serious.

The game that was played that night in my master's chambers was serious enough in all conscience. Sir Edmund was playing with Lady Judith, and was laughing at the sums she was winning from him. She had wooed him back into good-humor, and had dispelled his suspicions, if he had any. Captain Whitelock was looking on, and proposed to join in. Before the party broke up my master had lost ten thousand



pounds, and Captain Whitelock had won the chief part of it.

It did not surprise me very much to hear, a week afterward, that my master had bought Babbling Fanny, and had made the match against Miss Selim. There was a great deal of talk over it, and my master took me into his confidence, and almost for the first time introduced Lady Judith's name into the conversation.

"She has set her heart upon it, Willy," he said, "and is going to back my mare. Captain Whitelock says Babbling Fanny is bound to win."

"Who's to ride her, sir?" I asked.

"Owners up," he said, laughing. "I shall be in the saddle."

He was a fine rider, but I doubted his ability to ride a steeple-chase. He convinced me, however, on the following day by taking me down to the stable in which Babbling Fanny was being trained, and riding the mare himself over the course on which the match was to take place. There was an advantage in the stable being so near; Miss Selim was being trained fifty miles away. We went down frequently to see and ride the mare. Captain Whitelock was often with us, and he declared that my master was the finest gentleman rider in England.

"And make no mistake about it," he said. "Babbling Fanny can give Miss Selim a stone, and walk away from her. Don't try to win too easily, though; wait upon her to the last hurdle, and then win by a length or so. It will be quite enough. I've backed your mare for five thousand, and I'm going to put every shilling I'm worth on her."

The odds were six to four on Babbling Fanny, and gradually lengthened till they reached four to one.

"It's buying money dearly," said Captain Whitelock, "but I don't think there's a doubt about it. You feel pretty certain, don't you?"

My master showed him his book. He stood to lose fifty thousand pounds on the match, and to win about sixteen.

"Losing or winning will make a difference of nearly seventy thousand to you," observed Captain Whitelock.

"A convincing argument, isn't it?" asked my master.

"Don't want a better," said Captain Whitelock. "I shall go on laying the odds. It's only once in a lifetime a fel-

low gets such a chance. Keep yourself cool; that's all you've got to do."

My master, indeed, was training himself for the race, and was keeping better hours. There were no more late parties; the revels were postponed until the match was decided. All this time the love affair between him and Lady Judith was proceeding as usual, and it was a fortnight before the race that he said to me,

"Willy, I dare say you guess that I am engaged to be married?"

"I didn't like to take the liberty of speaking of it, sir," I said. "To Lady Judith, I suppose?"

"Yes, Willy. If I win the match, we shall get married a few weeks afterward."

It was a curious thing, I thought, to let a marriage depend upon the winning or the losing of a race, but I said nothing on that head; it would have been presumption on my part. But the news troubled me; in my own mind I felt sure that there was no feeling of true, honest love between Sir Edmund and Lady Judith. She had managed to get his promise, and he was bound to abide by it, and I saw in store for him a life of unhappiness. I could have knocked my head against the wall in vexation, but I could see no way out of the difficulty. I did venture to say one thing to him. I asked him if he had heard that Captain Whitelock and Lady Judith were once said to be engaged. Instead of being angry with me, as I was afraid he would be, he said, in a kind tone:

"It wouldn't do, Willy, for me to listen to rumors against the lady I am pledged to marry. There is scarcely a person in the world whom the breath of scandal does not touch. Don't bring me any more rumors."

Ah, thought I, but what if I brought you facts! Would you listen to them? I had my doubts even on that point. But I had no facts to show him, only suspicions which he would laugh away. I little guessed that fate had a stroke of great good fortune in store for me.

Lady Judith had left London on a visit to some friends in Paris, and was to be absent till the night before the match, which she wouldn't miss seeing for the world, she said. She had told my master that he was not to expect to hear from her. "I hate letter-writing," she said; "it makes my head ache, and I never



know what to say." He did not object to her going, and I supposed she had gone to Paris to buy dresses. Captain Whitelock was in London, and we saw him every day. Now two days before the match was to be run something occurred upon which my whole story turns.

It was nine o'clock at night, and I was out walking. Whom should I meet but Limpett? I came upon him suddenly as I turned a corner. He was in a violent state of excitement, and was talking excitedly to himself. I saw, too, that he had been drinking.

"Hallo!" I said; "what's the matter? Have you been having a row with anybody?"

A chance shot, but it hit the mark.

He broke out into violent invectives against Captain Whitelock, with whom, it appears, he had had an angry scene, and by whom he had been discharged without notice. I saw my opportunity, but I did not dream where it would lead to. I nursed his passion to my advantage, and I worked him into such a furious state that he swore to be revenged upon the man he had served so long, and who had behaved so ungratefully to him. More than once the name of Lady Judith escaped his lips. The cause of the quarrel, as I understood, was that Limpett had been backing Babbling Fanny secretly, and Captain Whitelock, discovering it, had been furious with him for doing what was likely to "spoil the market." I had a suspicion, however, that another cause of the quarrel was that Captain Whitelock had discovered that Limpett had been robbing him. That there were secrets between them which made each afraid of the other I had no doubt; for although Limpett swore to be revenged, he announced his intention almost in the same breath of going to America when Babbling Fanny had won the match, and he had received the money he expected to win.

"I'll leave this cursed country behind me," he said; "I can make my fortune in the States, and become a gentleman like the best of them."

I settled instantly upon a plan of action. If anything was to be discovered which would set my master free from Lady Judith, it was to be discovered now, and through Limpett. He, and no other man, it seemed to me, held in his hands the threads of my dear master's happiness.

I approached the subject cautiously; I told him I had as little regard as he had for Captain Whitelock, and not much for Lady Judith, and that if he could put me in the way of finding out anything about them that would be of service to my master, I was ready to pay handsomely for it.

"When you land in America," I said, "the more money you have in your pocket, the better your chances."

"That's true," he said, thoughtfully, and he considered a few moments in silence. "What do you call paying handsomely?"

"What do you?" I asked, in return.

"How does five hundred pounds strike you?" he said.

He had named the exact amount I had saved during my service with Sir Edmund. He was a liberal master, as you may imagine. I did not stop to haggle; the stake was too great; had Limpett named my life into the bargain, I would have given it willingly to save my master. I said the sum he wanted was as much as I had saved, and that he was welcome to it.

"I must have the money down," he said.

It happened that I had fifty pounds about me; I pulled it out at once and handed it to him. My bank-book and check-book were also in my pocket. I showed him both so that he might reckon the figures for himself, to prove that I was dealing fairly by him. Then I drew a check for four hundred and fifty pounds, and gave it to him.

"There is still something else to be settled," he said: "I am not to appear in the affair, and you will take your oath not to mention that I have had anything to do with it."

I agreed to everything, and then he told me to write down an address. It was Laburnum Villa, Sydenham, and he gave me precise instructions how to find it. I knew the road, and I had no doubt that I could go straight to the villa.

"Take Sir Edmund Barry there," said Limpett, "to-night, and you will find that I have earned my money."

With that we parted.

Now, thought I, how to induce my master to go to Laburnum Villa, Sydenham, at once, this very night? We could drive and get there before midnight; we could take a train and get there still earlier. To drive would be best; it would insure our getting home in decent time. I hit upon



an expedient, and was quite satisfied to practice a deception. It was likely to be successful, for the one reason that Lady Judith's name was not to appear in it. Upon a piece of paper, which I took care should not be of the cleanest, I wrote, in a disguised hand, the following words: "If you want to find out something about Captain Whitelock and the match you are going to ride on Babbling Fanny, go immediately to Laburnum Villa, Sydenham."

My master was at home. I went to him, without a moment's delay, with the story that the piece of paper had been slipped into my hand by a person who looked like a stable-boy. He read it, and jumped to his feet.

"Do you know the place, Willy?" he asked.

"I know Sydenham well," I replied, "and I think I can take you straight to the house. I am sure I have seen the name up."

"Perhaps it's a trick," he said.

"Trick or not," I said, "it will do no harm going there. There *may* be something in it, and there's more money than yours depending on the race."

This remark had weight with him, and he decided to go. So little time had been lost that by ten o'clock we were on the road, rolling along at the rate of ten miles an hour. My master gave the reins to me, and leaning back in thought, spoke no word. Limpett's directions had been very precise, and I had no difficulty in finding the villa. To make sure, I alighted, and read the name on the posts of the garden gate.

"That is the house," I said, returning to my master.

The windows were lighted up, and sounds of music proceeded from a room on the first floor. The windows of this room were partly open, the night being warm. We were almost directly in front of the house; there was no moon, and we were in darkness. There was therefore little danger of our being observed. On the other hand, the light in the room was so brilliant that we could see pretty clearly into it.

"What's the first move, Willy?" asked my master. "We never thought of that."

Before I had time to reply, a woman began to sing. There was no mistaking the voice; it was Lady Judith's.

My master listened, spell-bound; but

when, the song being finished, he saw Lady Judith come to the window, he awoke from his stupor. She turned her head, and seemed to call to some one in the room. In response to the summons a man came to her side. It was Captain Whitelock, and he was smoking a cigar. He passed his arm round Lady Judith's waist, and they stood laughing and talking together. Then my master said, very quietly,

"It is time to go home."

He took the reins, and we drove back to London as we had come—in silence. He uttered no word, and I did not venture to speak.

The next day was the day before the race, and we drove to the training stables to see Babbling Fanny. The mare was in perfect condition. "Fit to run for a man's life," the trainer said. Upon our return to London my master drove to certain friends who, to his knowledge, had backed Babbling Fanny. He sent me also with letters marked "Private" outside to other friends of his. He made no reference to the scene we had witnessed on the previous night. He spent the evening at home, and was busy writing and making up accounts. Half an hour before midnight, as he was about to retire to bed, a telegram came for him. He read it, and handed it to me. It was from Lady Judith, to the effect that she had just returned from Paris after a delightful fortnight passed in that city, and that she was looking forward eagerly for to-morrow, when she would meet him on the race-course. It was a long telegram, and it ended with the words, "Be sure you win—for my sake!"

"I show you the telegram, Willy," said my master, "because you already know something of the shameful affair, and in order, if anything happens to me, that you may give any person the lie who circulates a false version of it to my discredit."

"What is going to happen to you?" I asked, in alarm.

"I may break my neck to-morrow in trying to clear the ditch. Don't look frightened," he added, with a gay laugh. "I have no such intention, I assure you. For a long time past I have been under the influence of a bad dream; I am heartily glad it is over. Look you, Willy; I like you, not because you think better of me than I deserve, but because you have



been, from first to last, honest and faithful; I feel safe with you, my lad. It happens sometimes that a kind of evil enchantment comes upon a man; it came upon me, and I have a notion that I have you to thank for dispelling it. I don't ask you to tell me anything; keep your secret, if you have one. Though I may come out of the affair a ruined man to-morrow, I shall not find life less enjoyable on that account. As to what you saw last night, you will not speak of it while I live without my permission. And now, Willy, before we get to bed, one more word. You're an Englishman, and if a woman hit you, it wouldn't enter your head to return the blow?"

"No," I said.

"Of course not," he said; "but if a man who professed himself your friend gave you a foul blow, what then?"

"I should return it," I said, "straight from the shoulder."

"Where he would most feel it, Willy," said my master, laughing again, "even though it was in his pocket."

"Yes," I said, though I did not understand what he meant by the pocket.

"Exactly. That is what I'm going to do. I want you to bear in mind a certain important fact in connection with the match to-morrow. Win or lose, not one of my friends, not a man who has acted squarely by me, will be a shilling out of pocket. That's what I've been busy about to-day. And now, good-night."

He shook hands with me, and when I left him I swore to watch over him and protect him from danger. He had some plan in his head, I saw, and without knowing anything about it, I was satisfied as to its justice.

He was up in good time in the morning, and I heard him singing in his bath. It gladdened me to know, from his cheerful voice, that his heart had never been really engaged in his affair with Lady Judith. She and Captain Whitelock had egged him on, and had endeavored to compromise him for their own purposes. We did not arrive on the race-course till a few minutes before the time for running the match, and we went at once to the paddock, where Babbling Fanny and Miss Selim were being saddled. The officer who owned and was to ride Miss Selim was there, and complained of the book-makers, who had refused to accommodate him when he wanted to back his mare.

"I'll give you four monkeys to one," said my master. "The book-makers look upon the race as a certainty, and don't care to meddle with it."

But I learned afterward that it was by private arrangement with him that the book-makers would have nothing to do with it. He succeeded in his endeavor to keep the bets in private hands.

It was while he and the officer were booking the bet of four monkeys to one that Captain Whitelock came up to them.

"Lady Judith has been looking out anxiously for you," he said to my master.

"I have only just arrived," said my master. "I thought it best to keep myself cool, as you advised. If Lady Judith wishes, I will see her after the race."

"Of course she wishes," said Captain Whitelock. "What bet are you booking?"

My master showed it to him; Captain Whitelock's face was radiant.

"I shall win a pot," he said.

"Unless I happen to get beat," observed my master, cheerfully.

The radiant look vanished from Captain Whitelock's face. "You haven't been hedging at all, have you?" he asked.

"Captain Whitelock," said my master, gravely, "I haven't hedged a shilling. If Miss Selim wins, I shall be pretty nearly, if not quite, ruined."

"I shall be in the same boat," said Captain Whitelock; "only you can afford it, and I can't. But nothing venture, nothing win. As you stick to your bets, I shall stick to mine. I should say it's a thousand to one on Babbling Fanny."

"Keep your eyes and your ears open," said my master to me, when he was in the saddle, and before he passed out of the saddling paddock into the course.

I did both, and posted myself close to Captain Whitelock and Lady Judith while Babbling Fanny and Miss Selim were cantering down to the starter.

Captain Whitelock was telling her that he had seen my master, who stood to lose a fortune on the match.

"He would be a better catch for me than you, after all," she said, in a low tone; but not so low that it did not reach my ears.

"Don't try any of your tricks upon me, my lady," he said, almost in a whisper. "I think I should be able to checkmate the pair of you."



"Don't talk nonsense," she replied. "He doesn't suspect, does he?"

"He's the greenest goose I've ever met with," said Captain Whitelock. "Altogether too good for such a wicked little devil as you."

Their attention was now centred upon the horses. The flag fell and the bell rang.

There was no attempt at racing for the first mile. Miss Selim held the lead, Babbling Fanny a couple of lengths in the rear.

"That's the style," said Captain Whitelock; "he's playing a waiting race. It's a certainty."

I tried to keep down my excitement. The horses fenced beautifully, and skimmed the hurdles like swallows. Babbling Fanny fell back a couple of lengths, and Miss Selim held a four lengths' lead. There was still, however, a mile and a half to go.

"He can make it up when he likes," said Captain Whitelock, trembling from excitement. "I'd give a thousand pounds to see Miss Selim break her neck at the ditch."

But Miss Selim cleared the ditch in grand style, and sailed along with a long, low stride which caused shouts in her favor to be raised all over the course. Babbling Fanny also cleared the ditch, though not in such fine style as her rival, and was now at least a dozen lengths behind.

"Come on! come on!" screamed Captain Whitelock.

Two miles were passed, and a wide gap still separated the horses. They did not make a mistake at the hurdles, but Miss Selim seemed to have the foot of Babbling Fanny. Before the last hurdle was reached there was a hill, and here Babbling Fanny gained two or three lengths.

"It's all right," sighed Captain Whitelock, "but it was risking too much to keep so far behind."

The last hurdle was safely got over, and then Miss Selim's rider raised his whip.

"Hurrah!" cried Captain Whitelock, as he saw Babbling Fanny gaining on her rival. "Why don't you come on?"

It was too late. Miss Selim passed the winning-post two lengths ahead.

I looked at Captain Whitelock. He was as white as a ghost, and there was blood on his lip: he had bitten it through.

I made my way immediately to the saddling paddock. The officer who had

ridden Miss Selim was pale with excitement, and almost reeled in the saddle as he passed through the gate. My master's face was pale also, but he was calm.

"Well," he said, as I assisted him to dismount, "the comedy is finished."

There was a sudden commotion in the crowd, and Captain Whitelock pushed his way through. He would have come close to my master had I not stood between them.

"What do you want?" said my master. "Have you lost money on the race? So have I. I will give any man fifty thousand pounds to pay my losses."

"You shall answer to me for this," said Captain Whitelock.

"I will answer you now," said my master, "and I tell you that you are either a scheming scoundrel or a contemptible fool."

The sympathy of the by-standers was so clearly with my master—many men whom he knew and whom he had saved from loss gathering around him with expressions of sympathy—that Captain Whitelock was hustled about.

"You shall hear from me before the day is over," he muttered, and took his departure.

"Come, Willy," said my master, "let us go into the ring."

There he conducted himself so cheerfully, chatting genially, and bearing his great losses so bravely, that sympathizing hands were stretched out to him from all sides. There could be no doubt, from what I heard, that not one of his friends was a sufferer by the result of the match. There were only two losers, himself and Captain Whitelock. The captain had taken his departure from the race-course; Lady Judith also had disappeared. I related to my master the conversation I had overheard between them.

"She has set me free," he said, blithely; "but we have not heard the last of the affair. Captain Whitelock will challenge me, and will propose that we shall cross the Channel for the duel. Mention it to no one, my lad."

"You will not accept the challenge?" I cried.

"I must," he said. "Not another word, Willy; I will not allow it. I am the judge of my own honor."

Now, indeed, I had something to occupy my thoughts. The scene in the shooting-gallery came before me again, and I knew



that my master was a dead man unless I could prevent the challenge and the duel. And I determined to prevent it, at whatever cost and risk to myself. The scheme that suggested itself was a mad one enough in all conscience, but I resolved to carry it out if it cost me my life.

My story is coming to an end, and I am going to tell you exactly why it was that my master did not receive the challenge from Captain Whitelock. He never quite knew the truth of it, for I have never spoken of it till now. A moment, friend. Has not some one come into the room? No one? Then my ears must have deceived me.

Well, this was the way of it. Take my hand in yours and feel it. Tough and hard, isn't it? Grip mine as hard as you can; harder—harder. Your fingers are like baby fingers as they twine themselves round mine. I could crush every bone in them with my steel grip; as I crushed every bone in Captain Whitelock's right hand, and rendered it impossible for him ever again to hold a pistol in it.

He occupied chambers, as my master did. I knew I should find him at home early in the evening, and a few minutes after my master and I returned from the races I knocked at Captain Whitelock's door. His own voice bade me enter.

He was alone, and was standing at a table examining a pair of pistols. He looked at me with a strange smile.

"I was just thinking of your master," he said. "Have you come to me with an apology from him? You can take it back, and tell him that with one of these toys I shall shoot him through the heart."

"I don't come from my master," I said, and as I spoke I turned the key in his door; "I am here on my own account, and I have a watch-word for you."

"Your design seems to be robbery," he said, roused to anger by the purposed insolence of my tone. "Unlock that door."

"Hear my watch-word first," I said.

"Out with it, then!" he cried.

"Laburnum Villa, Sydenham."

I saw by his livid face that he knew all had been discovered. With an oath he threw himself upon me, and raised his right hand with a pistol in it. I seized the hand, and the pistol went off obliquely across my eyes. From that moment I have been stone-blind.

But I did not let go his hand; I held on

to it, and crushed it in mine. He screamed with pain, and his cries brought people to the door, which they could not immediately open. While they were beating it in, Captain Whitelock and I struggled all over the room.

"Let go!" he shrieked; "you are crushing my fingers!"

"You shall never use them again," I muttered, between my teeth.

It was a brutal act, I know, and I have only to plead, in justification of it, that it saved my dear master's life, for from that evening Captain Whitelock's right hand was powerless for mischief.

I was taken up for it, of course, and tried; but Captain Whitelock said nothing at the trial of the injury to his hand. The charge against me was attempted robbery, accompanied by violence. I was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

That is the whole of my story, friend, which I have related to you by my master's orders. I have told it ill if I have not made it clear to you that there lives not on God's earth a nobler-hearted gentleman than Sir Edmund Barry. How long have you known him? Over a year? Well, you should have got a pretty good inkling of his character in that time. And how was it that Lady Judith came to you and called him a cheat and a coward? She was driving accidentally through the village, was she? Yes. Go on. And hearing that Sir Edmund Barry was here, and was well liked? Yes, yes; go on. And not only well liked, but well loved? Yes, yes; that was sure to be. Go on. Stop! What was that you said? And going to be married to your daughter? What, to that young lady who sings my master's songs so sweetly? God bless her—and him!

I see it all. Lady Judith's venom showed itself when she heard the news, and she thought she would spoil my master's happiness. But she hasn't done so, has she? He's as good and true a gentleman as any girl in the land could hope to win. That woman has not stepped in the way of his happiness, has she? No? Then God bless *you*!

There is some one stirring in the room. You can't deceive me any longer. I know the step.

"Willy!"

My dear master! God bless you! God bless you! Let me kiss the hand of the lady you love!



## BERYL'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

#### I.—THE FLIGHT.

WHEN the Gardines and the Glyndons assembled in full force, it was like the gathering of two mighty Scotch clans. Arrayed in wedding garments, they now stood on the platform of the railway station at Pineville, concentrating their attention upon two young people at a window of a parlor-car, and indulging in those well-meant but inane remarks which seem, by common consent, to belong to the amenities of travel.

"Be sure and not take cold, Beryl."

"Write often, won't you?"

"And, John, if you should happen to see Cousin Thomas, give him my love."

"And mine to Cousin Anne, Beryl."

"And a kiss to dear little Charlie."

"And remember to give my kindest regards to old Dr. Mason."

"Oh, Beryl, the aconite and nux are in a corner of your dressing-case."

"Take care of yourself, old fellow."

"And take good care of Beryl."

"And write often."

"And don't take cold."

Mr. and Mrs. John Gardine, but two hours previous pronounced man and wife, looked as bright and unconcerned as if they were starting off to play tennis, he twenty-one, dark, a genuine Gardine; she seventeen, fair, a true Glyndon—both comely, amiable, and gay, and nearly as ignorant of life as two kittens.

To the benisons and warnings flung at them by their kinsfolk they responded with smiles, nods, and an occasional incoherent and random word. The locomotive began to draw deep breaths, like a curbed living thing eager for escape, and its slow inexorable puff-puff caused all the Gardines and all the Glyndons to valiantly raise their voices for a final charge, and amid the frantic fluttering of two-score pocket-handkerchiefs to call after the receding figures at the window a series of confused and undistinguishable shrieks:

"Don't take cold, Beryl!"

"And do write often!"

"And, John, give my love to—"

"And pray try to see—"

"Nux and aconite—"

But above the whirling fragments of

affectionate and hortatory remark the voice of Aunt Susan Glyndon rang out, clear and commanding as a war-trumpet, "Children, come home for Thanksgiving!"

Jack and Beryl, now fairly off, gave one long look into each other's eyes, and broke into a hearty laugh.

"If Aunt Susan only knew!" began Beryl, as soon as she could speak.

"If they any of them knew!" returned Jack.

After which they laughed again in delicious contemplation of some mysterious idea known only to them. When Beryl had sufficiently recovered to wipe the merry tears from her eyes, and Jack's paroxysm of mirth had subsided into low intermittent chuckles, she exclaimed, with as much sarcasm as her placid and rosy face could express:

"Thanksgiving, indeed! The most dreadful day!"

"Because the most of a family day," Jack chimed in. "Thanksgiving is the family," he added, sententiously.

"And such a family! Jack, I really don't know what we've ever done to deserve it. It's ridiculous! Anybody might think we were Europeans!" she concluded, with indignant emphasis.

"And when we consider," reflected her husband, "that it's not the etiquette of the Spanish court, but purely affectionate interest which has—"

"Watched over us," she interrupted, impetuously, "and followed us, and accompanied our goings out and comings in, and listened to every word we've spoken, and repeated it to twenty-six Glyndons—"

"And twenty-seven Gardines," groaned Jack.

"—And rejoiced with us so intrusively, and beamed satisfaction at us, and suffocated us with sympathy, and, in short, chaperoned us so closely that we've never been really alone together until now."

"Alone!" exclaimed Jack, glancing impatiently up and down the well-filled car. "Yet you wouldn't let me take a compartment."

"Because I simply will not look like a bride," she returned, complacently, push-



ing the hassock with a boot convicted of utter newness by its conspicuously clean sole, and reaching a faultlessly gloved hand after a brand-new travelling bag resplendent with silver monogram and mountings. "I was trying to tell you my idea about brides that day in the library when Arthur interrupted us. I believe I never began to tell anything but somebody interrupted. You see, I wouldn't have a compartment any more than I would wear gray, which mamma prefers, but which I think looks lovey-dovey, or brown, which Aunt Mary declares is the only proper thing, but which I find quite too conspicuously bridey. Why, every girl I know has gone on her wedding journey in either gray or brown! Whereas, Jack"—turning her face temptingly toward him, and smiling in triumph at her own astuteness—"in this black Henrietta cloth with a box-pleated skirt, nobody could possibly suspect me."

"You would look beautiful in anything," whispered John, fervently, leaning over her, and after pretending to arrange the window-shade, letting his hand fall upon hers with a lingering pressure. The old gentleman opposite smiled benignly, and adjusted his newspaper at an angle of consideration for the lovers, and the negro porter delicately failed to offer them coffee, which he happened to be carrying by on a large tray. "And," continued Jack, "you do have the brightest ideas, Beryl. You certainly are the very cleverest girl I ever saw."

"Oh, I don't know as I'm really clever," Beryl responded, modestly. "But ideas I must say I do have, and many thoughts about life that I've wanted to tell you so often; but there, with such a family!"

"We shall have time now, Beryl," Jack said, softly, and with so amorous a glance that the old maid in the corner blushed and wheeled round with a jerk.

"Oh yes, years and years, yet never time enough to say all. How long do you suppose we shall live, Jack?"

"Well, the Gardines and Glyndons are both long-lived races. Grandfather Gardine is eighty-two."

"And Grandpa Glyndon is eighty. And yet, Jack, if we live to be as old as that (and we probably shall, for we are going to be so happy, and happiness makes people healthy), why, even then I don't believe we shall have time enough

to tell each other all in our hearts—ever get really talked out, you know, Jack."

"Of course not; but I can't yet realize that we've escaped, and that some of them won't appear in a moment—Cousin Carry with her eternal cup-cake."

"Or mamma with a shawl," laughed Beryl.

"Or Harry wanting help with his algebra."

"Or Aunt Susan simply and literally hanging round."

"Yes, Beryl, she was the worst."

"Wasn't she! As stiff as a clothes-pin and as dry as a nutmeg. It's been nothing less than persecution. To think that even when you first told me that you loved me, and we did suppose we were quite alone—people usually are at such times—"

"And it was just dusk, and you looked like an angel in your white dress."

"—And there we stood on the back piazza—we'd barely managed to escape from the others, and my heart was beating so fast!"

"It seemed so long before you spoke."

"But I couldn't speak, Jack."

"And I began to fear you liked Bob."

"Oh, Jack! *Bob*? Bob is very nice, but Bob isn't you."

"And there we stood, and it was so still—"

"When suddenly Aunt Susan—oh, Jack, wasn't she awful?—coughed quite distinctly at the second-story window, and called out: 'Well, Beryl, don't dilly-dally. Speak up and say you'll have him, and then hurry in to tea, or the muffins will fall.' Muffins! Oh, Jack! And it's been muffins or something else ever since."

"But we've turned the tables now, Beryl, thanks to your happy thought."

"And Thanksgiving will come, and the stupid old turkey and mince-pies and plum-pudding."

"And the speech about the Pilgrim Fathers and the family hearth-stone."

"And the family will seek us in vain."

"And the family will 'oh' and 'ah' and wonder—"

"And twenty-six Glyndons—"

"And twenty-seven Gardines—"

"—Will run distractedly to and fro, and hold up fifty-three astonished hands—"

"And not a voice will disturb us—"

"Not a letter will reach us. Oh, Jack, dearest Jack, it's heavenly!"



As near as was possible in two obdurately screwed-down chairs these ingenuous young people approached each other. Low, fast, laughingly, their indefatigable voices ran on. Their fellow-travellers enjoyed them much. What cared they? Jack saw only his bride, and she was secure in the disguise of her "black Henrietta."

Everybody knew that this conspicuously blissful young couple had tickets for Boston. The conductor knew it officially; the diplomatic porter knew because it was his province to know everything; the benign old gentleman knew because he was curious, and had looked at the tickets; and all the other people knew whether they would or no, the Gardines and Glyndons assembled on the platform at Pineville having proclaimed it generously to the four winds of heaven. Yet as the train went on, after a brief stop at a certain obscure little station, in the very middle of the car stood two empty chairs. All the brightness and beauty, the youth, hilarity, and unconsciousness, which had made that spot a pleasant place had vanished. The rigid chair backs looked much farther apart than before, and destitute of any desire to lend themselves to mysterious and amused confidences. People stared curiously at the sudden void, then accepted it as a fact. The old gentleman, finding his surroundings no longer entertaining, covered his face with a large silk handkerchief and went to sleep. The train steamed toward its legitimate destination, and bore on to Boston two ownerless trunks, each marked with a large G., but Mr. and Mrs. John Gardine—where were they?

In a country chaise, with an extemporized front seat for the driver, the lovers fled through November twilight mists, their faces turned seaward. The road grew rough and boggy, and scarcely wider than a bridle-path. They floundered and jolted over fallen branches. Wet boughs hung low and scraped the chaise-top heavily, and flung showers of drops in their laughing faces. They took it all as a part of the universal joke. The stolid-eyed young driver, inwardly consumed by curiosity, kept his broad back turned upon the eccentric pair. Behind this rustic shelter their mirth bubbled irrepressibly, and their spirits rose ever higher, as strong salt gusts proclaimed the near presence of the Atlantic.

## II.—LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

St. Simon Stylites on his pillar had no Beryl, and St. Barbara on her tower no John, but otherwise the seclusion neither of pillar nor tower was more complete than that of the shooting-box in which Jack and Beryl sought refuge from the clamorous attentions of their friends. St. Barbara's tower had three windows, the shooting-box five. St. Simon Stylites's pillar was exposed to wind and weather. So was the shooting-box, through whose multitudinous crevices and crannies fierce Atlantic blasts swept at will. The small rough house stood on a bleak point, which for all romantic purposes sufficiently resembled the traditional desert island of shipwrecked mariners, being surrounded on three sides by wild waves, while its approach from land was at most seasons submerged enough to necessitate wading. If Jack could have hired a conveniently located little desert island, he would doubtless, in his pardonably exalted state of mind, have paid an extravagant price for it. But he was none the less grateful to a deceased uncle for having created the shooting-box, and left him the key, with some more valuable possessions, in his will.

The genius of solitude extended his wings over that little hermitage. Sand, sea, the horizon, comprised its view, with a dark line of woods running across the neck which led inland. A passing sail by day and the distant light-house flame by night were the most enlivening objects in range. A poet, a painter, might have been happy here with unveiled nature; a misanthrope could not have chosen a more appropriate den in which to secrete himself and curse the world; a philosopher wrapped in reflection would have paced the three small rooms and the knee-deep sand before the door with calm appropriateness.

Jack's uncle had not permitted himself the luxury of being a pronounced poet, painter, philosopher, or misanthrope, but was a bit of each by turns, and a fair sportsman to boot. Shut in between four walls lined with dusty legal tomes, he experienced periodical yearnings for air and space. This had led him to buy the Neck, and build the rough little dwelling which, for reasons of his own, he named Owls' Roost. Here he would sometimes retreat for a while, quite alone, in restful hermit fashion, which the world called eccentric.



Again, he would summon from their various haunts other bachelors like himself for a season of shooting, fishing, and was-sail, and at this the world very properly drew down the corners of its mouth, and had no epithet sufficiently severe to apply to those days of revelry when Jehu with his boon companions would drive out to Owls' Roost in a dog-cart, and be met on the sands by their sun-browned hearty host, Nimrod. Camping here with guns and fishing-tackle, and holding high carnival, the jolly sportsmen from inland cities gloried in their freedom, and when they returned to the daily routine of business they had invested the barren isolated spot with charms difficult to prove to a dispassionate mind.

With all indulgence for the frailties of Owls' Roost, it cannot be denied that its interior wore a somewhat battered, old-bachelor aspect. Pipes and card-tables, prehistoric cigar stumps, and eloquent bits of broken wineglasses met Beryl's glance of innocent surprise as she entered the first low, roughly plastered room.

A stag's head raised its proud antlers over the door, and on a shelf perched a graduated row of owls, twelve in number, and most impressive from the hypnotic stare of their glass eyes.

Stoves of an asthmatic air-tight description were not wanting, and John had sent out fuel, as well as a huge supply of Albert biscuit, canned meats, fruits and vegetables, pickles and sardines. What more could two fond hearts seeking a prolonged *tête-à-tête* desire?

While Jack kindled the fires in the dis-used stoves, Beryl, at first animated and alert, examined everything with dainty curiosity.

It was chilly, and the chimney smoked. She shivered and coughed slightly. It was not an ominous sound, but the young husband turned his face, red from zealous blowing, and looked at her with apprehension.

"It will be warmer soon," she responded, cheerfully. "That stove isn't like our great open fire in the hall; but we couldn't bring that along with us very well."

"A house where no one has lived for some time is always queer; but it's exactly what we wanted, isn't it, Beryl?" kneeling and blowing strenuously.

"Oh, it's perfect," she assured him, with a shiver, drawing a heavy travelling shawl

round her shoulders. "Jack, why didn't your uncle have window-curtains? It looks so black and horrid out there."

"I'll close the shutters, you dear little coward. Fortunately we have no neighbors to look in—there's not a soul within ten miles."

During his brief and legitimate absence she was nervous and homesick, and wished that he would come back. There was something ghastly in the concentrated stare of those twelve birds of wisdom. She started violently when Jack, after a struggle, closed an obstinate shutter with a bang.

For weeks Beryl had longed for this moment, and had hoarded countless precious themes in regard to which they two, once alone, should exchange the results of their observation, necessarily immature, but on that account all the more delightfully positive and incontestable in its mode of expression. But the conversational frigate which we most heavily load is rarely the one upon which we embark. No lofty sentiment occurred to either of them, as John, breathless and a little grimy, concluded his unwonted labors and tenderly embraced his bride.

"Alone—at last!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," responded Beryl, gravely regarding the bare plaster walls and the air-tight stove; "and how pleasant it is! Jack, how did your uncle look? Was he tall and terribly pale? I can't help imagining him like the Corsican brothers." Her apprehensive glance peered through the doorway into the darkness of the next room.

"What a joke! He was rather short and stout, and awfully jolly."

Beryl gently repudiated the more cheerful description, and clung to her first romantic sketch. "How he must have suffered!" she murmured, pensively. "Jack, how long did he ever stay in this place alone at any one time?"

It must by no means be supposed that this conversation flowed on with a regular pendulum swing of question and answer, as when a long-looked-for bishop catechises a long-expectant Sunday-school. On the contrary, there were oft-recurring blissful pauses. The two young people were sitting in one corner of a small, straight-backed sofa, apparently with the laudable intention of economizing space. As neither of them had ever economized anything else, it was surely a step in the right



direction. Recovering herself after certain interruptions, Beryl returned to her categorical demands.

"How long did the poor man ever stay here all alone?"

"Oh, I don't know. Six weeks, perhaps. But he liked it. Then Merrill and Little and Smith used to drive down, and they had clam chowders and a lark generally."

"Liked it! Oh, Jack, when I think of that lonely, heroic man concealing his sadness when his friends drove down—"

"Yes, he concealed it well," chuckled Jack.

"And playing the part of genial host—"

"He did that uncommonly well too."

"And keeping up, Jack—keeping up so bravely, while they were here, and then, after they were gone, returning to his melancholy, desperate thoughts, to his solitude and desolation in this awful place—oh, Jack, when I remember all that, I could cry—"

"Don't cry, Beryl," begged poor Jack, with some excitement; "and what's the use of bothering about uncle? He was a capital fellow, and I have every reason to be grateful to him; but he's gone, you know."

"Why, Jack, you wouldn't reproach me for a feeling of commiseration for an unhappy, misunderstood man, would you? What did he do down here?" she persisted.

"Do? Why, he fished, and went shooting. He shot no end of snipe, and upland plover too, back there across the neck, and quail and partridges."

"Snipe!" repeated Beryl, sadly, and shook her head with an astute air which would have exasperated Jack had his mood been less fond. "Snipe! Poor, poor man!" Suddenly she stared at the wall with a horrified "Oh, Jack! is that gun loaded?"

"If it is, it won't go off. It's too damp."

"Oh, don't go near it; it might burst. Old guns are apt to explode, aren't they? Oh, please don't trifle with it. Can't you take it up gently and throw it out of the window?"

"Why, Beryl, I didn't know you were afraid of a gun."

"Every sensible person is afraid of a gun," she rejoined, with a touch of asperity born of fear.

Jack looked wonderingly at her, and was silent.

A great gust rattled the windows and swept like a cold wave along the floor. It seemed to Beryl that the gloomy thud of the sea grew louder and nearer.

"Jack, if burglars should attack us! No one within ten miles, did you say?"

"Burglars!" he returned, with a laugh. "Why, there isn't a burglar in the world mean enough to show himself in a hole like this."

The sea sounded angry and threatening. The feeble lamp-flame was burning on one side of the wick, and struggling painfully for existence. A depressing chilliness and dampness pervaded the atmosphere. Beryl looked pale, cold, and undemonstrative. Jack, cheerfully undaunted, determined to approve of his surroundings. What is commonly called tact was not, perhaps, his greatest virtue.

"Think, Beryl, if we weren't here to-night, we should be cooped up in a commonplace hotel. Not that I don't approve of hotel comforts, but one doesn't go on one's wedding journey every day, and I must say your idea was clever and unique. It was a happy thought. So here we are, all alone, miles and miles away from everybody, and the sea roaring and the wind howling like mad; whereas in unromantic Boston we should be toasting our toes before a hot coal grate, and have oysters and gas and easy-chairs, and everything as prosaic and comfortable as possible."

Instead of replying, Beryl leaned forward and fixed her strangely intent gaze upon a distant dusky corner. The next instant she was poised on a chair, tightly clutching her skirts and holding them high.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack! oh, Jack!" she screamed, in shrill and terrified crescendo.

"For Heaven's sake, Beryl—"

"Oh, can't you see? Oh, Jack, it's a mouse! There!"

He gave one glance at the corner indicated by her desperate gesture, another at her convulsive attitude, then broke into laughter as jolly and irrepressible as any that had pealed there in response to after-dinner stories during the halcyon days of his uncle's hospitality, and, ardent young lover as he was, a passing thought crossed his mind that what Emerson calls "the restraining grace of common-sense" might at this moment improve even Beryl. Still, since the exhibition of feminine weakness is by no means a displeasing tribute to masculine strength, he controlled his mirth,



and walked toward her with an air at once superior and indulgent. In the experience of every youthful married couple there are moments when he, again when she, seems to be the more mature. Jack, through no virtue of his own, belonging to the sex in which nature has implanted no acute and agonizing dread of the mouse, and—in justice be it added—to the sex whose costume, except in benighted lands where men wear draperies, presents less surface and fewer intricate folds in which the mouse can secrete himself, now assumed a patriarchal and benign aspect, and extending protecting arms, murmured reassuringly, much as he would have tried to soothe a nervous horse, "There, Beryl; there—there!"

But he reckoned without his host. She cast one exhaustive glance at the corner haunted by the hated quadruped, relaxed for the first time her frenzied grasp of her skirts, pushed her husband's hand disdainfully aside, sprang down, and bursting into tears, threw herself upon the sofa.

"You laughed," she ejaculated through deep-drawn sobs.

"I know I did," he returned, contritely.

"You laughed—heartily."

"You see, I didn't know girls acted in that fashion," he apologized. "If I'd known, I wouldn't have laughed. I may have heard of it, but it never made any impression upon me before. And you, who swim and ride—"

"What has a horse to do with a mouse?" she demanded, shortly, behind her handkerchief.

"Well, I know," he admitted, in gentlest propitiation.

"To bring me down here to this dismal place, and then laugh at me!" she gasped, with a fresh paroxysm of grief.

"But, Beryl," he demanded, inordinately surprised at this accusation, and speaking with considerable liveliness—"but, Beryl, honestly now, who proposed this scheme? Who first suggested coming here? Who longed to be away from the world—alone with each other, and all that?"

Beryl wept no more. Slowly rising from her half-recumbent position, she drew herself up with dignity to her full height, and confronted him with wet and solemn eyes.

"And if I did propose it, Jack Gardine," she said, with tragic emphasis, "is

it generous of you to remind me of it now?"

He stared at her, discomfited and bewildered. Her grandly illogical charge had routed him completely. He began to whistle softly between his teeth and pace the room.

He had known Beryl Glyndon all her life. They had been playmates as children, friends and comrades always. The course of their affection had run very smoothly. Everybody desired and expected the engagement. There had not been one obstacle, one single lurid gleam of tragedy. Beryl was the dearest, prettiest, cleverest girl in the world, and if he didn't know her, why, he didn't know his own brothers and sisters, he didn't know himself. Still—casting a furtive glance at her tear-stained averted face—still, she had succeeded in surprising him greatly, and the trouble was he didn't know how to make things right.

Beryl was so placid, even-tempered, and amiable! All the Gardines and Glyndons pronounced her emphatically the most amiable girl in town. And even if she were less amiable, what in Heaven's name had he done? Was he to blame that she was afraid of a mouse? Was a laugh a crime? Really Beryl ought to have more consideration.

When before had a Gardine on his wedding journey failed to take his bride to the best hotels? Who but Beryl had proposed this rough-and-ready performance? To be sure, he had cordially acquiesced, for the Gardines and Glyndons had been maddening in their sustained ubiquitousness; and Beryl's happy thought, confided to him by fragments, with an interested aunt, a sympathetic cousin, or a fond elder sister continually hovering about and interrupting, had impressed him as the freshest and most attractive bit of rebellion against family tradition that could be conceived.

After all, he had reasoned, a man and his wife can go anywhere they please. It had seemed odd, as he ordered all those canned things, to think that when they should open and eat them, Beryl would be his wife. She had slipped her list into his prayer-book at morning service a certain Sunday, and he, seizing his opportunity, had given her hand a slight squeeze as it gently withdrew from the book lying on the pew cushion between them. As luck would have it, Aunt Susan turned



her head that very moment, and stared at them from the pew in front with her air of proprietorship. Of course she saw the squeeze. She had never indulged in such weakness herself, but she had certainly succeeded in catching on the wing all the squeezes and kisses designed for other people in her neighborhood.

Happily she had not spied the paper. That evening, in the library, he had whispered to Beryl—while Uncle Henry turned his head away to sneeze—that her idea of house-keeping was evidently a gigantic kind of picnic. She replied with so bewitching a smile that he would have kissed her for it had not Uncle Henry, having satisfactorily achieved his sneeze, now given his undivided attention to the young people.

Why should Beryl be displeased? And Jack's uneasy stride gained momentum. Had he not made every effort to gratify her whims? Had he not ordered condensed milk, which he despised, and thought of fuel and kerosene, and chartered the vehicle and the boy? Why was she unreasonable and silent?

Much aggrieved, his mood sinking fast toward sullenness, his honest face growing heavy and set, he continued his reflections and his promenade. As his mental alienation from Beryl increased, he widened the actual distance between them, advancing into the second room—once the kitchen, where his uncle had proudly broiled his own birds—turning there and walking back toward the motionless, obstinate figure, returning and prolonging his comfortless course into the outer darkness of the little sleeping-room beyond. His monotonous march and the sound of the winds and waves were loud in the silent cottage.

And Beryl? As Jack's heart hardened, hers softened.

It was strangely dismal down here. She had rarely been away from home before, except, indeed, to other girls' homes. The Glyndons did not approve of boarding-schools, and even for her so-called accomplishments teachers had come to the house. Beryl was a home-child, and nearly every night of her life had gone to sleep in her little white room overlooking the garden.

To become engaged to Jack Gardine had been the most natural thing in the world, and the whole time of their engagement delightful, although exciting.

Something was always going on. There were dinners, suppers, and dances; dress-makers, seamstresses, and journeys to Boston for shopping; in short, the time had passed very rapidly. The truth was, now that it was all over, she felt tired and unnerved.

The day, too, had been exciting. Before she was scarcely awake, her mother and aunts and cousins and cousins' cousins had kissed her, and wept over her, and wished her happiness, and begged her to be calm. Beryl was usually very calm, but this was enough to shake the nerves of a snail.

A bride is a puppet in the hands of her nearest and dearest women-folk. The chief personage in the drama, she must yet be wanting in will and initiative. Beryl had been arrayed in white for the church by a dozen eager hands, which seized her after the marriage ceremony and put her into her travelling dress as if she were a soulless doll. Everything had seemed hurried and queer. No one had consulted her about anything. Even in church she had felt less solemn than she anticipated, and could not help observing what funny wrinkles the Rev. Mr. Tasker had on each side of his nose.

Well, what was the trouble now? Here they were beyond the reach or ken of the family—only she and Jack—and yet she was standing with her back turned, and he was striding moodily up and down as if they had quarrelled. Somebody had told her that a man and his wife usually have a quarrel during the first six months of married life. But the very first day—that would be terrible!

It was strange to be there in that dreary place, stared at by owls, shrieked at by winds. Involuntarily she pictured the familiar faces and brightness of home. Still, she had chosen this, and she had chosen Jack. How good he was! What possessed her to be foolish, and make him gloomy? But it should not be a quarrel.

She turned toward him—hesitated—stopped short. He was now vanishing in the darkness of the last little room. Behind him came a pair of rapid feet. "Jack, Jack," pleaded a soft voice, and the quarrel was nipped in the bud.

### III.—A CONVERSATIONAL LULL.

Does tragedy make the character, or is the character the cause of the tragedy? How long would Romeo and Juliet have



found each other entertaining at Owls' Roost, provided all the Montagues and Capulets had been eager for the match from the beginning? Suppose Juliet, conventionally designed for Romeo, had played dolls, top, croquet, and tennis with him in peaceable progression, had danced the german with him at neighbors' houses, met him at concerts, rowing parties, and church fairs—would she still, in spite of these cheerful mundane auspices, have been classically passionate and touching? How long would Hero and Leander have been blissful, cooped up in that fishing-box, assuming that Leander were not obliged to swim over, thereby creating daily excitement and interest? And might not Jack and Beryl, if opposed by fate, cruelly maltreated by all the Gardines and Glyndons, doomed from birth to tragedy and woe, present a more dignified and rounded aspect of romance during their sojourn at Owls' Roost? For in shamefaced apology it must be confessed that whatever was the cause, whether owing to too much worldly ease or too little natural aptitude for the heroic, their conduct was singularly unimpressive.

They began their picnic life the next morning with much sprightliness. Getting breakfast presented certain difficulties and humorous situations, which they enjoyed. It rained hard, apparently "setting in for a long November storm," Jack prophesied, with a weather-wise air.

"So much the better," said Beryl, cheerfully reverting to first principles. "We have such worlds to say to each other, and we shall have no interruptions."

"No, I should say not," Jack muttered, with a queer long glance through a very obscure and grimy window-pane, out upon the gray flat wet landscape.

"But that is what we like," protested Beryl.

"Oh, yes, yes; certainly," Jack assured her, with suspicious haste.

Beryl washed the breakfast dishes with few conveniences. Jack manfully tended the fires. These homely duties were performed with spirit and a certain picturesqueness, and sweetened by expressions of mutual affection and appreciation. After their labors they seated themselves on the ascetic sofa, the long rainy day stretching on before them. Surely the hour for unbounded soul revelation had now struck. Silence reigned in the

cottage. The air-tight stove crackled sharply now and then, and puffed. Beryl listened with tranquil pleasure to the ticking of her new watch.

"Jack," she said, gently.

"Yes, darling."

"How long did you say your poor uncle staid here all alone?"

"My poor uncle! But, Beryl, when I tell you he liked it—"

"Oh, yes, yes; I forgot," she murmured, conciliatingly.

Another long silence.

"Jack."

"Yes, dearest."

"Not that I'm not perfectly satisfied, and don't find it all delightful—but, Jack, I only wanted to ask—do you think you would have preferred the light-house? You remember my first idea was a light-house."

"It was a brilliant idea, but, you see, an obdurate government couldn't have been induced at so short notice to displace some worthy individual and give us the appointment."

"It's a pity," she returned, with an abstracted air; "for there is so much I could say to you if we were in a light-house far from the world. A light-house is so grand and high."

"Well, what is it you want to say, Beryl? Is it too flat to talk here?" he demanded, practically. "There's a great deal of scouring and rubbing to do in a light-house, I believe. The work would occupy our time, which might be a good thing."

"Oh, people who love each other don't need to have their time occupied," the little bride returned, serenely.

Jack could do no less than kiss her, and gallantly repudiate the most distant possibility of *ennui* in her presence.

"You didn't happen to put a pack of cards in your travelling bag?" he asked, presently.

"No, dear; certainly not."

"Or a book?"

"No, Jack. Why, you don't want to read, do you?"

"Not at all—not at all, my dear. I simply inquired."

Beryl smiled brightly at him. He smiled brightly at her. Presently she walked across the room and searched her travelling bag.

"What are you looking for?"

"Oh, nothing of any importance. I



merely thought one of the girls might have dropped my lace-work in here."

"You surely don't want to sew to-day?"

"Certainly not, dearest Jack. I was only looking."

Again they valiantly exchanged their smile of perfect satisfaction.

Let no mocker infer that they were actually weary of themselves and the place in this brief time. Ah no; their secret grief lay deeper. It was not to-day that dismayed them, but—half confessed to their own souls—the prospect of a series of morrows stretching on through that dismal November weather, far from the importunate family, but far too from books, from music, from warm hearth-stones, and the pleasant sound of friendly human voices.

"Ah!" thought Beryl, "the dreary sea, the dismal rain, the melancholy wind, the damp and dirt and chilliness and discomfort, and no chance to surprise him with pretty toilets."

"Confound it!" mused Jack; "that beastly wind and ghastly sea; and raining cats and dogs, and not a cigar, and a surfeit of canned horrors instead of a Christian dinner!"

Beryl regarded the watery horizon, and gave an involuntary sigh. Jack at this moment yawned. They turned and looked guiltily at each other.

"You aren't lonesome, Beryl?"

The little laugh with which she responded was somewhat hollow and high, and less spontaneous than her usual mirthful note.

"You yawned, Jack. I hope you're not sleepy?"

Whereupon, to refute the insinuation, he laughed too, and his histrionic attempt was even less successful than hers, being, indeed, a lamentable failure, and as unlike honest Jack Gardine's voice as if the owls on the shelf had united in one demoniac hoot. It would scarcely have surprised Beryl had they opened their twelve beaks and loudly expressed the derision which their uncanny stare indicated; for before the close of that endless first day she was fully persuaded that the Owls' Roost scheme was a prodigious mistake. But what could she do? She herself had originated it, clothed it with radiant colors, and convinced Jack that it would be a foretaste of paradise. If, after all her enthusiasm, she should be the first to lose courage and patience, and worse still, if she should

plainly admit that his presence was not more than sufficient to make sunshine in a shady place, to illumine a sandy beach in a November storm, and to warm and glorify a cold and dirty room, what would he think of her consistency, of her affection? No: although she knew well that if she should fly to Jack and put her arms round his neck, and say, "Jack dear, this is miserable business, and all my fault; take me back to civilization," he would comply lovingly (she even suspected with alacrity), yet she would not, could not, ought not, to begin her marriage life with so fatal an evidence of vacillation—no, not if Owls' Roost should prove her death.

Meanwhile Jack, advancing by another course of reasoning, had arrived at the same determination. "She proposed it: how can I be the first to weary of it?" he asked himself. "It would be unkind, ungallant, ungenerous, almost cruel. Without a cigar, it's rather hard lines. A man is nervous and irritable in spite of himself when he can't smoke. But that, again, was a part of Beryl's happy thought. She had said, 'Only each other, and the world far off, and cigars did seem so inappropriate and commonplace.' I suppose they are," he reflected, "but I'd give five dollars for one this minute. Well, if she can bear it, I can. I won't complain. Last night it excited her to have me even mention that coming here was her plan. I won't remind her of it. I won't open my lips. I can hold out as long as she can. We sha'n't starve or freeze, I presume. I wonder how long she can stand it? It's three weeks now to Thanksgiving—three weeks." He eyed her curiously. "Girls are queer creatures," he mused, helpless before his peculiar problem. "I wonder, now, if it would be possible for her to hold out three weeks? I wonder how she really feels about it? I can't and won't question her, and Beryl is a darling, if Owls' Roost is a beastly den."

In spite of Beryl's longing for absorbing conversational topics, the more she ransacked her intellect, the less she found.

"Jack," she began, resolutely, "I want you to tell me all your secrets."

"Well," he returned, with great good-humor, "that's sudden! You might as well—better, in fact—demand my money or my life. I have no secrets, Beryl."

"Why, Jack!"

"Upon my word I haven't any," he protested. "I know it sounds green, but



there never was a fellow so little mysterious as I am."

"I thought that boys had experiences and—"

"Cut up? Some do; some don't."

"And you have nothing at all on your conscience that it would relieve you to confide to me?" she continued, despairingly.

"I can't remember anything in particular; but you needn't look so sad about it."

"You never felt remorse?"

"Not any, thank you. I don't make pretensions to early piety, but my life has been pretty fair and square so far. As to secrets, I'm not worth a cent."

She looked in his ingenuous, laughing face, and sighed. She was baffled again. No hope of escape in this direction.

"Why, have you had secrets, Beryl? Are you mysterious?"

"I? Never. That is, Jack dear"—blushing painfully—"Owls' Roost is the first real secret I ever had."

"And this is a famous secret," he declared, fibbing generously. "What would they all say if they knew we were here? We're mysterious enough! And, Beryl, as to secrets, if you're fond of them, perhaps we can get up some as we go along. We're a little behindhand, but up to three-score years and ten we could collect a large assortment."

She smiled affectionately, and felt reassured by his cheerful tone. Again she reflected. A hopeful gleam shone in her eyes as she eagerly suggested: "But, John, you may not call it a secret—you may have forgotten. I've read that men do forget such things. You must have been in love, with somebody else, I mean. Was she dark? Was she fair? Did you suffer? Did you write verses to her? Did she give you a lock of her hair? Did she trifle with you, or did her parents disapprove of you?—stupid things! Have you kept her letters? How I wish you had them here, that we might read them together and cry over them! Tell me all, Jack. Don't be afraid. I am not jealous. I shall only sympathize with you, and then you'll feel better."

"And where, may I inquire, did all this romance take place?" demanded Jack, astonished.

"Oh, I don't know. It must have happened at Boston, or on some journey."

"Well, it just didn't, Beryl Glyndon;" and Jack stood up and looked serious.

"This may sound greener than having no secrets; but the truth is, I never liked any girl but you, and except for that little flurry about Bob—"

"Bob!" she murmured, contemptuously.

"Except for that, I always expected to marry you, and nobody else. I don't think the Gardines are very lover-ly. They are certainly not romantic."

"I fear the Glyndons aren't either," she added, in a crestfallen way.

"But the Gardines have made pretty good husbands," he continued, stoutly; "and if I'm half such a good husband as my father is, it's more than I expect to be, and you may thank your stars."

"Why, I do already," she interposed.

"Then why are you disappointed?"

"Disappointed! Oh, Jack, it wasn't that at all. I'm proud of you."

"Well, whatever it was, perhaps by the time I'm threescore and ten I shall have a different tale to tell. I'll try, since the idea seems to please you," he added, with a bright laugh.

She would have been less than woman not to be happy in his assurance of faithfulness. Still another hope had failed. No secrets, no love affairs upon which to dilate, and three weeks still to Thanksgiving. It had been far from their intention to obey Aunt Susan's parting injunction, but Beryl now began to meditate upon the possibility of making a virtue of yielding. It would be the only way of leaving Owls' Roost with some semblance of dignity. Vague suspicions flitted through her mind that there were certain inconveniences and disadvantages attending a young married couple who had always been near neighbors, and had led calm, virtuous, and happy lives. She found herself regretting the absence of incident in their combined store of reminiscence, and she realized, not without a pang of conscience for her previous ingratitude, that the kaleidoscopic groupings of a large family connection present fruitful opportunities for censure, ridicule, and sarcasm, which even in most amiable circles impart a piquant relish to conversation. To remark "how like a lunatic Aunt Susan looked last Tuesday night, with her cap awry!" could now scarcely create a smile, whereas to see Aunt Susan and her cap, and to mildly chuckle and deride, was a stimulating little pastime.



Beryl desperately tried books.

Now these bright and agreeable young persons were in the habit of reading whatever the young people of their set read; that is to say, nearly all the new novels as they came out, and now and then some essays, if they were the fashion. Beryl especially was rarely without something new to read; and she read entirely for her passing amusement, as she played tennis and progressive euchre. She took a book that pleased her somewhat as she took chocolate pudding; one to which she was indifferent had to her the potency of veal, while one which she positively disliked occupied a place in her remembrance akin to olives. She was apt to succinctly pronounce a story good, pretty good, horrid, or splendid; and with her own opinion—expressed, be it said, in the modest and serene manner which was one of her charms—Beryl was completely satisfied. But the hand of the writer behind his words she never grasped, much less caught sudden glimpses of his soul. Why should she, indeed? She filled her comfortable little niche in life very prettily, and no one expected her to have a poet's spirit. Still, as she had never loved book-folk and lived with them, how could they come to her and comfort her now at Owls' Roost?

"What is your favorite among Dickens's novels?" she asked, abruptly.

"Oh, I don't know," her husband replied, with amiable indifference. "I read Dickens when I was a boy. I liked them all, I believe. Why, Beryl, what made you think of Dickens?"

"Don't you think Robert Browning is perfectly splendid?"

"Yes, rather—when I know what he's talking about. Now what reminded you of Browning?"

"I do like Charles Egbert Craddock so much! Don't you?"

"Of course; but you know already what I like and don't like."

Alas! she did but too well; and at best a literary conversation restricted to Don't you like this? and Do you like that? with monosyllabic answers, is not conducive to long mental promenades and pleasant loitering by the green pastures and still waters of fancy. She soon abandoned her book catechism. It seemed to surprise Jack vastly; and really, with nothing there to suggest it, was, she felt, most awkward and far-fetched. They

succeeded better with some parlor games, although two was a small number for long-continued prowess in this field. It became obvious that they were making great exertions to amuse themselves, and pleasure, which had pursued them unsought, now fled at their approach. Beryl, in desperation, yielded to Jack's coaxing, and learned to fire the dreaded gun. They opened the kitchen window, and aimed at a rock that looked gleaming white in the rain. She suffered agonies of fear, but bravely endured her torments; and Jack praised her, and said that she had learned something. As to the mouse, which at intervals ventured out, that was quite another matter. Each time that it appeared Beryl sprang upon a chair, clutched her skirts, and screamed. Jack did not laugh; he too had learned something.

Toward the close of the day Beryl made one of her sudden allusions, this time to a fisherman's cottage, and asked Jack if he supposed such people could be happy, among rough surroundings and everything so wet, and the sea always there. Jack was gracious enough to express the view that a fisherman's home interior did not necessarily exclude happiness. He was considered very kind-hearted, and always gave liberally when any worthy object of charity was suggested to him, but he had never troubled himself much about the lives of the toilers in this work-a-day world.

"After all," he concluded, easily, "you know they are used to it, and we are not."

This seemed most reasonable to Beryl, who only said, "Poor things!" and forgot them.

There were, of course, reminiscences, pleasantries, endearments, and laughter, which enlivened many moments of the day, but it was long—incredibly long—nevertheless. The hours crept laboriously on, and this was but the beginning.

#### IV.—"BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER."

Meanwhile all the Gardines and Glyndons were in a state of most painful agitation; for the two ownerless trunks, suggestive under these circumstances as masterless steeds, had arrived in Boston, and been blankly gazed upon by Cousin Thomas and old Dr. Mason, each of whom, prevented from accepting the proffered Gardine and Glyndon hospitality, had hastened to the station, not to intrude upon the felicity of the young people—bless my



soul! no thought of it!—but merely to wish them good-speed, and this out of old friendship and proper respect for the families.

Cousin Thomas and old Dr. Mason being elderly and pedantic, and accustomed to find people and things where they belonged, were sorely perplexed. The proper place for Mr. and Mrs. John Gardine was obviously one of those cars. It really seemed as if something ought to be done. They looked for the conductor, but he had escaped. They gravely decided to drive to Lampwick, where they found that rooms for the young couple had been duly ordered. Warm, light, fragrant with flowers sent with affectionate notes and cards of congratulations, the dove-cot was ready, but where were the doves?

The old gentlemen, with the kindest intentions in the world, decided that it would be best to telegraph down to Pineville. If everything was in order, the telegram would do no harm. If something serious had occurred, the sooner the families were aware of it the better for all parties. This eminently reasonable and harmless conclusion was destined to create unprecedented commotion in the two great Pineville clans. Old Dr. Mason telegraphed to his colleague Glyndon, Cousin Thomas accentuated their forebodings by wiring Cousin Thorpe Gardine, and each felt it incumbent upon him to soften the news with "*Don't be anxious*," which friendly injunction by telegraph is the reverse of reassuring.

Dr. Glyndon and Judge Gardine held a solemn midnight conference. When two young people on their wedding journey, reasoned the indulgent papas, stray from the beaten track, there is surely nothing alarming in that; on the contrary, the thought of their undisturbed billing and cooing is gratifying to all right-minded persons. But is it natural, is it rational, is it respectable, for them to separate themselves from their indispensable adjuncts—trunks? Could a pretty bride be induced to deprive herself of all her dainty belongings, expressly designed to increase the infatuation of her adoring slave? Never, declared the papas in council. Then what had happened? Was it illness, accident, or foul play? There was nothing to do but to wait till morning, when probably the mystery would be explained. In the mean time nothing was to be said to alarm the women.

But when was a secret kept in a family of such dimensions? Some one overheard or half heard. Before ten the next morning all the Gardines and Glyndons were fluttering to and fro, and the air was thick with extraordinary suggestions, suspicions, and ominous fancies; for fear makes the most prosaic soul imaginative. The Thanksgiving preparations—that grand tournament on the Field of the Kitchen, with lists open to young and old—were stopped short. Even Aunt Susan was too agitated to concentrate her powers upon her renowned mince-meat, whose fame had gone forth through all New England and beyond.

At noon a small Glyndon of a practical turn of mind, who had thoroughly settled the perplexing question for himself, suddenly inquired: "Papa, will they recover the bodies? How do they recover bodies, papa?" At this ghastly picture, drawn by juvenile innocence and unconsciousness, Beryl's sisters burst into tears, and rushed frantically from the room.

It would seem that familiarity with telegraphic messages ought to impart a certain calmness to our interpretation of them. But when they do not relate to business, when they cease to be the commonplace record of a fact, when they begin to touch upon our inner life and feelings, they are often inscrutable, if not alarming. The technical conditions for the transmission of the message may be perfect, the batteries may do their work, but the magnetic current fails to flash from brain to brain, and the receiver asks in dismay, What can this mean?

It was unfortunate that several friends chose to envelop the simplicity of their thought in the mysterious perforated diction of a telegraph message, the apertures of which the Gardines and Glyndons in their abnormal mental condition filled in lugubriously. A facetious individual startled them with this:

"*Congratulations or condolences your loss but their gain forgot day unaccountable.*"

"'Forgot day unaccountable?'" muttered Judge Gardine, pushing up his spectacles with a bewildered look.

"He means he forgot that a day is unaccountable—we know not what a day may bring forth," sobbed his wife.

"And dear Beryl looked so rosy and beautiful only yesterday morning," bewailed a second cousin.



"Why doesn't it mean it's unaccountable that he forgot to telegraph on the wedding day?" demanded Aunt Susan Glyndon, her voice even sterner than usual. But this matter-of-fact reading of the text was rejected with reproachful and indignant cries.

"But he says 'condolences,' don't you see?"

"And he plainly alludes to our 'loss.'"

"Oh, he evidently knows all about it."

"Aunt Susan never had any sympathy."

"Poor darling Beryl! Poor dear Jack!"

Aunt Susan was rarely routed, but rugged common-sense had no chance here.

Later, a gushing young woman, who wished to inform Beryl's sister that she had inquired for the bride at several hotels, accomplished the following:

"*Beryl missing search everywhere in vain inconsolable Ida.*"

More commotion, more tears, more hysterics. Several Gardines and Glyndons betook themselves to bed. The writer could not have chosen eight more fatally appropriate words had it been her malign intention to increase the general panic. Nobody suggested that this was Ida's well-known style, and that the loss of her thimble would be accompanied by melodramatic laments.

The straightforward, easy inquiry, "Where's Jack?" on a postal-card, seemed to convey a sinister undertone, and sent a quiver of pain through the lacerated family heart. A heavy silver fish-knife, a belated gift for Beryl, was wept over and handled tenderly, for who could tell if the dear girl would ever, ever use it?

Amid the manifold blessings growing from a large family connection a few disadvantages must inevitably appear, and if the Gardine and Glyndon faction possessed fifty-three hearts, it was no less responsible for as many tongues, some of which, after several hours of uncertainty and painful surmise, scarcely distinguished fact from fiction. "Thy friend hath a friend. Thy friend's friend hath a friend. Be discreet." The friends of the friends' friends of the Gardines and Glyndons seized this unprecedented morsel of news with greedy rapture, and shortly the omniscience which people are apt to arrogate to themselves in regard to their neighbors' affairs was made manifest. Gloomy views expressed by Jack, pessimistic tendencies in Beryl, were distinctly

remembered, and their peculiar conduct, even the expression of their eyes, at the railway station on their wedding morning, many now declared that they had noticed with an inward conviction that all was not as it should be.

The Gardines and Glyndons might refuse to face the truth, but no thinking person outside of the afflicted families need hesitate to call the disaster by its name. It was suicide—nothing less. The local political opponents of the Gardines and Glyndons dwelt upon it with grim satisfaction as an argument against the Presidential candidate supported by those families. Some good souls thought that it was a judgment upon the Gardines for being Unitarians, while others trusted it would be a lesson to Dr. Glyndon not to fly in the face of Providence with his ideas on vivisection and cremation. Worst of all, the Pineville *Evening Bassoon* devoted a column of bombast to it, with monumental headings and a forest of exclamation points.

It began with "A Mysterious Disappearance in High Life." The *Bassoon* possessed a larger supply of adjectives than any other newspaper of its size in the country, and it paraded every one on this occasion. "But in our last issue," it had chronicled one of the most "brilliant and joyful social events" which ever had "congregated the *élite* of Pineville to the tintinnabulation of wedding bells." The "blushing bride," the "happy groom," the "splendid *cortége*," the "gorgeous toilets of the fair sex," the "elegant and crowded reception in the hospitable and luxurious mansion of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. G——n"—in fact, all the sonorous epithets which had gladdened the reporter's heart the previous evening now did double duty, and served to usher in his conception of the Tragic Muse.

The *Bassoon* committed itself to no positive opinions. It said that delicacy forbade it to enter into details, but it alluded to those trunks at the Boston station in terms which would draw tears from a hardened criminal. The story of the lovely young bride who disappeared in a chest during her wedding festivities was ingeniously introduced as a parallel case, except that Jack and Beryl, being two persons—bride and bridegroom—and disappearing, not in, but from, two chests or trunks, it was obvious that the tragic element of the Pineville sensation exceed-



ed that of the old tale twofold. The grace and beauty of the young couple were painted in warm colors, and their virtue received that unalloyed praise which the average mortal only enjoys when it is lavished upon himself or the departed. In short, the *Bassoon* was so tearfully obitual that it seemed to spread a vast funeral pall over all Pineville.

They sold five extra editions of that paper, and the reporter's salary was doubled the next day. He was a very honest young man in spite of his fine writing, and as he supported his widowed mother the increase of his pay was a blessing—the first, but by no means the last, which resulted from the mysterious disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. John Gardine.

The second day after the wedding the Boston and New York papers had the news, which they published without names, and with less demonstrative intimacy with the parties concerned than had inflated the Pineville *Evening Bassoon*; but when the city papers reached Pineville their brief statement of the disappearance and floating conjectures of evil seemed like judicial confirmation of the tragedy.

The two families were in a truly pitiable condition, and inclined more and more to a dark view of the case. When any trembling voice ventured to say, "After all, nothing is proved; there is no evidence that Jack and Beryl are not well and happy somewhere," it would be met by a wail of remonstrance: "But where, where can they be? Have we not inquired at every hotel along the route? Are Jack and Beryl persons one does not see in a crowd? Are they easy to lose unless—unless they are l-o-s-t f-o-r-e-v-e-r?"

Day after day they waited in miserable suspense. They telegraphed in every direction. They were in communication with the police of several cities. The nervous members of the family became nearly delirious, and the stoutest-hearted went about with pallid faces and speaking low, as if there were death in the house. Five days passed. Not a trace of Jack and his bonny bride.

It was raining steadily at Owls' Roost.

#### V.—JACK AT BAY.

The sixth day after Jack Gardine's wedding, as the train from Pineville to Boston stopped at a small way-station, two figures emerged from the gloom, and a

man's voice applied in a subdued tone for a compartment, into which the figures quickly and quietly passed.

"I don't know why we ought to feel guilty," whispered Beryl, beneath a thick veil, "but somehow we do, don't we, Jack?"

"I feel like a fool," he replied; "but it will be all right as soon as we're in Boston, for nobody will know but that we've been there all the time."

Beryl pushed aside the curtain, and peeped cautiously through the glass. "There's nobody there that we know—" she began; then drew back suddenly. "Oh, Jack, if there isn't Mr. Perkins!"

"Just our luck! Why couldn't the new conductor have been on duty to-night?"

A man with a nut-cracker jaw came in and punched their tickets. He performed this ceremony without apparently seeing the passengers, and preserved a remarkable inflexibility of feature, after which he smiled grimly, and said, with extreme deliberation, "Well, it's you, is it?"

"How are you, Mr. Perkins?" returned Jack, affable and embarrassed.

"I'm pretty well, Mr. Gardine. I'm glad to observe you're the same."

Jack felt uncomfortable. He could not conceive why this most taciturn of men should open his closely shut mouth and converse, unless the old conductor, who knew every family on his route, was in league with that wretched boy-driver, and therefore cognizant of Owls' Roost.

Jack's conscious soul writhed beneath Mr. Perkins's shrewd gaze, which seemed to perceive the owls, the cans, and all the gloom and dreariness of their exile.

"Mr. Perkins," stammered the young man, with painful hilarity, "you won't mention having seen us so near home, will you? You won't say anything about us on your return trip to Pineville?"

"I guess there's been enough talk about you already," drawled Mr. Perkins.

"He means the wedding," thought Jack and Beryl.

"It's only a joke—a little joke," said poor Jack, nervous and debonair by turns. "I should be obliged to you if you wouldn't mention us."

"Oh, it's a joke;" and Mr. Perkins slightly cocked his left eyebrow, this being the movement by which his temperate facial muscles revealed surprise. He stared at them a moment, pondering upon



the mournful blast of the *Evening Bassoon* and the social convulsion in Pineville. "It isn't my kind of joke," he thought, "but I won't spoil their fun."

"All right," he said, nodding, and passed on, closing his nut-cracker jaws, which, so far as Jack and Beryl were concerned, he kept hermetically sealed.

No conscience-stricken runaway couple could have shunned the public gaze more completely than this innocent pair; but from the moment Mr. Perkins left them their spirits rose, and their tongues, so languid at Owls' Roost, regained activity. They whispered, laughed, sympathized, and each found the other the cleverest and most entertaining of mortals. It was delightful to recapitulate their recent trials and discomforts in a warm, comfortable car, and surrounded by fellow-beings whose presence rendered an undertone and concealment necessary, and Beryl felt that she should soon have a great deal to say to her husband about life.

"Of course there would be no harm," Jack remarked, "if anybody should happen to spy us. Still, people would talk. It's so easy to start the ball rolling at Pineville, and they would insist upon finding out where we have been."

"I wouldn't have them for all the world!" gasped Beryl.

"No; it's better to keep things quiet as they are," Jack agreed, complacently. "When we're once a good distance from home we'll be as bold as lions."

Blithe, eager, confidential, they steamed on to Boston. The brightness of their wedding morning had redescended upon them. Surely the wind was tempered to these shorn lambs, for when Jack, having shuffled Beryl as fast as possible into a carriage, went to give up his checks, the man who secured the trunks knew no more of the great Pineville tragedy than did Jack himself, and the pilgrims, wholly unconscious of danger, rounded this dangerous point. Jack decided that it would be wiser not to go to the Lampwick, but to choose instead a hotel never patronized by the Gardines and Glyndons.

"Now we are safe!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully, as the door closed behind the man who had shown them to their pleasant rooms.

"Now we are at rest and happy," cried Beryl, taking off her hat, ringing for a pitcher of ice-water, and approaching the warm grate.

"And to-morrow, when we walk out and meet our friends, they will think that we've been here all the time."

"And they can't blame us for liking a little seclusion."

"And no one will imagine what fools we've been."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Yes, my dearest Beryl, that's what I call it—fools. Anybody is a fool who makes himself uncomfortable for nothing. But I'm not blaming you for it, for you gave up like a hero, and begged to be taken away."

"That was no virtue the sixth day. As it was all my fault, I ought to have given up the very first hour. You were the hero, Jack dear, tramping miles to meet the stage, and riding on till you found a farm-house and a wagon."

"Why, that tramp made me myself again. Owls' Roost was undermining the little intellect I possess."

She made a wry face, but answered, brightly: "Now we've escaped, we can afford to laugh. Jack, suppose we go down and have a nice hot supper in the dining-room, where it is very light and there are a great many people?"

"And no canned things to ruin one's appetite!"

"But we must change our Owls' Roost toilets, for we both look as if we'd been through the wars. Those blessed trunks! They'll be up directly, won't they?"

Neither of them had observed the bell-boy's face as Beryl ordered her ice-water.

He now entered the room, a tray in one hand, a newspaper in the other, and stationed himself directly in front of the young couple, scrutinizing them with intelligent and unabashed eyes.

"Look-a-here. Ain't you them?" he demanded, planting his index finger on a certain spot of the paper, and glancing from it to Jack and Beryl, from them to it, with an air of verifying details.

"Is the boy an idiot?" said Jack, startled, in spite of himself, and seizing the paper. It was the Pineville *Evening Bassoon*.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Beryl, read this."

Together they scanned the thrilling account of their mysterious disappearance. Beryl grew pale, and Jack grew red, while the boy devoured them with enraptured eyes. He had discovered them himself. It was more fun than the dime show.



"Well, yer haven't suicided yet, have yer? When are yer goin' ter?" This he propounded somewhat authoritatively, as if he were a heavy stockholder in the speculation.

Jack stalked to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key. He repeated this precautionary measure in the inner room. The boy's delight was boundless. He felt that he was on the stage with a live hero.

Beryl was weeping violently. "Oh, Jack, dear Jack, it is terrible! Let us hurry home and beg them to forgive us. How could they think anything so awful, so wicked, of us?"

But Jack Gardine was in no melting mood. On the contrary, the thought that he and Beryl had become a public sensation threw him, for the first time in his amiable, placid, easy-going life, into a towering passion.

"Confound the *Bassoon's* impudence! Am I in leading-strings? Am I not of age?" (He was, being precisely twenty-one and three months.) "Hasn't a man the right to go where he pleases on his wedding journey, and stay as long as he wishes? Suppose I'd chosen to stay a month at Owls' Roost, would it be any of the *Bassoon's* business? Isn't Owls' Roost my property? It's a very good place too—quiet, retired, and healthy sea-air. Must a man suffer this penalty because he went there without confiding his intention to the Pineville *Evening Bassoon*?"

Oh, the ineffable rapture of the boy!

"Jack, dearest Jack," interposed Beryl, tearfully, "don't be so excited. Think how anxious and miserable they all are; and it's my fault—mine alone. Let us go home now and explain, and make things right."

Jack stopped his leonine stalking, and looked at her. "Go home?—explain?" he began, more calmly. "Not much. See here, Beryl, what I've done I've done, but Pineville sha'n't have it to gloat over. I don't deny I've been a fool, but so has Pineville, and the question is which is going to be the bigger fool when the curtain goes down on the closing tableau."

"You are good to leave me out," she said, with a feeble smile.

"My dear," Jack replied, with genuine manliness, "now that the public has us in its clutches, it's entirely my matter. You trust me, and we'll come out of this with flying colors."

Beryl could not help pitying herself and

him, the *Bassoon's* language had so effectually submerged all their youth and beauty in a watery grave; but Jack's manner inspired her with confidence, and she began to feel less drowned.

"Boy," said Jack, "can I trust you?"

"You kin," replied the boy, again conscious of the foot-lights.

"Is there a reward offered for information about us?"

"There is."

"Where did you get that infernal paper?"

"My gran'ma in Pineville she sent it."

Jack looked at his watch. "If you'll hold your tongue to your gran'ma in Pineville and to everybody else, and help us get off instantly to the Boston and Albany station, I'll double the reward, whatever it is. I'll start you in business. I'll be your friend."

"Oh, I'll help yer for nothin'," said the enthusiastic boy. "I never was in anything of this sort before. I never knew any suiciders."

Jack frowned. "You come to me in Pineville, and if you've held your tongue you won't be sorry."

"But ain't yer goin' to suicide at all?" demanded the boy, with evident disappointment.

At the repetition of the word, which Jack felt made him ridiculous, he grew very red, and answered shortly, "You look after the luggage, and have a carriage instantly at the ladies' entrance."

Beryl veiled her face closely. Jack muffled his throat to his ears and the tip of his nose, and pulled his hat over his eyes. Speechless and shrinking, they hurried down and precipitated themselves into the friendly shadows of the carriage provided by the faithful boy, who speedily convoyed a porter with the trunks. The flight was all but successfully accomplished, when an emissary from the Argus-eyed office accosted them with:

"Why, you've just arrived, haven't you? Anything wrong? Anything the matter with your rooms?"

"Nothing at all," returned Jack, retreating as much as possible into the folds of his scarf, while Beryl sat as still as if she were concealing stolen diamonds in the sleeve of her ulster. "It's a splendid hotel, beautiful, first class—the finest hotel I ever saw. But—but I must go right along. I've had bad news."

The other stared at the trunks in the



strong light of the electric lamp. "Well, I'm sorry for that, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Green," supplied Jack, spasmodically. "Green, from Nebraska."

"Well, we'll be pleased to have you call again, Mr. Green," the hotel man said, with professional urbanity. "Pleasant journey, Mr. Green!"

Fate favored the fugitives at the station. They saw no familiar face. They were still able to secure a state-room; and the conductors and porters were unknown beings.

"Oh," sighed Beryl, "there is no rest for us. We are like the Wandering Jew."

"Once in Chicago, and we'll snap our fingers at them," Jack returned, grimly.

"I don't want to snap my fingers; I want to go home and clear away these horrible suspicions. When I remember that they think we are dead, and we can't let them know the truth for two whole days, it seems too cruel."

Jack winced as he pictured his father's sorrowful face, but answered, resolutely, "Forty-eight hours more of it won't kill them, if they aren't dead to-night."

"Why, Jack, I don't recognize you. You were never so before."

"No wonder. I never before served as foot-ball for Pineville. My dear, just let me manage this. Somebody's going to be ridiculous; but they who laugh last laugh best."

"But, Jack, you are sorry, aren't you?"

"I shall be sorry for them when I'm in Chicago," he declared, obstinately.

She looked distressed, and he relented. "I'm most sorry for my poor father, Beryl."

"And darling mamma."

"And my mother."

"And papa too."

"And Bob."

"And Harry."

"And Gertrude."

"And Molly."

"And poor dear darling Aunt Susan."

They tenderly enumerated the familiar names, conjured up the well-known forms, and invested each with an unwonted aureole. No annoying idiosyncrasy was remembered. The Gardines and Glyndons, it would seem, were ripe for canonization. Only upon their beauties and graces did the wanderers dwell—Beryl in tears, and Jack suspiciously husky. They felt very loving, very homesick; and while Jack revealed his line of march, and Beryl,

much impressed by his cleverness, promised unswerving obedience, they comforted themselves with the thought that though their faces were turned away from Pineville, yet every hour now would bring them nearer to their beloved family.

#### VI.—"AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

"It seems to me," said Beryl, "that we ought to telegraph something to comfort them—something loving."

"Nothing of the sort," returned Jack, a pen in his hand, a telegraph blank before him, Beryl looking over his shoulder, in their rooms at the Grand Pacific. "We know nothing of their misery. We can't commit ourselves now or later. We are the injured ones. We've been sacrificed. They must break the news to us, and we are going to feel so outraged that we refuse to discuss the matter with anybody."

"Then what can you telegraph?"

Jack laughed. He was in Chicago, and felt masterful. "The most natural message in the world," he replied. "The one father is most familiar with. See;" and he wrote: "*Want five hundred dollars.—* JACK."

"Why, you don't, do you?"

"Of course not, but father's acquainted with the style. We are dead, you know, and we must resurrect ourselves without alarming the mourners. I couldn't say anything that would put father more thoroughly at his ease."

While awaiting Judge Gardine's reply, the runaways arrayed themselves in fresh and charming costumes, and prepared to look the world in the eye. They were now in a most merry mood, and drew enjoyment from every phase of the situation. Jack was so cruel as to chuckle when his father's answer came:

"*Have advised Bacon Brothers. Draw freely. Are you ill? What has happened?*"

"Oh, I can feel him still quivering with anxiety," said Beryl.

"He won't quiver much longer. Pineville knows by this time that it's not rid of us yet."

The following surprised if not indignant message was immediately sent to the agitated parent:

"*Certainly not. What should happen? B. and I never so well and happy.*"

To which the good old judge replied, simply, "*God bless you, my children,*" re-



proaching himself deeply that he had not had sufficient strength of mind to disbelieve and oppose those most compromising and painful rumors. How inexpressibly distressed Jack and Beryl would be! What had the dear children done to merit this?

Dr. Glyndon was equally ashamed of himself. "At my age," he said, "and with my insensibility to gossip, that I should have let myself be swept along with the current, is inconceivable, unpardonable."

But the friends of the friends' friends remained omniscient. They reminded one another that they had frequently said that the Gardines and Glyndons took the matter altogether too seriously, and that it was absurd to get up an excitement and invent tragic sensations merely because somebody had made a blunder about a couple of trunks. Without, of course, wishing to be unneighborly or censorious, they must admit that the Gardines and Glyndons were inclined to regard anything that concerned themselves as of overweening importance. Some people would hardly enjoy always appearing before the public in one way or another, but as for the Gardines and Glyndons, it really seemed to be their inveterate habit to make themselves conspicuous.

The Pineville *Evening Bassoon* announced with imperturbable dignity that its readers would remember how it had cautioned them against too much credulity, and urged them to discountenance the prevailing extravagant views in regard to the youthful pair, whose disappearance would in time prove to be nothing whatever out of the common course of events. Having thus satisfactorily established its claim to infallibility, the *Bassoon* took occasion to state that its tone in social items, as in political matters, was invariably calm, elevated, and dispassionate, and therefore in complete contrast to that low greed for sensationalism, sully-ing alike to the purity of press and party, and lamentably characteristic of its neighbor and rival, the *Morning Flute*.

A brisk correspondence now took place between the young couple and the family. Judge Gardine ventured to inquire, in the most guarded and delicate manner, if they had lost their trunks. Jack responded that if the family had the privilege of observing the effect produced by Beryl's bewitching toilets, they would entertain no

doubts whether she were in possession of her wardrobe. At the same time he would like on his own account to protest against any further imputations of imbecility, and was at a loss to know why he should be followed on his wedding journey by hysterical telegrams and most unflattering doubts of his ability to take care of himself and his wife.

"I don't blame the boy," commented Judge Gardine—"I don't blame him. Our prying questions! Our importunity!"

"I presume nothing could be more annoying than our attitude," returned Dr. Glyndon, "as they have no suspicion of its cause."

"Now that the load is off our hearts, I could almost forget the stupid stories, if it weren't for the necessity of breaking the news to Jack."

"He will be furious," said the doctor, with a smile.

"Who can blame him? But this last letter of his demands a full explanation."

Accordingly the judge broke the unpleasant news to his dear boy tenderly, regretfully, deprecatingly, almost as if he alone were at fault. With his long letter he sent a copy of the Pineville *Evening Bassoon*, and anxiously awaited Jack's explosion.

As might have been expected, Jack did not reply by return mail. He let a few days elapse—"to collect himself," the fathers in council agreed.

When the answer finally came, tears of proud affection moistened the old gentleman's eyes. Anything more high-toned than Jack's attitude could scarcely be imagined. He wrote briefly, did not dilate upon his feelings, but in a restrained and impressive manner begged one service of his father as the only reparation that could be made—silence, absolute and enduring silence, in regard to the wedding journey; for it was evident that the most innocent question about their harmless little trip to Chicago would awaken in him and Beryl painful memories and suggestions of the odious crime imputed to them. Neither complaint nor reproach should pass their lips. In return they would rely upon the considerate and delicate reserve of their family and friends to ignore, to forget.

This struck the judge as reasonable and fine. Some young men might enjoy joking upon such a theme, but not his son.



All the Gardines and Glyndons now begged and implored Jack and Beryl to return for Thanksgiving; and they, with every appearance of gracefully yielding their own wish to the general good, deigned to be appeased, and to arrive the eve of the great day.

Had they been in reality raised from the dead, they could not have been welcomed with warmer demonstration. The family laughed and cried over them, felt of them, caressed them, and could not let them alone.

Beryl was as rosy as a peach, and wore a little gold owl with ruby eyes on her watch chain. She seemed even prettier and more charming, Jack thought, in comparison with all her pretty and charming sisters, while she found that he never looked handsomer and more manly than against a rich background of brothers.

At the Thanksgiving dinner Jack made a speech the like of which for warmth and eloquence was never heard in Pineville. If now and then his eyes twinkled

with mischief when he glanced at Beryl, real feeling trembled in his voice as he lauded the time-honored customs and traditions of the day. His remarks were exhaustive, and triumphantly ushered in every legitimate attribute of a conventional Thanksgiving banquet oration, from the heroic Pilgrim Fathers down to the festive turkey, the rich and spicy mince-pies, and the imposing plum-pudding; and very gallant and manly he looked as he closed with a glowing tribute to family ties, old associations, and the sacred fire on the home hearth-stone. It was a veritable apotheosis of Thanksgiving.

The Gardines and Glyndons were proud of him, of themselves, of one another, and tacitly remembering all that had happened since the wedding, it was with acclamations and tears and warm hand-clasps and tender laughter that they responded to Jack's fervent "God bless Thanksgiving Day! God bless the family!"

## Editor's Easy Chair.

"**M**ERRY CHRISTMAS to all, and to all a good-night!" They are the words of the tinkling verses which are as familiar and as likely to be enduring as any lines in our literature. The man who wrote them is not counted among our poets, and while everybody knows the "Visit from St. Nicholas," nobody probably can recall any other poem of the author. It was his good fortune to put into brisk and melodious form the universal Christmas feeling, and to describe Santa Claus as the fancy of childhood sees him. The good giver of gifts is the true genius of the season. It is a giving which does not invite nor permit the refinements of philosophy and speculation upon their spiritual fitness, but with a generous hand showers them upon old and young as the rain descends upon the just and the unjust. It is the great and affluent giving of food and drink and doles and toys and all that rejoices the heart of man or boy.

Yet it is undeniable that this tradition of Santa Claus has become almost as oppressive as it is delightful. Santa Claus himself, indeed, has the cap of Fortunatus. His baskets and stores are self-replenishing, and when he arrives upon the roof the very gifts for every age and taste peer out of his pockets and push themselves into his hands, and he has only to slide down chimney, and there are the capacious stockings eagerly awaiting him and

ready to stretch to the utmost to receive his gracious largess. Santa Claus is a happy fellow, as indeed how could the fountain of such universal happiness help being? The Pied Piper is only one of his disguises, and if we could once catch that dancing dervish we should find that the merry music to which all the children caper is merely the bewitching tale of the coming gifts at Christmas.

But the disciples of Santa Claus, his vice-roys and substitutes, are very different from the saint himself. To sally forth into Broadway or Fourteenth Street or Twenty-third Street with intent to fit yourself out as a Santa Claus is one of the most bewildering of delightful undertakings. A poor book-lover whom the Easy Chair knew used to say that the only way to save his money was to go into all the book-stores, and in seeing that he could not buy everything that he wanted, he was reconciled to buying nothing. So at Christmas the embarrassment of riches moderates expense, and the gaping stocking is in danger of going unfed from the very fulness of the possible supply. The fascinated and confused loiterer, as willing to buy one thing as another, and unable to buy all, stares and admires, and universally desires, and buys nothing. In the happy enchantment of the spectacle everything seems to him fairer and more attractive than anything else, and he returns, how



often! jaded, delighted, dazed, with his head full of fancies and his heart of emotions, but with his hands empty.

The empty-handed, however, are not all. The full-handed, indeed, are themselves one of the pleasantest Christmas spectacles. The satisfaction of the disciple who hastens homeward conscious that he has secured what every stocking at his chimney most desires is as serene as that of the parent bird winging nestward with the plumpest of worms in his bill. That sweet smile is the forecast of childish happiness. The beaming parental faces glow with the light of happy homes. The street seems to be full of hurrying benedictions—"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

But as we linger along the Christmas streets and survey the lavish profusion of costly or tasteful or useful or beautiful or fanciful devices to charm the gold and silver from the wayfarer's purse, we may well wonder whether Santa Claus himself, should some mishap befall his journey in mid-air, and some one of his fleet team, Dasher or Dancer, perhaps, or Donder or Blitzen, should cast a celestial shoe or trip over a snow-flake, or the whole team shy as Jack Frost sparkles by—whether Santa Claus, if suddenly obliged to renew his freight, and alighting for that purpose in the holiday city, might not for a moment be a little lost in the delicious perplexity, and forget his blithesome errand in his own delight. Certainly, as he passes along, his heart might justly dilate with a generous vanity in the consciousness that of all saints in the calendar he is most sincerely and universally worshipped—if, indeed, Saint Valentine, a little later, did not dispute the palm.

If the imagination of the child—and "a boy's thoughts are long, long thoughts"—could reveal its Christmas secrets, doubtless we should see it shaping for his wonder the strange woods of Santa Claus, in which the verdure is all of Christmas trees lit with tiny tapers, and blossoming, beyond apple-trees in June, with rare and beautiful gifts, while yet from out that blooming realm of everlasting green the monarch, muffled from the cold, comes gliding over the hoar-frost with airy rein-deers tinkling in the chilly moon. To share that midnight ride, to behold the multitudinous stockings, and to return to the realm of eternal Christmas gifts, is a vision not beyond the daring imagination of the boy who, in the joy of the Christmas morning twilight, as he feels the forms, before seeing the beauty, of his gifts, looks beyond the gifts to the region whence they come, as in touching ivory and beholding pearls and smelling spices he is rapt into a far Persian and African and Indian world, sees birds-of-paradise, and saunters under palms.

"Christmas comes but once a year" was the old English open sesame to the heart and hand of charity. To that appeal what lord or lady could be deaf? Let it be gold to-

day, your honor, instead of silver or copper; flowing ale for limpid water; capon instead of crust; to-day let us own the equality that we profess; for one honest hour let us be brethren—for Christmas comes but once a year. To-morrow selfishness and meanness, and class and pride and hard inhumanity; but to-day generosity and hospitality and kindness and human sympathy and brotherhood—for Christmas comes but once a year. We cannot, indeed, return with Santa Claus to his magical realm of gift-blossoming groves, nor step into that swift chariot and follow in the moonlight the soft music of fairy bells. No, wistful youth, we cannot stay the fleet angel, but we can compel his blessing. We can bow to the laying on of his hands, and rise his disciples and vicegerents, and make his happy benediction real through all the year—"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

THE passenger in the crowded street rail way car is often disturbed by the conscious absorption of his masculine neighbors in their newspapers when a woman enters and looks for a seat. If she be young and pretty, there are apparently seats enough, however great the crowd, and even if a man is slow to rise, he may yet, with Mr. Readywit, exhort his son sitting upon his knee to get up and give the lady his seat. The impatient passenger, in his indignation at the want of courtesy upon the part of others, sometimes forgets, indeed, to rise himself. But there is always some Nathan comfortably seated farther away whose amused look says to the impatient but stationary David, "Thou art the man."

It would be very unfair to generalize from this frequent situation that the American is uncourteous. On the contrary, he is the most truly polite man among men of all nations. Lady Mavourneen, who is familiar with the society and the manners of many countries, and who has been always accustomed to hear Americans in Europe described everywhere and with pungent emphasis as "those Americans," was amazed upon coming here to find universal courtesy. "In the street or at the railway station," she said, "if I ask anybody any question, I receive the most prompt and polite reply. Everybody is at my service, not with much bowing or flourishing, but heartily and honestly. I have never seen such universal courtesy." When she was asked whether she had observed the absorption of the street-car passengers in their newspapers, she smiled and said that she had never been obliged to stand, because some one was sure to rise. But in Paris she said that often as she was passing to a seat Monsieur Crapeaud, raising his hat politely, and saying, warmly, *Pardon!* pressed by and secured the seat.

Lady Mavourneen, who tells a little story with great humor, described a scene in a crowded church in Paris. An apparent lady



was disturbing everybody by pushing along toward a distant chair in the row, when Lady Mavourneen arose to allow her to pass more easily, and the apparent lady immediately slipped into my lady's chair, and held it fast, saying only, in reply to her earnest remonstrance: "Madame, you left the chair; I took it. You have lost it. Voilà!" A vagabond of this kind took the seat of a gentleman who had risen to help a lady off a street car. When the gentleman returned he mentioned to the interloper that it was his seat. The interloper shrugged his shoulders, remarked that it was an empty seat when he took it, and that he should continue to occupy it. "If you don't get out of that seat, I'll take you out," was the rejoinder; and the squatter scowled and abdicated.

Lady Mavourneen found, what every lady will find, that she could travel everywhere in "the States" alone, with entire safety and surrounded by the utmost courtesy. The word "lady" with which she will be accosted by hackmen and porters and conductors is spoken with kindly respect, and even if some person in a lady's garb thrusts herself into the cue of passengers slowly advancing to the window of the ticket office to buy tickets, there may be sour looks and amazed stares, but she will generally have her way. So great is our courtesy that we honor the counterfeit claim. The source of the most serious objection to the demand of suffrage for women is the secret apprehension that men will lose their sincere deference, and treat women as they treat other men, thus robbing life of the tender romance of chivalric courtesy. Emerson says of the successful lover and his mistress, "She was heaven, while he pursued her as a star; can she be heaven if she stoops to such an one as he?"

Yet, while this feeling is frequent, and seems to many very plausible, it is the true respect of the American for women which is the real strength of this very movement. The European sentiment for woman is still somewhat mediæval. She is still the goddess of the troubadours and the minnesingers, but a goddess who is treated as the South-sea Islanders treat their gods, beating them when they are not propitious. To the American she is Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight" seen upon nearer view, and it is idle to prattle about her "sphere," as if she did not instinctively know it more truly than men. The universal courtesy which Lady Mavourneen remarked is essential respect and kindness of feeling, which no more permits a man to gild his selfishness with a "*Pardon*" and a touching of his hat than it permits him to strike a woman.

Yet although courtesy is essentially in the heart, and is kind feeling rather than respectful manner, it is not worth while to despise the manner. If we must choose between the good heart and suavity of address, between Boythorne and Lovelace, of course we shall choose Boythorne. But why not both? Why

not the *mens sana in corpore sano*? In "The Iron Pen," Longfellow says:

"And in words not idle and vain  
I shall answer and thank you again  
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,  
O beautiful Helen of Maine!"

It is not only the gift, it is the grace in giving which completes the charm.

The young American of to-day puffs his cigarette in the face of his partner on the balcony, in the boat, or in the wagon, and smiles at the frilled Lothario of yesterday bowing in his flowered coat and paying stately compliments as stiff as her brocade to the dame whom he addresses. The youth is right in saying that the flowered coat and the stately compliment were the dress and the speech of an old sinner. But he would be right also if he remembered that familiarity breeds contempt, and that he may wisely distrust his feeling for any woman who does not put him upon his good behavior. The courtesy which Lady Mavourneen observed in the railway station and in the street was plain, but it was genuine. Respect naturally produces courtesy. Good manners are the cultivation of natural courtesy: the gift and the grace of the gift.

This was the chief remembrance, and it was a unique and precious treasure, which Lady Mavourneen carried back to Europe from America.

THE gentle reader will not shrink from the sight of a skull at the Christmas feast. At the Egyptian banquet it was a wise, if barbaric, reminder. Life, it seemed to say, is wofully deceptive. The bloom on the cheek, the light in the eye, are lovely falsehoods. They tell of health and vigor and happiness, and lo! in an instant the cord is loosened, the bowl broken at the fountain.

The gentle and also unsuspecting reader is not aware, probably, that the Christmas feast spread upon these pages, to which he is even now addressing himself, was dished by a "literary gang" and "ring," and that the Magazine which now for so many years has modestly whispered,

"Therefore I hope as no unwelcome guest  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are  
lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited,"

is a "haughty periodical," composed of an aulic council, or a council of ten, or a star-chamber, or a vault of the Inquisition, or "a mutual admiration and benefit society." But however unsuspected all this may be, its wickedness is at last exposed, its sin has found it out, and this Christmas banquet is a kind of Belshazzar's feast: the awful words of doom are suddenly written upon the wall, and the abominable crime is laid bare.

Here is the *mene, mene*, upon whose fiery



condemnation the Christmas reader may well gaze in consternation. The mysterious scribe is speaking of the desirability of keeping magazines "out of the hands of the literary gang which, as is quite notorious, has obtained such absolute control over the great monthlies in New York that no outsider has a ghost of a chance to get his productions printed in them. Cable, the distinguished novelist, who, when he was as yet unknown to fame, sent 'Posson Jone' and other stories which have since achieved celebrity to each of these haughty periodicals in turn, only to receive in every case the usual notification that his contributions were 'not available,' simply met with the experience that always attends the efforts of unfortunate people who lack literary influence. The ring is a sort of mutual admiration and benefit society, and it runs things to suit itself, which means, of course, that outsiders are not admitted. Any one who cares to satisfy himself of this fact by mailing to these publications MSS. so arranged as to show, upon their return, whether or not they have been read, will invariably find that they have received no more attention than was necessary to tear the wrapper off and re-enclose them to the sender."

This is an old mole which we have more than once brought to light. But he is very nimble, and works so fast that he may chance to trouble some guest, and there could be no better time than this season of peace and goodwill to consider him seriously and to give him his quietus once for all. His latest work in the words quoted was brought to the attention of the editor of this Magazine, and his comment was so admirable and conclusive that the Easy Chair has obtained his permission to impart it confidentially to the readers of the Magazine, who are this month its Christmas guests. The reply is so just and conclusive in reasoning, so temperate and considerate in tone, that the Easy Chair ventures, in behalf of the honorable guild of contributors, which is constantly enlarging, to thank the master of the feast for a signal service to the good cause of sound editorship and of good letters, and also to hope that both the force and the courtesy of the reply may disarm the ill feeling of the assailant and persuade him of his error.

"The distinction made by the writer of this remarkable paragraph between the 'literary gang' and 'outsiders' seems clear enough. But as this condemned gang passes in a kind of mental procession before me (I will not mention names, since they have become familiar as household words) I note that nearly every writer in this splendid procession won his or her first laurels in 'the great monthlies'; and it can hardly escape notice that before this first recognition he must have shown not only something which distinguished him from 'outsiders' and marked him for a literary doom as one of the gang so much despised by the Boston *Herald* man, but also something which en-

abled him to succeed in a competition with writers who had already obtained more or less of this terrible literary distinction. The 'outsiders'—those who are destined to remain 'outsiders'—are clearly those who, however active and persistent in offering their contributions to editors, can never incur the risk of coming under the ban of the Boston *Herald* writer.

"But not all of the contributions to the great monthlies are of a strictly literary character; indeed, some literary critics complain that so few articles belong to this class. In the conduct of magazines the stress and drift are continually more and more in another direction. We are living in an industrial era of intense and complex activities. Business enterprise, development of science and the mechanic arts, and social organization absorb more than ever before of the creative imagination and mental energy that would otherwise go to the making of literature. If Washington Irving belonged to this generation, it is likely that he would take more interest in running a railroad through Sleepy Hollow than in shaping its wonderful legend. Journalism itself absorbs much of this intellectual force, restraining it within the limitations of the literature of knowledge as distinguished from the literature of power. In these ways the general thought is diverted from the purely literary sphere. Every magazine of any importance has followed this drift, and while it retains in fiction and poetry much that is distinctively literary, it especially solicits the contributions of the specialist in every department of science and art.

"Here, then, we have a special class of 'outsiders,' one not literary, and not responding in any way to the demands of literary taste, and yet evidently not included in the classification of the Boston *Herald* writer, for it never besieges the editors, seeking for recognition; on the contrary, the editors besiege the specialist, and it is with difficulty that they secure his valuable contributions. They are happy to get at any price the views of a great general as to army organization or the militia system, or of a great admiral as to naval construction or ordnance.

"But how is it as to the great number of casual contributors who send their offerings to the magazine editor? Are their claims neglected or ignored? Let us see. Here on the editor's table is a goodly number of contributions, the contents of a single mail. No two men could actually read them in a day of twenty-four hours. The editor gives them just as much attention as is necessary in order that he may determine with respect to each contribution whether it lies within the scope of his magazine, whether it meets the essential requirements as to style and treatment, and finally, whether he can make room for it without displacing some more desirable article. In the case of fully one-half the MSS. submitted the first question is an-



swered by a glance at the subject. In the case of many others a partial reading suffices for an answer to the second. Thus very little time is taken in disposing of nearly all the articles offered as 'unavailable.' . . . A few remain to be carefully perused before the third question can be answered, and in this final decision the editor finds, to his real regret, that he must forego the pleasure of extending his hospitality to many good contributions simply for want of room. If he should accept but one MS. a day, he would in a month have twice as many as a monthly number could include. But in reality only a limited portion of each number is made up of the casual contributions. Serial stories and important articles have been arranged for beforehand, and just to the extent that a magazine aims to be fully abreast of the times, and not simply a miscellany made up from casual offerings, is the number of these prearrangements increased.

"We reach, then, nearly the same conclusion, though in a different way, arrived at by the Boston paragraphist, viz., that the 'outsider' has a slender chance of getting his contributions printed in any of the great monthlies. But this is not due to the indifference of the editor to the casual contributor, nor to any influence leading to partial decision. There is room only at the top, and any writer offering a better story than the editor has will find acceptance; and the significance of the acceptance is increased because it meets an extraordinary though perfectly reasonable requirement; and so with anything else that the editor may want.

"The means are various by which a writer may discover the fact that the editor has not read every page of his MS., but by these means he will only ascertain whether in the editor's judgment every page was worth reading. In any case the MS. would be treated by the editor in the absence of the contributor precisely as it would be if the latter were present to observe the process. The editor's function is not to decide as to the merits of the contributions, abstractly considered, but as to their availability, and his duty is toward the magazine first, and toward the contributor only and in so far as he meets the requirements of the magazine."

So says the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, and so says every editor who has a just view of his editorial duty and responsibility.

WHEELMAN writes to the Easy Chair that during the meeting of a division of the League of American Wheelmen at Newport last summer some of the members took a turn upon the wheel in Bellevue Avenue one afternoon during the driving hour, and as they passed a young man and woman on horseback, the young woman remarked, audibly, to her companion, "I don't think they ought to be allowed here," and the young man replied, "Oh, they have a right to their holiday." Wheelman was exasperated, and holds that such in-

tolerance and patronage are outrageously insolent, and deserve the strongest public rebuke. He adds that, like master like man, the flunky on the coachman's box imitates the flunky who employs him, in treating wheelmen on the public drive like impudent interlopers, and Wheelman declares that both ought to be "dusted" in some more improving and pungent method than by powdered earth.

There is, indeed, one plea in mitigation for the flunky on horseback which the Easy Chair ventures to interpose. The exclamation of the young woman that "they ought not to be allowed here" may have been the startled exclamation of an insecure rider feeling her horse alarmed by the sudden appearance of the wheel, and not the mere fashionable disdain which Wheelman suspected. If that were the fact, the particular sinner on horseback may be forgiven. The same kind of plea also may be urged for her companion. His remark that wheelmen have a right to their holiday may have been a polite circumlocution for saying to his companion, "They have as good a right here as we."

At least the guilt of the accused must not be assumed. But Wheelman undoubtedly felt himself and his comrades to be in an atmosphere of the comical aristocracy of wealth, and his sensitive mind was quick to interpret every word and look by that consciousness. Yet even if his theory of the remarks that he heard were correct, it might have appealed to his sense of humor rather than of indignation. For certainly Diedrich Knickerbocker's picture of the rulers of New Amsterdam and of their realm is not more amusing than the spectacle of that class of our American fellow-citizens who treat themselves as especially "society," and who may actually object to wheelmen and people who are not rich enough to keep carriages as coming offensively between the wind and their nobility.

But Wheelman must remember that this is a very small class even of the rich. A fine house and fine horses and beautiful entertainments are not in themselves signs of a vulgar ostentation or an absurd pretension. The wealth that imitates penury is as mean as the pride that apes humility; and manly honesty, simplicity and generosity, interest in noble endeavor, and devotion to worthy ends, are not peculiar to small incomes or to poverty. This is no less true than that the acquisition of wealth by uneducated men, either by hard labor or by the happy chance of speculation, is apt to breed a droll and vulgar imitation of the life of a society where wealth is hereditary and in which rank is acknowledged.

The Easy Chair recently saw a letter describing a family which the writer had seen a few years ago in poverty, the husband keeping a small inn and the wife serving liquor at the bar. The wheel of fortune turned suddenly, and now the innkeeper is a millionaire, and the wife, bediamonded, walks in silk attire. But grammar and habits and education



and refinement have not kept equal pace. The foot is still too large for the glass slipper. The daughter of that house might look with angry disdain at Wheelman, although he were Milton or Franklin, and sneer that he ought not to be suffered to appear upon the drive where "society" takes the air. But if Wheelman has any sense of humor whatever, he would roll off his bicycle with laughter. "Society" upon such a basis and with such traditions is so great a joke that wheelmen and other philosophers ought to be grateful that the grave path of actual life is cheered by it so merrily. The state of mind which brings a man, because he is rich, and lives in a palace, and fares sumptuously every day, and drives in a comfortable carriage with costly horses and a blazing livery upon his coachman and footmen, to feel that he is a kind of duke or prince, a Plantagenet, or a Medina-Sidonia, is one of the most ludicrous of mental phenomena.

But why should Wheelman allow it to impose upon him? If Flirtilla in the saddle was really alarmed, he can understand and forgive her exclamation. But if Flirtilla, granddaughter of Tubbs the pork-packer, or of Wholesale the India merchant, or of Retail the dry-goods jobber, or of any other excellent workman who accumulates a fortune, really meant to assert a superiority because she has inherited a fortune, why did not Wheelman prove his good-breeding and good-nature by seeing the fun of it? That is the true disdain which disdains disdain. A wise author cites as an illustration of heroism the scene in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, where Julietta says,

"Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye;"

and the master of the ship answers,

"Very likely ;

'Tis in our power, then, to be hanged and scorn ye."

The remark of Flirtilla's cavalier that Wheelman had a right to his holiday should have prompted the rejoinder, "And so have you."

For honors of this kind are easy if we will only have them so. Condescension is a game of two. Nobody can patronize you if you do not permit it, and to a fine sense of humor nothing is droller than the affectation of superiority, as nothing is generally more modest than actual superiority. The vulgarity of social assumption which Wheelman supposed that he saw in the young woman and her cavalier is often impertinent and always ridiculous. But it is above all amusing, especially upon the promenade at Newport, although it becomes offensive at the opera in town when it chatters and giggles in the boxes and disturbs the intelligent part of the audience. It is then fresh and barbaric from the squatter's cabin and the gulch, and as it cannot be passed with a smile, it must be suppressed summarily with a hiss.

But it may be a good-natured hiss. For in

the total want of good manners which the chattering gulch displays in the opera-box there is still something very comical.

For some years we have been holding centennial and bicentennial celebrations. Cities and towns are still commemorating their more than biennial anniversaries, and when this number of the Magazine is issued the oldest of our universities will have marked its two-hundred-and-fiftieth year with an eloquence and song not unworthy of its great renown. Such commemorations are instinctive, like the remembrance and observance of a birthday, and they have a signal value both in enriching actual life with heroic and ennobling associations and in stimulating the public spirit upon which nations most securely rest. One of the best results of the centennial and bicentennial epoch through which we are passing is the formation of local memorial societies for the preservation of traditions and relics and for cherishing a due regard for historic spots. If it is heroic men who make places famous, not less is it the famous place which kindles generous emulation and heroic daring.

There is a society of this kind at Deerfield, in Massachusetts, called from the Indian name of the Deerfield River the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which was founded a few years ago by Mr. Sheldon, the accomplished antiquarian of that region. Its object is the cultivation of knowledge of the former life and historic interest of that beautiful neighborhood, in which the characteristic landscape of New England is seen in its loveliest aspect of fertile river interval, of shaded upland, and of wooded hill. There is a refinement of form and vigor of impression in the scenery which harmonize happily with the traditional character of that part of the country, in which under very plain and almost severe conditions there is such true romance and tenderness.

The association has its head-quarters at Deerfield, where its museum contains already a richly illustrative collection of neighborhood relics of every kind, from Indian arrow-heads and utensils to colonial household articles. The village is one of the most beautiful in New England, and noted for its part in King Philip's war, and for its capture and sack by the Canadian Indians more than a hundred and eighty years ago. In South Deerfield is Bloody Brook, the little stream upon whose banks Captain Lathrop's men, the flower of Essex, conveying supplies, carelessly dispersed to gather grapes, and were mercilessly massacred by the Indians. One of Edward Everett's best historical discourses commemorates the incident; and of the more widely known attack upon Deerfield, in which the minister of the village, John Williams, and his wife were "captivated by the Indian salvages," the story is told in the old pastor's *Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion*. For the sturdy



captain of the church militant escaped to return, and to marry again, and to be his own historian.

Every year the association holds a "field meeting" in some town of the county of Franklin, thus vitalizing every part of it with the spirit of local interest and inquiry and honest pride. This year it came to the little town of Ashfield. The day, in early September, was singularly soft, calm, and brilliant, and the site selected was that of an old stockade fort built to protect the early settlers against the Indians who sometimes threatened the hills from the Deerfield Valley, and once, indeed, by the mere alarm of their coming, drove all the families away from their homes for more than a year. The site of the fort is the smooth crest of a hillock surrounded by higher land, and as the pilgrims of the day approached from every side the more sagacious wondered that the grandfathers of the town should have selected a site commanded from all quarters. But when those more sagacious pilgrims reached the ridges and furrows in the pasture which marked the place, they discovered that the grandfathers understood their own affairs quite as well as their descendants. For all the heights were so far that they were useless to an Indian foe, who could really command the stockade only from a tree, where he would be more exposed than the garrison.

The crest of the little mound was a rounded pasture, and the circle of various hills around it, wooded and commingled, was very beautiful. On one edge was a pine grove free from underbrush, shaded and cool, in which a platform and seats were erected. In every kind of vehicle came the company, until more than a thousand persons had assembled from the hill country, so solitary that in the wide landscape seen from any height the farms are scarcely visible, and primeval nature could readily resume its own. Horses were hitched everywhere under the trees, and wagons rolled into the shade. Upon the seats before the platform was massed a solid throng, with a shifting fringe of listeners upon the outskirts, and saunterers beyond, and boys playing ball.

Then came the admirable historical address, by Professor Stanley Hall, an Ashfield boy. It was full of interesting annals and traditions of the town, giving every listener a sense of pride in heroic ancestry whom no poet has sung, and a vague feeling of personal relation to the wild and watchful

life of the early frontier. Delightful singing followed, by a glee club from the neighboring village of Shelburne Falls, the falls of the Deerfield, not less picturesque than those of the Rhine at Schaffhausen; and as the music ended the meeting took a recess for dinner. There could be no prettier scene. Around the edge of the hill, which was skirted with trees, gathered picturesque groups of families and friends who had each brought an ample and toothsome repast, which was spread upon snowy linen upon the smooth dry ground. There was the hum of universal merriment, but no obstreperous noise or disorder. It was a rural feast, an Arcadian holiday, such as the Swedish poet Tegner might have sketched in simple and melodious measure, or Grecian artists carved upon a frieze.

After dinner President Sheldon, in a charming address, pictured the old life of the neighborhood, and told the town much of its own story which it never knew. Then other speakers in various strains improved the place and the occasion, but at four o'clock—

"And now the sun had stretched out all the hills"—

the pastoral revels ended, and likewise the field day of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Over the hills by every bowery road, toward loftier Goshen and Hawley, and higher Chesterfield, and Plainfield, where Bryant sang to the Water-fowl, down winding ways to Buckland and Charlemont and Zoar, eastward to Conway and Deerfield and remoter Sunderland, and all the wide valley of the Connecticut, the pilgrims wended homeward.

Such are the domestic antiquarian missions of the Pocumtuck Valley and of Franklin County. They convert a strong and intelligent people to a deeper sense of the worth of their homes and ancestry, and they quicken the resolution which always springs from that knowledge, that the children shall not be unworthy of their sires, and that the patient endurance and devotion of those who settled the ancient wilderness of the hills of Franklin, and made them habitable for man and the peaceful theatre of human happiness—who withstood the Indian and the catamount and the rattlesnake, the fierce winter and the pinch of extreme exposure, turning the trail of the savage into the highway of civilization, and the lair of the bear into the pasture of cattle and the play-ground of children—shall not be forgotten.

## Editor's Study.

### I.

THE reader who likes to think that the most and the best to be done in the world is to help one's self without hurting others will find support in the *Voyages of a Merchant*

*Navigator*, by H. W. S. Cleveland. It is the story of Richard J. Cleveland's life, and it is not only the affectionate tribute of a son to his father's memory, but is in its way a monument to democracy.



At fourteen this typical New-Englander left the common schools of Salem with such learning and love of it as the common schools seemed to impart oftener in that day than in ours, and entered a counting-room of the old town. At eighteen he went to sea, and at twenty-four he was the master of a vessel. His career began in the troubled times following the American Revolution, and it led him with varying fortune through the picturesque and dramatic perils of the next thirty years in nearly every sea that washes the globe. During the English wars with the French republic, the English wars with Napoleon, the English wars with ourselves, the Spanish wars with their revolted South American provinces, the French wars with everybody, he trafficked in every port open to honest gain. Sometimes he sailed under one flag, and sometimes under another; now he was an American citizen, and now a Danish subject; he now carried despatches for the French Directory, and now he protected himself with an English register. He turned every phase of the shifting politics and hostilities of the time to account; he was ready for any opportunity or any emergency; he was alert, prompt, prudent; but he kept through all a conscience unsullied by baseness or dishonesty. He kept something more—a faith in human nature unshaken by wrong, and a generosity which the epithet of knightly would cheapen. On one side he was a shrewd Yankee adventurer; on the other, he was as fine and high a spirit as ever dared danger in any cause.

In that day commerce was still a romance, with thrilling chances, unknown prizes, unknown losses. The world was not penetrated by instant intelligence in every part; a voyage was not merely a passage to this port or that, with the market ascertained at either end: it was an adventure which demanded forecast and sagacity; it meant splendid success or ruinous disaster to the owner of the cargo, who was oftenest master of the ship. There were still pirates at sea and savages ashore, and trade was harassed by risks in war and restrictions in peace. Cleveland encountered these in twice making and twice losing a fortune which was thought handsome in those simpler days. But he never lost heart; he never forgot himself in despair; he never forgot others in any mood. He writes his father, when making his first voyage, that he would rather work for the Derbys, in whose counting-room he had been so well used, than for any other house at twice the pay; he is always writing to his father to make use of the money he sends him as if it were his own; he writes his wife to do what she will with the thousands he has dared so much to gain—spend them or throw them away: to give her pleasure is all that he cares for. The letters, in which the book abounds, are not remarkable for the expression of his gentle and manly spirit only, but for the good sense, the advanced religious thought, the just and intelli-

gent observation, in them. He was the author of *A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises*, which was praised in its time for these qualities, and which ought not to be forgotten in ours.

## II.

But what makes this old ship's captain so interesting and instructive a figure is not his intellectual character, hardly his moral character, but that nobility of heart which lifted him above every chance, and kept him master of himself in every circumstance of prosperity and disaster. It is not certain that every one can have it by trying, but it is worth trying for, and the book might be very well put into the hands of all people not too old for making the attempt—say people anywhere between eighteen and eighty. But it ought to be given them with an admonition against looking for anything spectacular in the manifestation of this magnanimity. Our sailor-merchant seems never to have thought that he was doing anything out of the common when he proved himself equal to occasions that were very much so; he is so simple and modest about himself that certain epithets which admiring criticism keeps in stock look rather tawdry when one dusts them off with the intention of applying them to him. After all, you cannot say anything better of bread than that it is good; and to be a just man and kind is more than to be a gentleman. Honesty was before honor, and never yet had the alloy of egotism which debases the latter. What consoles, what exalts, in the story of a life like Cleveland's is that its qualities are within the reach of all classes if any; and we have a right to be proud of him as a democratic type, as distinctively democratic as another navigator, whose life came into our hands at the same time, was aristocratic.

We think Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose touch is always charming, has seldom done a more agreeable piece of work than the sketch of the career of Sir Walter Raleigh which he contributes to Mr. Andrew Lang's series of English Worthies. It is thoroughly sympathetic, without being for a moment sentimental; it is delightfully sane and just; and when one thinks of the pseudo-picturesqueness with which such figures as Raleigh used to be treated only a little while ago, one experiences a profound gratitude for Mr. Gosse's clear sense of the difference between the inkstand and the palette—or say paint-pot, for the colors were laid on as if to be seen "from the front" in the studies now fortunately obsolete. There is no effort to make out a case for Raleigh (whose name, by-the-way, we pronounce Rawley as he did, while modern Englishmen call it Rally), and you are suffered to see that he was never so great as in the hour of his death, if indeed he was not a thought too epigrammatic on the scaffold; though one ought not to be critical of people's behavior there, and Raleigh had certainly a dauntless courage. Where he had not courage was in the presence of the trucu-



lent and ridiculous old maid Elizabeth, on whom he fawned with a pretence of passion sufficiently revolting. This is, of course, saying that Raleigh was a courtier and a man of his own epoch. His love of splendor, which was at the bottom of his highest achievements, which made him a dreamer and a poet, made him also a rather greedy and shameless office-seeker, and a rather selfish adventurer. He was a man of his epoch in being bloodily cruel against the hapless Irish, in spite of his better nature, and in being implacable against Spain, which was well enough. Mr. Gosse makes us feel, with his delicate skill, all the dramatic pathos of Raleigh's suffering for a supposed conspiracy in the interest of the power which he had hated his whole life, and of his dying at the demand of Spain for a really reprehensible offence to her. Even in that day of license it was too gross to attack the colony of a prince with whom one's king was at peace, especially when one had given one's word not to do anything of the kind. Still, after all you can admit against Raleigh, his tragical fate strongly moves you; after two hundred and fifty years your spirit pines with his in his long imprisonment, and the pang of his death is vivid yet.

### III.

Another pleasant book, which we have been reading with these two, is the *Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison*, edited by her grand-niece, in which we have found something of the flavor of Mrs. Hunt's *Memoir of Mrs. Edward Livingston*. But though the eighteenth century gives its charm to the letters of the most brilliant lady who ever reigned in the White House, there is a more native flavor in them than that which one tastes in the letters of the fascinating Creole. Dolly Madison was born a Quaker; she came of a titled Scotch family; but her father was so averse to the world and its spirit that he freed his slaves and left his Virginia manor to come and live in Philadelphia, where he spent his remaining days in straitened circumstances. There his daughter grew up, and there she first married, with one of their own sect, who died after a year or two, and left her a rich and beautiful young widow, to take in due time the fancy of "the great little Madison," as Burr called the future President. When Jefferson was inaugurated he chose Madison his Secretary of State, and after that the greater part of Mrs. Madison's life was passed in Washington. Neither of Jefferson's daughters could come to the White House with their widowed father, and he called upon Mrs. Madison to help him out in hospitable exigencies, sending her little notes like this, in which the simplicity, if rather premeditated, is also charming:

May 27, 1801.

"Thomas Jefferson begs that either Mrs. Madison or Miss Payne will be so good as to dine with him to-day, to take care of female friends expected."

There would be more state about a Presidential invitation in our own day, when democracy has so much more firmly established itself, but Jefferson was then laying its foundations, and he did not know how much room the superstructure might need. For instance, in the "Canons of Etiquette to be observed by the Executive," he ordained some customs which we do not find it necessary to follow: "At dinners, in public or private, and on all other occasions of social intercourse, a perfect equality exists between the persons composing the company, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office. To give force to the principle of equality, or *pêle-mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive, at their own houses, will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors—gentlemen *en masse* giving place to the ladies *en masse*." It seems a trifle grotesque, when put down in cold black and white, and yet much might be alleged to prove that there was more common-sense, more self-respect, and more picturesqueness even in the *pêle-mêle* plan than in the precedency which we now ape in going out to dinner. Thomas Jefferson and Dolly Madison made the White House a cheerfule place than it had been under the solemn ceremonial of the Washington and Adams administrations, and when Madison became President the easy and friendly conditions were kept up. His wife "returned all calls made by her own sex, and the 'dove parties,' composed of the wives of cabinet officers and foreign ministers, when their lords were engaged in formal dinners, were exceedingly lively and popular. Her private parties, and the lotteries in which every guest received a 'cadeau,' are still remembered with great pleasure by a few. Though in no sense a learned woman, nor one who cared at any time for study, or even reading, Dolly Madison was eminently a talented woman, full of a most delicate tact, and so warm-hearted and amiable that even her early Quaker friends were induced to condone what they feared was 'an undue fondness for the things of this world.' She dressed handsomely and 'in the mode,' clinging for a time to the pretty little Quaker cap, but discarding that even, when she went into the White House, as unsuitable to her surroundings. . . . She delighted in company, and her table fairly 'groaned,' as the saying is, with the abundance of its dishes. The serious, thoughtful Madison, physically weak, and harassed and worried by the many cares crowding upon him at this time, often said that a visit to his wife in her sitting-room, where he was sure of a bright story and a good laugh, was as refreshing as a long walk. . . . To cheer and amuse her husband she kept a pleasant party of friends constantly with her, making them feel that her home was theirs in the warmth of her hospitality. She superintended all her domestic arrangements before breakfast, and while her guests were still sleeping."

We are now richer and prouder and more



artificial than we were in those days; people lie abed longer in the morning, and wives no longer seek so much to "cheer and amuse" their husbands. These things are of the past; yet some small merit we should like to claim for our generation somewhere; and suppose we have the hardihood to say that a British admiral would not now burn a defenceless town, as Admiral Cockburn wantonly burned Washington in Madison's time? The story of his barbarity is told again in these memoirs with fresh effect, and does not commend itself to American liking any better than at first; it is all the more pathetic for the keener sense we have of the poor beginnings of a national capital which Washington then was. It seems as if a more reflective admiral than Cockburn might have decided that the little town stuck about in the deep mud at random ought to be sufficiently humiliating to our national pride as it was, and so let it be; but Admiral Cockburn set it on fire, and burned Mrs. Dolly Madison out of house and home. It was near the end of her husband's second term, and the White House was put in repair only in time for his successor. He then retired to his estates in Virginia, whence, after his death, his widow returned to Washington, and ended her long life there in 1846. It was, as the world goes, a beautiful and prosperous life, and the character which it developed was lovely and good. Yet it was so full of care and sorrow and vexation, through being merely a human life, that near its close one of the cheerfulest of women could say to a young girl who came to her for sympathy in some little grievance: "My dear, do not trouble about it; there is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes, believe me, I, who have lived so long, repeat to you that there is nothing in this world here below worth caring for."

#### IV.

Sweet Mrs. Dolly Madison only reiterated the experience of mankind. It is certainly best not to take very seriously the things of life that are not necessarily serious, and we can commend as exemplary the mood in which Mr. T. S. Perry approaches the treatment of a matter that in and out of print has long engaged the more or less amused attention of mankind. He deals, in a very attractive little book, with the *Evolution of the Snob*, bringing to his inquiry the wide knowledge and the scientific methods that distinguish his work in criticism from the *ad captandum* expression of likes and dislikes generally received as criticism among us. His theory is not that snobbishness always existed unrecognized in our race, as Thackeray holds, but that it existed undeveloped, and that the period of its first efflorescence was when the French Revolution had destroyed the prestige of the aristocrats, and had made it possible for the commonalty to aspire successfully to their society. As his business is mainly with the snob in our immediate Anglo-Saxon fam-

ily, he gathers his proofs mainly from English literature, and their array is very curious and interesting. The sycophant and the parasite, whom he delicately differentiates from the snob, were well known in all the ancient and mediæval societies, but the snob is strictly modern, though he is to be recognized in a sort of arrested development in the early days of the Roman Empire, with the same relation to our actual snob as the stamping of pottery among the Romans bears to the art of printing. Mr. Perry traces the gradual growth of the snob as it has been observed by the satirists and philosophers, and after quoting from Goldsmith a description of the sort of toad-eater common in his day, he continues with some passages worth reproducing in illustration of his particular theory on the subject and his general critical attitude:

"But this coarse barter of food, drink, and shelter for flattery and subserviency is yet remote from the subtler development of personal indignity that was at this period making ready to burst upon the nineteenth century. Even the famous conversation of Miss Skeggs and Lady Blarney in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xi., at which Mr. Burchell continually said 'Fudge!' indicates merely the widespread curiosity about 'anecdotes of lords, ladies, and Knights of the Garter,' which the Vicar gratified by recording these fantastic speeches. Snobbishness was not yet fully formed: it was in the same incomplete condition as democracy, traces of which abound in all the writings from which these quotations have been made; and it is important to understand how thoroughly the importance of 'the great' was an object of veneration. Some of these quotations may appear to magnify the importance of the small: yet it is never to be forgotten that there is no moment on which one can put his finger and say, 'Here is something absolutely new, something never thought of before, that appeared without preparation.' No conscientious historian will begin the history of the American Revolution in 1775, or of the French in 1789: to understand either, it is necessary to go back indefinitely, and to trace the many currents leading to those grand events from a very remote past. There is no one day in which a man becomes old, no one measurement which declares a growing boy tall. All the developments of literature in this century carry us back by curious ramifications to obscure, half-forgotten attempts of writers in the last. We say Wordsworth introduced the love of nature; but the most indifferent examination shows us the feeling growing up for many years; to find full expression in him and his contemporaries. Hence it is, because growth is gradual, that everything which is called a novelty is always attacked as trite and untrue by energetic conservatives. The future as well as the past is implicit in everything that happens; and if we were to quote from every book written in the last two hundred years, it would be as impossible to say 'Here is the first outburst of snobbishness,' as it would be to find the first statement of democracy."

All this, we submit, is very suggestive, if not convincing, and carries weight with it. Of course we shall none of us willingly abandon our belief in the antiquity of the snob; but in the mean time we commend our au-



thor's ideas to the reader. His book is not a satire, but a serious though not at all solemn investigation of a very striking phase of modern civilization. It ends with an expression of belief in the final disappearance of snobishness through the realization of democratic ideals in society. The worthlessness of the distinctions for which people now abase themselves will be seen more and more, and the honor of being kicked by a duke will be felt less and less, as the levelling-up process is accomplished, though it is uncertain how long some may continue to preach that it is well to have a class in whose presence one may feel mean. The late Mr. Trollope, who was perhaps the greatest and the truest artist in English fiction of his time, went far to prepare us for this attitude of snobishness in his *Life of Thackeray*, where he deprecates the elder novelist's irreverence for aristocracy and even royalty. In his development the snob has become aggressive; from the snob quiescent we have passed to the snob agonistic, the snob militant. Is this possibly his ultimate or penultimate phase? What a strange world it would be without him! One would hardly know it; we might look for the reappearance of the snob as the hero of romantic fiction, and we might see him, say, risking his life to get to a duchess's ball, or slowly dying of a broken heart at not being received in fashionable society at Newport. This apotheosis would prove how really dead he was.

## V.

The editor of a future work like Gateley's *World's Progress* might then include some such study as Mr. Perry's in his valuable record of human advance, together with the chapters on Geology, Society, Agriculture, Manufacturing, Mining, Trade, Commerce, Statistics, Biography, Literature, Architecture, and Costume; but now he only gives an essay from him on Literature. The book is of that uncomfortable bulk which demands for the family Bible and the unabridged dictionary the monumental occupation of the "centre table" in houses to which the subscription book usually penetrates, and this is to be regretted in a volume which has so little else in common with the ordinary subscription book of North America. That is to say, each chapter in this very well imagined work is a real contribution to general knowledge on the subject it treats of, and is not only interesting, but in its popular way authoritative. For example, no one among us has given greater or more intelligent attention to the matter than Mr. Frank D. Millet, who writes of "Progressive Changes in Costumes and Customs"; Mr. Clarence Cook has established himself as a prophet concerning "House Architecture and Decoration"; Mr. Carroll D. Wright has an equal vocation to speak of "Inventions and Discoveries in Manufacturing"; Professor Packard has due authority to tell people of the "Prehistoric Progress of the Earth"; Dr. George P. Fisher is

peculiarly well equipped for the task of handling topics like "The Formation, Growth, and Character of Nations," and "Moral, Social, and Intellectual Progress"; Mr. E. V. Smalley has an excellent and interesting paper on the "Trade of Ancient and Mediæval Nations"; while Professors Sanborn, Heinrich, and Ely treat of Mining, Agriculture, and Manufacturing; Mr. Charles E. Beale, the editor, of Comparative Statistics and Biography. It seems to be throughout a work not only of serious intention, but very honest and interesting performance. "The Progress of Literature" is the department assigned to Mr. Perry, and we confess that it is this which has chiefly attracted us. Like the other contributions to the massive volume, it is itself the substance of a book, and with its abundant illustrations from the authors of all times and peoples it is of unique value as a survey of world literature. At least we should not know where to match it in English, and it is admirable for its vast scope and effective grasp. Mr. Perry is distinctly an apostle of the comparative method in criticism, and if, as he continually insists, there is no first time or first one in anything, but all is a development from beginnings indefinitely remote, still it is apparent that he is one of the first to give this method recognition and consciousness. In an essay ranging from the Chinese to the Americans, through the whole course of the Sanscrit, Greek, Roman, Mediæval and Renaissance, Romantic and Modern literatures, with all their European subdivisions, he has had to use a condensation dangerously near to desiccation; yet his theory of literary progress is so clear, and its application is so novel and refreshing in the midst of the general empiricism, that the perilous limit is not touched. Toward the close of the essay, what seems an editorial exigency has separated Mr. Perry's succinct comments on the different authors by wide tracts of quotation from them, with an effect that is rather distracting, though it does not necessarily impair their value. This, like that of the whole essay, consists largely in the intelligent and perfectly probable point of view. The critic regards literature with a historical interest mainly, as the reflection, sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious, of the several periods and peoples among whom it arose—as their involuntary expression of their conditions and aspirations and affections, and not as merely the product of certain men who set themselves about making poems, plays, and novels. Even when most artificial, it is the genuine expression of an artificial mood; and with its infinite variety of shades and tones, it has the final unity of human nature, in which all the strangest and remotest things are akin. Mr. Perry is strongest, perhaps, and most original in his sense of the simultaneity of the great literary movements or aspects, as the Classicistic, the Romantic, the Realistic; and he delights to find proofs of the almost instant communication of these impulses from



one country to another, and the contemporaneous advance from widely different quarters toward the same end. He concerns himself little or not at all with the admiration of "exquisite passages," and as little or less with that censure of special defects which forms the stock in trade of the peevish race hitherto mostly accepted as critics; to him these are incidents without general import, and a cruel jibe or supercilious sneer is impossible to his sane and generous intelligence. It is indeed a new voice, a new temper, and almost unique, in literary criticism, with which one cannot acquaint himself without enlarging his horizons, and seeing literature in a novel light.

## VI.

*Gateley's World's Progress* signalizes an advance in the quality of subscription books, of which there have been already some other tokens, and we could wish it well, if for no other reason than that its success will make it easier for other honest books to reach the mass of the people through an avenue by which so much that is worthless has found its way to them. The sale of a successful subscription book is something unrivalled by that of any book in the trade; as compared with the one, the other mode of publication is, as Mark Twain has said, merely printing for private circulation. The present subscription system is the American development of one of the oldest methods of publication, if not the first; and perhaps, if we continue without an international copyright law, it may be the refuge and the hope of literature among us. When the cheap reprints have made it more and more difficult to publish copyright works, for which the publisher pays the author, at a living profit, they may both be glad to invoke the aid of the despised book agent, who carries literature from door to door, and urges it upon the popular favor with an eloquence which is very effective. In the cities and large towns he is voted a bore and a nuisance; private houses of any gentility are all shut against him; brutal placards on shop and office doors and elevator shafts class him with the forbidden peddler and beggar; if he penetrate by chance or artifice to the prohibited interiors, sharp words and short shrift await him; insult is his meat and contumely is his drink; he is a hissing and a by-word, a proverb of the undesirable. But in the smaller towns and in the country, where people have all the time there is, and the ladies something more, no "pampered menial" shuts the door in his kindly face, but the mistress of the house throws it wide open to him, and he is a welcome visitor. She is glad to see him, and

so are the daughters and the half-grown boys; and they willingly suspend their work while he sits down in the village parlor or the farm kitchen and unfolds his samples of print, illustration, and binding, and expatiates upon the incomparable merits of the work. He is armed at all points against criticisms and objections; he has got by heart a whole budget of secret instructions, in which not only are these supposed and confuted, but human nature is subtly studied, and he is taught to play upon its amiable weaknesses and vanities. He is skilled to turn a pretty compliment to the lady and her daughters; to be struck by the beauty and intelligence of her child when it comes into the room; to be surprised at the age of her father or mother, whom he would have thought much younger. He is instructed when and how to turn easily aside from urging them to subscribe, and to talk of the great world of news and the little world of gossip, and then adroitly get back to the book. The weather and the crops are for discussion with the master of the house, whose interest is solely to be consulted in persuading him to give his influential name to the enterprise. In these houses the book agent is not only tolerated, but welcomed; not only asked to sit down on a specially dusted chair, but bidden draw it up to the table when overtaken by dinner in the midst of his eloquence. He takes leave an honored friend, and they are glad to see him the next year.

Perhaps he would not have to practise all his arts if his book were better; perhaps he would have to use more. The subscription publishers are not certain; they are in the mood of the managers, who are beginning to wonder whether the public really prefers trash: once they had no doubt of it. We must wish them a hopeful solution of their doubt, and give a cordial greeting to any experiment in the right direction. They wield an enormous machinery, of which the finest and best literature we can offer the people may yet be eager to avail itself. The phenomenal success of such a book as Grant's *Memoirs* is full of suggestion. The reader who now goes to a bookseller and asks the clerk what is new and what he had better buy may live to find it safe to take the advice of a book agent; and the author who pines on a sale of fifteen or twenty-five hundred may thrive upon the added cipher, and may yet roll in riches. In that event, we have a plan for a new Study, with a refectory attached, in which we shall ask all our readers, and even our adverse critics, to sit down to our Christmas dinner; and no Barmecide feast, we promise them, of Ideals and Romance, but a Realistic banquet.

## A CORRECTION.

In the article on "The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers," published in the October number, the figures at the bottom of the first column on page 695 were incorrectly given as the average annual appropriation by Congress for the Central Branch during the three years preceding June, 1884. They should represent the average amount appropriated annually for the entire National Home.



## Editor's Drawer.

CHRISTMAS is the greatest day in the year. Is there a feeling that there is getting to be too much of it?—not too much of it in the way of kindness and brotherly love, but in the way of worry and expense. The weeks before it are full of feverish excitement, of nervous expectation, of perplexity; the days following it, of exhaustion. Childhood is on tiptoe in two hemispheres, and childhood has become so conscious of its deserts that it is next to impossible to surprise it, except by too small gifts. The day has to carry a tremendous load. The obesity that might be distributed in healthful streams throughout the year is poured out in it in prodigal waste by some, who seem glad to relieve themselves of obligation by a single act. In point of cost it is equal to half a dozen weddings. Year by year the expense of gifts increases. Is this the dictate of fashion, or owing to the growth of kindly feeling? Is it a spontaneous response to the spirit of the day, or do any people make gifts because they are expected to, and because everybody else does, and because there has grown up of late years a rivalry in this matter? Since the Puritan distrust of this great feast-day abated, the American people, who are the most generous people in the world, have taken up Christmas with the same enthusiasm that lately almost buried funerals under a weight of floral tributes. We readily incline to excess, to an excess that destroys the object we seek. Even for our pleasures and amusements we work harder than any other people, and probably get less rest and entertainment. At the rate we are now rushing Christmas we are in danger of wearing it out in a decade or two more. It is already a period from which too many people date nervous prostration. Instead of making the season a simple and enjoyable holiday, we are in danger of making it an intolerable burden.

It is because the Drawer desires to preserve this Christmas season as one of gayety and frolic and simple pleasures, and widening and deepening Christian charity, that it makes these unwelcome observations. There are no more engaging creatures than children, unless it be maidens at the age when, on holidays, they pose as first or second cousins, or serene and lovely elderly people in the midst of an affectionate family. But it cuts across the spirit of the holiday when the children are more eager for a costly gift than for a game of blind-man's-buff, and the maidens do not value the salute under the mistletoe unless it is accompanied by a diamond bracelet; and the elderly people, disturbed by this cultivated habit of greedy expectation, are grumbling about the expense of the season. There is small danger that charity to the poor will be overdone, that the spirit of the day in regard to interfamily and interstate and inter-

national good-will may go to excess, or that the leaven of the Sermon on the Mount will work too powerfully in a society that would be a mass of selfishness without it. It is incalculable what Christmas and the spirit of Christmas has done and is doing for the world. The sun that rises on that day in our Northern latitudes may not melt the ice in the streams or the frost on the window-panes, but there is no sun like it for thawing the human heart throughout Christendom. There is no day like it for assuaging enmities, and reviving tender memories, and drawing together the estranged, and narrowing the gulf between classes. During this day the world is a brotherhood. In the wondrous Birth of a Child all the world renews for some hours its childish faith and simplicity. The spirit of this event prevails far beyond the circles where it is regarded as a reality.

Why overlay it with artificiality? Why make it an expense hard to be borne? Why put into the preparation for it an amount of labor and worry that ends in weariness and exhaustion? Costly gifts are the least necessary part of it, worry is foreign to its spirit, and both together may make it in time a burden, and as distasteful as the noise and incendiarism of the Fourth of July. The perpetuity of the best institution depends upon moderation. Children are the hope of the world. We should not undervalue them because they are plenty. Home Rule is just now the most popular doctrine in the world. But it may be just as well for the next generation if the children are not now all Home Rulers. Give the parents a chance; they will be all the better for it. Let us ease up a little on the worry and cost of Christmas, and keep the best holiday of the ages in the old spirit of unostentatious charity and the exercise of mirth and good-will that refreshes and does not weary.

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A CLERGYMAN writes:

A young man, a plain, good-hearted Irishman, was about to get married, and he came to arrange all the difficulties he thought connected with the ceremony. I assured him there would be no difficulty; that I would see him through all right. "But," said he, "what about the ring?" I explained; and then, with a blush, "When must I kiss the bride?" I answered that at the close of the ceremony I would offer a prayer, and just as soon as I would say "Amen," he was to kiss the bride.

The ceremony went through all right; I said "Amen," and looked at him in a knowing way. He suddenly remembered his duty, made a little jump, like a timid trout at a fly, and kissed—not the bride, but *me*. It was the heartiest kiss I remember ever to have experienced. He had a short-cropped black mustache, and I



still can feel the warm prickling of it on my lips. I understand since that why my wife has always teased me to raise a mustache.

#### COQUETRY'S ARGUMENT.

You call me a flirt, when I only do  
 As the flowers are doing from morn till night,  
 Exulting in robes of the gayest hue,  
 And lifting their faces into the light.  
 They do not feel at all guilty or shy  
 Because they are pretty, and why should I?  
 They toss their heads in the merriest mood,  
 As if the one meaning of life were bliss,  
 And the zephyrs come from the vale and wood  
 To leave as they're passing a dainty kiss.  
 The beautiful flowers do not droop and sigh  
 If noticed or flattered, and why should I?  
 We are sure (both the flowers and I) some day  
 A claimant will come, and will boldly take  
 The delight of his heart to bear away  
 And faithfully cherish for love's sweet sake.  
 Yet to charm the gaze of each passer-by  
 They are just as eager—and why not I?

C. H. THAYER.

#### SITTING DOWN WITH A PREACHER.

IN a Western town dwells Elder R——, a clergyman very well known throughout his State for ability and shrewdness. It is pretty generally believed, on account of his evident knowledge of the ways of the world, that he was rather "rapid" in his youth. Among his skeptical neighbors is a hotel-keeper of jovial disposition and liberal heart. Whenever the elder has a specially convincing and sweeping discourse prepared it is his wont to give special invitations to his doubting friends to be present, and these are sometimes accepted with the proviso that the dominie and his lady shall meet the party at the hotel at dinner on an appointed day during the week, so they may have an opportunity to defend themselves. On these occasions dinner often lasts the whole afternoon, and the elder is obliged to parry the combined blows of the opposition.

On one occasion mine host found his match in the clergyman in a worldly way, and it was this circumstance that I set out to relate. The landlord returned on a certain Saturday evening from a trip to the far West, and next morning found him, with his wife, seated in a front pew. When the plate was passed, he felt in all his pockets, but could find only a comb, jackknife, and a circular piece of ivory marked "5," which is supposed by poker players to represent value. This latter was dropped in the plate under the vigilant eye of the pastor, but unnoticed by the sexton, whose eyes had been dimmed by age. On receiving the collection, the pastor missed the "chip," and asked the sexton for it. The latter had thrown it away, supposing it to be a mark of disrespect from some scoffer. Elder R—— knew his man, and caused the representative of value to be recovered. Next morning, as the landlord was dilating upon his trip to a crowd of friends in his office, Elder R—— ap-

peared, and advancing to the counter, placed the chip down with the click so familiar to connoisseurs, and asked, "Can you 'redeem' that this morning, Brother S——?"

Of course S. could not do less than hand out a five-dollar bill, and the elder departed, after expressing the hope that he might always be as lucky. Mine host says he shall not "sit down" with a preacher again.

PET R. O'LEUM.

THE late Rev. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, is remembered by many as a most eloquent divine. Singularly angular in person and quaint in manner, he preached truth in a most forcible way. On one occasion, after announcing that the usual collection would be taken for foreign missions, he added, in his most impressive manner, "And I would say to those persons who are in the habit of putting buttons into the box that I would thank them not to hammer down the eyes, for the Lord is not deceived, and as buttons they are valueless." It need not be said that there were no buttons that day.

#### RHYME OF A —.

I KNEW a man and knew his wife;  
 Great learning had they from the schools;  
 Yet candor forces me to say  
 They were a pair of —.  
 They had a son who early drank  
 From hard experience's pool,  
 Who knew much more than older folks,  
 And also was a —.  
 These parents bought this boy a gun,  
 With little bullets, hard and cool;  
 Upon the gun was sweetly carved,  
 "To our beloved —."  
 One grave old foggy shook his head,  
 And thereby gained much ridicule.  
 The boy went hunting with a friend,  
 Another precious —.  
 Two walked away, and one ran back;  
 Says he, "That gun was very cruel."  
 The startled neighbors shrieked and cried,  
 "Where is the other —?"  
 Last night I viewed a marble slab,  
 All graven with a practised tool,  
 And read thereon these stony words,  
 "Here lies a lifeless —."

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

APROPPOS of the slang phrase "to paint the town red," a well-known politician relates the following episode:

Mr. B—— represented a rural constituency in Congress, and he wanted to be Senator. His opportunity came one day, and when he found that his name had been balloted for in the Legislature, he left his farm and went to the State capital to keep his eye on things. When at last it was announced that he had triumphed in the contest, he rushed to a telegraph office, and in the mad enthusiasm of the moment sent this message to his family: "Elected! Hooray! Paint my old home red!" He staid at the capital for about a week, celebrating his good for-



tune, and then returned to his rustic seclusion. On alighting from the train he was half dazzled by a scarlet glare that appeared above the apple-trees of his orchard.

"What's happened to the house?" he asked, in amazement.

"Nothing," replied one of his fellow-townsmen; "only you telegraphed us to paint your old home red, and we've done it. Here's the bill."

They had painted the house, and barn, and pens, and hennery, and stables—in fact, there was hardly a stick on the premises that had not been painted a jubilant red.

#### HOMESICK HORSES.

NOT long since a large and noble-looking horse, without halter or bridle, was seen trotting rapidly through the business part of Wilton, New Hampshire, finally turning down Maple Street, and going directly to the stable in the rear of Mr. D——'s residence.

"Isaac" trotted through the carriage-house into his old stall, apparently delighted to see the members of the family, who soon visited him. Nearly three years previous the gentleman had sold him to parties who soon disposed of him, and after exchanging owners several times, had for a few days found a home in the town of Greenfield. The day he returned he was taken from the carriage in the door-yard, and after eating a mouthful of "feed" designed for the chickens, tossed his head high in the air, and at a lively gait went the entire fourteen miles, followed by his new owner, who soon obtained a fleet team at his own village, but was one hour behind the horse.

A little later the same family were still more surprised. A man who was engaged in work about the premises saw a horse come into the yard, walk up to a building that was formerly the stable, but now used for another purpose. After gazing through a window, he looked about outside, and discovering a handsome new stable, with doors wide open, only a few rods away, he trotted gracefully up the drive and took possession.

The man did not recognize him, and tried to drive him away, but he wouldn't go. Finally, with a halter about his neck he succeeded in leading him, but as he persisted in returning, he asked Mrs. D——, in the absence of her husband, to look at him, remarking that it must be a horse they had owned before he worked there.

Quite a delegation of village people had already visited the stable, but all the information gained was simply that he had been seen to pass through the town; so there was nothing to do but await further developments.

The moment Mr. D——, who soon returned from a drive, saw the horse, he exclaimed to his wife: "Don't you know him? Why, this is a colt I sold between ten and eleven years

ago, and have regretted it ever since. Only the other day I was wondering what became of him." (It was one of a pair he drove the year before his marriage, and he thought his wife ought to recognize him.)

When his old mate was brought out, the horses showed so much pleasure it was as affecting as witnessing his joy when his former owner entered the stable. He had journeyed from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, more than twenty miles away, and so far as can be ascertained it was the first time he had been "loose and free" since he left Wilton so long ago.

The present owner had "turned him out to feed," to find an hour later that bars and fences were not an opposing force to a homesick horse, though hitherto well-behaved and apparently contented.

#### AN EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

THAT veteran story writer Edward Everett Hale tells the following amusing incident concerning what is probably his best known story, "The Man Without a Country."

The tale originally appeared in the early days of the war, the peculiar and pathetic narrative attracting much attention even in those days of universal absorption and excitement. Many scores of letters were sent both to the Navy Department at Washington and to the author himself inquiring if the story were a true one; and many foreign publications copied it as a wonderful evidence of the terrible nature of "Uncle Sam's" punishments. But the times were stirring ones, and in the course of a few months even newspaper and magazine comments had entirely ceased upon this much-talked-of story.

One day, some years later, Mr. Hale, strolling into a public library in Boston, picked up out of idle curiosity a new magazine, a publication with which he was unfamiliar, coming from a distant State. Fancy his surprise when the first article he saw on opening the magazine was his own story of "The Man Without a Country," while under it appeared this line: "Translated from the German. Author unknown."

"Well," he mused, "after all, fame is a bubble!" and then sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of the magazine, claiming the story as his own.

In due time a reply came back explaining this odd incident. The editor, as he himself wrote, had served as a volunteer captain in the war, and had been stationed for many months in Texas, where he and his troops were almost as completely cut off from the world as if they had been on a desert island. Mail communication was very infrequent, and then only brought letters, space being far too precious to be devoted to bulky magazines or newspapers. "In short," added the writer, "for nearly two years we were absolutely ignorant of the literary work of the world. At that



time our friends at home had other things to write about." And as it chanced, those were the very months when the fame of Mr. Hale's story went abroad in the land.

After the war, the captain, returning to civil life, became the editor of a modest but flourishing little magazine, which often copied good articles and stories from foreign periodicals. The editor one day found in an obscure German paper "The Man Without a Country," and thinking he had happened upon an almost undiscovered gem, had eagerly translated and published it, anonymously, as he had found it; for which, of course, he now offered many apologies, adding that only a very unusual train of circumstances could ever have led to such a blunder.

Thus appeared in this country for the second time a story which in its day had created a most unusual degree of interest and comment.

"There!" added Mr. Hale; "if I had *invented* that, it would never have been believed, but people would have shaken their heads and said, 'That sounds just like one of Hale's yarns.'"

AN apt illustration of the odd mistakes the little ones make in the convertibility of terms is the query of the five-year-old Aggie, who, having known of her mother's purchase of some undressed kid gloves, and hearing her complain of the ill fit of some she happened to be wearing, asked, "Why don't you wear your naked ones, mamma?"

#### GOVERNOR RANDOLPH.

ONE of the most brilliant men of his time was Thomas Mann Randolph, who married Martha the daughter of Thomas Jefferson. He inherited the dash and vigor of the Carys, being descended from Colonel Archibald Cary, of "Amptill," whose unyielding opposition to British rule gained him the sobriquet of "Old Iron," and exhibited in his person—tall, lean, commanding in carriage, with flashing eye and sudden and sinewy strength—traces of his descent from Pocahontas through Rolfe and the Bollings. He served in the State Senate, in the national House of Representatives, and was thrice Governor of Virginia. Of the many anecdotes related of him the following have never before been published:

Soon after his marriage he went to reside at Edge Hill, near Charlottesville. It was before the days of railroads in Virginia, and all freight was hauled in large canvas-covered wagons, the teamsters camping by the road-side at night. Governor Randolph had changed the course of one of the roads which crossed the river near his home, and that, for some reason, displeased the wagoners, who resolved to punish him. One night a number of wagons were drawn up in a picturesque group on the banks of the Rivanna, and the camp

fires were burning brightly, when "Mann Randolph," as he was called, rode by and entered the ford. The teamsters, mindful of their grudge, began to belabor his horse, and a few blows from their stout lashes even fell upon the old gentleman. In a twinkling the Governor was on the ground, and seizing a brand from the fire, he began such a vehement attack upon the teamsters that they were soon brought to terms. He required them to catch his horse and hold it until he was securely seated in the saddle.

Governor Randolph had been missing corn from his barn, and was not slow to accuse the teamsters of the thefts. One night, thinking to catch the thieves in the act, he concealed himself in the barn. The wagoners surrounded the place and captured him.

"I am not a corn thief," protested the Governor. "I have a legal right to anything that barn contains. It's mine."

His captors were incredulous, and said: "Oh, we know who you are. Governor Randolph has accused us of taking the corn you have been stealing. To the house with him, mates; the Governor shall have his thief."

And with their prisoner under strong guard they repaired to the mansion. A negress appeared in answer to their summons.

"Where is Governor Randolph?" asked the leader.

A broad grin expanded the countenance of Aunt Dinah as she replied, pointing to the prisoner, "Why, dar he!"

Consternation followed; but the Governor gave a pleasant turn to the whole matter by inviting the men to his dining-room, where a table was spread and wine furnished in generous quantity.

Governor Randolph would never ride an indifferent horse, and many are the anecdotes of his daring and even reckless horsemanship. He always rode "in a straight line," taking fences and ditches and swimming rivers wherever he came to them. He bought a fine horse from a countryman on one occasion. At the next "court" he met the vender and said:

"I want you to take that horse back."

"Why, Governor? Doesn't he move well?"

"Admirably."

"Isn't he straight, trim, and in good condition?"

"All of that."

"Then isn't he as represented?"

"I think so."

"Then what is the matter?"

"The — horse *can't swim*!"

Among the Governor's eccentricities was a fondness for nankeen pantaloons, and it is related that he was inaugurated Governor in pantaloons of that material in January, when the thermometer was below zero!

JOHN S. PATTON.



## DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,  
 Or anyding like dot;  
 Und I likes to see all beoples  
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot;  
 Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap  
 Dot made dis leedle shoke:  
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,  
 Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue;  
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,  
 I find me oudt dot man himself  
 Vas peen der glinging vine;  
 Und vhen hees frendts dhey all vas gone,  
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"  
 Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,  
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der pase-pall groundts  
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"  
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—  
 Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!  
 Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,  
 Mit glothes oudt on der lines:  
 Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,  
 Und vhich der glinging vines?

Vhen Sickness in der householdt comes,  
 Und veeks und veeks he shtays,  
 Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,  
 Dhose veary nighdts und days?  
 Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,  
 Und cools dot fefered prow?  
 More like id vas der tender vine  
 Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"  
 Der boet von time said;  
 Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,  
 I diink id means, inshted;  
 Und vhen der years keep rolling on,  
 Dheir cares und droubles pringing,  
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,  
 Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,  
 Und don'd so shturdy peen,  
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance  
 To helb run Life's masheen.  
 In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,  
 In calm or shtormy veddher,  
 'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines  
 Should alvays gling togeddher.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.





PRECEDENCE AT BONNEBOUCHE HALL DURING THE HOLIDAYS.  
GRANDPAPA TAKES IN THE BRIDE TO DINNER, AND THE REST FOLLOW ANYHOW.—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.









A CREOLE BELLE



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE NAVIES OF THE CONTINENT.

BY SIR EDWARD J. REED.

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### I.—THE FRENCH NAVY.

IN *Harper* for February and for June, 1886, were set forth at length, and with much variety of illustration, the particulars of the British navy and of the United States navy respectively. We have now to pass under review that vast array of naval constructions which the continental navies of Europe offer to our observation.

It is not at all surprising that the introduction of steam-engines, of iron and steel hulls, and of armor plating has been attended throughout Europe by even greater diversity of thought and practice than has characterized our naval progress—"our progress" here signifying that of both the United States and Great Britain. And this may, I think, truthfully be said without in any degree neglecting the striking originality of the American Monitors, to which I endeavored to do justice in the article of February last.

As regards two of the three great changes just adverted to, the only differences of opinion that have arisen have been in the nature of competitions rather than of conflicts. No one, so far as I am aware, has ever proposed to revert to sail-power or to wooden hulls in important ships of war. On the contrary, the powers have been in continual competition in the effort to reduce the weights of the hulls of war ships (apart from armor) by the extended use, first of iron, and afterward of steel, and to apply the savings of weight thus effected to the development of engine-power, speed, and steaming endurance. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the development of armor has been pursued with less constancy and less earnestness, the

result being that marked contrasts are exhibited by European navies.

It may be said, with little or no qualification, that all other European naval powers followed in the first place the example set by the late Emperor Napoleon III., in *La Gloire*, by covering the whole of the exposed part of the war ship's hull with armor plating. All the early iron-clads of Russia, Italy, Austria, and Germany were protected from stem to stern, and from a few feet below water to the upper deck. England did the same in the cases of a few ships, although she began, as we saw before, with the *Warrior* type, in which the armor was limited to the central part of the ship. But the system of completely covering the exposed ship with armor has now entirely and properly passed away from European practice, and has been succeeded by varied arrangements of armor.

The importance of giving effectual protection to the hull "between wind and water," as it is called (signifying from a few feet below the water-line to a few feet above that line), has been steadily recognized by Continental governments, with but the rarest exceptions. Nothing corresponding to that wholesale abandonment of armor for about a hundred feet at each end of the ship which has been practised in the British ships of the *Inflexible* and *Admiral* types is displayed in the line-of-battle ships of the Continent. In France, indeed, two such ships were laid down under some temporary influence, viz., the *Brennus* and the *Charles Martel*, but they appear to have soon fallen under suspicion, and there has not been, to my knowledge, any great dispo-

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sition to complete them for service. I know not what significance is to be attached to the fact, but I observe that these two ships have been omitted altogether from the iron-clad ships of France published so recently as May, 1886, in the *Universal Register* of shipping, which Lloyd's Register Committee "believe will be found the most complete list that has yet been published." It seems not improbable, therefore, that the dangerous system of exposing two-thirds of the ship's length to destruction from all kinds and every kind of naval guns, even the smallest, which prevailed in the British navy for more than twelve years, and which has now happily been superseded in the powerful new ships *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, obtained but little more than momentary approval in France, and is likely to have led to the condemnation of the only two ships in which it was attempted—a result which is creditable alike to French science and to French sagacity.\*

In Italy the *Inflexible* system (which has met in France with the fate we have just seen) obtained temporary favor, and was adopted in the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*, two very large ships, of 11,000 tons each, of a speed exceeding fifteen knots, and each carrying four 100-ton guns in turrets. Although these ships are 340 feet in length, even the armored belt amidships (if "belt" in any sense so short a strip of armor may be called†) is but 107 feet long, leaving therefore 233 feet of the ship at the ends wholly devoid of water-line protection. As the author of the "citadel system," I cannot regard such an arrangement as this as a fair and reasonable embodiment of it, the discrepancy between the armored and unarmored portions being greater in these two ships than even in the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, which are perhaps the worst examples of the abuse of the citadel system in the British navy. It is to the credit of the Italian government that ships of this type were not repeated in their navy; and it is but right to point out that there were ex-

cuses (which probably ranked in the minds of the designers as *reasons*) for a more extreme proportionate limitation of the citadels being adopted in the *Duilio* and *Dandolo* than in the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*. Among these were the possession by the Italian ships of heavier armaments and of far greater steam-power and speed than the British ships possessed—a matter to which further reference will be made hereafter—and probably also the adoption of somewhat finer water-lines as a means of attaining the superior speed.

In this connection it may be well to observe that the question of leaving so-called armored line-of-battle ships without armor at the extremities is first one of principle, and afterward one of degree. The principle (which should be observed in the design of every armored vessel which is intended for the line of battle, or for those close and severe contests of ship with ship which will probably supersede in a great degree the system of fighting in lines of battle) is this: the proportion which the armored citadel bears to the unarmored ends must always be such as to enable the ship to keep afloat all the time the armor itself holds out against the attack of the enemy; so that injuries to the unarmored ends, however great or multiplied, shall not alone suffice to destroy the ship. Whatever may occur in the future to interfere with the application of this principle—and I do not deny that such interferences may arise under certain perfectly conceivable circumstances—nothing has yet happened to justify its abandonment, or to even justify the remotest chance of its being violated. If a ship is not intended to close with an enemy, or to fight her anyhow and anywhere on the open sea—which certainly has been the dominant idea of the British navy, in so far as its great line-of-battle ships are concerned—if, for example, a combination of immense speed with one or two extremely powerful and well-protected guns should serve a particular object better than a slower and more fully protected ship would serve it—then even great destructibility in the ship itself may justifiably be incurred. But for general naval service, and in every case in which a ship is intended to accept battle with a powerful antagonist, and fight it out, or to force an action when she encounters such an enemy, it cannot be wise to leave her so exposed that that enemy may almost cer-

\* Since the above was written a return made by the Admiralty to the order of the House of Commons has been printed, and says of the *Brennus* and *Charles Martel*: "Though these vessels still appear in the list of the French navy, but little money has been voted for their construction in 1886, and all work on them is now reported to have been stopped."—E. J. R.

† It is called a belt in Lloyd's *Universal Register*, but the term is very likely to mislead.—E. J. R.





FIG. 1.—THE "FOUDROYANT": FRENCH ARMORED SHIP OF THE FIRST CLASS.

tainly sink her or cause her to capsize by merely pouring any kind of shot or shell into her unarmored parts. But even the observance of the above general principle is not alone all that is desirable in armored line-of-battle ships. It is not well to leave even so much of the ends of such ships wholly exposed as may lead to the speedy loss in action of her steaming or steering powers. The armor belt should be of sufficient length to fairly guarantee the ship against prompt disablement in action, and to do this it must be carried very much nearer to the bow and stern than it has been in the cases of the Italian ships (*Duilio* and *Dandolo*) now under notice. On the other hand, where ships are formed with fine water-lines, and the two opposite sides are consequently very near to each other for many feet, it is quite unnecessary to cover them with armor. The buoyancy comprised between the two sides

at such parts is very small, and consequently penetration can let but little water into the ship, and do but little harm. It is a matter for the exercise of professional judgment where to draw the line between the armored and the unarmored parts. In the new British ships *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, which have excited great admiration in England, there are about sixty feet of length at each end left without armor, and as the ships have fine lines, but are nevertheless of considerable breadth at sixty feet from the ends, it seems probable that good judgment has been shown by their designers in this matter.

I have discussed this question at some length because it is one of primary consideration in the design of important armored ships, and because the abandonment of a long belt of armor is also one of the few features of construction respecting which the designers of the Con-



tinent have steadfastly refrained from following the example set by the Admiralty Office at Whitehall from the years 1870 to 1885. It will complete the consideration of this branch of the subject to say that there are numerous ships of the iron-clad type in foreign navies in which the armor (justifiably, as has just been shown) stops somewhat short of the ends, but very few indeed in which the length of the unarmored parts exceeds that of the armored. Among the last-named may be mentioned a very questionable class of vessels (*Sachsen* type) in the German navy, and a much smaller sea-going vessel belonging to the Argentine Republic, named the *Almirante Brown*, which is a well-designed vessel in other respects, but which, on account of her long defenceless bow and stern, would do better to avoid than to fight an enemy.\*

Having now dealt with the primary question of the defence of ships by means of armor belts, we come to the greater or less defence bestowed upon them above water. The course taken by the French designers, when the increased thickness of armor made it impossible to repeat the complete protection adopted in *La Gloire* and her compeers, was in some few cases that of belting the ship with armor, and giving great "tumble home" to the sides

above water, excepting at the central armored battery, thus allowing that battery to project, and its guns to fire directly ahead and astern, past the inwardly inclined sides. This system has been strikingly carried out in the two sister ships *Foudroyant*† and *Dévastation*, the former of which is shown, stem on, in Fig. 1, which is engraved from a photograph taken after her launch, and before she began to receive her armor plating. A representation of the sister vessel, *Dévastation* (forming one of the series of engravings given in this article from drawings specially executed for the purpose by Chevalier De Martino), forms our next illustration, Fig. 2.

But generally in the French navy, and in nearly all but its earliest ships, direct head and stern fire has been obtained by means of elevated and projecting towers, armor plated to a sufficient height to protect the gun machinery, but with the guns themselves unprotected, and firing *en barbette*. In the case of the two ships *Dévastation* and *Foudroyant* the main-deck projecting battery carries four guns, each commanding a full quadrant of a circle. The barbette batteries, standing up above the upper deck, carry a powerful gun on each side of the ship, with great range of fire.

\* It will be instructive to repeat here, before leaving this question of partially armored ships, a comparison resembling that which I employed in a paper read at the Royal United Service Institution, in which is set down in one column the displacements of certain British and French ships, eleven of each, built and building, possessing maximum armor on the water-line of at least fifteen inches. As all the French ships given have complete or all but complete armor belts, it is proper to reckon their whole displacement tonnages as armored tonnage. But in the case of all the British ships which carry such thick armor they are deprived of armor altogether except amidships, and it is therefore misleading, and even absurd, to reckon their whole displacement tonnages as armored tonnage. For this reason I am obliged to give two tonnages for them, viz., the armored and the unarmored, as I do below :

FRENCH SHIPS.		BRITISH SHIPS.			
	Armored.		Unarmored.	Armored.	Total.
	Tons.		Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Amiral Baudin.....	11,141	Inflexible.....	5,210	6,670	11,880
Amiral Duperré.....	10,486	Ajax.....	4,160	4,350	8,510
Dévastation.....	9,639	Agamemnon.....	4,160	4,350	8,510
Formidable.....	11,441	Colossus.....	4,580	4,570	9,150
Foudroyant.....	9,639	Edinburgh.....	4,580	4,570	9,150
Hoche.....	9,864	Collingwood.....	4,580	4,570	9,150
Magenta.....	9,864	Rodney.....	4,800	4,900	9,700
Marceau.....	9,864	Home.....	4,800	4,900	9,700
Neptune.....	9,864	Camperdown.....	4,900	5,100	10,000
Caïman.....	7,239	Benbow.....	4,900	5,100	10,000
Indomptable.....	7,184	Anson.....	4,900	5,100	10,000
Total.....	106,225	Total.....	51,570	54,180	105,750

I have not thought it necessary to alter these figures in repeating this comparison, as they are sufficiently near the truth for the only purpose for which I employ them, which is that of exhibiting the fact that whereas the above eleven British iron-clads (so called) figure in the official tables of the British government as constituting an armored tonnage of 105,750 tons, nearly equal to that of the eleven French ships, they really represent but little more than half that amount of armored tonnage.—E. J. R.

† This ship now appears in some lists as the *Courbet*, her name having been changed, but it is convenient at present to give the name by which she has hitherto been known.—E. J. R.





FIG. 2.—THE “DÉVASTATION”: FRENCH ARMORED SHIP OF THE FIRST CLASS.



Having given these general indications of the system of attack and defence adopted in the French navy—by far the most important of all the Continental navies—it now becomes desirable to go more into particulars. It is not necessary to dwell upon the early iron-clads of France. The *Gloire* and a dozen others of like character were all built of wood, without water-tight bulkheads, without rams or spurs, with armor plates from 4 to 6 inches thick only, and with guns of small calibre and power. They may be left out of consideration in dealing with the present French navy. They were followed by six other vessels, also built of wood, but with upper works of iron, viz., the *Océan*, *Marengo*, *Suffren*, *Richelieu*, *Colbert*, *Trident*. They were armored with plates of a maximum thickness of 8½ inches, and carried four guns of 10¾ inches calibre, weighing 23 tons each, with four 16-ton guns, and half a dozen light ones. They varied in some particulars, ranging in tonnage from 7000 to 8000 tons, in horse-power from 3600 to 4600, and in speed from 13 to 14½ knots. The *Friedland* is another vessel which is frequently classed with the previous six ships, the largest of which she generally resembles, but she is built of iron, and carries eight 23-ton guns, and none of the 16-ton. A committee which sat in 1879, and which had for its president and vice-presidents men no less eminent than the late M. Gambetta and MM. Albert Grévy and Jules Ferry, pronounced these

seven ships to be the strongest armored ships of the French navy then in service. Such great advances have since been made, however, that it is only necessary to add respecting these vessels that they were nearly all single screw ships, and that they carried their principal armament at broadside ports on the main-deck, and in raised barbette towers placed at the four corners of the central battery. The *Richelieu* was the largest of these vessels.

Not one of the foregoing French ships of the early period conformed to conditions which were laid down officially in 1872 as those requisite for first-class French iron-clads, viz., that they should be constructed of iron (or steel), with water-tight compartments, be armored with plates 12 inches thick, with decks from 2 to 2½ inches thick, and armed with guns of 24 centimeters calibre, commanding certain prescribed ranges of fire, and furnished with spurs or ram stems. There were, however, four ships then under construction or trial which did conform to the prescribed conditions, namely, the two already spoken of, the *Foudroyant* and *Dévastation*, and two others named the *Redoutable* and the *Amiral Duperré*. With these powerful ships may be said to have commenced the era of iron and steel line-of-battle ships in France. We will now bring them, together with still more recent French ships of the first class, into a table in which their particulars may be conveniently grouped.

TABLE A.—MODERN FRENCH ARMORED SHIPS OF THE FIRST CLASS.\*

Name.	Displacement in Tons.	Indicated Horse- power.†	Speed in Knots.†	Length.	Breadth.	Draught of Water.	Maximum Thickness of Armor.	Heaviest Guns carried.
				Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Inches.	
Amiral Baudin...	11,200	8,320	15	319	70	25.8	22	3 of 75 tons.
Amiral Duperré..	10,300	8,120	14.2	319	70	25.8	22	4 " 48 "
Dévastation .....	9,900	8,320	14.5	312	69.8	25.5	15	{ 4 " 48 "
Formidable .....	11,260	8,320	15	319	70	25.8	22	{ 4 " 28 "
Foudroyant	9,500	8,200	15	311	69.8	25.5	15	3 " 75 "
(now Courbet) {								{ 4 " 48 "
Hoche .....	10,480	5,500	14	329	66	26.5	17.7	{ 4 " 28 "
Magenta .....	10,480	5,500	14	329	66	26.5	17.7	4 " 52 "
Marceau .....	10,480	5,500	14	329	66	26.5	17.7	4 " 52 "
Neptune .....	10,480	5,500	14	329	66	26.5	17.7	4 " 52 "
Redoutable .....	9,030	6,000	14.2	312	64.6	24.4	14	{ 4 " 28 "
Caïman .....	7,200	4,800	14	271	59	23	17.5	{ 4 " 24 "
Furieux .....	5,700	3,400	12	248	59	21.4	17.5	2 " 48 "
Indomptable ....	7,200	4,800	14	271	59	22.8	19.5	2 " 48 "
Requin .....	7,200	6,000	14.5	271	59	22.8	19.5	2 " 75 "
Terrible .....	7,200	4,800	14	271	59	22.8	19.5	2 " 75 "
Tonnant .....	4,707	1,750	10	248	58.4	17.3	17.5	2 " 48 "

\* For the reason before stated, the *Brennus* and *Charles Martel* are omitted from this table.  
† These powers and speeds are taken from Lloyd's *Universal Register*.



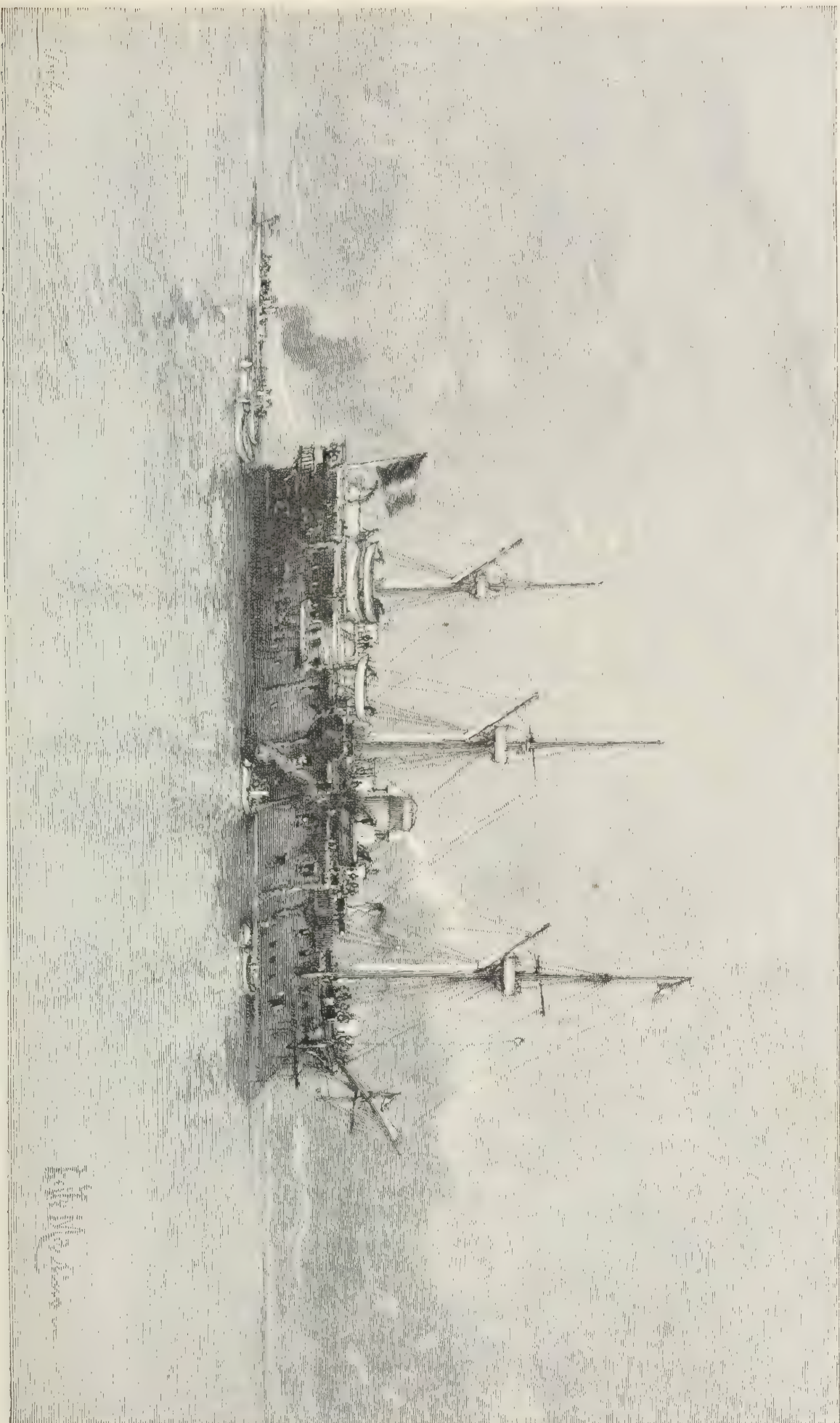


FIG. 3.—THE "RICHELIEU."



The ship which alphabetically falls last in this table among the ships of 9000 tons and upward, the *Redoutable*, came first in point of time, viz., in 1872, and her design marked the commencement of the new era in French iron-clad construction. One of the features of the change was, as already intimated, the abandonment of wooden hulls, which we had succeeded in accomplishing in England eight years before. The first design proposed by myself to the British Admiralty provided for an iron hull, and although the force of circumstances compelled us to construct my earliest war vessels in timber, yet so strongly averse were we to the employment of so perishable a material as wood within an iron casing that Admiral Sir R. Spencer Robinson succeeded in preventing the construction of three out of five wooden line-of-battle armored ships that had previously been proposed by the government of the day, and sanctioned by Parliament. This was in 1863 or 1864, the *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden* being the last large armored wooden ships laid down in her Majesty's dock-yards. The French delayed the change for some years, as we see. M. De Bussy, the designer of the *Redoutable*, and a most accomplished naval constructor, built a very large part of the ship of steel, and by so doing brought the French dock-yards into early acquaintance with the superiority of that material to iron for constructive purposes. The *Redoutable* has armor of more than 14 inches in thickness upon her belt, and of  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches upon her central battery. She carries eight 25-ton guns\*—four in her central battery, two in barbette half-towers, and two on revolving platforms at the bow and stern respectively. She also carries eight light  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch guns. This ship generally resembles her successors, the *Dévastation* and the *Foudroyant* (by the same designer), in so far as that her batteries fire past sides, with great tumble home. Sir Thomas Brassey (in this respect somewhat erroneously following Mr. King, of the United States navy, in his able work upon *The War Ships and Navies of the World*), says, "The faculty of firing parallel to the line of keel is secured in the French ship by the tumble home of the ship's sides, and not by the projection of the battery beyond them, as in the

English vessel (the *Audacious*)."

It is difficult to understand what this means, because it is obviously only by the projection of the battery beyond the sides of the ship which are before and after it that fore and aft fire can be obtained from the battery in either case. But it is not true that the battery of the *Audacious* any more than the battery of the *Redoutable* projects beyond the breadth of the ship at the water-line, which would seem to be what is intended, and Sir Thomas Brassey (now worthily promoted to the House of Lords, and known as Lord Brassey) may assure himself of the fact by looking at Plate III. of his own work on *The British Navy*, from which the above words are quoted. The *Redoutable* is a full-rigged ship, and nevertheless steams  $14\frac{1}{4}$  knots per hour. There is one particular in which the *Dévastation* and the *Foudroyant*, like her as they are in general design, differ materially from the *Redoutable*. I refer to the armament. The former two ships each carry four 34-centimeter 48-ton guns in the main-deck battery, in lieu of the four 25-ton guns of the *Redoutable*.

The *Amiral Duperré* (designed by M. Sabattier, the able French chief constructor) claims a few words, as she differs materially in type from the three ships just discussed. She has a complete belt of very thick armor from stem to stern—greatest thickness 22 inches, tapering to 10 inches at the extremities, with a thick deck (2-inches) at the top of the belt in the usual manner. But above this belt there is no armored main-deck battery, as in the other ships, the chief armament, of four 48-ton guns, being carried in four elevated barbette towers, two of which are well forward, and project considerably to enable their guns to act efficiently as bow chasers, and at the same time to command all round the broadside and right astern. To facilitate this the sides of the ship have great tumble home. The other two towers are situated at the middle line of the ship, one near the stern, and the other further forward, between the main and the mizzen masts. The main-deck, although without armor defence, is not without armament, as it carries fourteen  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch 60-pounder rifled breech-loaders. Other particulars of the *Amiral Duperré* are given in the table, and Fig. 4 is a view of her, engraved from a photograph with which I

\* Some returns say four of 28 tons, and four of 24 tons, all being of 27 centimeters calibre. I have adopted these in Table A.



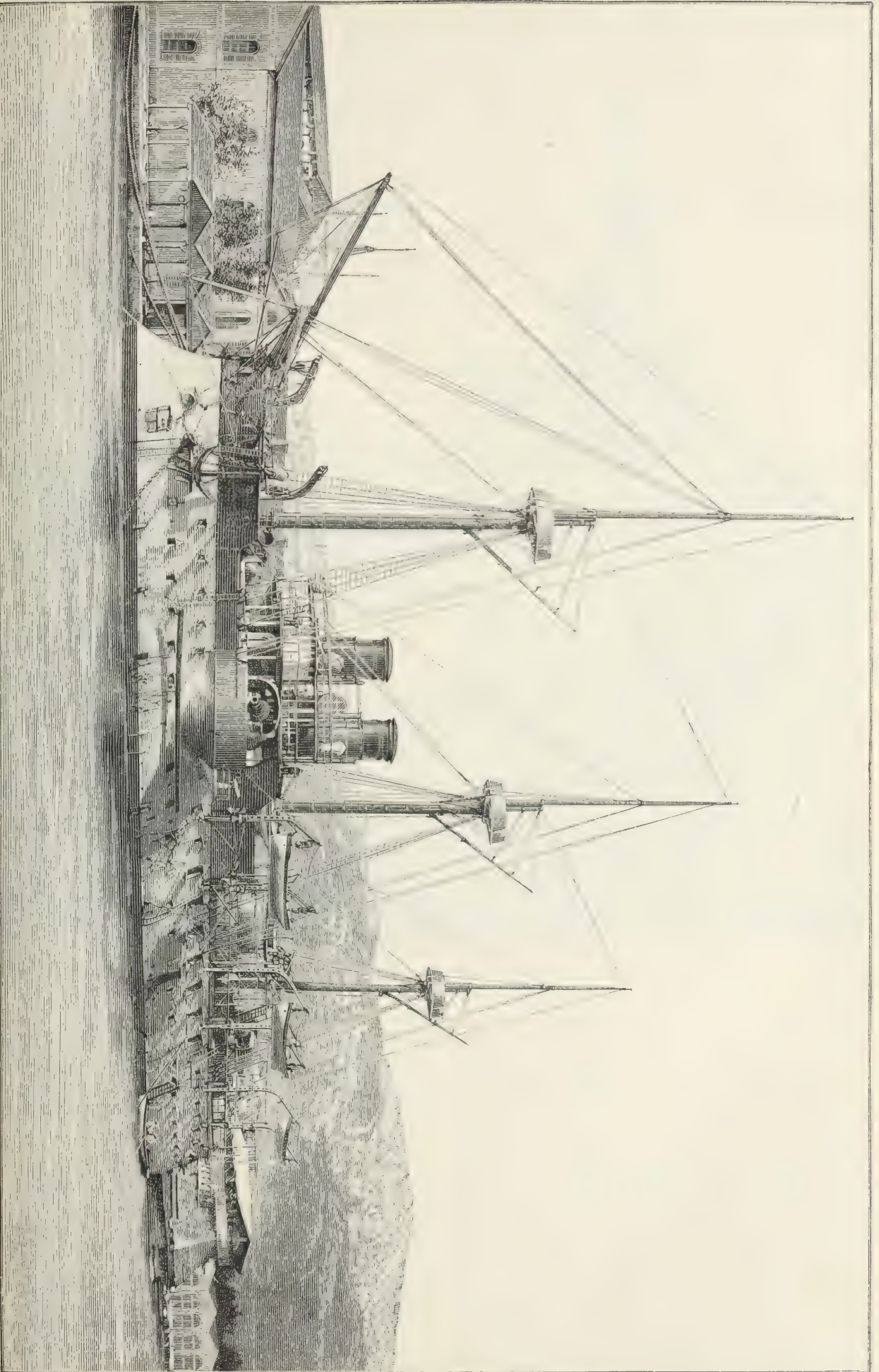


FIG. 4.—THE "AMIRAL DUPERRÉ": FRENCH ARMORED SHIP OF THE FIRST CLASS.



have been favored by a French officer. It will be observed from her description that the most characteristic feature of this great ship of more than 10,000 tons is the absence of any guns protected by armor. The barbette towers, it is true, are armored with 12-inch plates, and the main-deck guns are under the protection of the thin plating of the ship's side, which latter is of little or no avail, however, against the armament of other first-class ships. Practically the whole of the *Duperré's* guns are unprotected. It may be added that during the discussions in London upon the "ships armored in places" an attempt was made to show that the *Duperré*, owing to her alleged small initial stability, was as devoid of stability when injured above the belt as certain vessels of the British *Admiral* class when injured before and abaft the belt—a statement which I distrust, as I regard it as a mere inference from an experiment which I believe to be delusive. At the same time, the *Duperré* would have been the better for more initial stability.

But it is obvious that all belted or partially belted vessels, in which the belt is carried but a small height above the water for the size of the ship, must run the risk of losing both buoyancy and stability very soon if even moderately inclined in or after battle, seeing that, with a moderate inclination only, the entire armor belt on the depressed side of the ship must disappear beneath the sea's surface. The strenuous assertion of this source of danger, although it could not lead to much increase in the stability of the existing armored ships, has produced as one effect the busy and earnest efforts which both English and French constructors have been recently making to subdivide their ships *above the armor* into as many water-tight compartments as possible, and to stuff these compartments as full as possible of buoyant (or at least of water-excluding) materials. The necessity for resorting to this device, however, in first-class ships of nine, ten, or eleven thousand tons displacement, and of something approaching to five million dollars each in value, is not a thing for either French or English naval constructors to be proud of. But the assertion of the danger in question has had in England the further and very satisfactory result of bringing much more trustworthy ships, like the *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, into being, and of

insuring the determined support of these ships in Parliament whenever those who foolishly confound mere cheapness with merit in such constructions seek to interfere with the progress of these magnificent vessels.

Two other powerful ships of the French navy, closely resembling the *Amiral Duperré*, are the *Amiral Baudin* and the *Formidable*. They are of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  feet more beam than the *Duperré* (and therefore probably have much larger stability), and their displacement exceeds hers by 900 tons. Their armaments chiefly differ from hers in the employment of three guns of 75 tons each in their towers, in lieu of the four guns of 48 tons of the *Duperré*. The *Neptune*, *Hoche*, *Magenta*, and *Marceau* are four other powerful ships, as will have been seen from Table A, the principal armament of each consisting of four guns of 52 tons, carried in towers, with the exception of the *Hoche*, which has two of her four principal guns of 28 tons each only.

Incidental mention has already been made (in foot-note, page 174) of two ships, the *Caïman* and *Indomptable*, which, although of only 7200 tons, carry very thick armor ( $19\frac{1}{2}$  inches), and as a matter of fact carry also guns of the heaviest type (75-ton). There are two other vessels of the same description, the *Terrible* and *Requin*. Careful note should be taken of these four steel-built vessels, which add greatly to the power of France. Each carries two of the very powerful guns just mentioned, and steams at a speed of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  knots. In the same category of thickly armored ships the French have yet one other ship, the *Furieux*, of 5560 tons. Her armor is  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick in places, and she is armed with two 48-ton guns. Her speed is 12 knots. The *Tonnant* has the same armor and armament, but she is of nearly 1000 tons less displacement, drawing much less water, and steaming only at 10 knots per hour.

Space will not admit of our dealing in this article with each of the European fleets with the same fulness as was permissible in our article discussing the British navy. We have already remarked upon all the principal iron-clads of France, and upon some likewise which cannot compete for notability in the present day. We may sum up the facts relating to the larger class of French iron-clads which still rank among the efficient



ships of 7000 tons and upward by saying that in addition to the sixteen ships of which the particulars are given in Table A, there are on the efficient list the *Colbert*, *Friedland*, *Marengo*, *Océan*, *Richelieu*, *Suffren*, *Trident*, *Savoie*, *Revanche*, *Surveillante*, and *Héroïne*, most of which have been previously described in general terms, and the remainder of which are of less than 6000 tons, and were built chiefly of wood many years ago.

The French navy further comprises thirteen armor-plated cruisers, of which four have lately been dropped out of some official lists. Of the remaining nine, four are modern vessels, and all of about equal size and power.

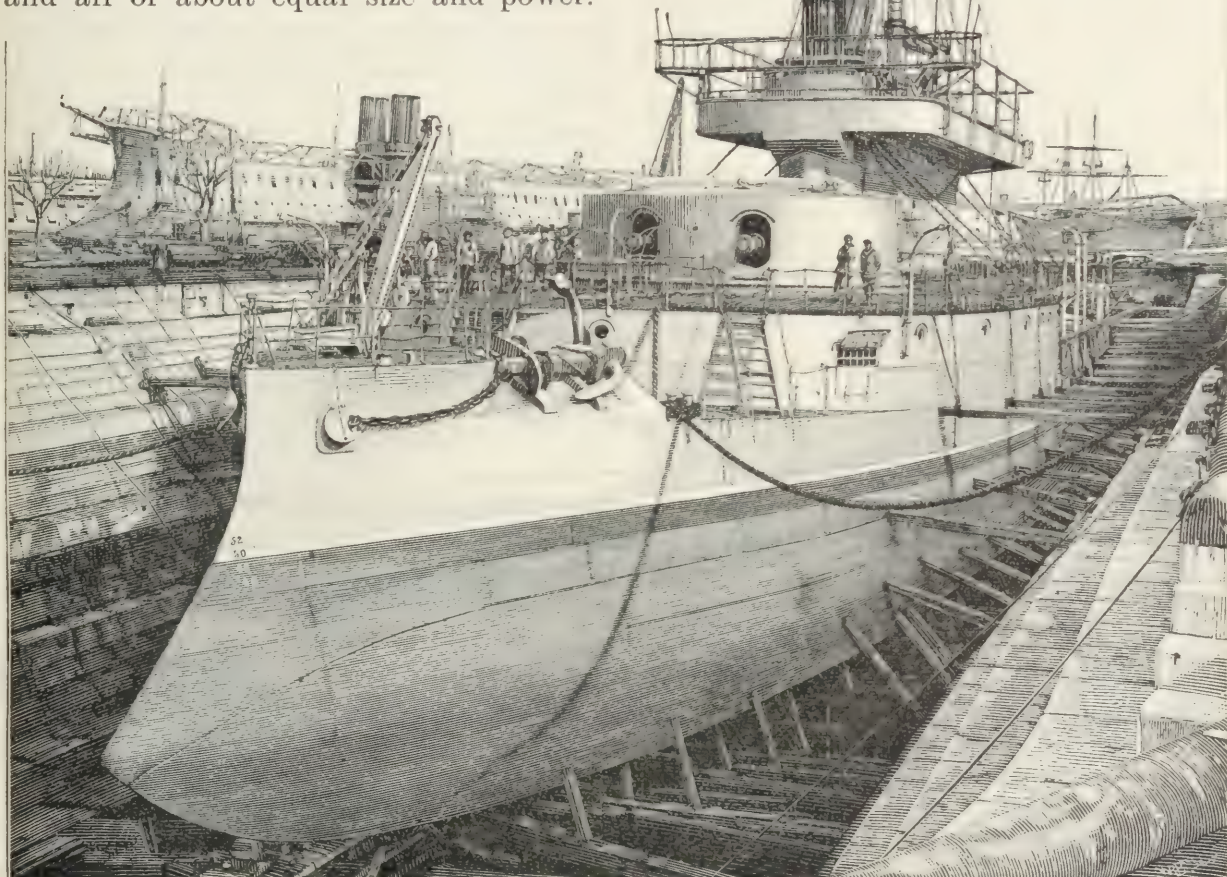


FIG. 5.—THE "VENGEUR": FRENCH IRON-CLAD COAST-GUARD VESSEL.

These are the *Duguesclin*, *Vauban*, *Bayard*, and *Turenne*; but of these, while the first two are built of steel, the last two are built of wood, with iron topsides, as are all the remaining five vessels of this class. The subjoined table will indicate the inferior character of most of the vessels of this type:

TABLE B.—FRENCH ARMORED CRUISERS.

Name.	Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed	Length.	Breadth.	Draught of Water.	Maximum Thickness of Armor.	Heaviest Guns carried.
	Tons.		Knots.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Inches.	
Bayard .....	5900	4560	14.5	266	57.2	23.3	10	4 of 16 tons.
Duguesclin ....	5900	4000	14	266	57.2	23.3	10	4 " 16 "
Turenne .....	5900	4250	14.2	266	57.2	23.3	10	4 " 16 "
Vauban .....	5900	4000	14	266	57.2	23.3	10	4 " 16 "
La Galissonnière .	4700	2370	13	256	49	23	6	6 " 16 "
Triomphante....	4700	2400	12.8	256	49	23	6	6 " 16 "
Victorieuse.....	4600	2210	12.7	256	49	23	6	6 " 16 "
Reine Blanche ..	3620	1860	11.8	230	46.2	21.8	6	6 " 8 "
Thetis .....	3620	1860	12.	230	46.2	21.8	6	6 " 8 "



Of the above ships it may be remarked that the *Thetis* and *Reine Blanche* have been nearly twenty years afloat, the *Galissonière* was launched in 1872, the *Victorieuse* in 1875, and the *Triomphante* in 1877. The remainder of the nine, as previously stated, are modern vessels, the *Duguesclin* being not yet completed. The *Duguesclin* and her sister ships are of the *Duperré* type, much reduced in dimensions.

There are nine completed coast-guard iron-clads and eight armored gun-boats in the French navy, as follows:

TABLE C.—FRENCH IRON-CLAD COAST-GUARD VESSELS.

Name.	Displacement.	Speed.	Maximum Armor.	Principal Guns.	
	Tons.	Knots.	Inches.	No.	Tons.
<i>Fulminant</i> .....	5600	13.22	13	2	28
<i>Tonnerre</i> .....	5700	14	13	2	28
<i>Tempête</i> .....	4523	12	13	2	28
<i>Vengeur</i> .....	4523	10.8	13	2	48
<i>Bélier</i> .....	3600	12.3	8.5	2	16
<i>Bouledogue</i> ...	3800	12.25	8.5	2	16
<i>Cerbère</i> .....	3800	11.4	8.5	2	16
<i>Taureau</i> .....	2700	13	6	1	23
<i>Tigre</i> .....	3500	13.5	8.5	2	16

TABLE D.—FRENCH IRON-CLAD GUN-BOATS.

Name.	Displacement.	Speed.	Maximum Armor.	Principal Guns.	
	Tons.	Knots.	Inches.	No.	Tons.
First Class.	<i>Achéron</i> ..	1639	13	8	1 28
	<i>Cocyte</i> ....	1639	13	8	1 28
	<i>Phlogéton</i> ..	1639	13	8	1 28
	<i>Styx</i> .....	1639	13	8	1 28
Second Class.	<i>Flamme</i> ..	1045	13	8	1 16
	<i>Fusée</i> .....	1045	13	8	1 16
	<i>Mitraille</i> ..	1045	13	8	1 16
	<i>Grenade</i> ..	1045	13	8	1 16

The vessels in these tables C and D are all revolving turret vessels with the exception of the *Taureau* and of the four second-class gun-boats, which fire their guns *en barbette*. They embrace very different types of construction, involving different degrees of sea-worthiness—very low degrees in some of them, I fear. With the exception of the *Tempête*, they are all furnished with twin screws. The *Fulminant*, *Tonnerre*, *Tempête*, and *Vengeur*, in Table C, and the whole of the vessels in Table D (as yet incomplete), are of iron or of steel, or of the two combined; the remainder have hulls principally built of wood. I have chosen for illustration the turret vessel *Vengeur* (Fig. 5), which has been engraved from a photograph sent to me by a naval friend in France.

We come now to the unarmored ships of France, and as in writing of these I purpose accepting the official classifications adopted in France, which are not identical with those employed in England, it may be well to repeat here a caution which the British Admiralty has given in

a memorandum prefixed to a recent "return" of theirs "showing the fleets of England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Greece." The caution is to the effect that France includes under the heading of "cruisers" vessels of about similar value to the larger class of English sloops, which are excluded from the English "cruiser" class. But I regret the necessity of observing that the Admiralty officers, while careful to put this explanation well forward, appear to be equally careful to withhold an explanation of much greater moment concerning three French cruisers of large size and of greater importance—withheld in pursuance, apparently, and as I have most reluctantly come to fear, of an uncandid, and indeed of a misleading spirit, which seems to have taken possession of some persons who have to do with the preparation of Admiralty returns to Parliament. The exercise of this spirit has forced me ere now to draw the attention of Parliament to the matter, and in one instance to have an official return, which contained erroneous and too favorable classifications of British ships, withdrawn.\* Any one referring to the Parliamentary return of British and foreign fleets just adverted to will find under the heading of "Unarmored Vessels Building" two large and remarkably fast steel cruisers, the *Tage* and the *Cécile*, the former of which exceeds 7000 tons in displacement, while the latter approaches 6000 tons, and both of which are to steam at the immense speed of 19 knots an hour, or a knot in excess of the fastest armed vessel (neglecting torpedo craft) in the British navy. These two French cruisers are respectively 390 and 380 feet in length, and are to be driven by over 10,000 indicated horse-power in the *Tage*, and by nearly 10,000 indicated horse-power in the *Cécile*. A third vessel, the *Sfax*, launched at Brest in 1884, of 4420 tons, 7500 indicated horse-power, and 16½ knots speed, is also given without remark in the Parliamentary return as an "unarmored" vessel. Now even this last-named vessel has a steel deck 1¾ inches thick to protect her boilers, machinery, and magazines, while the *Tage* and *Cécile* have such decks 3 inches thick. These being mere decks do not, of course, remove the ships out of the category of unarmored ships, and the

\* See *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for February, 1886, page 349.



return is correct in this respect. But now in this same return all the British ships provided with protecting decks of this character are kept out of the lists of unarmored or "unprotected" vessels, and are classed separately, and are described as "protected" vessels. And not only is this true of vessels like the *Mersey* class, which have such decks  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick in places, but it is true likewise of some twenty vessels, ranging many of them as low as 1420 tons in displacement, and with decks and partial decks of less thickness than that of the *Sfax*, the weakest of the three French ships in this respect. In short, while the twenty-two English ships are withheld from the category of unarmored ships, although every one of them is inferior in protecting decks to the three French ships, the latter are placed in the inferior category, and not a word of explanation is offered to prevent the uninitiated and unsuspecting reader from regarding as weaker than our vessels those French vessels which are in fact the strongest and best protected. I must say that, as an Englishman, I grieve to see returns to the British Parliament made use of for the dissemination of information so misleading as this; and I should do so if I could believe there was nothing but official negligence involved; but I am sorry to say I cannot doubt that had the mere reproduction of foreign classifications put three of the very fastest and most important cruisers of our own navy, of Admiralty origin, at the very great disadvantage to which the French ships are put in this return, we should have had a very full and a very prominent explanation of the seeming discrepancy given. It is to the credit of *Lloyd's Register* office that what the Admiralty Office failed to do in a paper issued at the end of July was properly done in their *Universal Register*, published two or three months earlier, for in the latter the three French ships are separately detailed under the heading of "Deck-protected Cruisers."

It is absolutely necessary to bring to light the matter just explained, for otherwise the present state and the prospects of the French navy cannot be properly understood, the *Tage*, *Cécile*, and *Sfax* being, on the whole, the most important of the French ships which are without armor belts. Two others there are, however, which are weaker than the *Tage* and *Sfax* only in the fact of their being with-

out special deck protection. These are the *Duquesne* and the *Tourville*, two ships approximately alike in size and construction, and both having their iron bottoms sheathed with two thicknesses of wood and then coppered, after the manner introduced by myself in H. M. S. *Inconstant*. Both of these French ships have attained  $16\frac{9}{10}$  knots of speed. They are armed with seven guns of 8 tons and fourteen of 3 tons weight.

The remaining unarmored vessels of France must be rapidly summarized. It is impossible to neglect in this case, as was done in my article on the British navy, all the frigates, etc., which have frames of timber, because to do this would be to omit all unarmored frigates of the French navy except the *Duquesne* and the *Tourville*, already described. But it is not necessary to do more than name the *Venus*, *Minerve*, and *Flora*, all launched prior to 1870, and all slow, and to say that there remain but four unarmored wood frigates of 14 knots speed, of about 3400 tons, and armed with from two to four guns of 5 tons, and eighteen to twenty-two guns of 3 tons. These are *Aréthuse*, *Dubourdieu*, *Iphigénie*, and *Naiade*, which, although wooden ships, have all been launched since 1881—the *Dubourdieu* in 1884. Of French first-class cruisers which do not rank as frigates (having no main-deck batteries) there are nine in number, which all are built of wood except one, the *Duguay-Trouin*, which is the fastest of them all, steaming at  $15\frac{3}{10}$  knots. This vessel has 3300 tons displacement, and is armed with five guns of 8 tons and five of 3 tons. None of the remaining eight exceed 2400 tons in displacement, none exceed 15.3 knots in speed (but none are less than 14 knots), and each of them carries fifteen guns of 3 tons. Next come thirteen second-class cruisers, ranging in displacement between 1540 and 2100 tons, and in speed between  $11\frac{1}{2}$  and 15 knots; they are principally armed with 3-ton guns. There is another vessel, the *Rapide*, in this class, but I only know of her that her tonnage is 1900 tons. Of cruisers of the third class there are fifteen, ranging from 1000 to 1400 tons, and principally armed with 3-ton guns. Their speeds vary from 10 to 13 knots; one, however, the *Hirondelle*, steaming at  $15\frac{1}{2}$  knots. The French have likewise thirty-five vessels, "avisos," etc., of which about one-half are from 1400 to 1600 tons, and



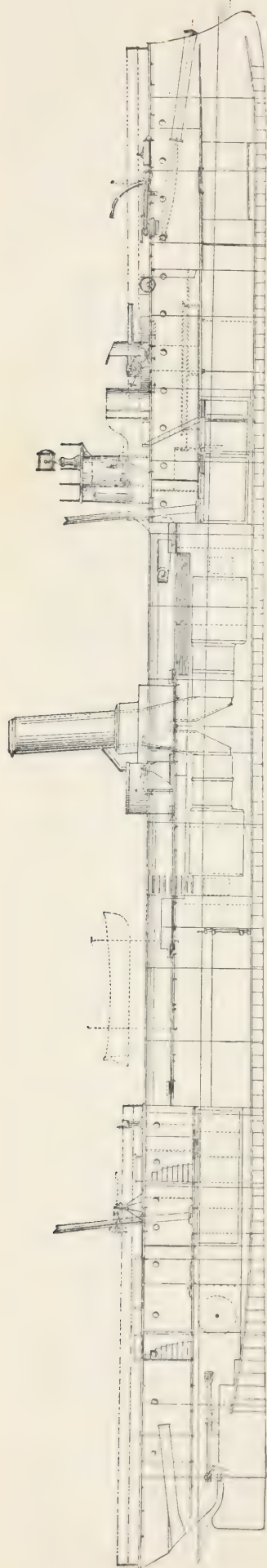


FIG. 6.—BRITISH TORPEDO GUN-BOAT OF THE "GRASSHOPPER" CLASS (SIDE VIEW).

the remainder are from 720 to 1000 tons. About six of them reach or approach 13 knots, but most of them range between 10 and 11 knots, some of them falling as low as 8 knots. I have further to make mention of two very fast vessels—for they are to steam  $19\frac{1}{2}$  knots—now under construction, named the *Surcoup* and the *Forbin*, each of 1850 tons, and each armed with two 3-ton guns. There is also a vessel of 1540 tons, named the *Milan*, which steams 18 knots, and is armed with five very light (24-cwt.) guns. The French navy possesses also ninety-nine vessels, most of them carrying guns (many of 3 tons, some of 5 tons, and one or two of 8 tons), and also twenty-eight steam transports, varying in size from 1200 to nearly 600 tons, the largest of them, the *Nive* (of 5680 tons), steaming 14 knots.

Since the article on "The British Navy," published in February, 1886, was written, the navies of Europe, including the British navy, have undergone considerable expansion in respect of their very fast unarmored steel vessels, the designing and successful construction of which have been brought about by improvements in the quality of ship steel and in steam machinery, notably, as regards the latter, by the employment of "forced draught." These are called torpedo vessels, as distinct from torpedo boats. There are in process of completion for the British navy\* eight of 1630 tons (the *Archer* class), each carrying six 6-inch 5-ton guns, and estimated to steam with forced draught from 16 to 17 knots; two of 1430 tons each (*Scout* class), carrying four 5-inch 2-ton guns, with an estimated maximum speed of 16 knots; and two of 785 tons (*Curlew* class), called "gun and torpedo" vessels; speed, 15 knots; armament, one 6-inch 89-cwt. and three 5-inch 36-cwt. guns. There is also a class of "torpedo gun-boats" (the official designation, but not one which expresses any very manifest distinction from the last-named class), which are of a very notable character. This (the *Grasshopper*) class, of which each vessel is of only 450 tons displacement, is to be supplied with engines of 2700 indicated horse-power. The diagrams Figs. 6 and 7 exhibit the general form and particulars of these very remarkable little vessels, which are expected to steam at fully 19 knots (22 miles) per hour. Against the above torpedo vessels of the British navy are to be set, in the French navy, four torpedo-cruisers of 1280 tons, 17 knots speed, carrying each five 4-inch guns; and eight torpedo despatch vessels, each of 320 tons, and designed to steam at 18 knots, carrying machine guns only, such machine guns being also carried, of course, by all the fast torpedo vessels and gun-boats, both French and English, previously referred to, but in their cases in conjunction with their other guns. These 320-ton torpedo vessels of France are to be driven by machinery of 1800 indicated horse-power.

It may be observed with regard to these small craft

\* Notwithstanding that these new British war vessels do not fall under the title of this article, I have made mention of them here to enable the reader to compare them with the corresponding vessels of the French navy about to be mentioned.—E. J. R.



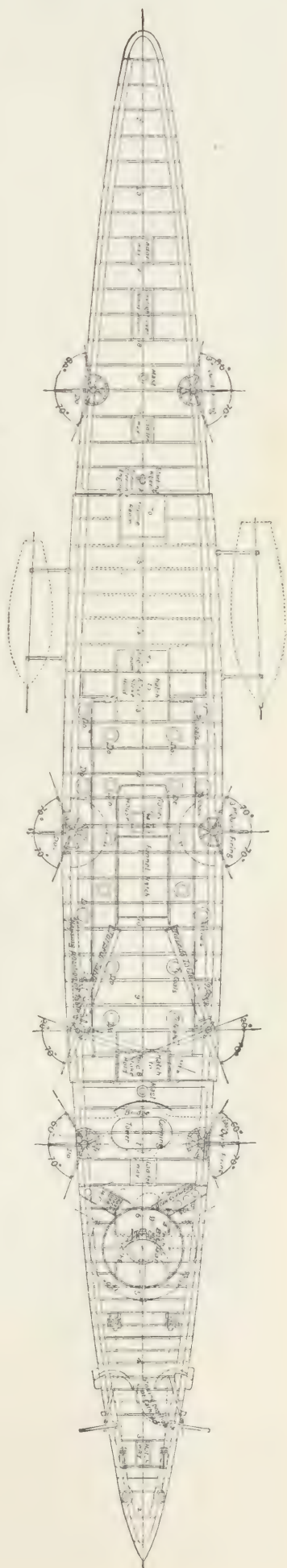
furnished with such enormous steam-power (in proportion to their size and tonnage) that there is much uncertainty as to the speeds which they will attain. Not only are the builders without experience of similar vessels by which to guide themselves, but where the proportion of power to displacement is so great, slight differences both in hulls and machinery, no less than in immersion and trim, may produce unforeseen results. As designers who fail to realize promised speeds are liable to be discredited, while those whose vessels surpass their promised speeds may be unduly praised, it is but reasonable to expect that the promised speeds will usually even be more than realized. This has been the case with the *Bombe*, the first of the French torpedo despatch vessels which have been tried under steam, and which under the promise of 18 knots realized no less than  $19\frac{1}{2}$  knots on the measured mile. It should be added that all of these extremely fast small craft in both navies are propelled by twin engines and screws. As great public interest will be felt in the trials of these very novel and special vessels—as mere steamers no less than as war craft—it may be well to give their names, to facilitate their identification hereafter.

ENGLISH TORPEDO GUN-BOATS: *Grasshopper*, *Rattlesnake*, *Spider*, *Sand-fly*—each having a displacement of 450 tons, 2700 horse-power, 200 feet length, 23 feet breadth, eight feet draught, and a speed estimated at 19 knots.

FRENCH TORPEDO DESPATCH VESSELS: *Bombe*, *Couleuvrine*, *Dague*, *Dragonne*, *Flèche*, *Lance*, *Saint-Barbe*, *Salve*—each having a displacement of 320 tons, 1800 horse-power, 194.3 feet length, 21.4 feet breadth, 5.1 feet draught, and, with the exception of the *Bombe*, a speed estimated at 18 knots. The actual speed of the *Bombe* is 19.5 knots.

Besides the above vessels, the two navies (English and French) are provided as follows with torpedo boats: The English have nine small (56 feet long) and slow ( $14\frac{1}{2}$  to 15 knots) of wood; fifty small (60 to 66 feet long) and slow (15 to 16 knots) of steel; nineteen others of greater length, but all less than 93 feet, and of speeds varying from 16 to 19 knots; six of 100 to 113 feet, and 19 knots; fifty-three of 125 feet in length, and 19 knots; and two building, viz., one of 135 feet in length and 22 knots, and one of 150 feet in length and 20 knots; in all one hundred and thirty-nine torpedo boats, of which the 135-foot boat carries four 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and the 150-foot boat carries five 6-pounder guns of that kind. The French have nine under 70 feet in length; forty-one under 100 feet in length, steaming at 17 to 18 knots; eighteen of 108 feet in length, somewhat faster; nine of 113 feet in length, steaming at 22 knots; and fifty-one of 114 feet in length, steaming at 20 knots; in all, one hundred and twenty-eight torpedo boats, all armed with machine guns only. As the nine slow wooden boats of the English navy can hardly be regarded as

FIG. 7.—THE "GRASSHOPPER"—PLAN OF UPPER DECK, POOP, AND FORECASTLE.





torpedo boats at all, it may be said that of torpedo boats, built and building, the English have one hundred and thirty, and the French one hundred and twenty-eight, of which the English have seventy-nine completed, and fifty-one building and completing, and the French have sixty-eight completed, and sixty building and completing. The English navy is

therefore slightly, but only slightly, in advance of the French in the matter of torpedo boats proper, while in respect of extremely fast sea-going torpedo vessels of 320 and 450 tons respectively, the English have four under construction and none complete, while the French have one (the *Bombe*) completed and seven under construction.

## NEW ORLEANS.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE first time I saw New Orleans was on a Sunday morning in the month of March. We alighted from the train at the foot of Esplanade Street, and walked along through the French Market, and by Jackson Square to the Hotel Royal. The morning, after rain, was charming; there was a fresh breeze from the river; the foliage was a tender green; in the balconies and on the mouldering window-ledges flowers bloomed, and in the decaying courts climbing-roses mingled their perfume with the orange; the shops were open; ladies tripped along from early mass or to early market; there was a twittering in the square and in the sweet old gardens; caged birds sang and screamed the songs of South America and the tropics; the language heard on all sides was French, or the degraded jargon which the easy-going African has manufactured out of the tongue of Bienville. Nothing could be more shabby than the streets, ill-paved, with undulating sidewalks, and open gutters green with slime, and both stealing and giving odor; little canals in which the cat became the companion of the crawfish, and the vegetable in decay sought in vain a current to oblivion; the streets with rows of one-story houses, wooden, with green doors and batten window-shutters, or brick, with the painted stucco peeling off, the line broken often by an edifice of two stories, with galleries and delicate tracery of wrought iron, houses pink and yellow and brown and gray—colors all blending and harmonious when we get a long vista of them, and lose the details of view in the broad artistic effect; nothing could be shabbier than the streets, unless it is the tumble-down picturesque old market, bright with flowers and vegetables and many-hued fish,

and enlivened by the genial African, who in the New World experiments in all colors, from coal-black to the pale pink of the sea-shell, to find one that suits his mobile nature. I liked it all from the first; I lingered long in that morning walk, liking it more and more, in spite of its shabbiness, but utterly unable to say then or ever since wherein its charm lies. I suppose we are all wrongly made up and have a fallen nature; else why is it that while the most thrifty and neat and orderly city only wins our approval, and perhaps gratifies us intellectually, such a thriftless, battered and stained, and lazy old place as the French quarter of New Orleans takes our hearts?

I never could find out exactly where New Orleans is. I have looked for it on the map without much enlightenment. It is dropped down there somewhere in the marshes of the Mississippi and the bayous and lakes. It is below the one and tangled up among the others, or it might some day float out to the Gulf and disappear. How the Mississippi gets out I never could discover. When it first comes in sight of the town it is running east; at Carrollton it abruptly turns its rapid, broad, yellow flood and runs south, turns presently eastward, circles a great portion of the city, then makes a bold push for the north in order to avoid Algiers and reach the foot of Canal Street, and encountering then the heart of the town, it sheers off again along the old French quarter and Jackson Square due east, and goes no one knows where, except perhaps Mr. Eads.

The city is supposed to lie in this bend of the river, but it in fact extends eastward along the bank down to the Barracks, and spreads backward toward Lake





A CREOLE COURT-YARD.

Pontchartrain over a vast area, and includes some very good snipe-shooting.

Although New Orleans has only about a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and so many only in the winter, it is larger

than Pekin, and I believe than Philadelphia, having an area of about one hundred and five square miles. From Carrollton to the Barracks, which are not far from the Battle-Field, the distance by





BOOTH IN THE FRENCH MARKET.

the river is some thirteen miles. From the river to the lake the least distance is four miles. This vast territory is traversed by lines of horse-cars which all meet in Canal Street, the most important business thoroughfare of the city, which runs northeast from the river, and divides the French from the American quarter. One taking a horse-car in any part of the city will ultimately land, having boxed the compass, in Canal Street. But it needs a person of vast local erudition to tell in what part of the city, or in what section of the home of the frog and crawfish, he will land if he takes a horse-car in Canal Street. The river being higher than the city, there is of course no drainage into it; but there is a theory that the water in the open gutters does move, and that it moves in the direction of the Bayou St. John, and of the cypress swamps that drain into Lake Pontchartrain. The stranger who is accustomed to closed sewers, and to get his malaria and typhoid through pipes conducted into his house by the most approved methods of plumbing, is aghast at this spectacle of

slime and filth in the streets, and wonders why the city is not in perennial epidemic; but the sun and the wind are great scavengers, and the city is not nearly so unhealthy as it ought to be with such a city government as they say it endures.

It is not necessary to dwell much upon the external features of New Orleans, for innumerable descriptions and pictures have familiarized the public with them. Besides, descriptions can give the stranger little idea of the peculiar city. Although all on one level, it is a town of contrasts. In no other city of the United States or of Mexico is the old and the romantic preserved in such integrity and brought into such sharp contrast to the modern. There are many handsome public buildings, churches, club-houses, elegant shops, and on the American side a great area of well-paved streets solidly built up in business blocks. The Square of the original city, included between the river and canal, Rampart and Esplanade streets, which was once surrounded by a wall, is as closely built, but the streets are narrow, the houses generally are smaller, and al-



though it swarms with people, and contains the cathedral, the old Spanish buildings, Jackson Square, the French Market, the French Opera-house and other theatres, the Mint, the Custom-house, the old Ursuline Convent (now the residence of the archbishop), old banks, and scores of houses of historic celebrity, it is a city of the past, and specially interesting in its picturesque decay. Beyond this, eastward and northward ex-



IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

tend interminable streets of small houses, with now and then a flowery court or a pretty rose garden, occupied mainly by people of French and Spanish descent. The African pervades all parts of the town, except the new residence portion of the American quarter. This, which occupies the vast area in the bend of the river west of the business blocks as far as Carrollton, is in character a great village rather than a city. Not all its broad avenues and handsome streets are paved (and those that are not are in some seasons impassable), its houses are nearly all of wood, most of

them detached, with plots of ground and gardens, and as the quarter is very well shaded, the effect is bright and agreeable. In it are many stately residences, occupying a square or half a square, and embowered in foliage and flowers. Care has been given lately to turf-culture, and one sees here thick-set and handsome lawns. The broad Esplanade Street, with its elegant old-fashioned houses, and double rows of shade trees, which has long been the rural pride of the French quarter, has now rivals in respectability and style on the American side.





THE "SOLID SOUTH."

New Orleans is said to be delightful in the late fall months, before the winter rains set in, but I believe it looks its best in March and April. This is owing to the roses. If the town was not attached to the name of the Crescent City, it might very well adopt the title of the City of Roses. So kind are climate and soil that the magnificent varieties of this queen of flowers, which at the North bloom only in hot-houses, or with great care are planted outdoors in the heat of our summer, thrive here in the open air in prodigal abundance and beauty. In April the town is literally embowered in them; they fill door-yards and gardens, they overrun the porches, they climb the sides of the houses, they

spread over the trees, they take possession of trellises and fences and walls, perfuming the air and entrancing the heart with color. In the outlying parks, like that of the Jockey Club, and the florists' gardens at Carrollton, there are fields of them, acres of the finest sorts, waving in the spring wind. Alas! can beauty ever satisfy? This wonderful spectacle fills one with I know not what exquisite longing. These flowers pervade the town, old women on the street corners sit behind banks of them, the florists' windows blush with them, friends despatch to each other great baskets of them, the favorites at the theatre and the amateur performers stand behind high barricades of roses which the good-humored audience piles upon the stage, everybody carries roses and wears roses, and the houses overflow with them. In this passion for flowers you may read a prominent trait of the people. For myself I like to see a spot on this earth where beauty is enjoyed for itself and let to run to waste, but if ever the industrial spirit of the French-Italians should prevail along the littoral of Louisiana and Mississippi, the raising of flowers for the manufacture of perfumes would become a most profitable industry.

New Orleans is the most cosmopolitan of provincial cities. Its comparative isolation has secured the development of provincial traits and manners, has preserved the individuality of the many races that give it color, morals, and character, while its close relations with France—an affiliation and sympathy which the late



A CAKE STAND.





A GROUTY SPECIMEN.



war has not altogether broken—and the constant influx of Northern men of business and affairs, have given it the air of a metropolis. To the Northern stranger the aspect and the manners of the city are foreign, but if he remains long enough he is sure to yield to its fascinations, and become a partisan of it. It is not altogether the soft and somewhat enervating and occasionally treacherous climate that beguiles him, but quite as much the easy terms on which life can be lived. There is a human as well as a climatic amiability that wins him. No doubt it is better for a man to be always braced up, but no doubt also there is an attraction in a complaisance that indulges his inclinations.

Socially as well as commercially New Orleans is in a transitive state. The

change from river to railway transportation has made her levees vacant; the shipment of cotton by rail and its direct transfer to ocean carriage have nearly destroyed a large middle-men industry; a large part of the agricultural tribute of the Southwest has been diverted; plantations have either not recovered from the effects of the war or have not adjusted themselves to new productions, and the city waits the rather blind developments of the new era. The falling off of law business, which I should like to attribute to the growth of common-sense and goodwill, is, I fear, rather due to business lassitude, for it is observed that men quarrel most when they are most actively engaged in acquiring each other's property. The business habits of the Creoles were conservative and slow, they do not readily accept new ways, and in this transition time the American element is taking the lead in all enterprises. The American element itself is toned down by the climate and the contagion of the leisurely habits of the Creoles, and loses something of the sharpness and excitability exhibited by business men in all Northern cities, but it is certainly changing the social as well as the business aspect of the city. Whether these social changes will make New Orleans a more agreeable place of residence remains to be seen.

For the old civilization had many admirable qualities. With all its love of money and luxury and an easy life, it was comparatively simple. It cared less for display than the society that is supplanting it. Its rule was domesticity. I should say that it had the virtues as well as the prejudices and the narrowness of intense family feeling, and its exclusiveness. But when it trusted, it had few reserves, and its cordiality was equal to its *naïveté*. The Creole civilization differed totally from that in any Northern city; it looked at life, literature, wit, manners, from altogether another plane; in order to understand the society of New Orleans one needs to imagine what French society would be in a genial climate and in the freedom of a new country. Undeniably, until recently, the Creoles gave the tone to New Orleans. And it was the French culture, the French view of life, that was diffused. The young ladies mainly were educated in convents and French schools. This education had womanly agreeability and matrimony in



A DOUBLE BURDEN.



view, and the graces of social life. It differed not much from the education of young ladies of the period elsewhere, except that it was from the French rather than the English side, but this made a world of difference. French was a study and a possession, not a fashionable accomplishment. The Creole had gayety, sentiment, spirit, with a certain climatic languor, sweetness of disposition, and charm of manner, not seldom winning beauty; she was passionately fond of dancing and of music, and occasionally an adept in the latter; and she had candor, and either simplicity or the art of it. But with her tendency to domesticity and her capacity for friendship, and notwithstanding her gay temperament, she was less worldly than some of her sisters who were more gravely educated after the



A GALLERY GARDEN.

English manner. There was therefore in the old New Orleans life something nobler than the spirit of plutocracy. The Creole middle-class population had, and has yet, captivating *naïveté*, friendliness, cordiality.

But the Creole influence in New Orleans is wider and deeper than this. It has affected literary sympathies and what may be called literary morals. In business the Creole is accused of being slow, conservative, in regard to improvements obstinate and reactionary, preferring to nurse a prejudice rather than run the risk of removing it by improving himself, and of having a conceit that his way of looking at life is better than the Boston way. His literary culture is derived from France, and not from England or the North. And his ideas a good deal affect the attitude of New Orleans toward Eng-





A STREET VENDER.

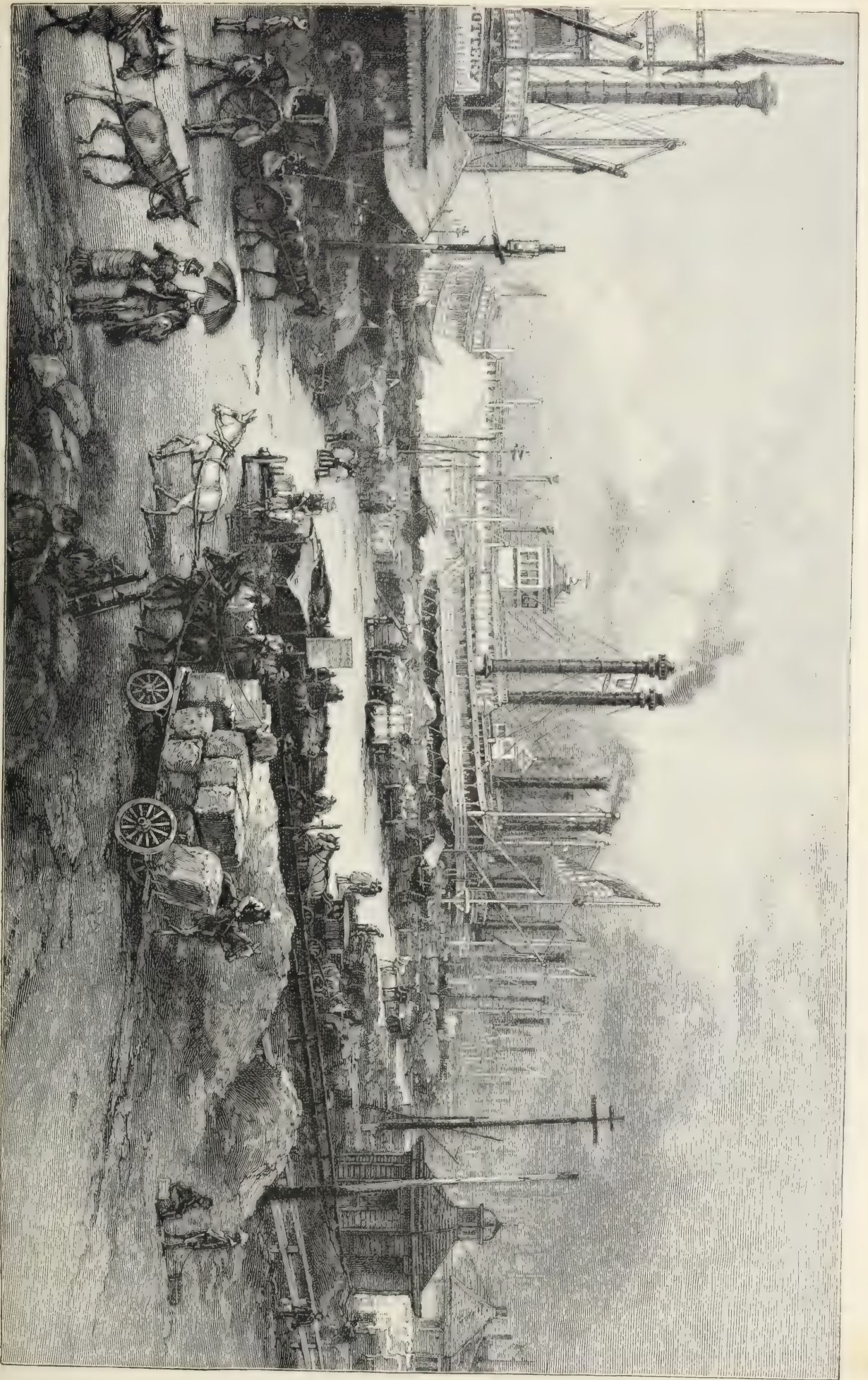
lish and contemporary literature. The American element of the town was for the most part commercial, and little given to literary tastes. That also is changing, but I fancy it is still true that the most solid culture is with the Creoles, and it has not been appreciated because it is French, and because its point of view for literary criticism is quite different from that prevailing elsewhere in America. It brings our American and English contemporary authors, for instance, to comparison, not with each other, but with French and other Continental writers. And this point of view considerably af-

fects the New Orleans opinion of Northern literature. In this view it wants color, passion, it is too self-conscious and prudish, not to say Puritanically mock-modest. I do not mean to say that the Creoles as a class are a reading people, but the literary standards of their scholars and of those among them who do cultivate literature deeply are different from those at the North. We may call it provincial, or we may call it cosmopolitan, but we shall not understand New Orleans until we get its point of view of both life and letters.

In making these observations it will occur to the reader that they are of necessity superficial, and not entitled to be regarded as criticism or judgment. But I am impressed with the foreignness of New Orleans civilization, and whether its point of view is right or wrong, I am very far from wishing it to change. It contains a valuable element of variety for the republic. We tend everywhere to sameness and monotony. New Orleans is entering upon a new era of development, especially in educational life. The Toulane University is beginning to make itself felt as a force both in polite letters and in industrial education. And I sincerely hope that the literary development of the city and of the Southwest will be in the line of its own traditions, and that it will not be a copy of New England or of Dutch Manhattan. It can, if it is faithful to its own sympathies and temperament, make an original and valuable contribution to our literary life.

There is a great temptation to regard New Orleans through the romance of its past; and the most interesting occupation of the idler is to stroll about in the French part of the town, search the shelves of French and Spanish literature in the second-hand book-shops, try to identify the historic sites and the houses that are the seats of local romances, and observe the life in the narrow streets and alleys that, except for the presence of the colored folk, recall the quaint picturesqueness of many a French provincial town. One never tires of wandering in the neighborhood of the old cathedral, facing the smart Jackson Square, which is flanked by the respectable Pontalba buildings, and supported on either side by the ancient Spanish court-house, the most interesting specimens of Spanish architecture this side of Mexico. When the court is in session, iron cables are stretched across





THE LEVEE.





UNDER THE OAKS IN THE CITY PARK—THE OLD DUELLING GROUND.

the street to prevent the passage of wagons, and justice is administered in silence only broken by the trill of birds in the Place d'Armes and in the old flower-garden in the rear of the cathedral, and by the muffled sound of footsteps in the flagged passages. The region is saturated with romance, and so full of present sentiment and picturesqueness that I can fancy no ground more congenial to the artist and the story-teller. To enter into any details of it would be to commit one's self to a task quite foreign to the purpose of this paper, and I leave it to the writers who have done and are doing so much to make old New Orleans classic.

Possibly no other city of the United States so abounds in stories pathetic and tragic, many of which cannot yet be published, growing out of the mingling of races, the conflicts of French and Spanish, the presence of adventurers from the Old World and the Spanish Main, and especially out of the relations between the

whites and the fair women who had in their thin veins drops of African blood. The quadrone and the octroon are the staple of hundreds of thrilling tales. Duels were common incidents of the Creole dancing assemblies, and of the *cordon bleu* balls—the deities of which were the quadrone women, “the handsomest race of women in the world,” says the description, and the most splendid dancers and the most exquisitely dressed—the affairs of honor being settled by a midnight thrust in a vacant square behind the cathedral, or adjourned to a more French daylight encounter at “The Oaks,” or “Les Trois Capalins.” But this life has all gone. In a stately building in this quarter, said by tradition to have been the quadrone ball-room, but I believe it was a white assembly-room connected with the opera, is now a well-ordered school for colored orphans, presided over by colored Sisters of Charity.

It is quite evident that the peculiar pres-



tige of the quadrone and the octroone is a thing of the past. Indeed, the result of the war has greatly changed the relations of the two races in New Orleans. The colored people withdraw more and more to themselves. Isolation from white in-

come when the colored people will be as strenuous in insisting upon its execution as the whites, unless there is a great change in popular feeling, of which there is no sign at present; it is they who will see that there is no escape from the equivocal position in which those nearly white in appearance find themselves except by a rigid separation of races. The danger is of a reversal at any



A CREOLE HOME.

fluence has good results and bad results, the bad being, as one can see, in some quarters of the town, a tendency to barbarism, which can only be counteracted by free public schools, and by a necessity which shall compel them to habits of thrift and industry. One needs to be very much an optimist, however, to have patience for these developments.

I believe there is an instinct in both races against mixture of blood, and upon this rests the law of Louisiana, which forbids such intermarriages; the time may

time to the original type, and that is always present to the offspring of any one with a drop of African blood in the veins. The pathos of this situation is infinite.



and it cannot be lessened by saying that the prejudice about color is unreasonable; it exists. Often the African strain is so attenuated that the possessor of it would pass to the ordinary observer for Spanish or French; and I suppose that many so-called Creole peculiarities of speech and manner are traceable to this strain. An incident in point may not be uninteresting.

I once lodged in the old French quarter in a house kept by two maiden sisters, only one of whom spoke English at all. They were refined, and had the air of decayed gentlewomen. The one who spoke English had the vivacity and agreeability of a Paris landlady, without the latter's invariable hardness and sharpness. I thought I had found in her pretty mode of speech the real Creole dialect of her class. "You are French," I said, when I engaged my room.

"No," she said, "no, m'sieu, I am an American; we are of the United States,"

with the air of informing a stranger that New Orleans was now annexed.

"Yes," I replied, "but you are of French descent?"

"Oh, and a little Spanish."

"Can you tell me, madame," I asked, one Sunday morning, "the way to Trinity Church?"

"I cannot tell, m'sieu; it is somewhere the other side; I do not know the other side."

"But have you never been the other side of Canal Street?"

"Oh yes, I went once, to make a visit on a friend on New-Year's."

I explained that it was far uptown, and a Protestant church.

"M'sieu, is he Cat'olic?"

"Oh no; I am a Protestant."

"Well, me, I am Cat'olic; but Protestant' o' Cat'olic, it is 'mos' ze same."

This was purely the instinct of politeness, and that my feelings might not be wounded, for she was a good Catholic, and did not believe at all that it was "'mos' ze same."

It was Exposition year, and then April, and madame had never been to the Exposition. I urged her to go, and one day, after great preparation for a journey to the other side, she made the expedition, and returned enchanted with all she had seen, especially with the Mexican band. A new world was opened to her, and she resolved to go again. The morning of Louisiana Day she rapped at my door and informed me that she was going to the fair. "And"—she paused at the doorway, her eyes sparkling with her new project—"you know what I goin' do?"

"No."

"I goin' get one big bouquet, and give to the leader of the orchestre."

"You know him, the leader?"

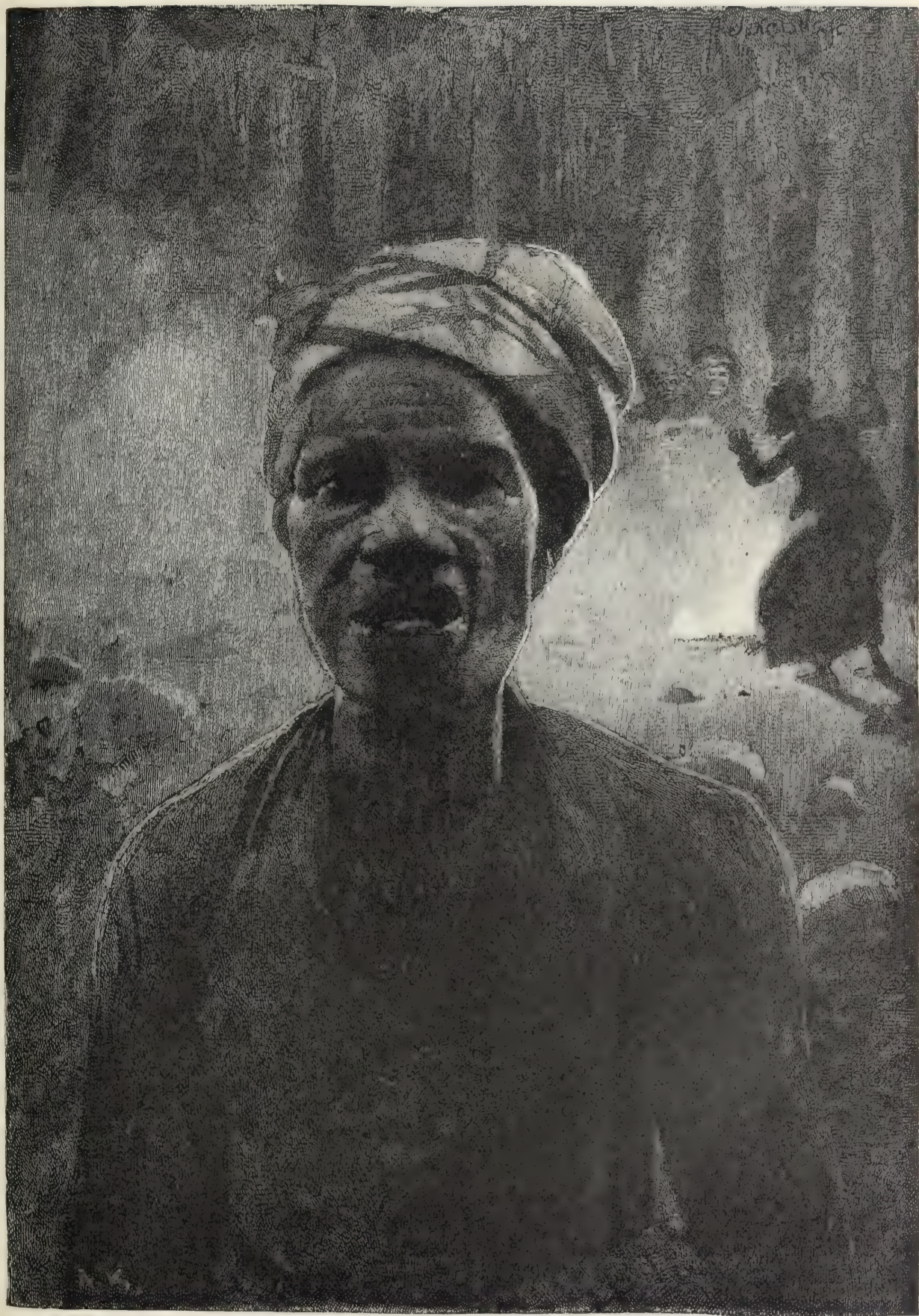
"No, not yet."

I did not know then how poor she was, and



WAITING FOR A JOB.





A VOODOO WOMAN.





A COLORED SISTER.

how much sacrifice this would be to her, this gratification of a sentiment.

The next year, in the same month, I asked for her at the lodging. She was not there. "You did not know," said the woman then in possession—"good God! her sister died four days ago, from want of food, and madame has gone away back of town, nobody knows where. They told nobody, they were so proud; none of their friends knew, or they would have helped. They had no lodgers, and could not keep

this place, and took another opposite; but they were unlucky, and the sheriff came." I said that I was very sorry that I had not known; she might have been helped. "No," she replied, with considerable spirit; "she would have accepted nothing; she would starve rather. So would I." The woman referred me to some well-known Creole families who knew madame, but I was unable to find her hiding-place. I asked who madame was. "Oh, she was a very nice woman, very respectable. Her father was Spanish, her mother was an octoroon."

One does not need to go into the past of New Orleans for the picturesque; the streets have their peculiar physiognomy, and "character" such as the artists delight to depict is the result of the extraordinary mixture of races and the habit of outdoor life. The long summer, from April to November, with a heat continuous, though rarely so excessive as it occasionally is in higher latitudes, determines the mode of life and the structure of the houses, and gives a leisurely and amiable

tone to the aspect of people and streets which exists in few other American cities. The French quarter is out of repair, and has the air of being for rent, but in fact there is comparatively little change in occupancy, Creole families being remarkably adhesive to localities. The stranger who sees all over the French and the business parts of the town the immense number of lodging-houses—some of them the most stately old mansions—let largely by colored landladies, is likely to un-



derestimate the home life of this city. New Orleans soil is so wet that the city is without cellars for storage, and its court-yards and odd corners become catch-alls of broken furniture and other lumber. The solid window-shutters, useful in the glare of the long summer, give a blank appearance to the streets. This is relieved, however, by the queer little Spanish houses, and by the endless variety of galleries and balconies. In one part of the town the iron-work of the balconies is cast, and uninteresting in its set patterns; in French-town much of it is hand-made, exquisite in design, and gives to a street vista a delicate lace-work appearance. I do not know any foreign town which has on view so much exquisite wrought-iron work as the old part of New Orleans. Besides the balconies, there are recessed galleries, old dormer-windows, fantastic little nooks and corners, tricked out with flower-pots and vines.

The glimpses of street life are always entertaining, because unconscious, while full of character. It may be a Creole court-yard, the walls draped with vines, flowers blooming in hap-hazard disarray, and a group of pretty girls sewing and chatting, and stabbing the passer-by with a charmed glance. It may be a cotton team in the street, the mules, the rollicking driver, the creaking cart. It

may be a single figure, or a group in the market or on the levee—a slender yellow girl sweeping up the grains of rice, a colored gleaner recalling Ruth; an ancient darky asleep, with mouth open, in his tipped-up two-wheeled cart, waiting for a job; the “solid South,” in shape of an immense “aunty” under a red umbrella, standing and contemplating the river; the broad-faced women in gay bandanas behind their cake stands; a group of levee hands about a rickety table, taking their noon-day meal of pork and greens; the blind man, capable of sitting more patiently than an American Congressman, with a dog trained to hold his basket for the pennies of the charitable; the black stalwart vender of tin and iron utensils, who totes in a basket, and piled on his head, and strung on his back, a weight of over two hundred and fifty pounds; and negro women who walk erect with baskets of clothes or enormous bundles balanced on their heads, smiling and “jawing,” unconscious of their burdens. These are the familiar figures of a street life as varied and picturesque as the artist can desire.

New Orleans amuses itself in the winter with very good theatres, and until recently has sustained an excellent French opera. It has all the year round plenty of *cafés chantants*, gilded saloons, and gambling houses, and more than enough



ON THE LEVEE.





COTTON TEAMS.

of the resorts upon which the police are supposed to keep one blind eye. "Back of town," toward Lake Pontchartrain, there is much that is picturesque and blooming, especially in the spring of the year—the charming gardens of the Jockey Club, the City Park, the old duelling ground with its superb oaks, and the Bayou St. John with its idling fishing-boats, and the colored houses and plantations along the banks—a piece of Holland wanting the Dutch windmills. On a breezy day one may go far for a prettier sight than the river-bank and esplanade at Carrollton, where the mighty coffee-colored flood swirls by, where the vast steamers struggle and cough against the stream, or swiftly go with it round the bend, leaving their trail of smoke, and the delicate line of foliage against the sky on the far opposite shore completes the outline of an exquisite landscape. Suburban resorts much patronized, and reached by frequent trains, are the old Spanish Fort and the

West End of Lake Pontchartrain. The way lies through cypress swamp and palmetto thickets, brilliant at certain seasons with *fleur-de-lis*. At each of these resorts are restaurants, dancing halls, promenade galleries, all on a large scale, boat-houses and semi-tropical gardens very prettily laid out in walks and labyrinths, and adorned with trees and flowers. Even in the heat of summer at night the lake is sure to offer a breeze, and with waltz music and moonlight and ices and tinkling glasses with straws in them and love's young dream, even the *ennuyé* globe-trotter declares that it is not half bad.

The city, indeed, offers opportunity for charming excursions in all directions. Parties are constantly made up to visit the river plantations, to sail up and down the stream, or to take an outing across the lake, or to the many lovely places along the coast. In the winter, excursions are made to these places, and in summer, the well-to-do take the sea-air in cottages, at



such places as Mandeville across the lake, or at such resorts on the Mississippi as Pass Christian.

I crossed the lake one spring day to the pretty town of Mandeville, and then sailed up the Tchefuncta River to Covington. The winding Tchefuncta is in character like some of the narrow Florida streams, has the same luxuriant overhanging foliage, and as many shy lounging alligators to the mile, and is prettier by reason of occasional open glades and large moss-draped live-oaks and China-trees. From the steamer landing in the woods we drove three miles through a lovely open pine forest to the town. Covington is one of the oldest settlements in the State, is the centre of considerable historic interest, and the origin of several historic families. The land is elevated a good deal above the coast level, and is consequently dry. The town has a few roomy old-time houses, a mineral spring, some pleasing scenery along the river that winds through it, and not much else. But it is in the midst of pine woods, it is sheltered from all "northerners," it has the soft air, but not the dampness, of the Gulf, and is exceedingly salubrious in all the winter months, to say nothing of the summer. It has lately come into local repute as a health resort, although it

lacks sufficient accommodations for the entertainment of many strangers. I was told by some New Orleans physicians that they regarded it as almost a specific for pulmonary diseases, and instances were given of persons in what was supposed to be advanced stages of lung and bronchial troubles who had been apparently cured by a few months' residence there; and invalids are, I believe, greatly benefited by its healing, soft, and piny atmosphere.

I have no doubt, from what I hear and my limited observation, that all this coast about New Orleans would be a favorite winter resort if it had hotels as good as, for instance, that at Pass Christian. The region has many attractions for the idler and the invalid. It is, in the first place, interesting; it has a good deal of variety of scenery and of historical interest; there is excellent fishing and shooting; and if the visitor tires of the monotony of the country, he can by a short ride on cars or a steamer transfer himself for a day or a week to a large and most hospitable city, to society, the club, the opera, balls, parties, and every variety of life that his taste craves. The disadvantage of many Southern places to which our Northern regions force us is that they are uninteresting, stupid, and monotonous, if not malarious. It seems a long way



A STREET SCENE.

from New York to New Orleans, but I do not doubt that the region around the city would become immediately a great winter resort if money and enterprise were enlisted to make it so.

New Orleans has never been called a "strait-laced" city; its Sunday is still of the Continental type; but it seems to me free from the socialistic agnosticism which flaunts itself more or less in Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago; the tone





of leading Presbyterian churches is distinctly Calvinistic, one perceives comparatively little of religious speculation and doubt, and so far as I could see there is harmony and entire social good feeling between the Catholic and Protestant communions. Protestant ladies assist at Catholic fairs, and the compliment is returned by the society ladies of the Catholic faith when a Protestant good cause is to be furthered by a bazar or a "pink tea." Denominational lines seem to have little to do with social affiliations. There may be friction in the management of the great public charities, but on the surface there is toleration and united good-will. The Catholic faith long had the prestige of wealth, family, and power, and the education of the daughters of Protestant houses in convent schools tended to allay prejudice. Notwithstanding the reputation New Orleans has for gayety and even frivolity—and no one can deny the fast and furious living of ante-bellum days—it possesses at bottom an old-fashioned religious simplicity. If any one thinks that

"faith" has died out of modern life, let him visit the mortuary chapel of St. Roch. In a distant part of the town, beyond the street of the Elysian Fields, and on Washington Avenue, in a district very sparsely built up, is the Campo Santo of the Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity. In this foreign-looking cemetery is the pretty little Gothic Chapel of St. Roch, having a background of common and swampy land. It is a brown stuccoed edifice, wholly open in front, and was a year or two ago covered with beautiful ivy. The small interior is paved in white marble, the windows are stained glass, the side walls are composed of tiers of vaults, where are buried the members of certain societies, and the spaces in the wall and in the altar area are thickly covered with votive offerings, in wax and in *naïve* painting—contributed by those who have been healed by the intercession of the saints. Over the altar is the shrine of St. Roch—a cavalier, staff in hand, with his dog by his side, the faithful animal which accompanied this eighteenth-century philanthropist in his visitations



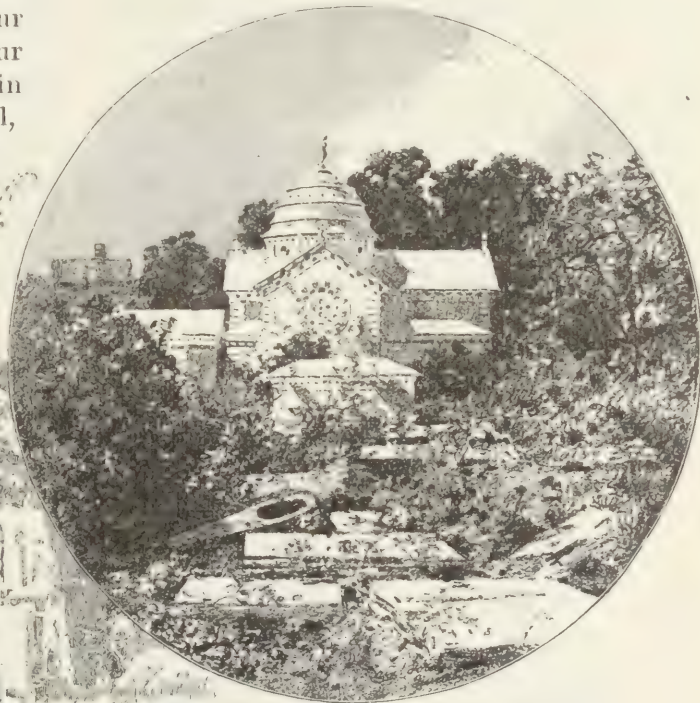
to the plague-stricken people of Munich. Within the altar rail are rows of lighted candles, tended and renewed by the attendant, placed there by penitents or by seekers after the favor of the saint. On the wooden benches, kneeling, are ladies, servants, colored women, in silent prayer. One approaches the lighted, picturesque shrine through the formal rows of tombs, and comes there into an atmosphere of peace and faith. It is believed that miracles are daily wrought here, and one notices in all the gardeners, keepers, and attendants of the place the accent and demeanor of simple faith. On the wall hangs this inscription:

O great St. Roch, deliver us, we beseech thee, from the scourges of God. Through thy intercessions preserve our bodies from contagious diseases, and our souls from the contagion of sin. Obtain for us salubrious air; but, above all,

There is testimony that many people, even Protestants, and men, have had wounds cured and been healed of diseases by prayer in this chapel. To this distant shrine come ladies from all parts of the city to make the "novena"—the prayer of nine days, with the offer of the burning taper—and here daily resort hundreds to intercede for themselves or their friends. It is believed by the damsels of this district that if they offer prayer daily in this chapel they will have a husband within the year, and one may see kneeling here every evening these trustful devotees to the welfare of the human race. I asked the colored wo-



IN THE CEMETERY.



man who sold medals and leaflets and renewed the candles if she personally knew any persons who had been miraculously cured by prayer or novena in St. Roch. "Plenty, sir, plenty." And she related many instances, which were confirmed by votive offerings on the walls. "Why," said

purity of heart. Assist us to make good use of health, to bear suffering with patience, and after thy example to live in the practice of penitence and charity, that we may one day enjoy the happiness which thou hast merited by thy virtues.

St. Roch, pray for us.

St. Roch, pray for us.

St. Roch, pray for us.

she, "there was a friend of mine who wanted a place, and could hear of none, who made a novena here, and right away got a place, a good place, and" (conscious that she was making an astonishing statement about a New Orleans servant) "she kept it a whole year!"

"But one must come in the right spirit," I said.



"Ah, indeed. It needs to believe. You can't fool God!"

One might make various studies of New Orleans; its commercial life; its methods, more or less antiquated, of doing business, and the leisure for talk that enters into it; its admirable charities and its mediæval prisons; its romantic French and Spanish history, still lingering in the old houses and traits of family and street life; the city politics, which nobody can explain, and no other city need covet; its sanitary condition, which needs an intelligent despot with plenty of money and an ingenuity that can make water run uphill; its colored population—about a fourth of the city—with its distinct social grades, its superstition, nonchalant good-humor, turn for idling and basking in the sun, slowly awaking to a sense of thrift, chastity, truth-speaking, with many excellent order-loving, patriotic men and women, but a mass that needs moral training quite as much as the spelling-book before it can contribute to the vigor and prosperity of the city; its schools and recent libraries, and the developing literary

and art taste which will sustain book-shops and picture-galleries; its cuisine, peculiar in its mingling of French and African skill, and determined largely by a market unexcelled in the quality of fish, game, and fruit—the fig alone would go far to reconcile one to four or five months of hot nights; the climatic influence in assimilating races meeting there from every region of the earth.

But whatever way we regard New Orleans, it is in its aspect, social tone, and character *sui generis*; its civilization differs widely from that of any other, and it remains one of the most interesting places in the republic. Of course social life in these days is much the same in all great cities in its observances, but that of New Orleans is markedly cordial, ingenuous, warm-hearted. I do not imagine that it could tolerate, as Boston does, absolute freedom of local opinion on all subjects, and undoubtedly it is sensitive to criticism; but I believe that it is literally true, as one of its citizens said, that it is still more sensitive to kindness.

The metropolis of the Southwest has geographical reasons for a great future. Louisiana is rich in alluvial soil, the capability of which has not yet been tested, except in some localities, by skillful agriculture. But the prosperity of the city depends much upon local conditions. Science and energy can solve the problem of drainage, can convert all the territory between the city and Lake Pontchartrain into a veritable garden, surpassing in fertility the flat environs of the city of Mexico. And the steady development of common-school education, together with technical and industrial schools, will create a skill which will make New Orleans the industrial and manufacturing centre of that region.



BLIND BEGGARS.



# NARKA.

## A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was All-souls Eve. The winter was setting in early, and threatened, or perhaps we should say promised, to be a severe one; for a hard winter was not looked upon as a misfortune at Yrakow, the ancestral home of Prince Zorokoff. Ice and snow brought too many pleasures in their train ever to be unwelcome there.

A group consisting of young Prince Basil Zorokoff, his brother-in-law, M. de Beaucrillon, and three ladies were assembled in an old-fashioned tapestried room of the castle. The two men were smoking cigarettes, and discussing sport between long-drawn puffs. The three ladies were sitting round the samovar. They presented three as distinct types as could have been brought together with a view to the setting off of each by contrast.

Sibyl, Comtesse de Beaucrillon, the daughter of the house, was as blond as a Scandinavian, with light blue eyes and fair hair; her hands were so small as to be almost out of proportion with her figure, which was tall and full; they were round and dimpled like a baby's, with the delicate nails and pink finger-tips that one seldom sees in perfection except in babies. Her movements had the subtle fascinating grace that reminded you of a kitten, or rather of a young cat, for there was nothing of the undignified friskiness of a kitten about Sibyl. She was patrician to the tips of her fingers. Her manners united the refined elegance of a French woman with the soft serpentine grace of the women of the north.

Marguerite de Beaucrillon was just below the middle height, but she looked tiny beside her stately sister-in-law. She had no pretensions to beauty, yet her face was pleasanter to look at than many a beautiful one; her clear olive skin, her warm color, her wistful bright brown eyes, her dimples, and her glossy hair were suggestive of youth, health, and happiness, and these natural advantages were set off by the most becoming toilets; for Marguerite had a French girl's taste and principles about dress, and considered it

seriously as one of the daily duties of life. She was careful and very successful in her combination of colors and effects. Yet you would never have accused her of coquetry in the ordinary sense. If you had been so uncharitable, one glance into her face would have converted you. Her eyes were as free from consciousness as a child's, and their language was as transparent. Sibyl used to say to her, "If you don't want people to see what you are thinking of, drop your lids, for those eyes of yours are like windows into your brain, and let one see your thoughts coming and going."

Narka Larik, the adopted sister of Madame de Beaucrillon, was the tallest of the three women, and cast in altogether an ampler mould. If her figure had been less perfectly proportioned, it might have seemed too large; her great luminous blue-black eyes, sometimes quite blue, sometimes quite black, were soft as velvet, but under the softness there lurked intimation of a fiery vitality ready to awake and emit sparks at the lightest touch; her mouth was perhaps a trifle too full for classical perfection, but its curves were so exquisite, the sensitive play of the lips so lovely, that you never thought of that; the clear tint of her complexion was like the whiteness of some white flower; her hair, of that warm red gold beloved of Titian, was knotted in thick coils at the back of her head, and fell in rippling waves over her low square forehead. There was something wild in the character of Narka's beauty, in the lines of her figure. She stood and moved with the strong, elastic ease of a panther, or of some other grand, free, untamed creature. Beautiful, incomparably more beautiful than Sibyl, there was nevertheless something wanting to her beauty which that of Sibyl possessed, impalpable but distinct, something which marks the difference between a highly finished work of art and a spontaneous growth of Nature in her happiest and most generous mood. This difference was not noticeable except when the patrician sister was brought into close contact with the plebeian, and even then no one was conscious of it, perhaps,



but Narka herself. She knew that she was beautiful, and far more gifted in many ways than Sibyl, and yet she felt as much her inferior as the lowly born maid in mediæval times may have felt herself below the noble demoiselle in whose train she was brought up.

The three friends were chatting over their teacups, planning costumes for a fancy ball that was to take place at the castle before Christmas.

"I wish I could hit upon something that would combine everything," Marguerite said, putting her head on one side with a pretty bird-like motion very characteristic of her, and which always amused Basil Zorokoff.

"Why don't you consult me, cousin?" he said, holding out his cigarette between his first and second fingers and gazing steadily at Marguerite; but the twinkle in his blue eyes belied the extreme seriousness of his handsome face.

"Well?" said Marguerite, with another bewildering turn of her head from left to right.

"Little Red Riding-hood would suit you to perfection. The color would be becoming, and your eyes would shine like diamonds under the scarlet hood, and you would look like a Lilliputian Venus in the short petticoats."

"And you would play the wolf and howl at me?"

"And crunch you up; that I should do with great satisfaction!"

"How many wolves' skins would it take to make a costume for you, I wonder?" said Marguerite, measuring the tall young fellow's height with a glance of saucy impertinence. "A pity it is so early in the winter, or you might go and shoot half a dozen. How exciting it must be to hear them howling in the forest! They never come till Christmas, do they?"

Basil had not time to answer when a distant sound, penetrating through the heavily curtained windows, made them all start.

"There it is again!" said Narka.

"What is it?" said Marguerite.

"Listen!" Sibyl held up her finger, and the gentlemen put down their cigarettes.

A long dismal howl, perceptibly nearer this time, was again audible.

"Is it a wolf?" asked Marguerite under her breath.

"At this time of the year?" said M. de

Beaucrillon. "You were just now telling me that they never came till the snow was deep?"

"No more they do," replied Basil. "I never before knew, except when I was a child—"

"There it is again!" interrupted Sibyl, "and this time quite close. Let us go up to the gallery."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Marguerite, who seemed too horrified to move. "If he were to dash at the windows and break in!"

"He certainly would if he saw you, little cousin," said Basil; "but as he can't, we have nothing to fear. Come along up to the gallery, and see what a live wolf looks like."

He drew her arm through his, and led her off, excited and only half reluctant. The others had all fled up before them, and were already grouped in the deep mullioned window at the further end of the gallery, the only one that was in shadow, for it was a brilliant night, and the full moon, riding high in the heavens, sent as her largess broad bars of silver light through the row of eight windows on one side of the gallery. Basil, still holding Marguerite's arm within his, joined the others, and they all stood watching.

The broad gravel-drive shone like granite in the dazzling whiteness of the moonshine; one wing of the castle was in black shadow, the other in brilliant light, every arch and moulding carved in ebony and silver.

"Where is the brute sneaking?" said Basil.

"He can't be far off," said Narka. "The last howl was very close."

They waited with bated breath. Nothing stirred. The park was so silent you might have heard the stars twinkling.

"Look! there he is!" exclaimed Sibyl, in a whisper, pointing toward the clock tower, that was in shadow.

They pressed closer, and strained their eyes.

"I see him!" Marguerite cried, and, shuddering, she clutched Basil's arm, as if safety lay in his coat sleeve.

Basil bore it manfully. "Never fear, little cousin. See, he is coming on!"

The beast advanced a few steps and paused, one half of his lank gray body in shadow, the other in sheen. Suddenly he pricked his ears, held one forefoot sus-



pended, and turned his head toward the park in an attitude of intense listening.

"Does he hear something?" asked M. de Beaucrillon.

"It looks like it," Basil replied, uneasily. "I will get my gun."

"So will I," said his brother-in-law. And they hurried away together.

Presently the wolf turned his head toward the house, moved forward a few steps, and glared up with his red eyeballs.

To Marguerite there was something delicious in the combination of horror and a sense of comfortable safety that she experienced in looking down at the ferocious animal from behind thick stone walls.

"Do you think he heard us speaking?" she asked, almost under her breath.

Narka's fear and Sibyl's was that he had heard something else. What an age the gentlemen were in bringing their fire-arms! They had in reality been away about two minutes.

"Oh, here they come!" said Sibyl.

"Open the window as quickly and quietly as you can," said Basil. But before there was time to obey, the wolf turned his head, and uttering a long howl, bounded off, and disappeared round the clock tower.

"Confound the brute!" muttered Basil.

"I wonder why he darted away so suddenly?" said Narka.

"Probably it was some noise in the thicket, some animal prowling about," said Basil; but he did not seem convinced.

"Suppose it were some one coming through the park?" suggested Marguerite. "How awful if it were!"

"Nobody is likely to be out this time of night," replied her cousin.

"Hush! listen!" cried M. de Beaucrillon, laying his hand on Basil's shoulder.

Every ear was strained. Yes, there was a sound of galloping hoofs in the distance.

"Ought we to send out men with fire-arms?" asked Sibyl.

"Where to?" said Basil. "That sound comes from the left, and the brute made for the forest. Besides, no one would be abroad at this hour without fire-arms. I dare say it is Larchoff. I met him riding in to X. this afternoon. He often rides back late. He is sure to be armed. It would be a good joke if the wolf pulled him down and made a meal of him."

"No such luck," cried Narka; "beasts of a species do not prey on each other."

This speech sounded unnaturally cynical on the lips of a young girl. Marguerite shrank imperceptibly away from her, and moved closer to Basil. M. de Beaucrillon felt the same repulsion so strongly that, under pretence of putting aside his gun, he went out of the room. Presently Basil carried his to a safe corner, and then, stepping into the deep embrasure of one of the windows flooded with light, called to Marguerite to join him. She went tripping lightly across the polished floor, and they stood together looking out at the moonlit landscape.

Sibyl and Narka remained alone. They were both more disturbed than they wished to appear. Superstitious as genuine Muscovites, the coming of the wolf before the seasonable time was to them an ill omen, all the more alarming from its vagueness. "The wolf waits for the white carpet," was a saying of the peasants; and when he appeared before the carpet was spread, some calamity was certain to follow.

"Well, cousin, you have had a glimpse of one of our winter amusements. How do you like it?" asked Basil.

"I don't like it at all," replied Marguerite.

"You were saying, only a little while ago, that it must be so exciting, and wanting me to turn wolf and howl at you."

"Do you think the wolf overheard me?"

"I will tell you a secret," said Basil. "I asked the brute to come and howl for you to-night. At first he flatly refused, like the brute that he is; then I bribed him."

"What bribe did you offer him?"

"You won't tell?" He bent his tall figure down until his mustache almost touched her ear. "I told him that Larchoff was coming this way, and that he could sup off him."

"Oh!" said Marguerite, drawing away with a little shudder. "Why do you want that poor man to be devoured by a wild beast?"

"Because that poor man is more destructive than any wild beast alive: he is the devil."

"Is he so wicked? Who is he?"

"Who is Larchoff? He is our neighbor, and dates his descent from Peter the Great, who gave the family a title. He is



a liar and a hypocrite, as cruel as a tiger and as greedy as a wolf, cowardly as a rat and dishonest as a Jew; he has all the bad instincts of man and beast combined; he is only fit company for the devil, and that is where the curses of good men are speeding him night and day."

"Ah! but that is wicked!" said Marguerite, with a shudder. "They ought to pray for him that he might repent."

"Pray for Larchoff!" Basil threw back his head with a low laugh; the notion of anybody praying for Larchoff was immensely funny to him. "If the prayers were heard, and that fiend were to repent and enter the kingdom of heaven, I hope I may go somewhere else! He has done more evil and made more men and women miserable than any man of his generation, unless, perhaps, his master the Czar. You know about old Larchoff, this fellow's father? No? Sibyl never told you? Well, listen. Jacob Larik, Narka's father, was a Jew; they are a vile race, but Jacob was an exception; he was honest, and very rich. He traded in furs, and he was clever and industrious, as the Jews mostly are. He lived in one of Larchoff's villages, unluckily. One day Larchoff, who, like his son, was always in want of money, went to Jacob, and said he must pay down fifty thousand rubles or pack up. Of course Jacob paid them. At the end of six months Larchoff came down on him for another fifty thousand. Jacob paid again; and so it went on until there was no more blood in the stone. Then Jacob fell on his knees and besought Larchoff, for the sake of the God of Abraham, to spare him and give him time to gain the money, and he would go on working and paying while he could; but Larchoff spat on him and mocked him, and then went off and denounced him as deep in a plot against the life of the Emperor. The poor wretch was seized and flogged and tortured to make him confess; and as he could not confess, he was sent to Siberia. Fortunately he died on the road."

"Oh my God! And Narka?"

"Narka was a small toddler at the time. She and her brother Sergius and Madame Larik came to live with us. Narka was educated with Sibyl, Sergius with me; he was such a dear good fellow, and so clever! He wanted to be a physician, and just after old Larchoff died he passed his

examinations brilliantly. We were all proud of him, and everybody made much of him; all the people in the district invited him and made a fuss over him. It was very foolish, for it enraged Larchoff *filis*; he knew that his father had been hated for the murder, as it was called, of old Jacob, and that he himself was hated as much as his father. He resolved to be revenged on us all by ruining Sergius. He went and denounced the poor fellow. Oh, it was a damnable piece of work!" said Basil, with suppressed passion.

"What happened him?"

"Sergius? He was sent to Siberia."

"And is he there still?"

"Yes—his bones are there. He lived three years at the gold diggings, and then luckily he died. Poor Sergius!"

"And his mother, and Narka?"

"They lived through it, as people do. It broke their hearts; but people live with broken hearts, as they do with broken legs. We were all very fond of them—Sibyl and Narka are like sisters. My mother always spoke of Narka as her adopted child, and after her death the two were inseparable."

"And that cruel, horrid man stays on here? Does anybody speak to him?"

"Speak to him! They cringe to him, they lick his feet."

"You never speak to him?"

"I spoke to him no later than this afternoon."

"Oh!" in a tone of shocked astonishment.

"My child, if I offended Larchoff, in spite of my father's present influence at court, he would never rest till he had sent me and all belonging to me after the Lariks."

"Is it possible? Why, he must be the devil."

"My sweet cousin, I began by telling you he was."

"And is there nothing to protect people against him? Is there no law in Russia?"

"Yes; there is the law of might and cunning."

After a moment's silence Marguerite said, in a confidential *sotto voce*, looking up at Basil: "I wonder why you don't make a revolution. If I were a Russian I should be a Nihilist—is not that what you call them?"

Basil's eye flashed, and he made a sudden movement as if he would have caught her in his arms; but he checked himself, and said, with a laugh, "If you preach



treason of that sort, *petite Française*, I will tell Larchoff, and you will be escorted to the frontier immediately, and perhaps get a whipping first."

While this conversation was going on in the deep recess of one window, Sibyl and Narka were talking confidentially in another.

"I wonder whether Basil thinks at all seriously of Sophie?" Sibyl remarked. "I do long to see him married and out of harm's way!"

"Are you sure that to marry him to the sister of Ivan Gorff would be taking him out of harm's way?"

Sibyl did not answer.

"Supposing it were," resumed Narka, "I could understand *your* overlooking a good deal to make him settle down, as you say; but I can't see how the Prince should be anxious for such a marriage for his son. Paul Gorff was a trader, and Ivan carries on his father's business—on a grand scale, it is true; still, he is in trade; and the daughter and sister of a trader is not the wife one would expect Prince Zorokoff to select for his son."

"It is hardly a selection. Who else is there to prefer to Sophie? She is the only girl in the district. Basil never goes to St. Petersburg except to pay his court to the Emperor and rush back. You know how he used to entertain us caricaturing all the girls he sees there. Then Sophie's mother was noble; it was considered a dreadful disgrace her making that *mésalliance* with Paul Gorff. Besides, she is sole heiress to her uncle's enormous fortune, and Basil, with all his indifference to money, knows very well that it is not a thing to be despised; for I suspect my father is melting down his fortune as fast as he can at St. Petersburg."

Narka did not reply. She knew well enough that the Gorff money-bags were the bait that was making Prince Zorokoff swallow his pride and court the trader's pretty daughter for his son. But would Basil prove an accomplice in the transaction?

"Basil is far too proud to make a *mésalliance* for money," continued Sibyl, contradicting her last words, for she felt instinctively what was in Narka's mind. "But he does admire Sophie. Besides, he is so chivalrous I believe he would make any sacrifice to deliver her from that brute Larchoff. Ivan says that Larchoff

is trying hard to ingratiate himself, and Sophie naturally loathes the sight of him; but if she were to let Larchoff see this, the consequences might be awful to herself and Ivan. We know of what Larchoff is capable."

"Yes," replied Narka, in a level undertone; "but it would not be pleasant to have his vengeance turned upon Basil as a successful rival."

Before Sibyl could answer, M. de Beau-crillon interrupted them.

"It appears the whole house is in a commotion about the wolf," he said. "My man tells me they are prophesying the most appalling events—fires, earthquakes, murders, and I know not what—on the strength of it."

"They are a pack of fools!" Basil called out, walking up with Marguerite through the checkered light. "That wolf came with the best intentions, solely to amuse Marguerite. To-morrow he will provide entertainment for you by giving us an opportunity to hunt him."

"Your Russian hospitality is sublime, *mon cher*," replied M. de Beau-crillon. "The very wild beasts are summoned to contribute to the enjoyment of your guests."

And so, laughing, they went out of the gallery together, and separated for the night.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE excitement caused by the appearance of the wolf was increased rather than lessened next morning by the prospect of a hunt, which diverted the superstitious terrors of the household into more healthy sensations. It was a splendid day; the sky was clear as sapphire, and the frosty landscape glittered in the morning light. The news had been taken down to the village at daybreak, and when the ladies came down-stairs the hunt was assembled on the lawn, every available man in the household being present with his gun; the villagers and moujiks in their costumes and sheepskins, the dogs in force, and all in high good-humor.

Narka and Sibyl entered into the prospect of the sport with keen gusto; but though Marguerite was alive to the picturesque side of the adventure, the idea of a close encounter with such ferocious



game was too terrifying to admit of her entering into it with any sympathy.

"Why not set traps for the wolf, instead of exposing men's lives in going to hunt him?" she asked, as they watched the scene on the lawn.

"But then where would be the sport?" cried Narka.

"Yes; that is what the men delight in," said Sibyl; "and that is what wolves are for—to make sport for them."

"It is the nature of men, I suppose, to like such sport," said Marguerite; "but I can't understand your liking it for them. Just think if the wolf were to turn on Gaston or Basil and kill either of them!"

"*Chérie*, I'm not going to think anything so unpleasant," cried Sibyl. "You are a little coward, you French girl."

"Yes, I am; but at any rate I have the courage of my cowardice; I'm not ashamed to own it."

"There is no shame in being a coward for those we love," said Sibyl, caressingly.

Marguerite blushed up scarlet. "No; I dare say even Gaston would be frightened if he saw me going out to fight a wolf." She gave a little sudden turn of her head and looked away.

Narka saw the blush, and saw the movement to hide it. Did "those they love" include for Marguerite somebody besides Gaston? Girls don't blush violently at being suspected of cowardice on their brothers' behalf.

"Here comes Ivan Gorff," said Sibyl, as there emerged from round the clock tower a broad-shouldered, loosely jointed, bushy-headed young man.

Basil broke from a distant group to go and greet him. As the two men walked up the broad gravel-path they presented a striking contrast. Basil was the type of the polished, highly civilized Russian seigneur, very tall, with clear complexion, blue eyes, abundant fair hair, and golden mustache; his countenance was frank and full of intelligence, with a singular mobility of expression.

Ivan Gorff was by no means vulgar or ill-looking, but his large head and massive shoulders, his loosely built frame and his heavy, shuffling gait, showed to increased disadvantage beside the finely proportioned figure and noble bearing of the young Prince.

Ivan paid his respects to the three ladies, raising their hands to his lips after the chivalrous fashion of his countrymen,

but he performed the ceremony with a brusquerie which was the result not so much of shyness as of an awkwardness that seems to be inseparable from a badly built human frame.

"What does the village say, Ivan Gorff?" inquired Sibyl.

"It says that a pack of wolves, variously estimated from five to five-and-twenty, came down and kept up a howling round the castle from midnight till dawn," replied Ivan.

"That is how history gets written," observed M. de Beaucrillon.

"What do they say brought the wolf down?" inquired Sibyl.

"They say he came for no good; they are terrified out of their wits."

"They are a pack of idiots," said Basil. "I suspect some rogue has been trapping cubs in the forest, and the mother came down to look for them. The howl sounded uncommonly like the call of the she-wolf."

"That was the first thing that occurred to me," said Ivan; "but they all swore they knew nothing about cubs being trapped."

"They were sure to swear that anyhow," laughed Basil.

"By-the-way," said Ivan, "the wolf was near trapping a cub of the devil's last night. Larchoff came up with him on the road, and if he had not put a bullet through the brute in time, and sent him yelling away on three legs, he was a dead man."

"Who did he tell that stunning lie to?" asked Basil.

"Father Christopher. He met Larchoff this morning on his way to see some sick woman in the wood."

"I wish Father Christopher did not meet him so often," said Basil. "He may brave the fellow once too often, and my father may not be able to pull him out of his fangs."

"Father Christopher never thinks of that," said Narka; "he only thinks of sparing the peasants, of putting himself between them and Larchoff's cruelty. If it were not for Father Christopher, Larchoff would be flaying them alive, and flogging them of a morning to get an appetite for his breakfast."

"Oh!" Marguerite gave a little scream.

"She is only joking, cousin," said Basil.

"You should not say those things before her," he added, angrily, to Narka.



"No; it is bad for her French nerves," observed M. de Beaucrillon. He said it seriously, almost solemnly, but Sibyl suspected he was mocking.

"The father is imprudent," she remarked. "It would be much better for everybody concerned if he tried to conciliate Larchoff."

"Yes," said Ivan; "if he would just my-lord-Count him and flatter him a bit, it would serve the peasants better."

"The father is too honest to flatter anybody," said Narka, "much less such a vile thing as Larchoff."

"Pshaw!" said Ivan—"the notion of wasting fine sentiment on a wolf! One talks to a fool according to his folly, and one treats a savage as a savage. The father will find out his mistake too late if he doesn't change his tactics toward Larchoff. Paul the cobbler heard high words between them on the road this morning; he did not catch what the quarrel was about, but Larchoff shouted, 'If you don't keep your tongue warm, you had better pack up.' 'I am always packed up,' said the father; 'I am ready to start every day, and I would rather take the road to Siberia this minute than abet your villany by holding my tongue.' Paul saw them from behind the wall, and he says Larchoff looked like a mad bull and the father like an angry lion, his head thrown back and his white hair fluttering."

"I wish the father would try and keep out of his way," said Sibyl.

"Yes, but there is no keeping out of the devil's way," said Basil. "He is always about, seeking whom he may devour."

A horn sounded from the lawn.

"Come! let us be on the march," said Basil.

The three gentlemen went out, and presently the hunt moved on.

The ladies watched it out of sight, but when Sibyl turned from the window she missed Marguerite.

"She has gone to pray that they may not be devoured by the wolf," said Narka, in answer to her exclamation of surprise.

"Does she care so very much, do you think—I mean for Basil?"

"She cares enough, I dare say, to say a prayer for him in an emergency."

Sibyl sat down to her tapestry. Narka stood looking out at the window.

"What a blessing it would be if Basil were to fall in love with Marguerite!"

said Sibyl, with a sigh as soft and long-drawn as the silk she was pulling through her needle.

Narka gave a curious smile. "You were sighing last night that he might fall in love with Sophie."

"I would sigh for a month if it would help him to fall in love with Marguerite. Sophie has some essentials that would suit, but Marguerite has everything. And she is so gentle!"

"Are you sure such a gentle wife is what Basil wants?"

"He admires gentleness in a woman immensely. Most men do."

"It does not follow that it would suit him best. Basil wants a wife that he could lean upon—a woman who would guide him. Sophie has plenty of character, and a very strong will; she turns her brother round her finger."

"I should not like Basil to be turned round his wife's finger. But you are mistaken in fancying that Marguerite lacks character: she has plenty of character, only it is kept down by her French training. Wait till she is married, and then you will see how she will develop. French girls are all like that."

"Would she marry a schismatic?"

"Ah, that is the one obstacle. But if Basil tried, I am certain he might overcome it. If he would only make Marguerite fall in love with him!"

Something magnetic made Sibyl turn and look at Narka. "Why do you smile like that?" she said. "Don't you think a girl might love Basil?"

"You and I have managed to love him."

"How silly you are sometimes, with all your cleverness, Narka! I mean a girl who is nothing to him. If I were a girl—not his sister—I should easily fall in love with him. Don't you think you would?—if he tried to make you?"

"Perhaps. The Princess used to say that a woman never could tell whether a man could make her love him or not until he tried. I dare say she was right."

Sibyl raised one hand, and let it drop lightly on the canvas with a gesture of utter amazement.

"To think that you of all women should not believe Basil capable of winning any girl he set his heart on!" she exclaimed—"Basil, who has everything that can make a man charming!"

"Charm is very much a matter of in-



dividual taste and sympathy," said Narka, and she lapsed into silence. Presently she turned from the window, and went to the piano, and sat down, running her fingers over the keys in an impromptu prelude which she accompanied at first in a low, almost inarticulate murmur; but by degrees the tones rose, and the rich voice gave forth its power, uttering in music the passionate thought that seemed so often folded in Narka's silence, and never expressed itself freely but in song. Her voice was one of those rare and rich instruments that combine every quality; it had the warm, mellow tones of a contralto, and the range of a soprano, the high notes ringing out with bell-like clearness, the lower soft as oil poured out: it was a voice that would have made a fortune on the stage, so powerful it was, so brilliant, and at the same time of such melting sweetness. Narka never looked so beautiful as when she was singing, and she would go on warbling and trilling for hours, never tired, like a bird whose natural speech was song.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE wolf hunt proved a failure. The sportsmen came home without having seen or scented the game of which they had gone in search. It had been discovered, however, that a peasant in one of Larchoff's villages had trapped a cub two days before, and carried it off to his father in the village beyond Yrakow. This discovery was a great relief to the population, and calmed their terrors by giving a natural explanation of the premature appearance of the unwelcome visitor. It was evidently the mother that had come down to look for her stolen cub.

"All the same," Narka remarked, "I wish the week were past, and that we were safe over the adventure."

"You don't seriously believe that it forebodes evil, mademoiselle?" said M. de Beaucrillon, looking at her with amused incredulity.

"I seriously believe in precedent and tradition," replied Narka. "It is a thing unprecedented for the wolf to come down before the snow without some calamity suddenly following. In the Prince's childhood a wolf was seen in the village one night in October, and the next day a fire

broke out, and two-thirds of the houses were burnt down."

"That is conclusive evidence, certainly; the wolf was evidently an incendiary," observed M. de Beaucrillon, gravely.

"It is very well for you to laugh, Gaston," said Sibyl; "but you have your superstitions in Burgundy too, and a score of precedents that everybody at Beaucrillon believes in. I wish we were safe out of the week."

"A week is the limit of the danger?" said Gaston, with provoking coolness. "If it is not fulfilled within that time, the wolf is voted a false prophet?"

"It so happens that hitherto it always has been fulfilled within the week," replied Sibyl.

M. de Beaucrillon in his secret soul hoped that it would be fulfilled this week. He was beginning to feel the place so deadly dull that it would have been a mercy if the wolf brought any change to enliven things. Even a fire in the village would be better than nothing. Gaston had only been three weeks at Yrakow, and it was palling on him horribly. The magnificent vastness of the castle, the barbaric splendor of the interior, the immensity of the grounds, the immensity of the forest, the scale of immensity on which everything within and without was constructed, made the sense of desolateness produced by the smallness of the social element proportionately immense. The immobility of life in this enormous palace, with its galleries as long as streets, and its rooms as big as courts, and its halls as vast as ordinary squares, was overpowering. There were seventy servants in the household, but they made no more life in the place than the flies on the pane. M. de Beaucrillon sauntered through the vast apartments, and smoked countless cigars, and felt as if he were walking in an enchanted castle where everybody was under a spell of somnolence. Basil was an excellent host, and did all he could to wake up the sleeping inhabitants, but Basil himself was under the spell. He did not understand the need for being always awake; he went spasmodically from mercurial activity to absolute idleness, from hunting a wolf, and similar out-door exercises, to lounging by the hour on the flat of his back with a cigar in his mouth; he spent hours dreaming and writing in his private study, emerging thence in alternate moods of high excitement and



profound melancholy. M. de Beaucrillon was very fond of his brother-in-law, but he did not understand him; Basil, for all his physical strength and reckless courage, seemed to him more a woman than a man, a creature made of contradictions, of impulses, of passionate emotions and exaggerations.

The day after the hunt, Marguerite and Narka went out for a ride. As they passed through the village, Narka pointed out the cottage where she and her mother resided since Sibyl's marriage.

"You must take me to pay a visit to Madame Larik as soon as she's well enough," said Marguerite. "When will that be?"

"In a few days, I hope," Narka replied, looking pleased and grateful. "She has been much better this last week, and has had good nights: that is why I have been able to stay at the castle. It is seldom that her rheumatism is so bad at this season, poor dear mother!"

"Ought she not to go to some German baths for it?" said Marguerite.

"Yes, she ought; and I hope some day to be able to take her to Aix-la-Chapelle. Some day sounds vague," Narka added, in answer to a look in Marguerite's face; "but we are waiting on a legacy that is to come to us from an old relative of mother's. I have never seen him, so it is not very cynical of me to look forward to enjoy his money—is it? And the doctor assures me Aix would do wonders for my mother."

"And then you will come on and spend the autumn at Beaucrillon and the winter in Paris."

"That would be a charming programme," said Narka, smiling, "but mother has a great desire to spend a month in Munich, her native place, and then to make a little tour in Germany; and I don't know whether the legacy would admit of all that and a journey to France. Though, with our simple habits, a little money would go a long way."

Marguerite had lost sight of this fact in Narka's position, that she and her mother were very poor, dependent almost wholly on the generosity of the Zorokoffs, who had given them a cottage and a large garden.

"But you have travelled already?" Marguerite said.

"I have been to St. Petersburg several times with the Princess; we spent some

winters there, and had masters. It was there chiefly that I learned singing. The Princess had me taught by a great Italian master from Rome. What a delightful man he was, and how I did enjoy his lessons! We used to go twice a week to the opera—your aunt was so good to me! She was an angel, the Princess. I was always sorry she was not Russian."

Marguerite smiled. "I hope you will come soon to France and stay with us," she said. "I do so long to convert you!"

"That would be a cruel trick to play me. I should be either sent to Siberia or put into a dungeon for the rest of my life."

"Oh! I did not mean a religious conversion; I meant to convert you to being a little more French and a little less Russian. They would not put you in prison for that?"

"No, they would not put me in prison for that. But ought you not to be satisfied with having converted Sibyl? Don't you think she is a very creditable convert?"

"On the whole; but she has many heresies still; she maintains, for instance, that the climate here is better than in France, that she never felt so cold in St. Petersburg as she does in Paris. She also clings to the belief that a paternal Muscovite government is the best in the world. There is only one point on which her conversion is entirely satisfactory. She admits that French husbands are perfection. Would it be hopeless to try to convert you to that belief, Narka?"

"Quite!"—spoken very emphatically.

"How heartily you say that! I don't wonder you owe a grudge to the race for having stolen away Sibyl. What a loss she must have been to you!"

"And not to me only. Her departure left all these poor people"—glancing round over the country—"at the mercy of the Jews and the bureaucrats, who prey on them like wolves."

"But don't the Prince and Basil protect them?"

"Basil does what he can; but he has not much power. As to the Prince, he is nearly always at St. Petersburg, looking after the future. Meanwhile the stano-voï, who is a grasping, cruel man, has it all his own way; he and Larchoff are in league—a pair of devils."

"The Prince must be a very odd man," Marguerite said, looking confidential. "My maid tells me stories about his go-



ings on when he is here that would make one think he was stark, staring mad."

Narka laughed. "I dare say he would be locked up as a lunatic in any country but Russia; but his madness is harmless enough—more so, indeed, than his sanity. He keeps everybody in commotion day and night while he is here. He never goes to bed or undresses at night; he smokes and drops asleep in a chair, sitting bolt-upright; every now and then he falls off his chair and bangs himself on the ground; and then he starts up, seizes his gun, that is always beside him, rushes to the window, and fires out at the night. He does this four times, rushing to the four sides of the house as fast as he can go, and throwing open the windows with as much noise as he can make. Sibyl and Basil had the greatest difficulty to prevent him doing it this last time; they said you would all be so frightened, and they should not know what to say to you to explain it."

Marguerite's eyes grew round with amazement. "And was that why the Prince ran away in such a hurry?"

"Probably that had something to do with his flight. He says he can never sleep a night through here without exercising himself in fire-arms, and he pretends it is protection to the village against wolves and Larchoff."

"He certainly would pass for a lunatic in France," said Marguerite, her face breaking into dimples of suppressed laughter. "And used he go on in that way when Aunt Isabelle was alive?"

"Not so badly. She kept him in order. He gave her his word once that he would not shoot at the night for a month; but one night he jumped out of bed and emptied his revolver through the window as fast as he could shoot; the Princess rushed in and caught him in the act, and he declared he had been asleep and dreaming, and had no intention of breaking his word. He went back to bed; but presently she and all of us heard a noise from down-stairs of some one howling in pain. We all rushed out to see what was the matter, and there in the middle of the hall was the Prince whipping himself with all his might, and roaring like a bull. He said he could not go to sleep with remorse for having broken his word, and felt he must get up and whip himself as he would have had one of the servants whipped for offending in the same way. The Princess

besought him to stop, but he would not; he went on whipping and yelling till he had given himself the number of stripes he thought proper, and then he went up to bed; his back was scarred with welts, and hurt him for days."

Marguerite was seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter that she had to rein in her horse and go at a foot's pace till it was over. "Why, he is as mad as any maniac in Charenton!" she exclaimed, when she was able to speak.

"He is a little eccentric," said Narka; "but his eccentricities are all very harmless. The Princess kept them within bounds, and so did Sibyl in a lesser degree."

"I don't wonder you miss Sibyl."

They cantered on a little way without speaking.

"There is one good thing that has come to me out of Sibyl's departure," Narka resumed. "It has led to mother's and my living in the village. You can't get really to sympathize with the sufferings of people, and help them, until you come close enough to share them; we never realize them so long as we are in a fool's paradise of luxury and ease. The pain of poverty is like every other pain; nothing but personal experience can make us understand it, and teach us the kind of relief it wants. It is like a man born in the tropics trying to realize cold from a description in a book. He never could do it. No description could give him the physical sensation of feet and hands tingling and perishing, of blood chilled in his veins, of eyes blinded and smarting in a bitter icy wind. He must leave the tropics and go up into a Northern climate to know what it all means. To live in a great palace amidst luxury and abundance of every sort is like living in the tropics. I never realized what our wretched peasants had to endure until I came to live amongst them in the village, and saw how they suffer in every way—from poverty, from the climate, from ignorance, and, above all, from the cruelty of the Jews and the government officials."

"But is there no redress? Is there no justice to be had for them?"

"Father Christopher keeps telling them they will get justice in the next world."

"Even in this there are laws to protect the weak against the strong. God has not left Himself without witnesses on the earth."



"I wonder where His witnesses are in Russia?" Narka laughed.

"The people themselves are His witnesses; they believe and they hope in Him."

"Then why does He let them be crushed and tortured and destroyed?"

"Oh, Narka, that pagan 'why' is always in your mouth!"

"It is in the mouth of the people everywhere—everywhere. They are down-trodden, and oppressed, and made to suffer injustice."

"Not in France," protested Marguerite. "The people are not down-trodden there."

"They are in Russia. Why are they? Why does God permit it? If His justice is anywhere on earth, it ought to be everywhere—in Russia as well as in France."

"Wrong cannot be made right in a day. We must be patient."

"We *are* patient, heroically patient—under the wrongs and sufferings of others." The passionate irony in Narka's voice sounded more bitter than the words themselves.

"I am sure we are trying to make the world less bad and life less hard on the poor," said Marguerite. "Don't you think that they have much less to suffer now than they had a thousand years ago?—or even a hundred?"

"In France, I dare say, thanks to your glorious Revolution."

"Oh, Narka! you call it glorious? That dreadful reign of terror, when the people rose up against God and murdered the King!" Marguerite felt again that vague repulsion which had made her more than once shrink away from Narka.

"The people rose against a reign of tyranny that had ended by driving them mad. Would that Russia could follow the example of France, and have her revolution!"

Marguerite was shocked at the passionate hatred expressed in Narka's tone and words; but she remembered her father dropping on the road into exile, and her young brother dying in Siberia, and revulsion gave way to pity.

"If you ever make a revolution in Russia," she said, "let it be a revolution of love, not of hate."

Narka laughed. "And burst our chains by kissing them."

"There is nothing love might not do if people would only believe in it," said Marguerite; "if only they would let it

rule the world instead of hatred. If they would let it have its way like the blessed sunshine it would turn this world into a paradise. I wonder why people can't believe in love?"

As she threw back her head, and put this question to the winter sky, there was a light in her eyes that contrasted strikingly with the flame in Narka's—the light of love and the flame of hate—hate just in its cause and cruelly provoked, but even in those beautiful eyes its effect was repulsive.

Narka was surprised to see what strength of feeling lay beneath the bright, buoyant, and seemingly thoughtless happiness of the young French girl. Sibyl was right: there were slumbering forces underlying Marguerite's nature which only needed certain opportunities to develop. Narka felt this recognition forced upon her, and she would not perhaps have acknowledged that the discovery caused her something like a sense of alarm or disappointment. The two girls, as by tacit consent, put their horses into a canter, and rode on a long way without exchanging a word.

At last Narka said, "We must not forget that we have to get back." She looked at her watch, and saw that it was four o'clock. They turned their horses' heads homeward.

In those Northeastern countries the twilight is short, and night closes in almost as suddenly as the dropping of a curtain. When they re-entered the village of Yrakov it was growing dark; the moon had risen, and a few stars had sprung out. Just as the castle came in sight the two riders were startled by shrieks that seemed to come from the forest. They pulled up their horses and stopped to listen. In a moment the groom, whom a curve in the road had hidden, came trotting up, and said something in Russian which evidently alarmed Narka. She was going to turn back, when some further information from the servant caused her to change her intention, and she went on.

"What has happened?" inquired Marguerite.

"He does not know, but he saw Sophie Gorff running from the road without anything on her head."

"Was she running from the wolf, do you think?"

"That is not likely: the wolf would have been pursuing her." Narka stopped



her horse again and hesitated; but after a short parley with the groom she rode on again.

"Sophie is out of harm's way now, at any rate," she said. "Dmitri saw her cross the road toward her own house. What could it have been?"

Moved by lingering curiosity, they both cast a backward glance toward the forest. As they looked, they heard the report of a gun.

"Who can be shooting at this hour?" exclaimed Narka. "It must be as black as night in the forest."

Presently they saw the figure of a man carrying a gun emerging from the road adjoining the park.

"It is Basil, I do believe," said Marguerite. "I dare say it was he who frightened Sophie." She called out and made signs with her whip, but Basil held on his way, and strode across the park without looking round.

"How stupid of him not to hear!" said Marguerite.

"Perhaps he hears, but does not want to come out of his way."

"Is he such a boor as to do that? No Frenchman alive would be capable of anything so rude," protested Marguerite, indignantly.

Narka's face positively beamed as she looked at her. "You think Frenchmen are so much more gallant? You think Russians are boors?"

"I think Basil is behaving like a boor, and I shall tell him so," said Marguerite, with the prettiest show of offended dignity.

Narka gave a light laugh that sounded musically sweet.

"I want to stop a few minutes here," Marguerite said, as they came to the little Catholic chapel. "Do you mind going on alone, and leaving Dmitri to mind my horse?"

"Why may I not wait and come in with you?" said Narka.

"Oh! if you don't mind."

They both alighted and went in.

The chapel was merely an oratory attached to the house where Father Christopher lived. It had been built for him by the Princess when his office of tutor to Basil came to an end. The Roman Catholics at Yrakow were few, and these with others scattered through neighboring villages on Prince Zorokoff's estates were the persons who profited by the old priest's ministry. His congregation was

composed chiefly of foreigners—professors and servants—residing in families or living in the villages; but, small as it was, it gave him a good deal to do, owing to the distances over which it was scattered. He had to visit the sick in places a long way off, and these distant visits were one of the whips that Larchoff held over the father's head. They afforded an outward semblance of truth to the charge of proselyting which Larchoff was constantly threatening to bring against him, and which in Russia is regarded as a heinous crime, visited, like high treason, with the penalty of death.

The little chapel was almost dark; there was no light but the red glow of the sanctuary lamp. A few worshippers were kneeling in the shadows, waiting for Father Christopher to come into the confessional. Marguerite knelt down at the altar rail, and was at once absorbed in her devotions. Narka, from a *prie-dieu* a little behind, watched her with an odd mixture of admiration, envy, and satisfaction. The faith that could thus absorb a human being in an instant must be very strong—too strong to be shaken by any earthly feelings, by any mundane interests, by any promptings of passion. Narka had had a glimpse into Marguerite's nature, and that glimpse had shown her, beneath the light, child-like exterior, a woman endowed with a supernatural creed which makes the weakest creature invulnerable against self, fitting her to cope victoriously with perils against which mere natural strength is frail and faithless. How fervently the girl prayed! In the red light of the lamp above her Narka could see her lips moving rapidly. She envied her being able to pray like that. But it was easy for Marguerite to do so; it was easy for *her* to believe in God's love, and call Him Father, and ask that His will might be done. He *had* been a father to her, and His will had been always kind and loving. He had not tried her faith by injustice and cruel wrong; He had not confounded her hope and turned it to despair. This loss of faith in an Almighty love was perhaps the bitterest suffering which the hard ways of God and man inflicted on their helpless victims, Narka thought, as she watched the happy young French girl praying.

They had not been many minutes in the chapel when Father Christopher entered from the sacristy, and after kneeling a



moment before the tabernacle, went into the confessional.

Marguerite stood up, and whispered to Narka,

"Would there be time for me to wait and go to confession now?"

"Oh no," Narka replied; "it is too late. You had better come to-morrow morning. You will find him before mass."

Marguerite assented, and they went out and rode home.

## MARTHA REID'S LOVERS.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune."—*As You Like It*.

### I.

IF Madison Crowder was not mistaken, Martha Reid was the finest girl in all the region round about Ivy's Bridge. Now Martha Reid herself was obliged to know that she was a fine girl, just as well as Madison Crowder did; for although only sixteen years old, she had heard from him and several other boys, and at least one grown man, words that were very peremptory in the line of the present argument.

Yet Madison, tall, fair, stalwart as he was in contrast with Martha, petite, brunette, and slender, had little hope to win. The oldest of three boys—only children of a widowed mother—he was managing only tolerably their little farm, whereon was a working force of three or four hands besides the white boys. People said that Jasper, the next brother, was a better farmer than he, who, as was known generally, had some ambition to be a clerk in a store preparatory to becoming a merchant, and that it was owing mainly to Jasper's good judgment and steadiness of purpose that the crops made were not even smaller. Still, Madison was so polite in manners and so obliging in all neighborly offices that everybody liked him and wished him well.

The Crowders were sandwiched between two large plantations. The wife of Josiah Reid having died when Martha, her only child, was an infant, he had married Miss Crowder, an aunt of Madison's, and everybody said that the child could not have been reared more discreetly or affectionately by her own mother had she lived. The father, poor in his youth, had remained a bachelor until over forty. A good man in the main, the too high value that his mind had always set upon the possession of property became higher and higher as his own ac-

cumulated and the time drew nearer when he must part from it. He loved his daughter dearly, and he was reasonably grateful to the wife who had been continuously faithful to both sets of her duties. He honestly believed that his own career was the very best exemplar for poor young men; and the older and richer he grew, the more resolute his purpose that nobody but a man in possession or expectation of property equal to or approximating his own should wed his daughter. He was obliged to know that Madison Crowder wanted her, and whenever the youth's name was mentioned in the family, his manner evinced the hostility that would have been much more pronounced but for the young lover's relationship to his wife.

Knowing old Mr. Reid as he did, Madison would never have fallen in love with Martha if he could have helped himself. But I have noticed more times than I could recall that where such a girl as Martha Reid is concerned, no amount of sense or observation stops a young man on that line of march. He had never asked Martha if she returned the feeling he avowed; that is, not so fully in words as in tones of his voice, looks of his eyes, manners of his every service. She treated him like the rest of the beaux—with that sort of politest cordiality that is most discouraging to an ardent lover. His aunt, to whom he could not but mention the subject sometimes, ever warned him against the indulgence of hopes which, whatever Martha's feelings might become in time, could never be compassed during the life of her father.

The plantation on the other side, extending to the Ogeechee River, and including the store at the bridge, was owned by the Fittens, mother and son, the former apparently sixty and the latter thirty-



five years of age, who, removing from somewhere in South Carolina, had purchased this property, and been resident thereon for five or six years. The store, built by the former owner, had been enlarged somewhat, and being on the highway leading from the court-house of the county to that of the adjoining county east, and about equidistant from both and from Dukesborough, had lately been honored by having a post-office. The mother, a pale, plain, reticent woman, seemed to render to her son entire subservience, which it was believed that he exacted in return for having raised the family, as he claimed, from very humble beginnings to its present exalted state. They had a gang of rather unlikely negroes, with which the son ran the plantation, and in spite of the diversity of occupations, he succeeded abundantly at both.

Madison Crowder in all of his dreams about a clerkship had never thought of Mr. Fitten in that connection, for among other reasons that he believed he had for not liking him was an assurance of his mind that his intention ever since his first removal to the neighborhood had been to marry Martha Reid if he could. Within this last year she had sprung into womanhood, and there was little doubt upon anybody's mind that at this particular time he was soliciting her with the full consent of her father. Madison, therefore, was much surprised one day when the merchant, on his way home from Mr. Reid's, drew up his horse, and calling him from work in his field, informed him that he had discharged the clerk he had had; and then he offered to him the position for a wage that was quite above what the youth had hoped to get at first anywhere.

"Why, Mr. Fitten, I—I never thought you—I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Ah! Somebody told me, leastways my 'membrance is *somebody* told me, you had a idee of learnin' to be a merchant, an' were a-tryin' to git a place in a sto' in town. Maybe I were mistaken."

"No, sir, you were not mistaken. I mean to say that I was not expecting *you* to—I didn't in fact know that you expected to part with Will Evans, Mr. Fitten, and—"

"Will's a good boy, a good 'nough boy, but I don't think that Will have the—I'll say the *talons* for to be a merchant. What I want in my business, Madison, is for my

clerk to have *talons* for the business, an' in perusin' around, my mind have fell on you; that is, a-powidin' *your* notions is that way. Ef not, why, in co'se."

"When must I give you my answer, Mr. Fitten?"

"In co'se you want to talk along 'ith your ma, an' possible your aunt, Missis Reid, and—well, we'll say four days, or you may make it five if you want. Say five. Your crop's laid by, you know, an' Jappy, if he git pressed in getherin' it, why, you know, Mad's'n, we can all help him pull through."

After some further conversation it was agreed that by the fifth day next succeeding Madison was to give notice of his decision. If such an offer had come from any other source, he would have accepted eagerly at once. As it was, the first feeling, as Mr. Fitten rode away, was a poignant pain at the thought of assuming toward him a relation of admitted subordination. Yet for some time past he had been almost without hope to win Martha Reid, for even if she should return his feeling—a result she had never given him reason to expect—he well knew that she would never wed without her father's consent, and that could never be gotten for him, at least so long as he continued so poor in the matter of property. As for thanking the man who had just made the offer to him, which he ought to have done, he was very far from that. Instead, as he went on slowly to his mother, he felt some resentment, he could scarcely have told for what. His mother, after some reflection, said that perhaps it was best for him to accept. It would be a start in the way of his long-indulged ambition, and if, upon better acquaintance with the man, he should not grow to like him, he at all events would be learning the new business and becoming qualified for a satisfactory position elsewhere.

"I don't know what to say about it, Madison," said his aunt on the next day.

"Me an' Marthy were both took by surprise when Mr. Reid told us last night that Mr. Fitten was going to make you an offer."

"What did Marthy say, aunty?"

"She said—that was when me and her were by ourselves, for she said nothing before her pa; but when he went out she said that ef she was in your place and wanted to go to clerking, she'd believe



she'd go further from home. But she took that back immediate, and she hasn't named your name to me since. You know I've freckwent told you, Madison, to not set your heart too much on Marthy, but go 'long and do the same as ef they wasn't no sech a girl. I love the child the same as ef she was my own child; but you know as well as I do that in this family Mr. Reid's words is the law. Your ma and Jappy think maybe it's best, and maybe it is."

The interview with Martha, two days afterward, was brief. Not that she was wanting in cordiality; that on her part, though always polite, was never very pronounced; but he thought he could see that she recognized the humbling inferiority to which the contemplated change was already beginning to subject him. He rather hoped that she would mention the subject first. As she did not, he said,

"I've been thinking of clerking for Mr. Fitten."

"So ma tells me."

"Yes, Jappy can manage now at home very well—better than me, I must say, an' I've been thinking for some time that I'd like to get into some other business, in town, or Augusta, or somewhere."

"Yes. Had you made any effort that way, Madison?"

"Why, no; that is, not much.

I thought I would this fall. And so here comes Mr. Fitten's offer. It took me by surprise. For somehow I didn't think Mr. Fitten— Well, the fact is, the whole thing surprised me."

She smiled so faintly that he was sorry he had mentioned the matter. Then he rose.

"Are you going?" she asked, evidently not expecting so speedy a departure, yet as evidently not disappointed.

"Well," he soliloquized, after leaving the house, "it's hard to be poor. If I had half, or a third, or even a quarter of the property of that old fellow, he *shouldn't* have her. It's all old man Reid's doings anyhow; but good-by, good-by, good-by."

Three times he said these last words;

and then, as he was about to descend the hill, turning for one more view of the mansion he had just left, he saw Martha standing on the piazza where he had taken



"HE SAW MARTHA STANDING ON THE PIAZZA."

his leave of her. At that moment she also turned and entered the house.

## II.

"'N'a-las: n'an dad: h'my Save-yeer bleed:  
N'an dad: h'my Sov-ring d—"

Humph! Dat boy done put me out an' my hime out, bofe un us."

Such conversion into spondees of the iambs of this sweet old hymn, and such abrupt breaking down of the last word in the opening distich, need explanation, of course.

Shortly after Madison Crowder had set in with Mr. Fitten, the latter had hired from Mr. Reid, for the purpose of waiting about the house and the store, a negro lad named Isaac, who, though good for little



in the field, was fond of waiting, specially on white people. The daily putting to rights the store and the shed-room attached had hitherto devolved upon the clerk. But Mr. Fitten said that a young man raised like Madison should have a negro for such work, and as he owned none exactly suited to the purpose, he offered for Isaac a price that Mr. Reid, notwithstanding some humble remonstrance of the boy's father, endorsed by Mrs. Reid and Martha, accepted. In this new rôle Isaac delighted, and advanced in the arts of his business to that degree that he was becoming somewhat of an aristocrat, not only among the Fitten negroes, but the rest in his neighborhood. The store was on the first rise from the bridge, and the mansion on the second, about three hundred yards distant. Isaac waited on both.

On the occasion of his first visit home, Greene, his father (it was a Sunday morning), was sitting before his cabin door, under the shade of a mulberry, his Bible in his lap, and the hymn-book *Mercer's Cluster* lying on a stool by his side. He let his son pass with only a simple salutation into the cabin, and about an hour afterward called to him, "You Izik, I speck by dis time your mammy an' dem got 'nough er your qual'ty talk; an' ef dey is, step out here, an' less me'n' you swap a few words."

He looked at his son's well-carded head, his white not overworn shirt, and other evidences of his rise.

"Spected you las' Sunday. Leastways your mammy did. Whyn't you come?"

"I were dat busy, daddy, I couldn't. You know I has to 'tend to de house an' de sto', bofe."

"Ah, well, den; ef dey needs you, your business to be on han' at all times. Whar you git dat sto' shirt?"

"Mis' Fitt'n gin it to me."

"How you gitt'n on, anyhow? an' how Marse Mad's'n gitt'n on?"

"Oh, jes splendid, daddy."

"Who splendid?"

"Why, Marse Mad's'n. Mis' Fitt'n praise him 'way up yonder, an' so do his ma. Dat ter young man he wait on himself, but now I waits on Marse Mad's'n."

"Umph! humph! Ant'ny and Niel tole your mammy las' week dat when dey seed you, as dey was a-comin' fum de mill, you wuz a-braggin' what fine qual'ty victuals dey feeds you on, an' how big you is in genil 'mong dem Fitt'n niggers."

"I jes a-runnin' on wid dem boys, daddy."

"Jes runnin' on. Den dey don't pomper you so mons'ous pow'ful? As for dem Fitt'n niggers, dey show fer deyselves; *dey* ain't fed like marster's niggers. But *you* does look fat and greazy, so to speak."

"I waits 'bout de house, an' in co'se I gits de moest plenty."

"Umph! humph! An' dey trusses you to sweep up de sto', does dey? Well, now, sir, you be mons'ous pittickler, an' de funder white folks trusses you, de pitticklerer you git, an' don't you let nothin' stick to you dar."

"Daddy, I wa'n't fotch up to steal; you'n' mammy—"

"Let 'lone me'n' your mammy. Don't you 'pen' on fetchin' up. You 'pen' on ketchin' de cowhide, an' marster bein' broke up payin' you out o' jail, an' den my takin' whut hide de sheyiff an' de ter white people leff on your back. You ken go 'long now. When dey ken spar' you uv a Sunday like, I want you come home. Not as I can't eat my 'lowance o' victuals fer grievin' atter you, but your mammy want to see you sometimes, an' I wants to hear how you gitt'n 'long an' behavin' yourself to white an' black. When you git back, 'member my 'specks to your Marse Mad's'n."

"An' Mis' Fitt'n too, daddy?"

"No; I got nothin' to do 'long Miss Fitt'n, an' I got no use fer white folks what pompers ter people's niggers agin dey own. Go 'long off wid you."

It was here that old Greene, as above recorded, failed in his musical endeavor.

Several weeks passed. The mouth of Mr. Fitten, especially when at the Reids', where he now visited frequently, had been for a while full of praise of the new clerk. If it had been less so of late, this might be attributed to the theme having gradually become trite. Madison now seldom visited there. What he had come to recognize as hopeless, with the strength of youth he had ceased to pursue. But now he was seized with a too ardent desire to get money. The contemplation of what such a man as Mr. Fitten, whose coarseness and ill-breeding he exaggerated, could accomplish by the possession of money, and of what such another as he considered himself must fail to obtain for the want of it, induced a resolution to get money at the sacrifice of some things which heretofore he had held much more





"HE WAS BECOMING SOMEWHAT OF AN ARISTOCRAT."

dear. Disguising the disgust, the full extent of which he must have been aware that he had no right to indulge, he yet went diligently to all his work, and discharged it to the full satisfaction of his employer. If the latter penetrated his disguise, he yet persisted in the confidence he bestowed, and it seemed, if not to Madison, at least to his friends, as if he was trying by kindness to overcome a repulsion which he could not but recognize in the circumstances to be natural. Madison could hardly have said himself whether it was with pain or a sort of pleasure that he noticed the want of affection between Mr. Fitten and his mother, so thin, pale, and apparently so unhealthy, who seemed as though she had suffered many griefs, but had not lost thereby, as he soon discovered, either energy or will. Her house was decently kept, and the negroes were provided for as humanely as the pe-

nuriousness of her son would allow; more so, indeed, for sometimes secretly and sometimes openly, silently taking his rude complainings, she supplied them with things that he had refused.

With the instinct of one brought up as Madison Crowder was, he treated this woman with every becoming deference, that grew to be more marked as he noticed the indifference of her son to her feelings and general welfare.

"The old lady is old and sickly," he would say to Madison, "an' them make her fretful an' hard to please. I got so myself I done quit tryin' to please her, I has. When people git that way, they ain't no tellin' what's best fer a feller to do."

The woman received Madison's deferential services with some apparent gratitude, and sometimes when they happened to be together alone she would talk with



him, though without allusion to her griefs or mention of her son's name, yet as if she was beginning to feel an affection for one from whom kindness had come to her unexpectedly. Lately he had observed that occasionally, after mother and son had been holding private conversation, her eyes seemed as if they had been weeping. Estrangement of these men, gradual at first, became more pronounced, though never leading to hostile words.

On several occasions the cash, though in quantities inconsiderable, was found to be short in the till; but both agreed that in some periods of omission on Madison's part, Isaac had gotten the key and taken it. Madison repressed as well as he could the indignation he felt in the changed looks and manners of his employer, meaning, as he believed, a suspicion that the money had been appropriated by himself. This indignation was increased when at the end of the year, on Madison's claim of additional wages for the last three months, which Mr. Fitten in the beginning had partially promised in case his services should increase in value as expected, the merchant refused to allow it.

"Never mind, sir," said Madison, soliloquizing, but aloud, as Mr. Fitten went out by the door leading into the shed-room, "I'll be even with you yet."

A few minutes afterward Mr. Fitten, who he supposed had gone to the mansion, appeared at the front piazza steps, and calling, said, in a tone of entire confidence and friendliness, "Mad's'n, I spect-ed a letter from Stovall and Simmons this mornin' 'bout buyin' some wool fer 'em. None nuver come, did they?"

"If any had come I should have told you of it, Mr. Fitten."

"So I knowed, 'ithout you's a-forgot it. Nuver mind: it 'll come to-morrow, I reckon." Then he turned again and proceeded to the house.

The mail, carried by a boy on horseback, came shortly after breakfast, and was usually opened by Madison, who was wont to be at the store before his employer. On several of the following mornings Mr. Fitten received the bag himself. Madison did not ask if the expected letter had come. Indeed, none except necessary, and that the briefest, conversation was now held between the two. A sense of fear, a sense also of something like that of the losing of manhood, took possession of Madison. So a few days afterward he

said, abruptly, to his employer, "Mr. Fitten, I think we better part, sir."

"Don't know but what you're right, Mad's'n. Things here haven't been goin' to suit me lately somehow. I made up my mind to send Izik back to his marster, an' by good rights they ought to be a investigashin o' some *few* things befo' us all parts. All right—all right: people lives in the world to larn an' meet up with dis'p'intments. Tommy Wheeler want a place. Wonder how *he'd* suit? I'll step over to his mother's house to-night, an' have a chat with her'n' him."

This was a Monday evening. Madison had been at his mother's the day before, and while there she said to him that he owed it both to Mr. Fitten and himself not to stay there with the feelings which he admitted to entertain toward him. After supper, before returning to the store, he lingered a short time with Mrs. Fitten, her son having gone to the Wheelers'. Her manner seemed more than ever soft and affectionate.

"I just as well tell you good-by to-night, Madison," she said, with a trembling voice, as he rose to go. "I mayn't be to breakfast in the morning, as I feel now so bad. Good-by—good-by. You've been a great deal to me since you've been here, and I sha'n't forget you. May God A'mighty bless you, Madison!"

With eyes overflowing she turned from the steps, whither she had followed him, and going to her chamber, knelt by her bed and sobbed aloud.

"Mistiss," said her woman, Rachel, of about her age, then coming into the room, "for de Lord's sake git up an' stop some o' dat cryin'. Look like you gwine grieve yourself to death 'bout dat boy."

"Oh, Rachel! Rachel!" she said, suffering herself to be raised up, "you don't know all he's been to me. Help me to bed."

### III.

Half an hour before breakfast-time next morning, while Madison was arranging his clothes in his trunk, and Isaac was chopping wood preparatory to making a fire in the stove, Mr. Fitten, accompanied by young Wheeler, whose service he had engaged the night previous, came. Proceeding into the store, he called Madison, and in a low tone said: "Mad's'n, I wouldn't of thought you'd of done what you done about the defference betwix' us. Our ric'lections was deffernt 'bout my rais-



in' o' your wages; but I were determined to let you have it your way ruther'n have feelin's too bad hurted; but you oughtn't to of tuck it jes so."

His manner was compounded of the mildly complaining and the kindly admonitory.

yourself home, and tell your marster I sent you for stealin' fifty dollars, an' then tryin' to lay it on a white man."

"For de Lord's sake, Mis' Fitten," cried the negro, "kill me ef you'n' Marse Mad's'n wanten, but don't sen' me home wid dat messenge. Fer ef marster don't kill me,



"LOOK AT THAT IZIK PICKED OUT THE FIRE."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Fitten," answered Madison, turning pale.

"Not so loud. Look at that Izik picked out the fire in the shed-room."

Madison took the paper, which was a half-consumed letter. Enough was left undestroyed to see that it had been sent from Stovall and Simmons, and purported to enclose a fifty-dollar note, which the writers had marked so as to identify it if lost or stolen. The young man shuddered.

"That negro lies, sir."

"You Ike," called Mr. Fitten, "come here. Now you, sir, put down that axe, go to the house, bundle up your rags, take

daddy will. Marse Mad's'n been 'cusin' me to you a-cons'ant. But he know I niver got dat money, an' he know whar 'tis dis minute."

"You lying scoundrel!"

As he started toward him the latter took to his heels.

"Mis-ter Fitten," said he, "I don't understand this business. I've packed my things in my trunk, except what I have on my back; but come in here and I'll take them out, and we'll search this place through and through."

I pass over this painful scene, during the search and after, when the money was found carefully concealed beneath the pa-



per with which the bottom was lined, the angry dismay of the unhappy youth, the vast but unpainful surprise of young Wheeler, the contemptuous pity of Mr. Fitten. Laying the note calmly on the table, he said: "Tommy, now don't you make no blowin' horn o' sech a little matter. Mad's'n thought—he honestly thought I owed him the money. That's all right, Mad's'n. We'll quit even. Keep the money."

Madison gave bewildered looks at the money, at Tommy Wheeler, at Mr. Fitten. He seemed as one just awakened from a dreamful sleep. Suddenly he said, "Good-by, Tom," then immediately went from the place.

"I'd 'a niver b'lieved it," said the new clerk. "I knowed he were proud, an' had a mons'ous ambition for money, but I'd of niver of b'lieved that of him."

"Now, Tommy, whatever you do, don't you peach about this business, an' 'member I 'cused Mad's'n Crowder o' nothin'—'member that."

Profound as appeared Mr. Fitten's regret for the disappointment of his hopes regarding Madison, there is little doubt that he had some of the satisfaction that such a lover must feel in view of the ruin of one who would have been, if he had dared, his rival. Then there was the consolation that Isaac had cleared himself of the suspicions that had been put upon him. For he would not have been willing, related as he was to the Reids, to have any enemy, of whatever rank, in that household. Only a few weeks before he had addressed Martha through her father, and though she had asked time for consideration of his offer, he knew that her father was his constant advocate, and he hoped that whatever partiality Martha might have had for Madison would now disappear. Upon the whole, therefore, he was not sure but that he ought to be gratified rather than troubled by his miscalculations. Isaac was more than restored to favor. The very next Sunday a negro on a neighboring plantation, returning from a meeting some miles on the other side of the river, reported that he had met him there with a brand-new suit of store clothes—coat, breeches, hat, shoes, and, bless your soul, a striped waistcoat; not only so, but that he was perfumed all over with cinnamon.

A matter so grave could not be concealed. Mrs. Crowder, notwithstanding her

son's avowal of innocence, remembering his dislike and his threats toward his employer, had doubts so apparent that he talked as if he would go off and never return. It was several days before he had the heart to go to his aunt, and when he went did not ask for Martha, and hoped that he would not even see her. To his great relief he found that Mrs. Reid, who had heard the news that very afternoon, expressed full confidence in his integrity.

"Madison," she said, "Greene don't have even an idea, so he says, but what Isaac took that money, and getting scared about it, put it in your trunk, and he says if God spares his life he means to find out the truth."

They had been together but for a short while when Martha, opening the door without knocking, entered the room. Her step was firm, but her face was crimson.

"Madison," she said, without extending her hand, or making other salutation, "you told me several times before you went to Mr. Fitten's that you loved me. Is the fact of your ceasing to come here owing to that of your finding that you were mistaken in the feeling you thought you had, or that it is gone?"

Her lower jaw trembled, and her eyes were fastened upon him, as he rose and stood in silence before her. "Because," she continued, advancing slowly—"because if either of these is not the reason, I want to tell you in the presence of your own aunt, who has been more than a mother to me, that I did not know how deeply I loved you until I saw your spirit breaking down under the coarse rule of that man. I've prayed that your connection with him might not hurt you, and I shall blame myself as long as I live for not warning you, as I wanted and ought to have done, against him. Oh, Madison! Madison!"

She threw her arms around his neck, pressed her cheek to his for a brief moment, then turning, fled from the room.

The next day, about ten of the morning, Greene repaired to the spring at the foot of the hill, and near the road leading toward the bridge. From the thicket near by he cut several young hickories, and seating himself on a wash-bench, carefully trimmed them. As the season was not one for providing props for pea and bean vines, one might have surmised that he was getting a supply of ox-goads. In a few minutes Isaac, for whom, partly at his





"YOU HEERN TALK O' ABERHAM, HAIN'T YOU?"

suggestion, his master had sent, was heard advancing. As he was about to pass, "You Izik"—spoken in sepulchral tones—was heard. Turning himself toward the spring, and seeing his father, he climbed the fence and went to the spring.

"Howdy, daddy? Gitt'n steer-poles?" he asked, with an unconcern of manner that he had not in his mind.

"Nuver you mind 'bout whut I gitt'n. Ole Marse Aberham's Izik nuver axed *him* whut he gwine do wid de sticks he made him kyary. Sposen you got 'bove him, ef he wuz a white boy. Ben sech a stranger here lately, 'low'd maybe you mout come dressed up in dem fine close Harrell's Ned tole some un 'em he seed you in a Sunday at Elom. Leas'ways I ben smellin' de cinnimum on you evy sence you got on top o' de fench dar. Sposen you'd bring dat 'long anyhow, but couldn't 'ford to w'ar your qual'ty close jes 'mong jes common niggers. Shoulder dem poles, an' come 'long wid me in de thicket dar."

The boy had well learned the terror of his father's ire, and he ruminated rapidly as they advanced toward the spot where they were to stop.

"Dar, now," said Greene, drawing a rope from his pocket; "cross dem han's, en drap down on dem knees."

"De good Lord, daddy, whut all dis 'bout? Whut is I done?"

"Name o' God, boy," answered the old man, as he slowly wrapped the rope around his wrists, "*I don't know.* Dat whut I gwine fin' out, er w'ar out every hick'ry in dis thicket on your hide. En ef you goes to hollerin', as I see you gittin' your mouf ready, I'll beat you to death befo' marster, er your mammy, er any un 'em, ken git to you. You heern talk o' Aberham, hain't you? Well, I'm him, en ef de Lord 'll gim me strenk in de arms, I'm gwine to fin' out whar you got dem close, en whut fer."

Then he raised aloft with both hands one of the rods.



"Fer God A'mighty's sake, daddy, stop, an' I'll tell you de blessed troof!"

He lowered his arm, and ten minutes afterward father and son were walking leisurely and peacefully together up toward the mansion.

#### IV.

In spite of the delay of Martha Reid's answer to his proposal, and the unhappy fall of his late clerk, Mr. Fitten was in reasonably good spirits, especially after the return of Isaac with news of how forbearingly he had been dealt with at home for the part he had acted. The distress of his mother, instead of subtracting from his contentment, added to it, perhaps; for he was resentful in contemplation of his rival's superior manners and the grateful influences which they had exerted upon her to whose happiness he was so selfish as to be ever indifferent.

"Look like you been cryin'," he said to her on the evening of the day succeeding that of Isaac's visit home. "Had the right feelin' for your son, you'd be glad, instid o' goin' mopin' about because that feller's out o' my sto'."

"I have, or I try to have, the right feelings toward you and everybody, William; but I can't help feeling as I do about a boy that was as respectful and as kind to me as Madison Crowder was, going away as he did; and to my opinion, William, that case is going to make more trouble than you've been counting on."

"What do you mean?" he asked, angrily.

"I mean that if Madison Crowder is not guilty, or if he says he's not guilty, of stealing that money, the end of the business has not come yet."

"Jest like you. Always a-propheesyin', an' special agin me. Nobody ever 'cused him o' stealin' of it. The money were found in his trunk, an' Tommy Wheeler 'll b'ar witness that I niver opened my mouth with the word *stealin'*, ner nothin' like it, an' I've niver told not a human, exceptin' o' you, that he did steal it. His actions speaks louder'n my words, even ef I'd a-said 'em, which I didn't."

"Ah, well, William, we'll see. That family of people is poor, but they're proud, and they've got connections that have money. That young lawyer that they all say is the fastest rising young man in all this part of Georgia is kin to him. You didn't know that, did you?"

"No, I didn't. What's that got to do with it?" He asked this defiantly, but his face discovered anxiety.

"I don't know, William—I don't know. But if he thinks there's a fly in the lock, he'll try hard to find it. I got nothing more to say."

She rose and went to her chamber.

On the next day, an hour before sunset, the afternoon, though in the midst of winter, being balmy, Mr. Fitten was sitting on the piazza of his store. He was in such deep meditation that he did not observe that a horseman had ridden to one of the racks, hitched his beast, and alighted. Hearing advancing footsteps, he started, and the more visibly when he discovered that the comer was Mr. Triplett, the sheriff of the county. Ascending the steps slowly, as was his fashion, the latter, saluting in friendly words Mr. Fitten, took the offered chair, and said, "Fine weather for breakin' up ground an' mendin' o' fences, Mr. Fitten."

The merchant looked at the officer as if he knew just as well as he did that the state of the weather or plantation-work was not the matter to which he owed the honor of this visit.

"I've got a paper for you, Mr. Fitten."

The paleness on the man's face at the mention of the paper deepened into that of the dead when he read on the back the statement,

*"Madison Crowder, by his next friend, William Mobley, v. William Fitten. Case, etc."*

"Mis-ter Triplett," said he, appealingly, "what *do* it mean?"

"I know nothin' about it only what I heerd the clerk an' Squire Mobley say, Mr. Fitten."

"I niver done nothin' to Mad's'n Crowder to be harasted an' tried to make pay money for. Whut did Squire Mobley say? Like to know what *he* know about the case more'n I know, an' more'n Tommy Wheeler know, an' which he's back thar in the sto'. an' I'll call him out here, an' you may ask him."

"Needn't do that, Mr. Fitten," answered Mr. Triplett, kindly. "I got nothin' 'tall to do 'ith the case exceptin' to serve the papers that's give me to serve."

"What did Squire Mobley say?"

"Well, now, I ain't a man that make a practice o' totin' news, onlest it's that that's good. But Squire Mobley say the



case are a bad one, an' he got it dead on you, an' he told me I mout tell you so."

"Umph! humph!"—with quasi contempt. "Want, I s'pose, two hunderd, er

Mr. Triplett, that he spected to make me pay sich—sich a damidge, or the—or the hundith part of it?"

"Well, now, Mr. Fitten, Squire Mobley



MR. TRIPLETT, THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY.

maybe three hunderd, dollars, an' him take half of it fer his fee."

"Ef you'll read the writ, Mr. Fitten, to the end, you'll see that the damidge ain't laid at nary one o' them figgers."

He read, in a low, mumbling tone, as far as through the words "to the damage of your petitioner of," when he almost screamed, "*ten thousand dollars!*" and it was pitiful to see his dismay.

"Did that—did that lawyer tell you,

told me that ef you ast me, to tell you that he have tried to 'bout size your pile, an' he have laid the damidge to jes about kiver it. William Mobley's a ter'ble feller in the cote-house, young as he is, an' they ain't none o' them big lawyers ken turn him down when his dander's up, as it are now, Madison a-bein' o' his kin. It seem to me, though 'tain't none o' my business, but it seem to me that ef I were sued to that figger o' damidges, I'd—ruth-



er'n I'd be tore up in my mind, an' have to stan' William Mobley's tongue when he's mad like he are now—I'd try ef I couldn't git a compermise, Mr. Fitten."

"I've done nothin', Mr. Triplett. Whar's his witnesses? I've done nothin'; but I'd like to know whar's his witnesses."

"Well, in co'se, Mr. Fitten, I don't know; but I *did* hear William say that he spected to prove *some*thin' by your ma."

"By ma!"

"Yes, sir: bes' o' my riclection he said your ma."

A sense of relief was evinced in Mr. Fitten's face. Yet when the sheriff rose to go, saying that he had to go by the Crowders' to carry a letter from the lawyer to his client, he sent a request to Madison to come to see him.

"Not as I niver done the young man any 'arm, that is, intentual, ef I knowed it, but I wouldn't wish him to be my in-nimy."

Immediately after supper the new clerk was dismissed to the store, and as soon as the table was cleared, mother and son sat down together for a conversation. The former had seen the sheriff as he rode by the house on his way to the Crowders', and her suspicion of his business became assurance when she saw the perturbed state of her son's mind.

"It hasn't come much sooner than I expected," she said, mildly.

"Beginnin' on your prophesyin's agin, eh?"

"No, William; we're talking now about some of 'em coming true. I told you you'd hurt yourself in tryin' to ruin Madison Crowder, and it looks like you've done it."

"It's a lie. You put that feller agin me, an' put him up to—put him agin me."

She did not seem more excited than in the beginning.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, rising and going to the back door, from which she almost immediately returned, and resuming her seat, she said: "No, I've never tried to put that boy against you, William. It was because he was so kind and good to me always, and so like a gentleman, that I hoped he would not fall into the trap that I knew you set for him; but I never tried to put him against you."

"What trap you talkin' about?"

"The trap you set for him when you brought him here because you believed that he stood between you and Mr. Reid's daughter, and who I told you always you'd no more get than you'd pull down one of the stars."

Resentment and fear were both plainly visible upon him.

"You've been agin me all my life—agin your own son."

"No; God knows I have not. I've saved you before now, as you well know, from things—not quite as bad as this, but bad enough, and I tried to save you from this, but I couldn't."

"Talk about makin' a man's own mother a witness agin him! You know nothin' 'bout the case, an' ef you did, an' ef they was any case, which they ain't, an' you did know anything, you know you ain't a-goin', an' no 'oman that's a mother an' got a heart under her ribs ain't a-goin', to the cote-ouse an' try to ruin the onlest child she's got."

"William Fitten, when you brought that boy to this house I knew what it was for, because I know the spirit that's been in you ever since you were born; and I made up my mind that he should *not* be ruined while under my roof if I could help it, and special since he showed to me in the time he was here a respect you never showed in all your lifetime. I know more about this matter than you think; but I'm not going to any court-house if I can help it."

"I should think not—I should think not."

He fastened his teeth together, and looked warningly at her.

She returned his gaze calmly. Many a time before had he tried to frighten her.

"I said that I was not going there if I could help it. Suppose I can't, and then they ask me to tell what I do know?"

"You know nothin', an' you'd tell 'em so; an' ef you did know anything agin me you know you daresn't stand up thar an' ruin your own son. You *daresn't* do it."

Either she did not understand or she ignored the deadly gaze that he bestowed upon her.

"If I am to put my hand on the Book of God, I shall answer the questions that are asked me like I'll be glad to remember when I stand before the judgment. You know that, William Fitten; and you know that the fear of God with me is before any other fear, no matter how much cause I've



got to be afraid of you, especially now when my body is broken down like my spirit's always been."

She placed her hand upon her forehead, raised her eyes upward for a moment, then looked upon him with deepest sadness.

There is that in maternity that to some degree must awe the reprobate in filial love and duty. This with her solemn invocation made him lower his eyes.

"The thing for you to do, William Fitten, is to try to settle this case without going to court. Madison Crowder wants to get back his name more than he wants what property you've got. And let me tell you *you* can't settle it, but I believe I can."

"How?" he asked, eagerly. "They ain't nothin' to settle, but how?"

Then, as she paused before answering, he bethought to hide his eagerness, and asked, contemptuously:

"Didn't know you got so smart in your old age as to know how to settle men-folks' business better'n they do themselves. You needn't be a-tryin' to git me to pay my money, or 'knowledgin' I been tellin' o' lies."

"I think I can settle it without either. I must think on it to-night. I'll let you know in the morning what I think is best to be done."

She rose, and in much feebleness retired to her chamber.

When his mother had gone, Mr. Fitten went out to the kitchen and called for Isaac, who was not to be found. Demanding of the woman Rachel where he was, she answered,

"I 'clar', Marse William, I don't know whar dat boy gone."

"You old devil, whyn't you tell me he wasn't here?"

"Marse William, I can't keep up wid dat boy. I nuver knowed but what you sount him somewhars."

"Ma," he asked, loudly, at his mother's door, "that Izik ain't to be found. Know whar he is?"

"Please, William, don't disturb me to-night about Isaac. I suppose he's stepped over home. Let me rest to-night, and I'll tell you in the morning how I think this matter can be settled, and that without your losing any of your property, or anything else you've got."

He sat up until a late hour, alternating between the mansion and kitchen. Finally, seeming to have abandoned hope of the negro's return, he went to bed.

## V.

The next morning Mr. Fitten had just risen from breakfast, to which his mother had only then seated herself. He was walking on his piazza, pondering the continued absence of Isaac, when Mr. Triplett rode up to his gate, accompanied by Madison Crowder. Doubting how to account for this visit, yet strongly hoping for a satisfactory settlement, he cordially invited the visitors to alight. When they had done so, and entered the piazza, Madison not having spoken the while, the sheriff, laying his hand upon Mr. Fitten's shoulder, said: "I arrest you, Mr. Fitten, on this summons, and I has one fer the old man Reid's nigger boy Izik—both for conspuricy. Mawnin, Missis Fitten," he continued, as she appeared at the door, pale and trembling. "I've got a suppeny fer you, ma'am." She would have fallen, but that Madison went to her relief, and tenderly seated her in a chair. Her son looked alternately at the three in silent dismay.

"Madison," said the woman, when she had sufficiently recovered, "I was intending to go to your mother's to-day and try to settle this case with you. But that can't be done now except in town. I'll be ready to go in a few minutes. William, you and Mr. Triplett can ride on. Madison, I know, won't object to going with me, and I can talk to him by the way."

This was arranged. While she was in her chamber preparing for her departure, her son, having gotten leave to enter, said to her in tones just above a whisper, "You mind what you say to these people, and on that stand. *You mind!*" And she never forgot the look he gave.

The sheriff had reached the court-house with his prisoner, and turning him over to his deputy, had gone to the office of Mr. Mobley to report this fact and his inability to find the negro boy on the premises.

"All right, Triplett. This one will do for the present. Yonder comes Madison with the mother."

The two latter rode on. Passing the court-house, they alighted at the horse-rack nearest the law-office, and proceeding at once to it, entered, when Mrs. Fitten asked the sheriff to bring her son there.

"William," she said, when all were seated, "I sent for you because I wanted you to hear the terms I'm going to offer to Madison."



The abundant tears that she had been shedding during the ride were gone from her eyes, and she spoke with composure. Addressing herself mainly to Mr. Mobley, she said:

"It wouldn't do any good to tell you and the others here how William Fitten has been doing ever since he knew the difference between right and wrong, nor how he's treated me in all this time. When that boy there," nodding toward Madison, "came into my house, I soon saw that he was one of a kind that any woman, if she had any heart, would try to save from being ruined. And when the child treated me with the respect, and even with the affection, it seemed to me, like that he had for his own mother, then I *determined*, and I made a promise to God Almighty that, with His help, he *shouldn't* be. That money," she continued, after a brief pause, "that was found in Madison's trunk was put there by William Fitten."

"Ma," said the prisoner, rising, a fearful picture of wrath and fright, "that's a d—"

He checked himself as the men all rose.

"Sit down, gentlemen, sit down—please sit down. I've been used to such talk as that. Please sit down."

She kept beseeching them until they had resumed their seats. Then she narrated in detail the reception of the letter from Augusta by her son several days before his mention of it to Madison, the boy Isaac being set against him because of being told that Madison had avowed belief in his dishonesty, and the penetration of confidence between the two by the woman Rachel, at the instigation of her mistress. Then she told how she had sent off the negro the night before, as she had intended to inform her son on the next morning of her knowledge of their joint transactions.

Haggard, abject, yet with eyes fixed upon the speaker, the prisoner sat during this circumstantial narration.

"And now," she said, addressing herself to Madison, on whom she tenderly looked, "I'm going to make an offer. Madison, I'm an old, sickly, friendless woman, without husband, without parents, without brothers or sisters, without relations, except what are far off in home and in kin, and without— I didn't tell you *that* as I rode along to-day; I've always thought until now that I'd car-

ry that with me to the grave." She blushed, wrinkled as was her cheek, and turned away from view of the prisoner, whom she never saw again. Pointing her finger backward where he sat, she said: "When I married his father I knew that he had been engaged to a woman who was his cousin, but I did not know until some months after my marriage, when that woman died, leaving that creature who is now in the hands of the sheriff, how far that engagement had gone. Shortly afterward my husband died, begging me on his death-bed, and getting my promise, to take and raise his child."

The prisoner shrank in his chair aghast, for although he had never even dreamed of such a thing, he doubted not its truth.

"Madison," she continued, after a brief pause, "that poor man has no property except the goods in the store, and they not all paid for. The land we've been living on was bought with money from selling part of the negroes in the neighborhood we moved from the last time. If you'll let him off to go clear away, I'll give him two thousand dollars, which he knows is more than his goods are worth, even if they were all paid for. I'll tell you what I'll do then. Oh, Madison, Madison, don't refuse my offer. I've always longed—if I couldn't have somebody to love me—at least to have somebody about me that I could love. For years and years I've prayed for direction what to do, and somehow when you came in my house, and treated me as you did, and my heart went out to you as it did, I felt a hope that the good Lord was going to send the answer that He had kept from me so long. Madison, I know I can't ask you to take up your home altogether with a forlorn creature like me; but if you'll stay there part of the time, and will take the management of my business, I'll give you everything I've got, and I'll give it now, and Mr. Mobley may draw up the papers, and I'll sign them before I leave this office. Here's the money for William Fitten, and he may have the horse he rode here to-day besides. But he must go away from here. After what's passed, he and I couldn't live in the same neighborhood. Oh, Madison, Madison, don't—don't—"

She could say no more. Leaning her head upon the table near which she sat, she wept aloud.





"OH, PA! PA! HAVE YOU SENT MADISON AWAY?"

A few months after the occurrences just related, Mr. Reid, sitting in his piazza, looking after Madison Crowder as he rode away from his gate, called to his daughter.

"Marthy," he said, in the tone of a man imparting dismal information, "I ain't shore in my mind—in fac', I hain't a idee—that you know that that feller ridin' off yonder on one o' Missis Fitten's horses is other than a fool, born so, or los' his mind for the present time bein'."

"Oh, pa! pa! have you sent Madison away?"

"I has; an' you want to know the rea-

son why? It's because he's a born fool, er a lunacy, an' it make no odds which, an' not while my head stays hot shall the onlest child I've got marry any one o' them kind o' folks. To think he, po' as he is, would 'a 'fused that ole 'oman's offer o' every blessed piece o' prop'ty she have, an' work on wages fer her, though I'm not a-denyin' that he's a-managin' better'n I ever thought were in him. Yit to ruther work fer her on wages than to take her prop'ty, when the po' creeter got nary kit, nor b'ilin', nor generation o' kin, he—he's a fool, I tell you, er he's a lunacy, an' it make no odds which."



"Pa, Madison is doing with Mrs. Fitten what he believes to be right, and what I believe also. If you refuse to let me marry him, I'll marry nobody."

"You! you got no more sense 'n—" But he loved her too well to finish this sentence.

After that Madison seldom came to the house.

Greene was deeply concerned about the troubles of his young mistress.

"Miss Marthy," he said to her one day, "why can't Marse Mad's'n, if he 'shamed to take all, why can't he take part o' de prop'ty de 'oman wants to give him, en leave her de balance?"

"Oh no, Uncle Greene, Madison wouldn't be willing to do that, and I wouldn't be willing for it either."

"Umph! My sakes! De Lord bless my soul! Well, den, Miss Marthy, couldn't Marse Mad's'n—couldn't he sort o' *let on* to marster dat de prop'ty were his'n—er leastways a part un it?"

"That would be still worse, Uncle Greene. I'm surprised that a good Christian like you should advise such as that."

"Well," he said, not noticing the rebuke, "ef de 'oman—she ole en 'flicted anyhow—ef in co'se it was de will o' de Lord—in co'se a body'd wish she mout go in de triump' o' de faith—en den leave to Marse Mad's'n whut she got—"

"Uncle Greene! Uncle *Greene!*"

"I done wid you, Miss Marthy."

Colloquies similar to these two last mentioned took place at varying intervals during the next two years, in the which Mr. Reid grew more and more strengthened in the belief in Madison Crowder's incurable malady of understanding, while old Greene revolved the tardiness of death among those who were as ready and fitted in all respects to depart as Mrs. Fitten. At last one day, full of peaceful hope, she expired in the arms of him who had been as the son of her old age. Then William Mobley propounded her last will and testament, wherein, theretofore unknown to all except the testatrix and her lawyer, her property of every description had been bequeathed to Madison. The legatee, in Mr. Reid's judgment, was restored to sanity as instantaneously as if he had been dipped in the pool of Siloam, and just exactly such another wedding had not been in that neighborhood for, oh! I couldn't now say how many years.

"En, oh, Miss Marthy," Uncle Greene used to say, with what resignation was possible in the regrets that he hoped he had felt for the departed—"oh, young missis, I'm dat thankful—as de po' 'oman *had* to go when her time come, *in* co'se—I'm dat thankful she went in de triump' o' de faith."

## AT MIDNIGHT.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE room is cold and dark to-night—  
The fire is low:  
Why come you, you who love the light,  
To mock me so?

I pray you leave me now alone:  
You worked your will,  
And turned my heart to frozen stone:  
Why haunt me still?

I got me to this empty place;  
I shut the door;  
Yet through the dark I see your face  
Just as of yore.

The old smile curves your lips to-night,  
Your deep eyes glow  
With that old gleam that made them bright  
So long ago.

I listen: do I hear your tone  
The silence thrill?

Why come you? I would be alone:  
Why vex me still?

What! Would you that we re-embrace—  
We two once more?  
Are these your tears that wet my face  
Just as before?

You left to seek some new delight,  
Yet your tears flow:  
What sorrow brings you back to-night?  
Shall I not know?

I will not let you grieve alone—  
The night is chill—  
Though love is dead and hope has flown,  
Pity lives still.

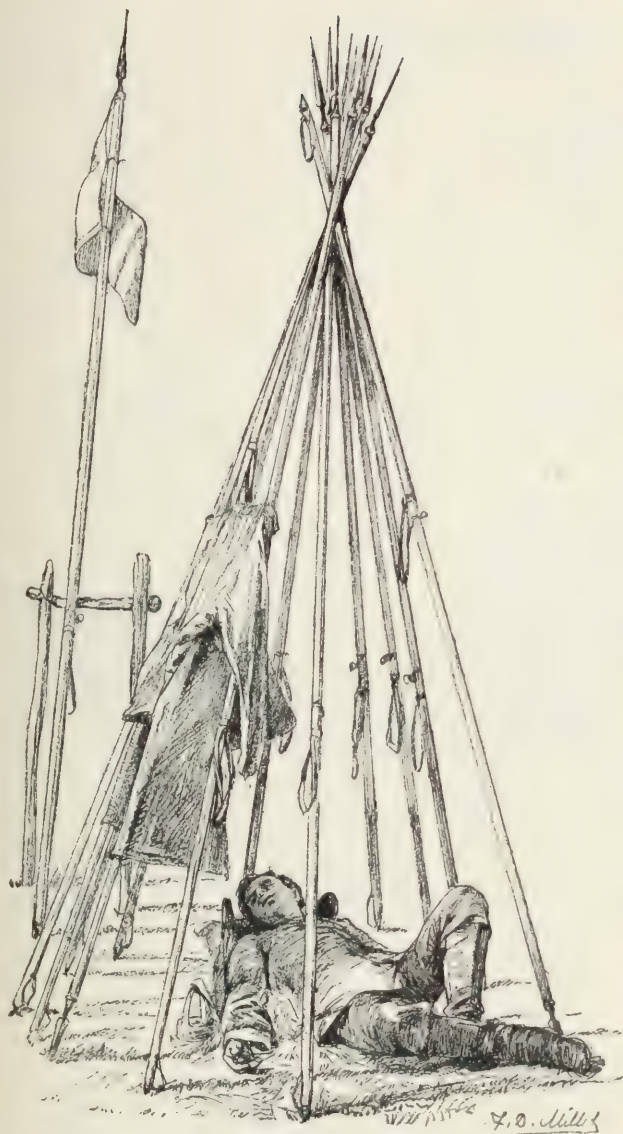
How silent is the empty space!  
Dreamed I once more?  
Henceforth against your haunting face  
I bar the door.



## CAMPAIGNING WITH THE COSSACKS.

BY FRANK D. MILLET.

### I.—A SUMMER CAMPAIGN.



MIDSUMMER.

THE following sketch of this remarkable people, the Cossacks, might have been appropriately named "The History of a Nagajka." Indeed, it certainly would have been so christened if that title had not been more suggestive of a tale of imagination than of a simple chronicle of actual occurrences. A close acquaintance with the Cossacks lasting for nearly a year, the friendship of many of their officers which a lapse of nearly ten years has scarcely weakened, an intimate knowledge of their peculiarities of temperament, character, and modes of life, all had their origin in a little incident at the beginning of the Turkish war, when I be-

came the fortunate possessor of a beautifully made nagajka, or Cossack riding-whip. The incident itself scarcely deserves description, but I give it for what it is worth.

During one of the frequent duels of artillery and infantry between the hostile intrenchments on opposite sides of the lower Danube in the month of June, 1877, curiosity and a mild love of adventure tempted me into an isolated, detached post, where my only companions for the whole day were a major of Cossacks and two of his men. This officer was there on the same idle errand as myself, for his duties did not demand his presence in that part of the works. He was a tall, well-formed man of about thirty years of age, had been carefully educated in Russia, and had spent several seasons in Paris, so we had no difficulty in conversing in French—a language almost as well known to the cultivated Russian as his native tongue. Finding ourselves shut in by a raking fire of shell and bullets, the major, who had almost exhausted the ammunition of the men by rapid and careless firing, concluded with myself that the rifle-pit was too small for four to be secure in, and decided that the best plan was to sit safely in a deep grave-like hole dug for the purpose of shelter from the enemy's guns—and pass away the time as best we might until the cessation of the firing or the approach of darkness would permit us to get out of the trap with whole skins. We sat there for hours

in the bottom of the pit, playing fox and geese on the hard-packed earth, and drawing maps of our respective countries on the sides of the shelter. We thought seriously of cutting our buttons off to play checkers with, but gave that plan up when it occurred to us what a ridiculous appearance we would present on arriving buttonless in camp that night. The hot sun beat down upon us from a cloudless sky, almost suffocating us with the heat. Over our heads the shells shrieked and tore the air, and then burst in the broad meadow between the river-bank and the low hills where the white tents of the camp shimmered in the dis-



tance. American bullets, shot by fanatical Turks from American rifles, whistled viciously past, sounding, of course, much more dangerously near than they really were. In the brief pauses of the duel the peaceful song of birds and the hum of insects came to our ears as if there were no such calamity as war on the earth. Under such circumstances as these, acquaintanceship soon ripens into friendship if there be anything like harmony of tastes, inclinations, or disposition; and when at last we crawled forth from our refuge, a little stiff and almost shamefaced, we found that the day had made us very good friends indeed. My duties as correspondent called me away at once after reaching the camp, and when I mounted my horse to depart, the major thrust into my hand at the last moment the nagajka he had worn during the day slung around his shoulder by a raw-hide thong. On the handle was a long silver ferrule intricately chased in the Russian fashion and engraved with his name and regiment.

A few days later the left wing of the army had crossed the lower Danube, and advanced to occupy that large portion of eastern Turkey known as the Dobrudscha. Owing to difficulty of transportation, I was unable to take my horse with me, considering it a piece of good fortune to be permitted to go at all. For two days I marched on foot with the wagons of the paymaster's department. The army was in a treble column, with the infantry outside on either hand, the artillery and wagons in the middle, Cossack cavalry in front and rear, and a line of mounted scouts around the whole force a rifle-shot or more distant. The route lay across a dry, rolling prairie, treeless and waterless except at the infrequent villages, where a few mud houses and scrub trees clustered around rude wells. As the Turks had thrown all sorts of filth and rubbish into the water, both men and animals suffered considerably from thirst. At the close of the second day's march we came to a small stream which meandered through a narrow green valley, contrasting most agreeably with the arid, sun-scorched region we had traversed. Camp was here formed, and in a short time everybody was enjoying the luxury of water, and supper was preparing on all sides. I had made a number of acquaintances during the short march, and being entitled to no rations,

had been obliged to accept the freely proffered hospitality of the officers. However, during the confusion incident to the formation of camp, I determined to hunt up a sutler and make myself independent of the charity of my new friends. But my search was fruitless; no sutler had accompanied the army. I tried foraging in the miserable little Turkish village, but not a morsel of food was to be found, and indeed no living thing met my eye but a few stray cats. At last, feeling rather desolate and discouraged, I strolled aimlessly down the stream and away from the turmoil of the camp. A short distance from the stream, on a dry, sandy spot, I came upon a large turtle apparently about to deposit eggs in the sand. This was indeed a prize, and promised a good supper. In order to get it to camp I tied the thong of my nagajka to it, and proceeded to drag it along on its back. I had not gone far with my prize trailing after me when I met three or four Cossacks, who stopped and looked at me with undisguised amazement. I paused a moment to try to talk with them, and they all went up to the turtle and began to kick it and spit upon it, and to express their disgust in various other ways. While engaged in venting their mysterious spite against the turtle, one of them caught sight of the nagajka tied to the reptile's leg, and looking at the silver ferrule, called out, "Our major! our major!" They now began to shower unintelligible questions upon me, but we did not succeed in understanding one another, so they finally led the way to the major's tent, and I followed, dragging the turtle after me.

My friend was, of course, delighted to see me, and after the greetings and mutual expressions of surprise were over, he politely expressed some astonishment at my burden. Then I told him my intentions in regard to the turtle, and he exclaimed:

"Exactly the thing for supper! Of course it is nice. I have eaten plenty of turtle in Paris. When you came in, my great regret was that I could only offer you black bread and vodka for supper. Now we'll enjoy a feast. I'll have the turtle cooked at once, although it will be very difficult to persuade my men to do it."

He went on to explain that the common Cossacks regard frogs, turtles, and various animals which are considered del-





COSSACKS RAIDING A TURKISH VILLAGE.

icacies by highly civilized people as unclean and poisonous and quite unfit for human food. After great persuasion, and the exercise of some authority, a bright young Cossack was prevailed upon to cut up and cook the turtle, and we supped on a delicious soup. The very next morning the regiment went off on a reconnoitring

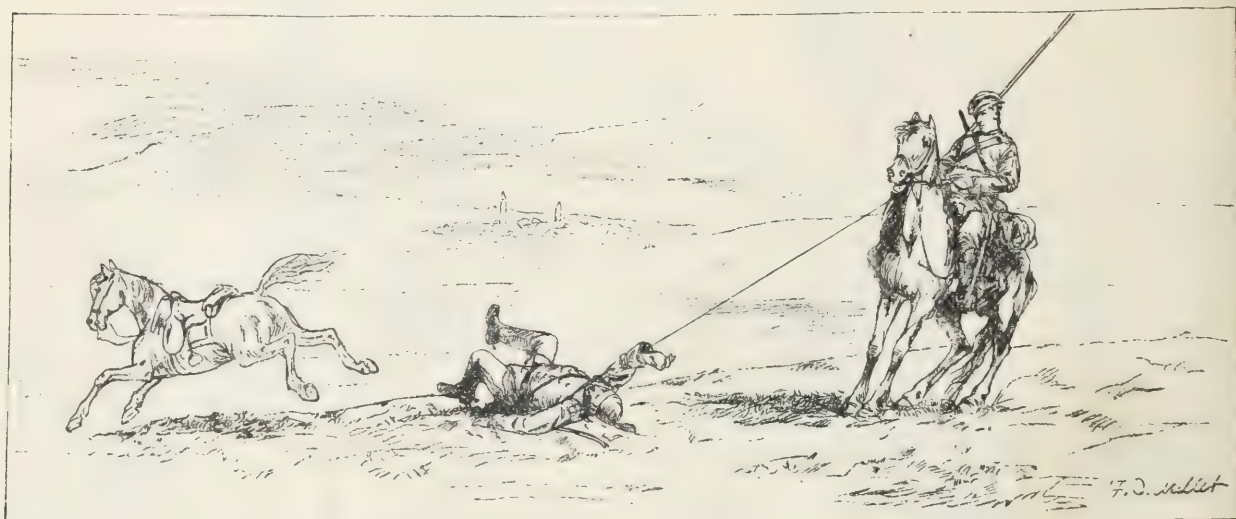
expedition, and did not return for a day or two. The moment they were in camp I sought the major again, and found him in his tent, with the young Cossack who had cooked the turtle weeping and writhing on the ground like a school-boy. The major raised him up in a fatherly way, said a few comforting words to him, and



dismissed him still audibly weeping. He told me that during a skirmish the day before the Cossack had lost the amulet which he wore, according to the common custom, hung on a cord around his neck. He had been very much frightened and depressed by the accident, which he interpreted as foreboding some great evil. He charged the loss to his handling and cooking the turtle, and had not ceased to bewail loudly the misfortune, and to importune the major to let him go back to Russia to get another charm from the priest of his village. The major finally pacified him by promising to write to the priest to send him a scapula quite as good and as efficacious as the one he had lost, and

news for the insatiable maw of the telegraph, I was anxious to accept his invitation. The only drawback was that I was unmounted.

"We'll soon arrange that," he said, when I suggested this difficulty. "I'll lend you a horse for the present, and soon one of my men will capture an animal for you, or capture a man, and let you take in the horse he rides, if that will suit you better. Bless you, they'll do it in no time; it's their favorite amusement when they are at home, running in strange horses. Horse-stealing! Oh no. Horse-capturing, you mean. You wouldn't call it stealing to take horses from the hostile Indians in your great West, would you?"



LASSOING A TURK.

calmed his fears by promising not to order him into danger again until after the arrival of the new charm.

"The turtle has made me a hero," said the major. "I overheard some of the men talking in bivouac last night, and relating incidents of the skirmish of the day. One solemnly told the others how he saw the bullets go through the air and turn aside from my breast as from a solid rock. This miracle he explained to the satisfaction of his hearers by telling how you and I ate turtle together with no ill result. They all declared that this gastronomical feat proved that I bore a charmed life."

The major insisted on my sharing quarters with him, and as this arrangement was both agreeable to me personally, and likely to be of considerable advantage to me in my task of collecting

On the Russian frontier the Cossacks are in a state of continual warfare with the Turcomans, the hostile Circassians, and the rest of those savage Asiatic tribes, and half the fight is capturing horses."

As it happened, the very next engagement the regiment was in, a number of prisoners were taken, having been cut off by the Cossacks from the retreating Turkish force. Some of the stragglers were mounted, but were unable to keep up with the retreat on account of the worn-out condition of their animals. A half-squadron of Cossacks began to herd in the scattered fugitives in much the same way that the Western cow-boys "round up" the cattle on the plains. One fat Turkish officer on a pony much too feeble to carry the weight on his back made frantic endeavors to escape, and one of the major's orderlies started in sharp pursuit. We ex-



pected, of course, to see the Cossack shoot the Turk if he did not surrender, but instead of drawing his carbine he swung his lariat around his head in true Mexican style, lassoed the Turk, and dismounted him. The pony was left for me to catch, in order that it should not be put into the common pool to be sold for the benefit of the squadron, as all booty is.

A few weeks' sojourn with the Cossacks, eating, sleeping, marching, and plundering with them, gave me an entirely new idea of their character. I had unconsciously formed my estimation of them from the traditions regarding them common to this day all over continental Europe. They are always alluded to as the bugbears of the human race, and their name, the symbol of all that is cruel, is used as a potent terror to keep runaway children at home and to frighten them into obedience. I expected to find them, not child-eaters, to be sure, as they have been popularly reported in the nurseries, but at least barbarous, unwarrantably cruel, and distinctly uncivilized in tastes and habits. To my great surprise, they developed on acquaintance a close similarity in various traits of character to Western frontiersmen. This is not so remarkable a fact as it would at first appear, for parallel experiences and kindred interests and occupations are naturally accountable for the same characteristics which distinguish both the pioneer of the great West and the Cossack of the great East. Unlike the common Russians, they are independent in spirit, self-reliant, and full of resource. They know little of the cringing servility that brands the ordinary Slav as an inferior order of human beings. Their pride of race and of position is unbounded, their faithfulness and loyalty almost phenomenal. Accustomed to communistic government, they are thoroughly republican in their notions, and know how to obey as well as to command. They are both prudent and brave—prudent because they are acquainted with danger, brave because bravery is part of their creed. "The army may sleep in safety when Cossacks are at the outposts" is the common saying, for they are believed to scent danger afar off, and to be thus secure against surprises. They have the keen senses of the Indian fighter, and a touch of the stoicism of the Indian himself. A prominent trait of their character, and one which seems unaccountable in conjunction with their independence

and self-reliance, is their superstitious faith in the observance of all sorts of religious ceremonies and in all manner of signs and omens. The most trivial act is often prefaced by a brief prayer or appeal for Divine aid, and by the sign of the cross. They never eat without first standing erect, uncovering the head, and repeating a few words of grace. In their list of signs and omens there are almost as many items as were noted by the augurs in old Roman times. In actual warfare they are the eyes, the ears, and the mouth-piece of the army. They do the larger part of the scouting service and of cavalry outpost duty, carry orders and despatches—there



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.





COSSACK

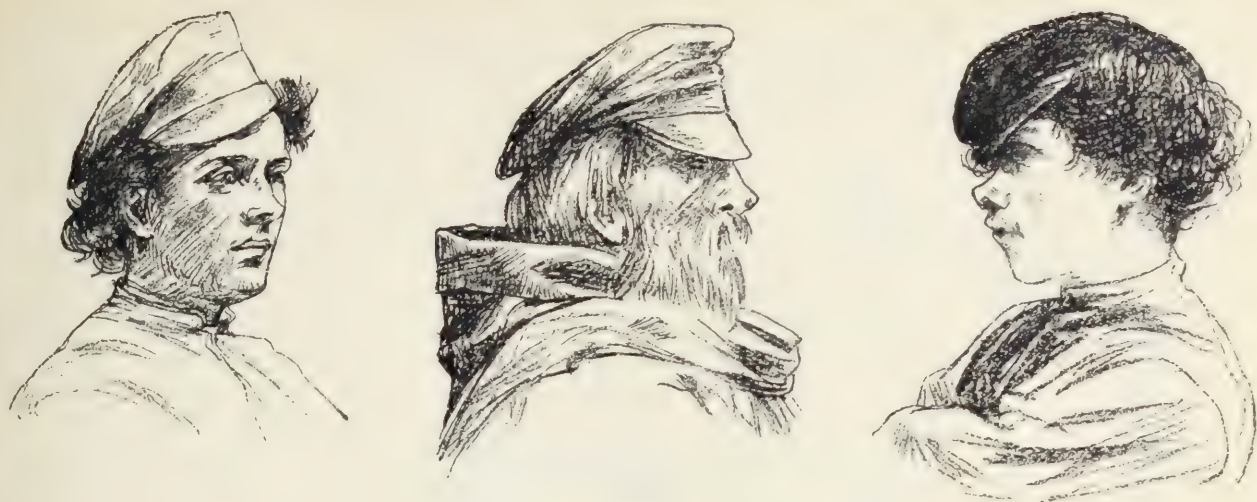
is no signal corps in the Russian army—act as orderlies to the officers, and perform all kinds of useful services. Whenever a man is needed for anything outside the common camp duties, a Cossack is sure to be summoned; wherever the army moves, the wiry little horses with their jaunty riders are seen scampering in all directions; wherever the advance guard of infantry penetrates, it is sure to find that the Cossacks have already left their mark, for they have the activity and the enterprise of true pioneers, and all the restlessness of savages.

While they form one of the largest departments of the Russian army in time of peace and in time of war, they are entirely distinct from any other branch of the service. Even among the Russians the exact relations of the Cossacks to the government are not often clearly understood, and they are often looked upon more as allies than as subjects of the Czar. Like most existing institutions of that country, they are regarded as part of an order of things which knows no change. It was only after patient interrogation of various persons in the face of this characteristic indifference to precise knowledge that I succeeded in gaining a clear idea of what and who the Cossacks are. Without vouching for the perfect accuracy of every detail of my information, I will give the history of the Cossacks as I gleaned it during long conversations in camp and on the march, with the addition only of a few precise dates and statistics drawn from well-known sources.

These pioneers of Russian civilization form the living rampart of Russia for the five or six thousand miles which cover the entire Asiatic frontier from the Sea of Okhotsk in eastern Siberia to the river Don and the Caucasus. They are

first mentioned in the Russian chronicles of 1444 as living around that part of the Dnieper where the city of Kiev now stands. They had begun to assemble there as early as the tenth century, escaping tyranny of all kinds, and they chose the Dnieper territory as a refuge because they could easily defend themselves there among the impassable marshes and numerous islands. These refugees from oppression increased very fast, and although they numbered many different classes and races of people—victims of religious persecution, fugitives from the cruelty of lords and masters, deserters, criminals, and outlaws—they soon united into a more or less homogeneous mass, essentially Russian in character, for the larger part of them were Russians, but utterly opposed in political creed to the existing government. They formed, as it were, a republic within a monarchy, a state within a state, always calling themselves Russians, although maintaining their independence of Russian rule. As they grew to be formidable in numbers they spread rapidly over the country, and at last established themselves as a kind of military republic in southern Russia, and declared themselves defenders against savage tribes and Turks. Their usefulness to Russia as defenders of the frontier was by no means imaginary. The cities of southern Russia were continually threatened by the incursions of Asiatic barbarians, and frequently sought the aid of the Cossacks to protect them against these attacks. Great numbers of young men from these cities, irresistibly attracted by the wild, free life of the borders, joined the body of Cossacks, which was then, as it is now, a close corporation, admitting new members only by general election, and followed the fortunes of these frontiersmen. The





TYPES.

name by which this people was originally known was Tcherkess, but that portion of them which settled the country between the Caspian and the Black Sea early adopted the title Kazak, from the Tartar appellation of the country. After the two names had been used for a long time synonymously the former came gradually to be applied to the Circassians alone, and Kazak has remained to this day the Russian appellation. Living in constant warfare with Asiatic tribes, it was not unnatural that the Cossacks should develop a great taste for adventure, and as they had power to declare war on their own account, and habitually held prisoners for ransom, it was also to be expected that they would abuse their independence and keep up a continual fermentation on the borders. It was, indeed, part of their scheme to do so, for the booty of war was far more attractive in their eyes than the products of the soil painfully and slavishly toiled for. About the middle of the sixteenth century they became so lawless that the government obliged them to submit to its authority, after having first given them the choice of remaining subjects of Russia or of Turkey. Of course the majority chose to remain with the country whose religion they cultivated and whose language was their own, so they submitted to the Russians, lost somewhat of their irresponsible independence, and began to constitute themselves a vigilant advanced guard of the Russian Empire. Many of the most independent spirits, finding Russia now distasteful to them, emigrated eastward and colonized a part of Siberia, expelling the Tartars from the Yaik River, and forming the tribe of Yaik Cossacks.

They were here presumably out of the reach of the government, and they continued to plunder and to invade the territory of Asia as before. Complaints of their lawlessness were showered upon the Czar Alexis, and in 1655 he persuaded some of them to come to Moscow, and then sent them against Poland and Riga—the first service ever performed by Cossacks in the Russian army. Nearly a century later various advanced posts were established by the government in the country occupied by these Yaik Cossacks. They, considering this to be a deliberate infringement of their rights, stirred up a powerful rebellion, and for about thirty years successfully opposed the Russian arms, pillaging the country of the Volga, and even threatening Moscow. This final struggle for Cossack independence ended in the year of the declaration of American independence. The Russians effectually suppressed the rebellion, captured and executed the leader, Pugatcheff, and changed the name of the river and province from Yaik to Ural, the latter punishment, simple as it may seem, having a certain refinement of cruelty in the appreciation of the semi-Oriental Cossacks. Since this famous revolt ended, the Cossacks have been peaceful subjects of the Czar, always reserving certain traditional rights and privileges for themselves, which make them still in a large degree independent of Russian rule. It has never been possible to prevent their foraging across the frontier, any more than on our own borders have we hitherto found it in our power to put an end to the promiscuous acts of barbarity which have always postponed perfect peace in the United States to that time when the

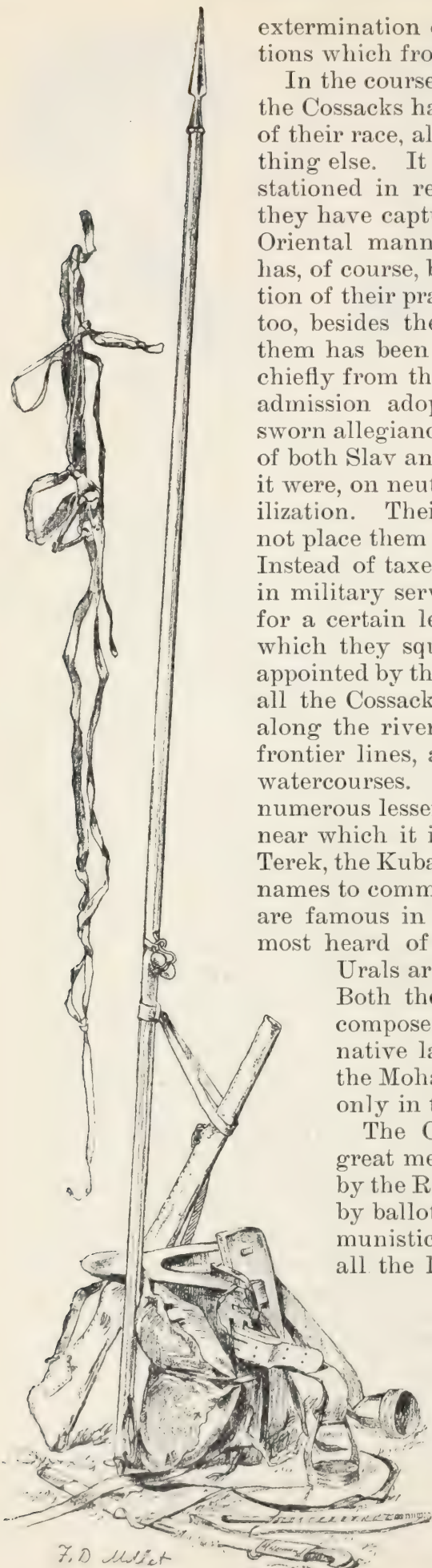


extermination of the Indians shall have removed the temptations which frontiersmen are unable to withstand.

In the course of the centuries of comparative freedom which the Cossacks have enjoyed they have not preserved the purity of their race, although they are much more Russian than anything else. It has been a common custom for the young men stationed in remote posts to marry the Asiatic girls whom they have captured as prisoners of war or bartered for in the Oriental manner. This practice of promiscuous marriage has, of course, been no inconsiderable element in the preservation of their practical isolation from the rest of Russia. Then, too, besides the mixture of blood, no trifling proportion of them has been admitted to the body from the Asiatic tribes, chiefly from the Circassians, who have as a condition of their admission adopted the customs of the Cossacks, and have sworn allegiance to the Czar. Possessing, then, characteristics of both Slav and Asiatic, the great body of Cossacks stands, as it were, on neutral ground between European and Asiatic civilization. Their allegiance to the Russian government does not place them in the position of the ordinary Russian citizen. Instead of taxes and contributions, they pay the government in military service, giving a certain amount of men, enlisted for a certain length of service, in payment for the lands on which they squat along the rivers. Their chief officers are appointed by the government, and their Ataman, or General of all the Cossacks, is always a grand-duke. They have settled along the rivers, both because, in most cases, these mark the frontier lines, and also because the best lands lie along the watercourses. The great mass of Cossacks is divided into numerous lesser bodies, each called from the name of the river near which it is located. The Ural, the Don, the Volga, the Terek, the Kuban, and several other rivers have all given their names to communities or provinces of Cossacks, most of which are famous in Russian history. The Don Cossacks are the most heard of because they are the most numerous. The

Urals are the richest, and the Kubans the most warlike. Both the Terek and the Kuban Cossacks are largely composed of pure-blooded Circassians, speaking their native language, wearing the native dress, cultivating the Mohammedan religion, and professing to be Russian only in their allegiance to the Czar.

The Cossack communities are self-governing in a great measure. Although the headmen are appointed by the Russian authorities, all minor officials are elected by ballot, and the system of government is purely communistic. They are in reality an army of farmers, and all the land occupied by them belongs to this army, forming a commonwealth of almost ideal perfection. There are certain rights in respect to the land which have been established by long custom, and these rights are rigorously respected. As long as a man does not interfere with these rights he may raise crops and pasture cattle wherever he pleases. In certain communities the land is divided among the adults once every six years, an entirely new distribution taking place at the end of the term. In others the farmers cultivate the same fields for



F. D. Millet

EQUIPMENTS.



generations. Each member of the community is free to do what he likes with the portion of land which falls to his lot, and consequently may sell his plot, or exchange part of it for cattle, or farm it out on shares. The river fisheries—a great source of wealth to the people—are free to all, but the fishing seasons are regulated by common laws which no

scription of the Russian government, but is furnished by the communities, who fill the ranks of the war quota by volunteer enlistment or by conscription. When they are all mobilized they number 164 regiments. Each Cossack regiment has six sotnias, or squadrons, of 128 men each, with 14 subalterns and one officer for each of the four sections into which the sotnia



IN AMBUSH.

one dares to transgress. The innumerable lesser communities into which the great Cossack territory is divided are conducted on general principles similar to those which govern the Shakers and other well-known societies in the United States, and a parallel high standard of individual prosperity prevails in many places. Poverty among the Cossacks presupposes laziness, drunkenness, or spendthrift habits, for every man may be well off as long as he remains a good member of the community. Among the Ural Cossacks a person is called poor who owns only one house, a horse, and a few cattle. The common religion of the Russian Cossacks is that of the "old believers." The statistics of 1862 show that in one district, out of 70,000 inhabitants, only 62 belonged to the "orthodox" Russian Church. The statistics of crime for the year 1859 show that out of 80 crimes recorded in a certain district, 38 were committed by orthodox believers, 10 by dissenters, and the rest by Jews and other foreigners. The total number of orthodox believers in the community was 89.

Although the Cossack contingent is an important part of the Russian army, numbering as it does nearly 150,000 cavalry and a number of batteries of horse artillery, it is not raised by regular con-

scription of the Russian government, but is furnished by the communities, who fill the ranks of the war quota by volunteer enlistment or by conscription. When they are all mobilized they number 164 regiments. Each Cossack regiment has six sotnias, or squadrons, of 128 men each, with 14 subalterns and one officer for each of the four sections into which the sotnia is divided. A cavalry division of the Russian army is composed of four regiments—one each of dragoons, Uhlans, huzzars, and Cossacks. A cavalry brigade consists of two regiments. The uniforms, equipments, weapons, and horses all belong to the Cossacks. The government provides them with ammunition, and, when in service outside their frontiers, with rations and forage, or with money for them. In time of peace every male Cossack is obliged to serve as a soldier, within the district in which he resides, from his eighteenth to his twentieth year, and the frontier posts are filled with young men, who, almost within sight of their homes, are exposed to the constant dangers of savage warfare. At the conclusion of this home term they are allowed a rest for a year, and then they are liable to service outside the Cossack territory for fifteen years, although they are rarely if ever kept more than half this time. Every male Cossack is supposed to be in the army, but custom has established the right for one of four brothers to remain at home, or for a father who has three sons in the service to be exempt himself. In case of war, however, there are no exemptions. Until very recently rich Cossacks were in the habit of furnishing substi-



tutes, but this practice is now forbidden by law.

Cossacks are commonly fond of ornament and display, and have a decidedly barbaric taste for color, which they usually gratify by wearing shirts of amazing hue. The uniform is simply and even quaintly cut, but it is worn with a jaunty style that almost amounts to a swagger. In actual service they wear a short frock-coat of dark blue cloth with ample skirts. This has no buttons, but is fastened together in front by common hooks and eyes. The trousers, also of blue cloth, are large and full, and are worn inside long boots. The cap is a flat-topped Russian one, like a sailor's cap, with a leather visor, and is seldom worn straight on the head, but jauntily cocked on one side. As the ordinary Cossack has little means of gratifying his vanity by the adornment of his person, he is very particular about the cut of his hair, which is combed back from the forehead and then trimmed straight and even around the base of the skull. A plentiful allowance of mutton tallow helps keep this shock of hair in place. The weapons consist of a Berdan carbine, usually slung across the shoulders in a leathern case, a sabre of peculiar shape, having no guard for the hand, and entering the scabbard nearly to the top of the hilt, and a long lance, which is slung to the right arm by a leather strap, and rests in a socket attached to the right stirrup. This lance is about ten feet long, and has a sharp steel head eight or ten inches in length. The pole is of light but stiff wood, and is tipped with a sharp steel point at the lower end. This lance was of course originally intended solely for a weapon of offence, but it now serves a variety of purposes, and is, indeed, by no means a useless encumbrance. With this for a spring pole, the Cossack mounts his high saddle with perfect ease; it makes an excellent pole to carry hay and other burdens on; answers for a crane for the kettles, a tent pole, and on occasions for a fishing-rod. Dogs, swine, and sheep felt the steel point oftener than the enemy did during the late war, although there were numerous occasions when it was effectively used in close quarters. The nagajka, carried in the right hand or slung around the shoulders, is, in point of fact, more useful than the sabre, for without the whip the horse would forget to move, so accustomed is he to its application.

The horse is as peculiar in breed as the rider is in blood. The sloping haunches, the ewe neck, and large awkward head are points about the animal which neither suggest superiority of speed nor appear to warrant endurance. But the breed is a great deal better than it looks. The horses have been trained to endure privation and fatigue. They are docile, intelligent, wiry, tough, and often speedy; and though they may be sometimes cow-hocked, and may shamble along with an awkward gait, they carry great weights with ease, and are capable of performing an incredible amount of work. They are never shod on the hind-feet. The saddle is a simple wooden tree of rude construction, not unlike the Mexican tree in form. One or two leather cushions stuffed with feathers are strapped upon this to serve as a seat. The rider is thus perched high above the usual position on a horse's back occupied by a horseman, and he puts his feet in queer brass stirrups strapped so high that his knees are almost on a level with the horse's withers. The bridle is made of blackened rawhide straps knotted together without any buckles. The bit is a rude snaffle. The saddle when loaded for a march is a curiosity. It is piled up in front with clothing, spare grain, and ammunition. A lariat, a pair of hobbles, cooking utensils, and nose-bags full of grain dangle from the sides, and an overcoat is tied to the back. A folded blanket serves as a saddle-cloth and pads combined.

The Cossack is trained to the saddle from infancy, and is accustomed to look upon his horse as a friend and companion. He may never kill the animal with kindness, but he never abuses it, and frequently goes hungry himself to give his horse a feed. In the field, while on long marches and in bad weather, he is exceedingly careful to spare his horse unusual fatigue or dangerous exposure, because he is responsible for the loss of him, and has a vivid conception of his own awkward position should he be obliged to trudge on foot behind his mounted comrades. He and his horse are as inseparable as the Arab and his courser, and if accident deprives him of his companion, he becomes indeed a broken-spirited creature. In the Cossack tactics there are several manœuvres which depend entirely on the familiarity of the men with their animals, and on their control over them.





MUSIC ON THE MARCH.





FEASTING IN THE FIELD.

One for which they have long been famous is dismounting while in skirmish line and obliging the horses to lie down. The Cossacks lie down in the shelter of the prostrate animals, rest their rifles on them, then load and fire without expos-

ing themselves. When it is necessary to reconnoitre on foot, they leave their horses standing in regular formation, sure of finding them there in position when they return.

The spectacle of a moving column of





A CAMP.

Cossacks is one not soon to be forgotten. There is a curious barbaric air about the troop, due more to the general effect of the mass than to any particular detail of individual make-up. The swaying lances flash like the spears of savage hosts; the sound of rattling sabres, shaking grain bags, and cracking whips is heard above the tramp of the trotting horses. A walk is ordered, and the formation is changed to platoon front. At a nod from the officer at the head of the column, the sergeant on the right of the first platoon begins to beat time with his nagajka. Then from a score of throats bursts forth a martial, inspiring, barbaric song or chant, and the refrain is taken up the whole length of the line. Fatigue and hunger are forgotten, the ranks close quietly up, and the song continues, invigorating, encouraging, harmonizing both singers and listeners. It is a noble sight to see these sturdy soldiers throwing their whole hearts into their native music, forgetful of the present, mindful only of the memories of the distant valley of the Don, the clustered villages, the broad steppes, the majestic mountains. Such soul-stirring music can scarcely be translated into notes and measures, but some idea of the character of the song may be gained from the following, which is rendered as a chorus:



Or from another, which is sung as a solo and a refrain, the last two bars of the first

strain and the last one of the second being taken up by the chorus of singers, and the final note being held by the falsetto voices as long as possible:



On a long march a halt is usually made, if practicable, about the middle of the day. It is also customary to dismount the whole command for a few minutes' walk every hour or so of the march. The regiment is divided into sotnias, which correspond to our companies, and when the halt is made at noon each sotnia dismounts in double file, the lances are stuck upright in the earth, and the horses picketed to them. The saddles are then removed, and placed in a row at a short distance behind the animals, which are watered and fed as soon as it is judged safe to do so. Two or three sheep have been bought or captured on the road, and the men kill them, cut up the flesh while it is still warm, and plunge it in the pots, or string it on great wooden spits to roast in front of the fire. Before the meal is ready there is a great deal of washing and brushing, and a plentiful anointing of the hair with fresh mutton tallow; for ablutions before meals is one of the articles of the Cossack creed, borrowed from their Mohammedan neighbors. After the customary prayer with uncovered heads, the men sit on the ground around the large kettles and pans, and a dozen or more all dip in the same dish



with their clumsy wooden spoons, or hack pieces of roasted mutton from the bones with their sharp daggers. Samovars are produced from some unknown source; for these characteristic tea-urns seem too large and too complicated to be carried among the heterogeneous *impedimenta* of the Cos-

then sleep with their heads on their saddles, ready to mount at the first alarm. At other times the lances are stacked in great circles, like the poles of an Indian wigwam, the saddles are piled up around them, and the horses are hobbled and turned out to graze in the care of a few men

detailed to watch them. In the course of the evening there is a momentary excitement occasioned by the return of a few men sent to procure hay for the horses and to forage for the morrow's ration of meat. Some of them are literally moving hay-stacks, for the hay is piled as high as their heads, and sweeps the ground alongside. Two huge bundles have been tied up as a Cossack alone knows how to tie them, and slung across the saddle. The Cossack himself rides between the bundles, almost hidden from sight, while nothing is visible of the horse but his head, legs, and tail. Another horse is weighted down with squalling ducks and fluttering hens; others bear pigs tied by the legs, or mournful sheep hanging limp like the golden



A FORAGING PARTY.

sack saddle, or even to safely ride with the mess kettles on the pack-horses. The delicious scent of steaming tea soon mingles with the less agreeable odors of mutton tallow and horse-blankets, and is drunk in astonishing quantities and at an incredibly high temperature. After the meal everybody dozes or smokes, and the grim column of warlike men has been transformed into a party enjoying a veritable summer picnic. When the halt for the night is made, the same order is maintained, if it is known or suspected that the enemy are in the neighborhood. The men

fleece. A rapid slaughter of the spoil ensues, and quiet prevails in the camp; for the Cossack sups on black bread and water, with the memory of the day's dinner and the anticipation of the morrow's feast.

Cossacks are usually small in stature and slightly built, although there are many notable exceptions to this rule. Their hair, which is cut in the manner above described, is of plentiful growth and of a faded blond color—at least this is the prevalent but by no means universal hue. The proportion of men of pure Tartar type is decidedly noticeable, and with



their squat faces, high cheek-bones, and small oblique eyes, they appear like so many masquerading Mongolians. They are often much esteemed among the Cossacks, because they have been adopted into the community for some distinguished service, or through some special influence.

The relations between the officers and men are naturally much more intimate than in any other branch of the Russian service, for they are equals in the community when not under arms, and an echo of the paternal government at home exists in the troops in the field. The men are respectful and obedient, and they observe the etiquette of military discipline with a faithfulness to detail which long training has taught them. Still, there is none of the obsequiousness or servility of inferiors in the bearing of the privates, and rarely any observable spirit of domineering authority shown by the officers. In all kinds of trouble the men seek their captain as naturally as the boy does his father, and, on the other hand, the captain administers punishment with the impartiality of an exacting parent.

After our experience with the turtle my friend the major evidently held an exalted position in the eyes of his men. Having been absent for years from the province of the Don, he was looked upon with great respect by the simple Cossacks, who, although fairly educated, have an exaggerated notion of the dangers and difficulties of travel outside of Russia. All sorts of difference of opinion on political and religious subjects were referred to him as arbiter, in addition to the constant disputes about the division of booty and the like. The most trivial wound or bruise was shown to him, as if his touch were more potent than the drugs of the doctor. Somewhat annoyed by a popular reputation among his men for powers he knew he did not possess, he was very anxious for an opportunity to show them that he was no less a true Cossack because he had adopted somewhat the speech and habits of foreigners. The wished-for occasion did not present itself for a long time, but it was as dramatic an incident as occurred during the war, and one which, better than any other I could cite, gauges the standard of warfare recognized in the East. It was decided to make a foraging and reconnoitring expedition in the direction of the Black Sea. Turkish Circassians had been seen in

considerable numbers, so a force of three sotnias was detailed for this duty. I was unable to go, and having been on a dozen similar expeditions, thought little of it. The major borrowed my nagajka before he went, for he had not yet supplied its place in his own outfit. We heard nothing of the column until the afternoon of the second day, when we saw them returning to camp laden with spoils like a tribe of predatory Indians. At the head of the motley detachment rode the major, and behind him an orderly led a riderless black horse with sumptuously ornamented bridle and saddle. The column was welcomed with so much enthusiasm and confusion that it was some time before I could find out from the major just what had happened. Showing me a beautiful Circassian sword, a dagger, and a pistol, all of them heavily mounted with silver, and also a set of solid silver cartridge-cases, he told me the story of his adventure. I give the tale as nearly as possible as he told it, because it became so garbled and exaggerated after passing through the mouths of his men, who were eye-witnesses, that it lost all semblance of reality, and I could never believe any of the details which were volunteered me to supplement the major's own rather meagre account.

"We had scarcely gone a dozen miles from camp," he began, "when the two men I sent on ahead came back and reported the enemy in sight. Sure enough, in a few moments we saw across the rolling hills a column of Circassians quite as large as our force, and apparently bent on a similar errand to our own. My men were eager for a fight without delay, but I thought a little caution was necessary, so I deployed the sotnias along just behind the hill and waited. A few moments had elapsed when an officer appeared on the other side riding out from the column, which had halted at the sight of us. He careered about on a fine black horse, making all manner of defiant and insulting gestures, which every Cossack knew to mean a challenge to personal combat. Of course the only proper thing for me to do was to disregard all such insults and challenges, and to leave the mediæval mode of warfare to Circassians and savages. But there was something in the air, I can't explain what. I could see the men watching me eagerly to see what I would do. I thought of the stories my



father used to tell—how he fought the Turcomans man to man; I glanced at the dagger hanging at my belt, a relic of one of these very combats; I remembered—well, I can't tell you what a panorama flitted before my eyes in a few seconds, for it could have been only a few seconds. The next thing I was conscious of I was laying the nagajka across the flanks of my horse, and he was flying with me down the grassy slope. There I met the Circassian, and after a few strokes of my sabre—I

scarcely saw or knew how it was done, for I felt as if my soul was in the background watching my body from a distance—he fell off his horse. My men galloped up with a cheer, swept up the opposite slope with irresistible force, routed the Circassian column, and captured their camp, some distance further on, with the dinner cooking in the pots. Here's your nagajka again. It was of service to me yesterday. Perhaps you won't think the less of it now on that account."



A MORTAL WOUND.

### CONFESSION.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

**B**ELIEVE me, dear, unyielding though I be,  
 Ambitions flourish only in the sun—  
 In noisy daylight every race is run,  
 With lusty pride for all the world to see.  
 When darkness sinks the earth in mystery,  
 When eye or ear or sight or sound is none,  
 But death, a tide that waits to bear us on,  
 And life, a loosening anchor in the sea,  
 When time and space are huge about the soul,  
 And ties of custom lost beyond recall,  
 And courage as a garment in the flame,  
 Then all my spirit breaks without control,  
 Then the heart opens, then the hot tears fall  
 To prove me wholly woman that I am.



## VICTORIA.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

THE brake stands yellow in the field,  
The sumach leaves are red,  
The hazel swells his furry shield,  
And the wild rose is dead.  
Still murmurs she, What happy days are mine!  
Summer yet here, and vigor in the vine.

White hairs now rest upon her brow,  
And grief has touched her heart;  
Fair youth has left her vessel's prow,  
Nor vanished without smart.  
O Love, she cries, behold! thou still art mine,  
And happy, I, with summer in the vine!

She sees the golden-rod laid low,  
The purple clover fall;  
She hears the bitter north-wind blow,  
And wintry curlew call;  
And still she murmurs, Happy days are mine,  
The sun of love breeds summer in the vine.

Soon leaves shall drop above her head,  
Snows drift around her feet,  
But who shall say that she is dead  
Whose season is so sweet?  
While tender autumn echoes, Joy is mine,  
And summer sleeps in vigor of the vine.

## SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

FAIR CRITICISM.



FEW things can be worse for a very young woman than to want to be led by somebody, and yet find nobody fit to do it. Or at any rate, through superior quickness and the knowledge of it, to regard old friends and relatives of experience as very slow coaches, and prigs or prudes, who cannot enter into quick young feelings, but deal in old saws which grate upon them.

Not to moralise about it—for if young ladies hate anything, it is such moralising—Miss Dolly Darling was now in that uncomfortable frame of mind when advice is most needed, yet most certain to be spurned. She looked upon her loving and sensible sister as one who was fated to be an old maid, and was meant perhaps by nature for that condition, which appeared to herself the most abject in the world. And



even without that conclusion about Faith she would have been loth to seek counsel from her, having always resented most unduly what she called her "superior air of wisdom." Dolly knew that she was quicker of wit than her sister—as shallow waters run more rapidly—and she fancied that she possessed a world of lively feelings into which the slower intellect could not enter. For instance, their elder brother Frank had just published a volume of poems, very noble in their way, and glowing with ardour for freedom, democracy, and the like, as well as exhibiting fine perception of sound, and great boldness in matters beyond sounding, yet largely ungifted with knowledge of nature, whether human or superior.

"Better stick to his law-books," the Admiral had said, after singing out some of the rhyme of it to the tune of "Billy Benbow"; "never sit on the wool-sack by spewing oakum this way."

Faith had tried, as a matter of duty, to peruse this book to its cover; but she found it beyond even her good-will, and mild sympathy with everything, to do so. There was not the touch of nature in it which makes humble people feel, and tickles even the very highest with desire to enter into it. So Faith declared that it must be very clever, and no doubt very beautiful, but she herself was so stupid that she could not make out very clearly what it was all about.

"Well, I understand every word of it," Miss Dolly cried, with a literary look. "I don't see how you can help doing that, when you know all about Frank, who wrote it. Whenever it is not quite clear, it is because he wants us to think that he knows too much, or else because he is not quite certain what he wants to mean himself. And as for his talk about freedom, and all that, I don't see why you should object to it. It is quite the fashion with all clever people now, and it stops them from doing any mischief. And nobody pays much attention to them, after the cruel things done in France when I was seven or eight years old. If I see Frank, I shall tell him that I like it."

"And I shall tell him that I don't," said Faith. "It cannot do anybody any good. And what they call 'freedom' seems to mean making free with other people's property."

These poems were issued in one volume, and under one title—*The Harmodiad*—

although there must have been some half-hundred of them, and not more than nine odes to freedom in the lot. Some were almost tolerable, and others lofty rubbish, and the critics (not knowing the author) spoke their bright opinions freely. The poet, though shy as a mouse in his preface, expected a mountain of inquiry as to the identity of this new bard, and modestly signed himself "Asteroid," which made his own father stare and swear. Growing sore prematurely from much keelhauling—for the reviewers of the period were patriotic, and the English public anti-Gallic—Frank quitted his chambers at Lincoln's Inn, and came home to be comforted for Christmas. This was the wisest thing that he could do, though he felt that it was not Harmodian. In spite of all crotchets, he was not a bad fellow, and not likely to make a good lawyer.

As the fates would have it (being naturally hostile to poets who defy them), by the same coach to Stonnington came Master Johnny, in high feather for his Christmas holidays. Now these two brothers were as different of nature as their sisters were, or more so; and unlike the gentler pair, each of these cherished lofty disdain for the other. Frank looked down upon the school-boy as an unlicked cub without two ideas; the bodily defect he endeavoured to cure by frequent outward applications, but the mental shortcoming was beneath his efforts. Johnny meanwhile, who was as hard as nails, no sooner recovered from a thumping than he renewed and redoubled his loud contempt for a great lout over six feet high, who had never drawn a sword or pulled a trigger. And now for the winter this book would be a perpetual snowball for him to pelt his big brother with, and yet (like a critic) be scarcely fair object for a hiding. In season out of season, upstairs down-stairs, even in the breakfast and the dinner chambers, this young imp poked clumsy splinters—worse than thorns, because so dull—into the tender poetic side; and people, who laugh at the less wit the better, laughed very kindly, to please the boy, without asking whether they vexed the man. And the worst of it was that the author too must laugh.

All this might be looked down at by a soul well hoisted upon the guy-ropes of contempt; and now and then a very solid drubbing given handsomely (upon other





"FAITH HAD TRIED, AS A MATTER OF DUTY, TO PERUSE THIS BOOK."

grounds) to the chief tormentor solaced the mind of unacknowledged merit. But as the most vindictive measure to the man who has written an abusive letter is to vouchsafe him no reply, so to the poet who rebukes the age the bitterest answer it can give is none. Frank Darling could retaliate upon his brother Johnny, and



did so whenever he could lay hold of him alone; but the steadfast silence of his sister Faith (to whom one of his loftiest odes was addressed), and of his lively father, irked him far more than a thousand low parodies. Dolly alone was some comfort to him, some little vindication of true insight; and he was surprised to find how quickly her intelligence (which until now he had despised) had strengthened, deepened, and enlarged itself. Still he wanted some one older, bigger, more capable of shutting up the mouth, and nodding (instead of showing such a lot of red tongue and white teeth), before he could be half as snug as a true poet should be, upon the hobs of his own fire. And happily he found his Anti-Zoilus ere long.

One day he was walking in a melancholy mood along the beach towards Pebbleridge, doubting deeply in his honest mind whether he ever should do any good, in versification, or anything else. He said to himself that he had been too sanguine, eager, self-confident, ardent, impetuous, and, if the nasty word must be faced, even too self-conceited. Only yesterday he had tried, by delicate setting of little word-traps, to lead Mr. Twemlow towards the subject, and obtain that kind-hearted man's comforting opinion. But no; the gentle Rector would not be brought to book, or at any rate not to that book; and the author had sense enough to know without a wink that his volume had won volumes of dislike.

Parnassus could never have lived till now without two heads—one to carry on with, while the other is being thumped to pieces. While the critics demolish one peak, the poet withdraws to the other, and assures himself that the general public, the larger voice of the nation, will salute him there. But alas, Frank Darling had just discovered that even that eminence was not his, except as a desert out of human sight. For he had in his pocket a letter from his publishers, received that dreary morning, announcing a great many copies gone gratis, six sold to the trade at a frightful discount, and six to the enterprising public. All these facts combined to make him feel uncommonly sad and sore to-day.

A man of experience could have told him that this disappointment was for his good; but he failed to see it in that light, and did not bless the blessing. Slowly and heavily he went on, without much

heed of anything, swinging his clouded cane now and then, as some slashing reviews occurred to him, yet becoming more peaceful and impartial of mind under the long monotonous cadence and quiet repetitions of the soothing sea. For now he was beyond the Haven head—the bulwark that makes the bay a pond in all common westerly weather—and waves that were worthy of the name flowed towards him, with a gentle breeze stepping over them.

The brisk air was like a fresh beverage to him, and the fall of the waves sweet music. He took off his hat, and stopped, and listened, and his eyes grew brighter. Although the waves had nothing very distinct to say in dying, yet no two (if you hearkened well), or at any rate no two in succession, died with exactly the same expression, or vanished with precisely the same farewell. Continual shifts went on among them, and momentary changes; each in proper sequence marching, and allowed its proper time, yet at any angle traversed, even in its crowning curl, not only by the wind its father, but by the penitent return and white contrition of its shattered elder brother. And if this were not enough to make a samely man take interest in perpetually flowing changes, the sun and clouds, at every look and breath, varied variety.

Frank Darling thought how small his griefs were, and how vain his vanity. Of all the bubbly clots of froth, or frayed and shattered dabs of drift, flying beside him or falling at his feet, every one was as good as his ideas, and as valuable as his labours. And of all the unreckoned waves advancing, lifting their fugitive crests, and roaring, there certainly was not one that fell with weight so futile as his own. Who cared even to hear his sound? What ear was soothed by his long rhythm, or what mind solaced by the magnitude of his rolling?

Suddenly he found that some mind was so. For when he had been standing a long while thus, chewing the salt cud of marine reflections, he seemed to hear something more intelligible than the sea. With more surprise than interest he walked towards the sound, and stood behind the corner of a jutting rock to listen. In another second his interest overpowered his surprise, for he knew every word of the lines brought to his ears, for the very simple reason that they were his own.



Round the corner of that rock, so absorbed in admiration that he could hear no footstep, a very fine young man of the highest order was reading aloud in a powerful voice, and with extremely ardent gesticulation, a fine passage from that greatly undervalued poem, the *Harmoniad*, of and concerning the beauties of Freedom—

"No crown upon her comely head she bore,  
No wreath her affluent tresses to restrain;  
A smile the only ornament she wore,  
Her only gem a tear for others' pain.  
Herself did not her own mishaps deplore,  
Because she lives immortal as the dew,  
Which falling from the stars soon mounts again;  
And in this wise all space she travels through,  
Beneficent as heaven, and to the earth more true.

"Her blessings all may win who seek the prize,  
If only they be faithful, meek, and strong,  
And crave not that which others' right denies,  
But march against the citadel of wrong.  
A glorious army this, that finds allies  
Wherever God hath built the heart of man  
With attributes that to Himself belong;  
By Him ordained to crown what He began,  
And shatter despotism, which is the foul fiend's ban."

Frank thought that he had never heard nobler reading, sonorous, clear, well timed, well poised, and of harmonious cadence. The curved rock gave a melodious ring, and the husky waves a fine contrast to it, while the reader was so engrossed with grandeur—the grandeur of Frank's own mind!—that his hat could evidently not contain his head, but was flung at the mercy of his feet. What a fine, expressive, and commanding face!

If Frank Darling had been a Frenchman—which he sometimes longed to be, for the sake of that fair Liberty—the scene, instead of being awkward, would have been elegant, rapturous, ennobling. But being of the clumsy English race, he was quite at a loss what to do with himself. On paper he could be effusive, ardent, eloquent, sentimental; but not a bit of that to meet the world in his own waistcoat. He gave a swing to his stick, and walked across the opening as if he were looking at sea-gulls. And on he would have walked without further notice, except a big gulp in his throat, if it had not been for a trifling accident.

Somehow or other the recitative gentleman's hat turned over to the wind, and that active body (which never neglects any sportive opportunity) got into the crown, with the speed of an upstart, and

made off with it along the stones. A costly hat it was, and comely with rich braid and satin loops, becoming also to a well-shaped head, unlike the chimney-pot of the present day, which any man must thank God for losing. However, the owner was so wrapped up in poetry that his breeches might have gone without his being any wiser.

"Sir," said Frank Darling, after chasing the hat (which could not trundle as our pots do, combining every possible absurdity), "excuse me for interrupting you, but this appears to be your hat, and it was on its way to a pool of salt-water."

"Hat!—my hat?" replied the other gentleman. "Oh, to be sure! I had quite forgotten. Sir, I am very much obliged to you. My hat might have gone to the devil, I believe, I was so delightfully occupied. Such a thing never happened to me before, for I am very hard indeed to please; but I was reading, sir; I was reading. Accept my thanks, sir; and I suppose I must leave off."

"I thought that I heard a voice," said Frank, growing bold with fear that he should know no more, for the other was closing his book with great care, and committing it to a pouch buckled over his shoulder; "and I fear that I broke in upon a pleasant moment. Perhaps I should have pleased you better if I had left this hat to drown."

"I seem ungrateful," the stranger answered, with a sweet but melancholy smile, as he donned his hat and then lifted it gracefully to salute its rescuer; "but it is only because I have been carried far away from all thoughts of self, by the power of a much larger mind. Such a thing may have occurred to you, sir, though it happens very seldom in one life. If so, you will know how to forgive me."

"I scarcely dare ask—or rather I would say"—stammered the anxious poet—"that I cannot expect you to tell me the name of the fortunate writer who has moved you so."

"Would to Heaven that I could!" exclaimed the other. "But this great poet has withheld his name—all great poets are always modest—but it cannot long remain unknown. Such grandeur of conception and force of language, combined with such gifts of melody, must produce universal demand to know the name of this benefactor. I cannot express myself



as I would desire, because I have been brought up in France, where literature is so different, and people judge a work more liberally, without recourse to politics. This is a new work, only out last week; and a friend of mine, a very fine judge of literature, was so enchanted with it that he bought a score of copies at once, and as my good stars prevailed, he sent me one. You are welcome to see it, sir. It is unknown in these parts; but will soon be known all over Europe, unless these cruel wars retard it."

With a face of deep gravity, Caryl Carne put into Frank Darling's hand a copy of his own book, quite young, but already scored with many loving marks of admiration and keen sympathy. Frank took it, and reddened with warm delight.

"You may not understand it at first," said the other; "though I beg your pardon for saying that. What I mean is, that I can well suppose that an Englishman, though a good judge in general, would probably have his judgment darkened by insular prejudices, and the petty feeling which calls itself patriotism, and condemns whatever is nobler and larger than itself. My friend tells me that the critics have begun to vent their little spite already. The author would treat them with calm disdain!"

"Horribly nasty fellows!" cried Frank. "They ought to be kicked; but they are below contempt. But if I could only catch them here—"

"I am delighted to find," replied Carne, looking at him with kind surprise, "that you agree with me about that, sir. Read a few lines, and your indignation against that low lot will grow hotter."

"It cannot grow hotter," cried the author; "I know every word that the villains have said. Why, in that first line that I heard you reading, the wretches actually asked me whether I expected my beautiful goddess to wear her crown upon her comely tail!"

"I am quite at a loss to understand you, sir. Why, you speak as if this great work were your own!"

"So it is, every word of it," cried Frank, hurried out of all reserve by excitement. "At least, I don't mean that it is a great work—though others, besides your good self, have said—Are you sure that your friend bought twenty copies? My publishers will have to clear up that. Why, they say, under date of yesterday, that

they have only sold six copies altogether. And it was out on Guy Fawkes' Day, two months ago!"

Caryl Carne's face was full of wonder. And the greatest wonder of all was its gravity. He drew back a little, in this vast surprise, and shaded his forehead with one hand, that he might think.

"I can hardly help laughing at myself," he said, "for being so stupid and so slow of mind. But a coincidence like this is enough to excuse anything. If I could be sure that you are not jesting with me, seeing how my whole mind is taken up with this book—"

"Sir, I can feel for your surprise," answered Frank, handing back the book, for which the other had made a sign, "because my own is even greater; for I never have been read aloud before—by anybody else I mean, of course; and the sound is very strange, and highly gratifying—at least, when done as you do it. But to prove my claim to the authorship of the little work which you so kindly esteem, I will show you the letter I spoke of."

The single-minded poet produced from near his heart a very large letter with much sealing-wax endorsed, and the fervent admirer of his genius read:

"DEAR SIR,—In answer to your favour to hand, we beg to state that your poetical work the *Harmodiad*, published by our firm, begins to move. Following the instructions in your last, we have already disposed of more than fifty copies. Forty-two of these have been distributed to those who will forward the interests of the book, by commending it to the Public; six have been sold to the trade at a discount of 75 per cent.; and six have been taken by private purchasers, at the full price of ten shillings. We have reason to anticipate a more rapid sale hereafter. But the political views expressed in the poems—as we frankly stated to you at first—are not likely to be popular just now, when the Country is in peril, and the Book trade incommoded, by the immediate prospect of a French invasion. We are, dear sir, your obedient servants, TICKLEBOIS, LATHERUP, BLINKERS, & CO. —To Mr. FRANK DARLING, Springhaven Hall."

"You cannot call that much encouragement," said Frank; "and it is a most trusty and honourable house. I cannot





"THIS APPEARS TO BE YOUR HAT, AND IT WAS ON ITS WAY TO A POOL OF SALT-WATER."

do what a friend of mine has done, who went to inferior publishers — denounce them as rogues, and call myself a martyr. If the book had been good, it would have sold; especially as all the poets now are writing vague national songs, full of slaughter and brag, like that 'Billy Blue' thing all our fishermen are humming."

"You have nothing to do but to bide your time. In the long-run, fine work is sure to make its way. Meanwhile I must apologise for praising you to your face, in utter ignorance, of course. But it must have made you feel uncomfortable."

"Not at all; far otherwise," said the truthful Frank. "It has been the very greatest comfort to me. And strange to say, it came just when I wanted it most sadly. I shall never forget your most kind approval."

"In that case I may take the liberty

of introducing myself, I trust. You have told me who you are, in the most delightful way. I have no such claim upon your attention, or upon that of the world at large. I am only the last of an ill-fated race, famous for nothing except ruining themselves. I am Caryl Carne, of yonder ruin, which you must have known from childhood."

Frank Darling lifted his hat in reply to the other's more graceful salutation, and then shook hands with him heartily. "I ought to have known who you are," he said; "for I have heard of you often at Springhaven. But you have not been there since I came down, and we thought that you had left the neighbourhood. Our little village is like the ear of the tyrant, except that it carries more false than true sound. I hope you are come to remain among us, and I hope that we shall see



you at my father's house. Years ago I have heard that there used to be no especial good-will between your family and mine—petty disputes about boundaries, no doubt. How narrow and ridiculous such things are! We live in a better age than that, at any rate, although we are small enough still in many ways."

"You are not; and you will enlarge many others," Carne answered, as if the matter were beyond debate. "As for boundaries now, I have none, because the estates are gone, and I am all the richer. That is the surest way to liberate the mind."

"Will you oblige me," said Frank, to change the subject, for his mind did not seek to be liberated so, and yet wished its new admirer to remain in admiration, "by looking along the shore towards Springhaven as far as you can see, and telling me whether any one is coming? My sisters were to follow me, if the weather kept fine, as soon as they had paid a little visit at the rectory. And my sight is not good for long distances."

"I think I can see two ladies coming, or at any rate two figures moving, about a mile or more away, where the sands are shining in a gleam of sunlight. Yes, they are ladies. I know by their walk. Good-bye. I have a way up the cliff from here. You must not be surprised if you do not see me again. I may have to be off for France. I have business there, of which I should like to talk to you. You are so far above mean prejudice. If I go, I shall carry this precious volume with me. Farewell, my friend, if I may call you so."

"Do wait a minute," cried the much admiring Frank; "or walk a few yards with me towards Springhaven. It would give me such pleasure to introduce you to my sisters. And I am sure they will be so glad to know you, when I tell them what I think. I very seldom get such a chance as this."

"There is no resisting that!" replied the graceful Carne; "I have not the honour of knowing a lady in England, except my aunt Mrs. Twemlow, and my cousin Eliza—both very good, but to the last degree insular."

"It is very hard to help being that, when people have never been out of an island. But I fear that I am taking you out of your way."

In a few minutes these two young men

drew near to the two young women, whose manners were hard put to hide surprise. When their brother introduced Mr. Carne to them, Faith bowed rather stiffly, for she had formed without reason a dark and obstinate dislike to him. But the impetuous Dolly ran up and offered him both her hands, and said, "Why, Mr. Carne saved both our lives only a few days ago."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### NEITHER AT HOME.

THOUGH Admiral Darling had not deigned to speak to his younger daughter about that vile anonymous charge, he was not always quite comfortable in his inner mind concerning it. More than once he thought of asking Faith's opinion, for he knew her good sense and discretion; but even this was repugnant to him, and might give her the idea that he cherished low suspicions. And then he was called from home again, being occupied among other things with a vain enquiry about the recent false alarm. For Carne and Charron had managed too well, and judged too correctly the character of Vickers, to afford any chance of discovery. So that, when the Admiral came home again, his calm and—in its fair state—gentle nature was ruffled by the prosperity of the wicked.

"Oh, he is a fine judge of poetry, is he?" he said, more sarcastically than his wont; "that means, I suppose, that he admires yours, Frank. Remember what Nelson said about you. The longer I live, the more I find his views confirmed."

"Papa, you are too bad! You are come home cross!" cried Dolly, who always took Frank's part now. "What does my godfather know of poetry, indeed? If he ever had any ear for it, the guns would have ruined it long ago."

"No mostacchio in my house!" said the master, without heeding her. "I believe that is the correct way to pronounce the filthy thing—a foreign abomination altogether. Who could keep his lips clean, with that dirt over them? A more tolerant man than myself never lived—a great deal too tolerant, as everybody knows. But I'll never tolerate a son of mine in disgusting French hairiness of that sort."

"Papa, you are come home as cross as



a bear!" cried Dolly, presuming on her favour. "Lord Dashville was here the other day with a very nice one, and I hear that all Cavalry Officers mean to have one, when they can. And Mr. Carne, Frank's friend, encourages it."

"The less you have to say about that young man, the better. And the less he has to say to any child of mine, the better, both for him and her, I say. I know that the age is turned upside down. But I'll not have that sort of thing at my table."

When a kind and indulgent father breaks forth thus, the result is consternation, followed by anxiety about his health. Faith glanced at Dolly, who was looking quite bewildered, and the two girls withdrew without a word. Johnny was already gone to visit Captain Stubbard, with whose eldest daughter Maggie and the cannons of the battery he was by this time desperately in love; and poor Frank was left to have it out with the angry father.

"I very seldom speak harshly, my boy," said the Admiral, drawing near his son gradually, for his wrath (like good vegetables) was very short of staple; "and when I do so you may feel quite certain that there is sound reason at the bottom of it"—here he looked as if his depth was unfathomable. "It is not only that I am not myself, because of the many hours spent upon hard leather, and vile chalks of flint that go by me half asleep, when I ought to be snoring in the feathers; neither has it anything to do with my consuming the hide of some quadruped for dinner, instead of meat. And the bread is made of rye, if of any grain at all; I rather think of spent tan, kneaded up with tallow ends, such as I have seen cast by in bushels, when the times were good. And every loaf of that costs two shillings—one for me, and one for Government. They all seem to acknowledge that I can put up with that; and I make a strict point of mild language, which enables them to do it again with me. And all up and down the roads, everybody likes me. But if I was shot to-morrow, would they care twopence?"

"I am sure they would, sir; and a good deal more than that," answered Frank, who perceived that his father was out of his usual lines of thinking, perhaps because he had just had a good dinner—so ill do we digest our mercies. "I

am sure that there is nobody in Sussex, Kent, or Hampshire who does not admire and respect and trust you."

"I dare say, and rejoice to see me do the work they ought to do. They have long nights in bed, every one of them, and they get their meals when they want them. I am not at all astonished at what Nelson said. He is younger than I am by a good many years, but he seems to have picked up more than I have, in the way of common sentiments, and such like. 'You may do everybody's work, if you are fool enough,' he said to me the last time I saw him; 'and ease them of their souls as well, if you are rogue enough, as they do in the Popish countries. I am nearly sick of doing it,' he said, and he looked it. 'If you once begin with it, you must go on.' I find it more true every day of my life. Don't interrupt me; don't go on with comfortable stuff about doing good, and one's duty towards one's Country—though I fear that you think very little of that. If I thought I had done good enough to make up for my back-aches, and three fine stumps lost through chewing patriotic sentiments, why, of course I should be thankful, and make the best of my reward. But charity begins at home, my boy, and one's shirt should be considered before one's cloak. A man's family is the nearest piece of his country, and the dearest one."

"I am sure, sir, I hope," replied Frank, who had never heard his father talk like this before, "that nothing is going on amiss with us here. When you are away, I keep a sharp lookout. And if I saw anything going wrong, I should let you know of it immediately."

"No doubt you would; but you are much too soft. You are quite as easy-going as I used to be at your age"—here the Admiral looked as if he felt himself to be uncommonly hard-going now—"and that sort of thing will not do in these days. For my own discomforts I care nothing. I could live on lobscouse, or soap and bully, for a year, and thank God for getting more than I deserved. But my children, Frank, are very different. From me you would never hear a grumble, or a syllable of anything but perfect satisfaction, so long as I felt that I was doing good work, and having it appreciated. And all my old comrades have just the same feeling. But you, who come after us, are not like that. You



must have everything made to fit you, instead of making yourselves fit them. The result will be, I have very little doubt, the downfall of England in the scale of nations. I was talking to my old friend St. Vincent last week, and he most heartily agreed with me. However, I don't mean to blame you, Frank. You cannot help your unfortunate nature for stringing ends of words together that happen to sound alike. Johnny will make a fine Officer, not in the Navy, but of Artillery—Stubbard says that he has the rarest eyes he ever came across in one so young, and he wishes he could put them into his Bob's head. He shall not go back to Harrow; he can spell his own name, which seems to be all they teach them there, instead of fine scholarship, such as I obtained at Winton. But to spell his own name is quite enough for a soldier. In the Navy we always were better educated. Johnny shall go to Chatham, when his togs are ready. I settled all about it in London, last week. Nothing hurts him. He is water-proof and thunder-proof. Toss him up anyhow, he falls upon his feet. But that sort of nature very seldom goes up high. But you, Frank, you might have done some good, without that nasty twist of yours for writing and for rhyming, which is a sure indication of spinal complaint. Don't interrupt me; I speak from long experience. Things might be worse, and I ought to be thankful. None of my children will ever disgrace me. At the same time, things would go on better if I were able to be more at home. That Caryl Carne, for instance, what does he come here for?"

"Well, sir, he has only been here twice. And it took a long time to persuade him at all. He said that as you had not called upon him, he felt that he might be intruding here. And Faith, who is sometimes very spiteful, bowed, as much as to say that he had better wait. But Dolly, who is very kind-hearted, assured him that she had heard you say at least a dozen times: 'Be sure that I call upon Mr. Carne to-day. What will he think of my neglect? But I hope that he will set it down to the right cause—the perpetual demands upon my time.' And when she told him that, he said that he would call the next day, and so he did."

"Ah!" cried the old man, not well pleased; "it was Dolly who took that little business off my shoulders! She

might have been content with her elder sister's judgment, in a family question of that sort. But I dare say she thought it right to make my excuses. Very well, I'll do that for myself. To-morrow I shall call upon that young man, unless I get another despatch to-night. But I hear he wants nobody at his ruins. I suppose he has not asked even you to go there?"

"No, sir; I think he took his little place here, because it would be so painful for him to receive any friends at that tumble-down castle. He has not yet been able to do any repairs."

"I respect him for that," said the Admiral, with his generous sympathies aroused; "they have been a grand old family, though I can't say much for those I knew—except, of course, Mrs. Twemlow. But he may be a very fine young fellow, though a great deal too Frenchified, from all I hear. And why my friend Twemlow cold-shoulders him so, is something of a mystery to me. Twemlow is generally a judicious man in things that have nothing to do with the Church. When it comes to that, he is very stiff-backed, as I have often had to tell him. Perhaps this young man is a Papist. His mother was, and she brought him up."

"I am sure I don't know, sir," answered Frank. "I should think none the worse of him if he were, unless he allowed it to interfere with his proper respect for liberty."

"Liberty be hanged!" cried the Admiral; "and that's the proper end for most of those who prate about it, when they ought to be fighting for their Country. I shall sound him about that stuff to-morrow. If he is one of that lot, he won't come here with my good-will, I can assure him. What time is he generally to be found down there? He is right over Stubbard's head, I believe, and yet friend Adam knows nothing about him. Nor even Mrs. Adam! I should have thought that worthy pair would have drawn any badger in the kingdom. I suppose the youth will see me, if I call. I don't want to go round that way for nothing. I did want to have a quiet day at home, and saunter in the garden, as the weather is so mild, and consult poor Swipes about Spring crops, and then have a pipe or two, and take my gun to Brown Bushes for a woodcock, or a hare, and



come home with a fine appetite to a good dinner. But I never must hope for a bit of pleasure now."

"You may depend upon it, sir," said Frank, "that Caryl Carne will be greatly pleased to see you. And I think you will agree with me that a more straightforward and simple-minded man is not to be found in this country. He combines what we are pleased to call our national dignity and self-respect with the elegant manners, and fraternal warmth, and *bonhomie*—as they themselves express it—of our friends across the water."

"You be off! I don't want to be cross any more. Two hundred thousand friends there at this moment eager to burn down our homes and cut our throats! Tired as I am, I ought to take a stick to you, as friend Tugwell did to his son for much less. I have the greatest mind not to go near that young man. I wish I had Twemlow here to talk it over. Pay your fine for a French word, and be off!"

Frank Darling gravely laid down five shillings on his dessert plate, and walked off. The fine for a French word in that house, and in hundreds of other English houses at this patriotic period, was a crown for a gentleman, and a shilling for a lady, the latter not being liable except when gentlemen were present. The poet knew well that another word on his part would irritate his father to such a degree that no visit would be paid to-morrow to the admirer of the *Harmodiad*, whose admiration he was longing to reward with a series of good dinners. And so he did his utmost to ensure his father's visit.

But when the Admiral, going warily—because he was so stiff from saddle-work—made his way down to the house of Widow Shanks, and winking at the Royal Arms in the lower front window, where Stubbard kept Office and convenience, knocked with the knocker at the private door, there seemed to be a great deal of thought required before anybody came to answer.

"Susie," said the visitor, who had an especial knack of remembering Christian names, which endeared him to the bearers, "I am come to see Mr. Carne, and I hope he is at home."

"No, that 'a bain't, sir," the little girl made answer, after looking at the Admiral as if he was an elephant, and wiping her nose with unwonted diligence; "he

be gone away, sir; and please, sir, mother said so."

"Well, here's a penny for you, my dear, because you are the best little needle-woman in the school, they tell me. Run and tell your mother to come and see me.—Oh, Mrs. Shanks, I am very glad to see you, and so blooming in spite of all your hard work. Ah, it is no easy thing in these hard times to maintain a large family and keep the pot boiling. And everything clean as a quarter-deck! My certy, you are a woman in a thousand!"

"No, sir, no. It is all the Lord's doing. And you to the back of Him, as I alway say. Not a penny can they make out as I owes justly, bad as I be at the figures, Squire. Do 'e come in, and sit down, there's a dear. Ah, I mind the time when you was like a dart, Squire!"

"Well, and now I am like a cannon-ball," said the Admiral, who understood and liked this unflattering talk; "only I don't travel quite so fast as that. I scarcely get time to see any old friends. But I came to look out for a young friend now, the gentleman you make so comfortable upstairs. Don't I wish I was a young man without incumbrance, to come and lodge with such a wonderful land-lady!"

"Ah, if there was more of your sort, sir, there'd be a deal less trouble in the world, there would. Not that my young gentleman is troublesome, mind you, only so full of them outlandish furrin ways—abideth all day long without ating ort, so different from a honest Englishman. First I used to think as he couldn't afford it, and long to send him up a bit of my own dinner, but dursn't for the life of me—too grand for that, by ever so—till one day little Susie there comes a-running down the stairs, and she sings out, with her face as red as ever a boiled lobster: 'Looky see, mother! Oh, do 'e come and looky see! Pollyon hath got a heap of guineas on his table; wouldn't go into the big yellow pudding-basin!' And sure enough he had, your Honour, in piles, as if he was telling of them. He had slipped out suddenly, and thought the passage door was bolted. What a comfort it was to me, I can't configurate. Because I could eat my dinner comfortable now, for such a big heap of money never I did see."

"I am very glad—heartily glad," exclaimed the smiling Admiral. "I hope he may get cash enough to buy back all the



great Carne property, and kick out those rascally Jews and lawyers. But what makes Susie call him that?"

"Well, sir, the young ones must have a nickname for anything beyond them; and because he never takes any notice of them—so different from your handsome Master Frank—and some similitude of his black horse, or his proud walk, to the picture, 'Pollyon' is the name they give him, out of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Though not a bit like him, for such a gentleman to pay his rent and keep his place untroublesome I never had before. And a fortnight he paid me last night, afore going, and took away the keys of all three doors."

"He is gone, then, is he? To London, I dare say. It would be useless to look for him at the castle. My son will be disappointed more than I am. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Shanks, in these days the great thing is to stick to the people that we know. The world is so full, not of rogues, but of people who are always wanting something out of one, that to talk with a thoroughly kind, honest person, like yourself, is a real luxury. When the gentleman comes back, let him know that I have called."

"And my Jenny, sir?" cried the anxious mother, running after him into the passage; "not a word have you said about my Jenny. I hope she show no sign of flightiness?"

"Jenny is as steady as the church," replied the Admiral. "We are going to put her on a pound a year from next quarter-day, by Mrs. Cloam's advice. She'll have a good stocking by the time she gets married."

"There never was such a pleasant gentleman, nor such a kind-hearted one, I do believe," said Widow Shanks, as she came in with bright eyes. "What are they Carnes to the Darlings, after all? As different as night and day."

But the Admiral's next visit was not quite so pleasant; for when he got back into the village road, expecting a nice walk to his luncheon and his pipe, a man running furiously almost knocked him down, and had no time to beg his pardon. The runner's hat was off his head, and his hair blowing out, but luckily for itself his tongue was not between his teeth.

"Has the devil got hold of you at last, Jem Prater?" the Admiral asked, not profanely; for he had seen a good deal of

mankind, and believed in diabolical possession.

"For Parson! for Parson!" cried Jem, starting off again as hard as he could go. "Butter Cheeseman hath hanged his self in his own scales. And nobody is any good but Parson."

Admiral Darling was much disturbed. "What will the world come to? I never knew such times," he exclaimed to himself, with some solemnity; and then set off, as fast as his overriden state permitted, for the house of Mr. Cheeseman. Passing through the shop, which had nobody in it, he was led by the sound of voices into a little room beyond it—the room in which Mr. Cheeseman had first received Caryl Carne. Here he beheld an extraordinary scene, of which he often had to dream thereafter.

From a beam in the roof (which had nothing to do with his scales, as Jem Prater had imagined), by a long but not well-plaited cord, was dangling the respected Church-warden Cheeseman. Happily for him, he had relied on his own goods; and the rope being therefore of very bad hemp, had failed in this sad and too practical proof. The weight of its vendor had added to its length some fifteen inches—as he loved to pull out things—and his toes touched the floor, which relieved him now and then.

"Why don't you cut him down, you old fools?" cried the Admiral to three gaffers, who stood moralising, while Mrs. Cheeseman sat upon a barrel, sobbing heavily, with both hands spread to conceal the sad sight.

"We was afraid of hurting of him," said the quickest-witted of the gaffers; "Us wanted to know why 'a doed it," said the deepest; and, "The will of the Lord must be done," said the wisest.

After fumbling in vain for his knife, and looking round, the Admiral ran back into the shop, and caught up the sharp steel blade with which the victim of a troubled mind had often unsold a sold ounce in the days of happy commerce. In a moment the Admiral had the poor Church-warden in his sturdy arms, and with a sailor's skill had unknotted the choking noose, and was shouting for brandy, as he kept the blue head from falling back.

When a little of the finest *eau de vie* that ever was smuggled had been administered, the patient rallied, and becoming



comparatively cheerful, was enabled to explain that "it was all a mistake altogether." This removed all misunderstanding; but Rector Twemlow, arriving too late for anything but exhortation, asked a little too sternly—as everybody felt—under what influence of the Evil One Cheeseman had committed that mistake. The reply was worthy of an enterprising tradesman, and brought him such orders from a score of miles around that the resources of the establishment could only book them.

"Sir," he said, looking at the parson sadly, with his right hand laid upon his heart, which was feeble, and his left hand intimating that his neck was sore, "if anything has happened that had better not have been, it must have been by reason of the weight I give, and the value such a deal above the prices."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## EVERYBODY'S MASTER.

THE peril of England was now growing fast; all the faster from being in the dark. The real design of the enemy escaped the penetration even of Nelson, and our Government showed more anxiety about their great adversary landing on the coast of Egypt than on that of England. Naval men laughed at his flat-bottomed boats, and declared that one frigate could sink a hundred of them; whereas it is probable that two of them, with their powerful guns and level fire, would have sunk any frigate we then possessed. But the crafty and far-seeing foe did not mean to allow any frigate, or line-of-battle ship, the chance of enquiring how that might be.

His true scheme, as everybody now



"IT MUST HAVE BEEN BY REASON OF THE WEIGHT I GIVE."





"CARYL CARNE WAITED IN THE SHELTER OF A TREE."—[SEE PAGE 267.]

knows well, was to send the English fleet upon a wild-geese chase, whether to Egypt, the west coast of Ireland, or the West Indies, as the case might be; and then, by a rapid concentration of his ships, to obtain command of the English Channel, if only for twenty-four hours at a time. Twenty-four hours of clearance from our cruisers would have seen a hundred thousand men landed on our coast, throwing up entrenchments, and covering the landing of another hundred thousand, coming close upon their heels. Who would have faced them? A few good regiments, badly found, and perhaps worse led, and a mob of militia and raw volunteers, the reward of whose courage would be carnage.

But as a chip smells like the tree, and a hair like the dog it belongs to, so Spring-haven was a very fair sample of the England whereof (in its own opinion) it formed a most important part. Contempt for the body of a man leads rashly to an under-estimate of his mind; and one of the greatest men that ever grew on earth—if greatness can be without goodness—was held in low account because not of high inches, and laughed at as "little Boney."

However, there were, as there always

are, thousands of sensible Englishmen then; and rogues had not yet made a wreck of grand Institutions to scramble for what should wash up. Abuses existed, as they always must; but the greatest abuse of all (the destruction of every good usage) was undreamed of yet. And the right man was even now approaching to the rescue, the greatest Prime-Minister of any age or country.

Unwitting perhaps of the fine time afforded by the feeble delays of Mr. Addington, and absorbed in the tissue of plot and counterplot now thickening fast in Paris—the arch-plotter in all of them being himself—the First Consul had slackened awhile his hot haste to set foot upon the shore of England. His bottomless ambition for the moment had a top, and that top was the crown of France; and as soon as he had got that on his head, the head would have no rest until the crown was that of Europe.

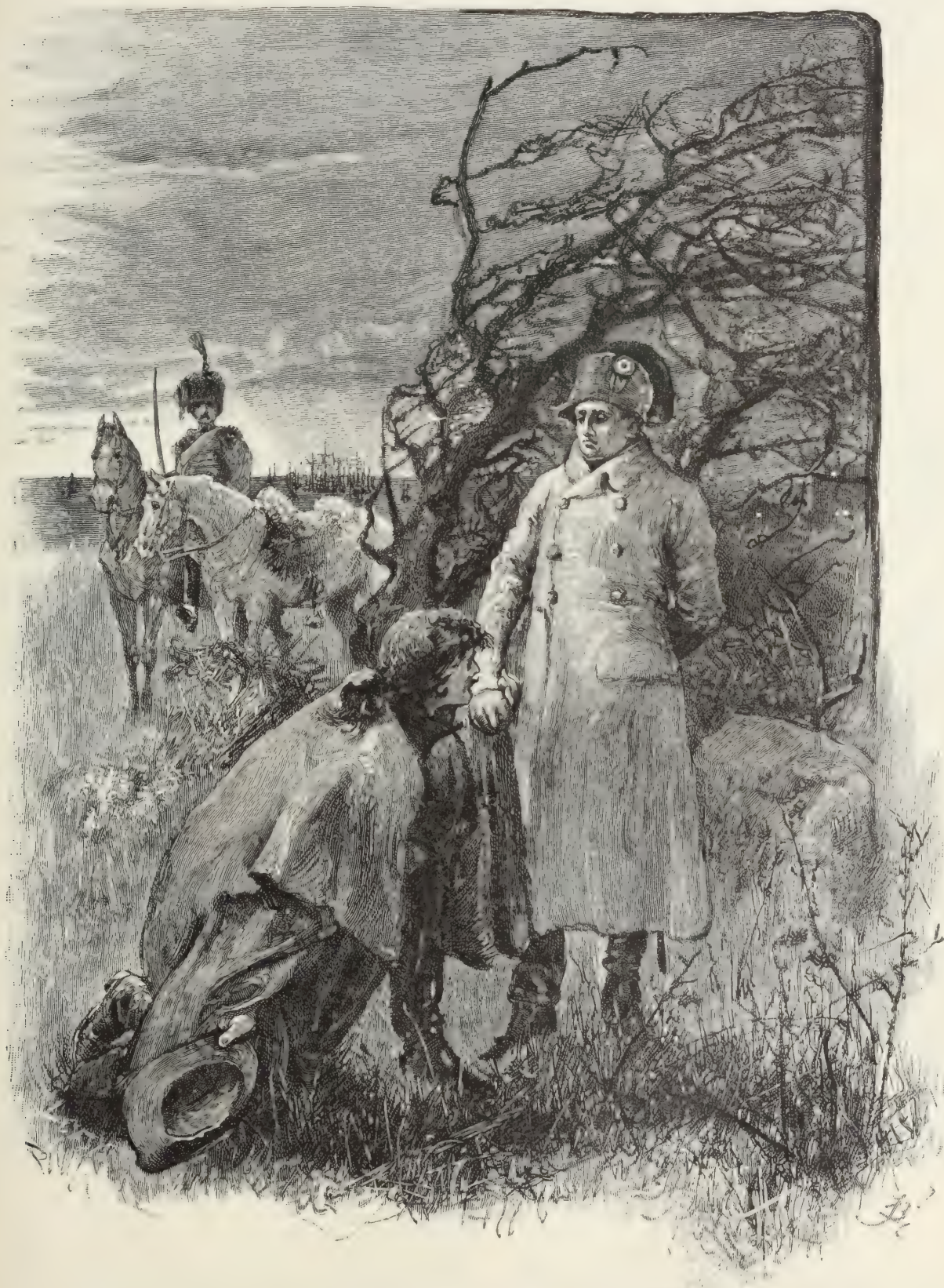
But before any crown could be put on at all, the tender hearts of Frenchmen must be touched by the appearance of great danger—the danger which is of all the greatest, that to their nearest and dearest selves. A bloody farce was in preparation, noble lives were to be perjured away,



and above all, the only great rival in the hearts of soldiers must be turned out of France. This foul job worked—as foul Radical jobs do now—for the good of England. If the French invasion had come to pass, as it was fully meant to do,

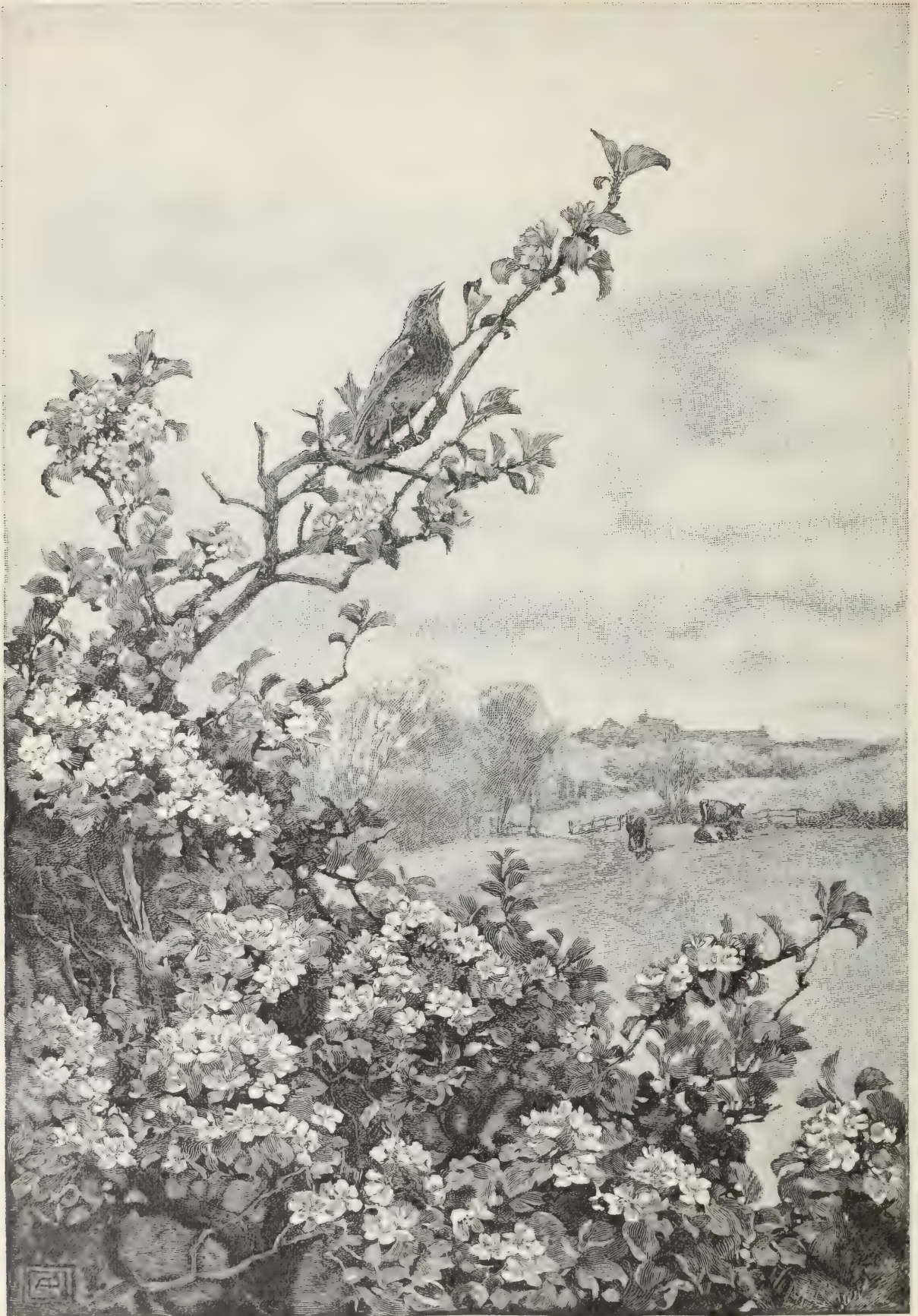
in the month of February, 1804, perhaps its history must have been written in French, for us to understand it.

So, at any rate, thought Caryl Carne, who knew the resources of either side, and the difference between a fine army and a



“MY EMPEROR!” HE SAID, “MY EMPEROR!”—[SEE PAGE 269.]





"THE POET OF THE WHOLE STOOD SINGING—THE SIMPLE-MINDED THRUSH."—[SEE PAGE 277.]

mob. He felt quite sure that his mother's country would conquer his father's without much trouble, and he knew that his horn would be exalted in the land, when he had guided the conqueror into it. Sure enough then he would recover his ances-



tral property with interest, and be able to punish his enemies well, and reward his friends if they deserved it. Thinking of these things, and believing that his own preparations would soon be finished, he left Widow Shanks to proclaim his merits, while under the bold and able conduct of Captain Renaud Charron he ran the gauntlet of the English fleet, and was put ashore southward of Cape Grisnez. Here is a long reach of dreary exposure, facing the west unprofitably, with a shallow slope of brown sand, and a scour of tide, and no pleasant moorings. Jotted as the coast was all along (whereon dry batteries grinned defiance, or sands just awash smiled treachery) with shallow transports, gun-boats, prames, scows, bilanders, brigs, and schooners, row-galleys, luggers, and every sort of craft that has a mast, or gets on without one, and even a few good ships of war pondering malice in the safer roadsteads, yet here the sweep of the west wind, and the long roll from the ocean following, kept a league or two, northward of the mighty defences of Boulogne, inviolate by the petty enmities of man. Along the slight curve of the coast might be seen, beyond Ambleteuse and Wimereux, the vast extent of the French flotilla, ranged in three divisions, before the great lunette of the central camp, and hills jotted with tents thick as limpets on a rock.

Carne (whose dealings were quite unknown to all of the French authorities save one, and that the supreme one) was come by appointment to meet his commander in a quiet and secluded spot. It was early February now, and although the day was waning, and the wind, which was drawing to the north of west, delivered a cold blow from the sea, yet the breath of Spring was in the air already, and the beat of her pulse came through the ground. Almost any man, except those two concerting to shed blood and spread fire, would have looked about a little at the pleasure of the earth, and felt a touch of happiness in the goodness of the sky.

Caryl Carne waited in the shelter of a tree, scarcely deserving to be called a tree, except for its stiff tenacity. All the branches were driven by the western gales, and scourged flat in one direction—that in which they best could hold together, and try to believe that their life was their own. Like the wings of a sea

bird striving with a tempest, all the sprays were frayed alike, and all the twigs hackled with the self-same pile. Whoever observes a tree like this should stop to wonder how ever it managed to make itself any sort of trunk at all, and how it was persuaded to go up just high enough to lose the chance of ever coming down again. But Carne cared for nothing of this sort, and heeded very little that did not concern himself. All he thought of was how he might persuade his master to try the great issue at once.

While he leaned heavily against the tree, with his long sea-cloak flapping round his legs, two horsemen struck out of the Ambleteuse road, and came at hand-gallop towards him. The foremost, who rode with short stirrups, and sat his horse as if he despised him, was the foremost man of the world just now, and for ten years yet to come.

Carne ran forward to show himself, and the master of France dismounted. He always looked best upon horseback, as short men generally do, if they ride well; and his face (which helped to make his fortune) appeared even more commanding at a little distance. An astonishing face, in its sculptured beauty, set aspect, and stern haughtiness, calm with the power of transcendent mind, and a will that never met its equal. Even Carne, void of much imagination, and contemptuous of all the human character he shared, was the slave of that face when in its presence, and could never meet steadily those piercing eyes. And yet, to the study of a neutral dog, or a man of abstract science, the face was as bad as it was beautiful.

Napoleon—as he was soon to be called by a cringing world—smiled affably, and offered his firm white hand, which Carne barely touched, and bent over with deference. Then the foaming horse was sent away in charge of the attendant trooper, and the master began to take short quick steps, to and fro, in front of the weather-beaten tree; for to stand still was not in his nature. Carne, being beckoned to keep at his side, lost a good deal of what he had meant to say, from the trouble he found in timing his wonted stride to the brisk pace of the other.

“You have done well—on the whole very well,” said Napoleon, whose voice was deep, yet clear and distinct as the sound of a bell. “You have kept me well informed; you are not suspected; you are



enlarging your knowledge of the enemy and of his resources; every day you become more capable of conducting us to the safe landing. For what, then, this hurry, this demand to see me, this exposing of yourself to the risk of capture?"

Carne was about to answer; but the speaker, who undershot the thoughts of others before they were shaped—as the shuttle of the lightning underweaves a cloud—raised his hand to stop him, and went on:

"Because you suppose that all is ripe. Because you believe that the slow beasts of islanders will strengthen their defences more by delay than we shall strengthen our attack. Because you are afraid of incurring suspicion, if you continue to prepare. And most of all, my friend, because you are impatient to secure the end of a long enterprise. But, Captain, it must be longer yet. It is not for you, but for me, to fix the time. Behold me! I am come from a grand review. We have again rehearsed the embarkation. We have again put two thousand horses on board. The horses did it well; but not the men. They are as brave as eagles, but as clumsy as the ostrich, and as fond of the sand without water. They will all be sea-sick. It is in their countenances, though many have been practised in the mouths of rivers. Those infamous English will not permit us to proceed far enough from our native land to acquire what they call the legs of the sea. If our braves are sea-sick, how can they work the cannon, or even navigate well for the accursed island? They must have time. They must undergo more waves, and a system of diet before embarkation. Return, my trusted Captain, and continue your most esteemed services for three months. I have written these new instructions for you. You may trust me to remember this addition to your good works."

Carne's heart fell, and his face was gloomy, though he did his best to hide it. So well he knew the arrogance and fierce self-will of his commanding officer that he durst not put his own opposite view of the case directly before him. This arrogance grew with the growth of his power; so that in many important matters Napoleon lost the true state of the case through the terror felt by his subordinates. So great was the mastery of his presence that Carne felt himself guilty

of impertinence in carrying his head above the level of the General's plume, and stooped unconsciously—as hundreds of tall men are said to have done—to lessen this anomaly of Nature.

"All shall be done to your orders, my General," he replied, submissively. "For my own position I have no fear. I might remain there from year to year without any suspicion arising, so stupid are the people all around, and so well is my name known among them. The only peril is in the landing of stores, and I think we should desist from that. A few people have been wondering about that, though hitherto we have been most fortunate. They have set it down so far to smuggling operations, with which in that tyrannical land all the lower orders sympathise. But it would be wiser to desist awhile, unless you, my General, have anything of moment which you still desire to send in."

"What sort of fellow is that Sheese-man?" asked Napoleon, with his wonderful memory of details. "Is he more to be confided in as a rogue or as a fool?"

"As both, sir; but more especially as a rogue, though he has the compunctions of a fool sometimes. But he is as entirely under my thumb, as I am under that of my Commander."

"That is very good," answered the First Consul, smiling with the sense of his own power; "and at an hour's notice, with fifty chosen men landed from the *London Trader*—ah, I love that name; it is appropriate—you could spike all the guns of that pretentious little battery, and lock the Commander of the Coast-Defence in one of his own cellars. Is it not so, my good Captain? Answer me not. That is enough. One question more, and you may return. Are you certain of the pilotage of the proud young fisherman who knows every grain of sand along his native shore? Surely you can bribe him, if he hesitates at all, or hold a pistol at his ear as he steers the leading prame into the bay! Charron would be the man for that. Between you and Charron, there should be no mistake."

"He requires to be handled with much delicacy. He has no idea yet what he is meant to do. And if I understand his nature, neither bribes nor fear would move him. He is stubborn as a Breton, and of that simple character."

"One can always befool a Breton; but



I hate that race," said Napoleon. "If he cannot be made useful, tie a round shot to him, throw him overboard, and get a gentler native."

"Alas, I fear that we cannot indulge in that pleasure," said Carne, with a smile of regret. "It cost me a large outlay of skill to catch him, and the natives of that place are all equally stubborn. But I have a plan for making him do our work without being at all aware of it. Is it your wish, my General, that I should now describe that plan?"

"Not now," replied Napoleon, pulling out a watch of English make, "but in your next letter. I start for Paris in an hour's time. You will hear of things soon which will add very greatly to the weight and success of this grand enterprise. We shall have perfidious Albion caught in her own noose, as you shall see. You have not heard of one Captain Wright, and the landing-place at Biville. We will have our little Biville at Springhaven. There will be too many of us to swing up by a rope. Courage, my friend! The future is with you. Our regiments are casting dice for the fairest English counties. But your native county is reserved for you. You shall possess the whole of it—I swear it by the god of war—and command the Southern army. Be brave, be wise, be vigilant, and above all things be patient."

The great man held up his hand, as a sign that he wanted his horse, and then offered it to Caryl Carne, who touched it lightly with his lips, and bent one knee. "My Emperor!" he said, "my Emperor!"

"Wait until the proper time," said Napoleon, gravely, and yet well pleased. "You are not the first, and you will not be the last. Observe discretion. Farewell, my friend!"

In another minute he was gone, and the place looked empty without him. Carne stood gloomily watching the horsemen as their figures grew small in the distance, the large man behind pounding heavily away, like an English dragoon, on the scanty sod, of no importance to anybody—unless he had a wife or children—the little man in front (with the white plume waving, and the well-bred horse going easily), the one whose body would affect more bodies, and certainly send more souls out of them, than any other born upon this earth as yet,

and—we hope—as long as ever it endureth.

Caryl Carne cared not a jot about that. He was anything but a philanthropist; his weaknesses, if he had any, were not dispersive, but thoroughly concentric. He gathered his long cloak round his body, and went to the highest spot within his reach, about a mile from the watch-tower at Cape Grisnez, and thence he had a fine view of the vast invasive fleet and the vaster host behind it.

An Englishman who loved his Country would have turned sick at heart and faint of spirit at the sight before him. The foe was gathered together there to eat us up on every side, to get us into his net and rend us, to tear us asunder as a lamb is torn when its mother has dropped it in flight from the wolves. For forty square miles there was not an acre without a score of tents upon it, or else of huts thrown up with slabs of wood to keep the powder dry, and the steel and iron bright and sharp to go into the vitals of England. Mighty docks had been scooped out by warlike hands, and shone with ships crowded with guns and alive with men. And all along the shore for leagues, wherever any shelter lay, and great batteries protected them, hundreds of other ships tore at their moorings, to dash across the smooth narrow line, and blacken with fire and redden with blood the white cliffs of the land they loathed.

And what was there to stop them? The steam of the multitude rose in the air, and the clang of armour filled it. Numbers irresistible, and relentless power urged them. At the beck of the hand that had called the horse, the grey sea would have been black with ships, and the pale waves would have been red with fire. Carne looked at the water way touched with silver by the soft descent of the winter sun, and upon it, so far as his gaze could reach, there were but a dozen little objects moving, puny creatures in the distance—mice in front of a lion's den. And much as he hated with his tainted heart the land of his father, the land of his birth, some reluctant pride arose that he was by right an Englishman.

"It is the dread of the English seaman, it is the fame of Nelson, it is the habit of being beaten when England meets them upon the sea—nothing else keeps this mighty host like a set of trembling captives here, when they might launch forth



irresistibly. And what is a great deal worse, it will keep me still in my ruined dungeons, a spy, an intriguer, an understrapper, when I am fit to be one of the foremost. What a fool I am so to be cowed and enslaved, by a man no better endowed than myself with anything, except self-confidence! I should have looked over his head, and told him that I had had enough of it, and if he would not take advantage of my toils, I would toil for him no longer. Why, he never even thanked me, that I can remember, and my pay is no more than Charron's! And a pretty strict account I have to render of every Republican coin he sends. He will have his own head on them within six months, unless he is assassinated. His manners are not those of a gentleman. While I was speaking to him, he actually turned his back upon me, and cleared his throat! Every one hates him as much as fears him, of all who are in the rank of gentlemen. How would it pay me to throw him over, denounce my own doings, excuse them as those of a Frenchman and a French officer, and bow the knee to Farmer George? Truly if it were not for my mother, who has sacrificed her life for me, I would take that course, and have done with it. Such all-important news would compel them to replace me in the property of my forefathers; and if neighbours looked coldly on me at first, I could very soon conquer that nonsense. I should marry little Dolly, of course, and that would go half-way towards doing it. I hate that country, but I might come to like it, if enough of it belonged to me. Aha! What would my mother say, if she dreamed that I could have such ideas? And the whole of my life belongs to her. Well, let me get back to my ruins first. It would never do to be captured by a British frigate. We had a narrow shave of it last time. And there will be a vile great moon to-night."

With these reflections—which were upon the whole more to his credit than the wonted web of thought—Carne with his long stride struck into a path towards the beach where his boat was waiting. Although he knew where to find several officers who had once been his comrades, he kept himself gladly to his loneliness; less perhaps by reason of Napoleon's orders than from the growing charm which Solitude has for all who begin to understand her.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

THOUGH Carne had made light, in his impatient mood, of the power of the blockading fleet, he felt in his heart a sincere respect for its vigilance and activity. *La Liberté* (as the unhappy Cheeseman's schooner was called within gunshot of France) was glad enough to drop that pretentious name, and become again the peaceful *London Trader*, when she found herself beyond the reach of French batteries. The practice of her captain, the lively Charron, was to give a wide berth to any British cruiser appearing singly; but whenever more than one hove in sight, to run into the midst of them and dip his flag. From the speed of his schooner he could always, in a light wind, show a clean pair of heels to any single heavy ship, and he had not yet come across any cutter, brig of war, or light corvette that could collar the *Liberté* in any sort of weather. Renaud Charron was a brave young Frenchman, as fair a specimen as could be found, of a truly engaging but not overpowering type, kindly, warm-hearted, full of enterprise, lax of morals (unless honour—their veneer—was touched), loving excitement, and capable of anything, except skulking, or sulking, or running away slowly.

"None of your risky tricks to-night!" said Carne, as he stood on the schooner's deck, in the dusk of the February evening, himself in a dark mood growing darker—for his English blood supplied the elements of gloom, and he felt a dull pleasure in goading a Frenchman, after being trampled on by one of French position. "You will just make straight, as the tide and shoals allow, for our usual landing-place, set me ashore, and follow me to the old quarters. I have orders to give you, which can be given only there."

"My commanding officer shall be obeyed," the Frenchman answered, with a light salute and smile, for he was not endowed with the power of hating, or he might have indulged that bad power towards Carne; "but I fear that he has not found things to his liking."

"What concern is that of yours? Your duty is to carry out my orders, to the utmost of your ability, and offer opinion when asked for."

The light-hearted Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "My commanding officer



is right," he said; "but the sea is getting up, and there will be wind, unless I mistake the arising of the moon. My commanding officer had better retire, until his commands are needed. He has been known to feel the effects of high tossing, in spite of his unequalled constitution. Is it not so, my commander? I ask with deference, and anxiety."

Carne, who liked to have the joke on his side only, swore at the moon and the wind, in clear English, which was shorter and more efficacious than French. He longed to say, "Try to keep me out of rough water," but his pride, and the fear of suggesting the opposite to this sailor who loved a joke, kept him silent, and he withdrew to his little cuddy, chewing a biscuit, to feed, if it must be so, the approaching malady.

"We shall have some game, and a fine game too," said Renaud Charron to himself, as he ordered more sail to be made. "Milord gives himself such mighty airs! We will take him to the cross-run off the Middle Bank, and offer him a basin through the key-hole. To make sea-sick an Englishman—for, after all, what other is he?—will be a fine piece of revenge for fair France."

Widow Shanks had remarked with tender sorrow—more perhaps because she admired the young man, and was herself a hearty soul, than from any loss of profit in victualling him—that "he was one of they folk as seems to go about their business, and do their jobs, and keep their skins as full as other people, without putting nort inside of them. She knew one of that kind before, and he was shot by the Coast-guard, and when they postmartyred him, an eel twenty foot long was found inside him, doubled up for all the world like a love-knot. Squire Carne was of too high a family for that; but she would give a week's rent to know what was inside him."

There was no little justice in these remarks, as is pretty sure to be the case with all good-natured criticism. The best cook that ever was roasted cannot get out of a pot more than was put in it; and the weight of a cask, as a general rule, diminishes if the tap is turned, without any redress at the bung-hole. Carne ran off his contents too fast, before he had arranged for fresh receipts; and all who have felt what comes of that will be able to feel for him in the result.

But a further decrease was in store for him now. As the moon arose, the wind got higher, and chopped round to one point north of west, raising a perkish head-sea, and grinning with white teeth against any flapping of sails. The schooner was put upon the starboard tack as near to the wind as she would lie, bearing so for the French coast more than the English, and making for the Vergoyers, instead of the Varne, as intended. This carried them into wider water, and a long roll from the southwest crossing the pointed squabble of the strong new wind.

"General," cried Charron, now as merry as a grig, and skipping to the door of Carne's close little cabin, about an hour before midnight, "it would afford us pleasure if you would kindly come on deck and give us the benefit of your advice. I fear that you are a little confined down here, and in need of more solid sustenance. My General, arise; there is much briskness upon deck, and the waves are dancing beautifully in the full moon. Two sail are in sight, one upon the weather bow, and the other on the weather quarter. Ah, how superior your sea-words are to ours! If I were born an Englishman, you need not seek far for a successor to Nelson, when he gets shot, as he is sure to be before very long."

"Get out!" muttered Carne, whose troubles were faintly illuminated by a sputtering wick. "Get out, you scoundrel, as you love plain English. Go direct to the devil—only let me die in peace."

"All language is excusable in those affected with the malady of the sea," replied the Frenchman, dancing a little to encourage his friend. "Behold, if you would get up and do this, you would be as happy inside as I am. But stay—I know what will ease you in an instant, and enable you to order us right and left. The indefatigable Sherray put a fine piece of fat pork in store before we sailed; I have just had it cooked, for I was almost starving. It floats in brown liquor of the richest order, such as no Englishman can refuse. Take a sip of pure rum, and you will enjoy it surely. Say, my brave General, will you come and join me? It will cure any little disquietude down here."

With a pleasant smile Charron laid his hand on the part of his commander which he supposed to be blameable. Carne made an effort to get up and kick him, but fell



back with everything whirling around, and all human standards inverted. Then the kindly Frenchman tucked him up, for his face was blue and the chill of exhaustion striking into him. "I wish you could eat a little bit," said Charron, gently; but Carne gave a push with his elbow. "Well, you'll be worse before you are better, as the old women say in your country. But what am I to do about the two British ships—for they are sure to be British—now in sight?" But Carne turned his back, and his black boots dangled from the rim of his bunk as if there was nothing in them.

"This is going a little too far," cried Charron; "I must have some orders, my commander. You understand that two English ships are manifestly bearing down upon us—"

"Let them come and send us to the bottom—the sooner the better," his commander groaned, and then raised his limp knuckles with a final effort to stop his poor ears forever.

"But I am not ready to go to the bottom, nor all the other people of our fourteen hands"—the Frenchman spoke now to himself alone—"neither will I even go to prison. I will do as they do at Springhaven, and doubtless at every other place in England. I will have my dish of pork, which is now just crackling—I am capable of smelling it even here—and I will give some to Sam Polwhele, and we will put heads together over it. To outsail friend Englishman is a great delight, and to out-gun him would be still greater; but if we cannot accomplish those, there will be some pleasure of outwitting him."

Renaud Charron was never disposed to make the worst of anything. When he went upon deck again, to look out while his supper was waiting, he found no change, except that the wind was freshening and the sea increasing, and the strangers whose company he did not covet seemed waiting for no invitation. With a light wind he would have had little fear of giving them the go-by, or on a dark night he might have contrived to slip between or away from them. But everything was against him now. The wind was so strong, blowing nearly half a gale, and threatening to blow a whole one, that he durst not carry much canvas, and the full moon, approaching the meridian now, spread the white sea with a broad flood of light. He could see that

both enemies had descried him, and were acting in concert to cut him off. The ship on his weather bow was a frigate, riding the waves in gallant style, with the wind upon her beam, and travelling two feet for every one the close-hauled schooner could accomplish. If the latter continued her present course, in another half-league she would be under the port-holes of the frigate.

The other enemy, though further off, was far more difficult to escape. This was a gun-brig, not so very much bigger than *La Liberté* herself—for gun-brigs in those days were very small craft—and for that very reason more dangerous. She bore about two points east of north from the greatly persecuted Charron, and was holding on steadily under easy sail, neither gaining much upon the chase nor losing.

"Carry on as we are for about ten minutes," said Charron to his mate, Sam Polwhele; "that will give us period to eat our pork. Come, then, my good friend, let us do it."

Polwhele—as he was called to make believe that he and other hands were Cornishmen, whereas they were Yankees of the sharpest order, owing no allegiance and unhappily no good-will to their grandmother—this man, whose true name was Perkins, gave the needful orders, and followed down. Charron could talk, like many Frenchmen, quite as fast with his mouth full as empty, and he had a man to talk to who did not require anything to be said twice to him.

"No fear of me!" was all he said. "You keep out of sight, because of your twang. I'll teach them a little good English—better than ever came out of Cornwall. The best of all English is not to say too much."

The captain and his mate enjoyed their supper, while Carne in the distance bore the pangs of a malady called *bulimus*, that is to say, a giant's ravening for victuals, without a babe's power of receiving them. For he was turning the corner of his sickness now, but prostrate and cold as a fallen stalactite.

"Aha! We have done well. We have warmed our wits up. One glass of what you call the grog; and then we will play a pleasant game with those Englishmen!" Carne heard him say it, and in his heart hoped that the English would pitch him overboard.



It was high time for those two to finish their supper. The schooner had no wheel, but steered—as light craft did then, and long afterwards—with a bulky ash tiller, having iron eyes for lashing it in heavy weather. Three strong men stood by it now, obedient, yet muttering to one another, for another cable's length would bring them into danger of being run down by the frigate.

"All clear for stays!" cried Polwhele, under orders from Charron. "Down helm! Helm's alee! Steady so. Let draw! Easy! easy! There she fills!" And after a few more rapid orders the handy little craft was dashing away, with the wind abaft the beam, and her head about two points north of east. "Uncommon quick in stays!" cried Polwhele, who had taken to the helm, and now stood there. "Wonder what Britishers will think of that?"

The British ship soon let him know her opinion, by a roar and a long streak of smoke blown toward him, as she put up her helm to consider the case. It was below the dignity of a fine frigate to run after little smuggling craft, such as she voted this to be, and a large ship had been sighted from her tops down channel, which might afford her nobler sport. She contented herself with a harmless shot, and leaving the gun-brig to pursue the chase, bore away for more important business.

"Nonplussed the big 'un; shall have trouble with the little 'un," said Master Polwhele to his captain. "She don't draw half a fathom more than we do. No good running inside the shoals. And with this wind, she has the foot of us."

"Bear straight for her, and let her board us," Charron answered, pleasantly. "Down with all French hands into the forepart of the hold, and stow the spare foresail over them. Show our last bills of lading, and ask them to trade. You know all about Cheeseman; double his prices. If we make any cash, we'll divide it. Say we are out of our course, through supplying a cruiser that wanted our goods for nothing. I shall keep out of sight on account of my twang, as you politely call it. The rest I may safely leave to your invention. But if you can get any ready rhino, Sam Polwhele is not the man to neglect it."

"Bully for you!" cried the Yankee, looking at him with more admiration than he expected ever to entertain for a French-

man. "There's five ton of cheeses that have been seven voyages, and a hundred firkins of Irish butter, and five-and-thirty cases of Russian tongues, as old as old Nick, and ne'er a sign of weevil! Lor' no, never a tail of weevil! Skipper, you deserve to go to heaven out of West Street. But how about him, down yonder?"

"Captain Carne? Leave him to me to arrange. I shall be ready, if they intrude. Announce that you have a sick gentleman on board, a passenger afflicted with a foreign illness, and having a foreign physician. Mon Dieu! It is good. Every Englishman believes that anything foreign will kill him with a vault. Arrange you the trading, and I will be the doctor—a German; I can do the German."

"And I can do the trading," the American replied, without any rash self-confidence; "any fool can sell good stuff; but it requireth a good man to sell bad goods."

The gun-brig bore down on them at a great pace, feeling happy certitude that she had got a prize—not a very big one, but still worth catching. She saw that the frigate had fired a shot, and believed that it was done to call her own attention to a matter below that of the frigate. On she came, heeling to the lively wind, very beautiful in the moonlight, tossing the dark sea in white showers, and with all her taut canvas arched and gleaming, hovered with the shades of one another.

"Heave to, or we sink you!" cried a mighty voice through a speaking trumpet, as she luffed a little, bringing her port broadside to bear; and the schooner, which had hoisted British colours, obeyed the command immediately. In a very few seconds a boat was manned, and dancing on the hillocks of the sea; and soon, with some danger and much care, the visitors stood upon the *London Trader's* deck, and Sam Polwhele came to meet them.

"We have no wish to put you to any trouble," said the officer in command, very quietly, "if you can show that you are what you profess to be. You sail under British colours; and the name on your stern is *London Trader*. We will soon dismiss you, if you prove that. But appearances are strongly against you. What has brought you here? And why did you run the risk of being fired at, instead of



submitting to his Majesty's ship *Minerva*?"

"Because she haven't got any ready money, skipper, and we don't like three months' bills," said the tall Bostonian, looking loftily at the British officer. "Such things is nothing but piracy, and we had better be shot at than lose such goods as we carry fresh shipped, and in prime condition. Come and see them, all with Cheeseman's brand, the celebrated Cheeseman of Springhaven—name guarantees the quality. But one thing, mind you—no use to hanker after them unless you come provided with the ready."

"We don't want your goods; we want you," answered Scudamore, now first luff of the brig of war *Delia*, and staring a little with his mild blue eyes at this man's effrontery. "That is to say, our duty is to know all about you. Produce your papers. Prove where you cleared from last, and what you are doing here, some thirty miles south of your course, if you are a genuine British trader."

"Papers all in order, sir. First-chop wafers, as they puts on now, to save sealing-wax. Charter-party, and all the rest. Last bills of lading from Gravesend, but you mustn't judge our goods by that. Bulk of them from St. Mary Axe, where Cheeseman hath freighted from these thirty years. If ever you have been at Springhaven, Captain, you'd jump at anything with Cheeseman's brand. But have you brought that little bag of guineas with you?"

"Once more, we want none of your goods. You might praise them as much as you liked, if time permitted. Show me to the cabin, and produce your papers. After that we shall see what is in the hold."

"Supercargo very ill in best cabin. Plague, or black fever, the German doctor says. None of our hands will go near him but myself. But you won't be like that, will you?"

Less for his own sake than his mother's—who had none but him to help her—Scudamore dreaded especially that class of disease which is now called "zymotic." His father, an eminent physician, had observed and had written a short work to establish that certain families and types of constitution lie almost at the mercy of such contagion, and find no mercy from it. And among those families was his own. "Fly, my boy, fly," he had often

said to Blyth, "if you ever come near such subjects."

"Captain, I will fetch them," continued Mr. Polwhele, looking grave at his hesitation. "By good rights they ought to be smoked, I dare say, though I don't hold much with such stuff myself. And the doctor keeps doing a heap of herbs hot. You can see him, if you just come down these few steps. Perhaps you wouldn't mind looking into the hold, to find something to suit your judgment—quality combined with low figures there—while I go into the infected den, as the cleverest of my chaps calls it. Why, it makes me laugh! I've been in and out, with this stand-up coat on, fifty times, and you can't smell a flue of it, though wonderful strong down there."

Scudamore shuddered, and drew back a little, and then stole a glance round the corner. He saw a thick smoke, and a figure prostrate, and another tied up in a long white robe, waving a pan of burning stuff in one hand and a bottle in the other, and plainly conjuring Polwhele to keep off. Then the latter returned, quite complacently.

"Can't find all of them," he said, presenting a pile of papers big enough to taint Sahara. "That doctor goes on as bad as opening a coffin. Says he understands it, and I don't. The old figure-head! What does he know about it?"

"Much more than you do, perhaps," replied Blyth, standing up for the profession, as he was bound to do. "Perhaps we had better look at these on deck, if you will bring up your lantern."

"But, Captain, you will have a look at our hold, and make us a bid—we need not take it, any more than you need to double it—for as prime a lot of cheese, and sides of bacon—"

"If your papers are correct, it will not be my duty to meddle with your cargo. But what are you doing the wrong side of our fleet?"

"Why, that was a bad job. There's no fair trade now, no sort of dealing on the square nohow. We run all this risk of being caught by Crappos on purpose to supply British ship *Gorgeous*, soweastern station; and blow me tight if I couldn't swear she had been supplied chock-full by a Crappo! Only took ten cheeses and fifteen sides of bacon, though she never knew nought of our black fever case! But, Captain, sit down here, and overhaul



our flimsies. Not like rags, you know; don't hold plague much."

The young lieutenant compelled himself to discharge his duty of inspection behind a combing, where the wind was broken; but even so he took good care to keep on the weather side of the documents; and the dates perhaps flew away to leeward. "They seem all right," he said, "but one thing will save any further trouble to both of us. You belong to Springhaven. I know most people there. Have you any Springhaven hands on board?"

"I should think so. Send Tugwell aft; pass the word for Dan Tugwell. Captain, there's a family of that name there—settled as long as we have been at Mevagissey. Ah, that sort of thing is a credit to the place, and the people too, in my opinion."

Dan Tugwell came slowly, and with a heavy step, looking quite unlike the spruce young fisherman whom Scudamore had noticed as first and smartest in the rescue of the stranded *Blonde*. But he could not doubt that this was Dan, the Dan of happier times and thoughts; in whom, without using his mind about it, he had felt some likeness to himself. It was not in his power to glance sharply, because his eyes were kindly open to all the little incidents of mankind, but he managed to let Dan know that duty compelled him to be particular. Dan Tugwell touched the slouched hat upon his head, and stood waiting to know what he was wanted for.

"Daniel," said Scudamore, who could not speak condescendingly to any one, even from the official point of view, because he felt that every honest man was his equal, "are you here of your own accord, as one of the crew of this schooner?"

Dan Tugwell had a hazy sense of being put upon an untrue balance. Not by this kind gentleman's words, but through his own proceedings. In his honest mind he longed to say: "I fear I have been bamboozled. I have cast my lot in with these fellows through passion, and in hasty ignorance. How I should like to go with you, and fight the French, instead of getting mixed up with a lot of things I can't make out!"

But his equally honest heart said to him: "You have been well treated. You are well paid. You shipped of your own

accord. You have no right to peach, even if you had anything to peach of; and all you have seen is some queer trading. None but a sneak would turn against his shipmates and his ship, when overhauled by the Royal Navy."

Between the two voices, Dan said nothing, but looked at the lieutenant with that gaze which the receiver takes to mean doubt of his meaning, while the doubt more often is—what to do with it.

"Are you here of your own accord? Do you belong to this schooner of your own accord? Are you one of this crew, of your own free-will?"

Scudamore rang the changes on his simple question, as he had often been obliged to do in the Grammar-school at Stonnington, with the slow-witted boys, who could not, or would not, know the top from the bottom of a sign-post. "Do you eat with your eyes?" he had asked them sometimes; and they had put their thumbs into their mouths to enquire.

"S'pose I am," said Dan at last, assuming stupidity, to cover hesitation; "yes, sir, I come aboard of my own free-will."

"Very well. Then I am glad to find you comfortable. I shall see your father next week, perhaps. Shall I give him any message for you?"

"No, sir! For God's sake, don't let him know a word about where you have seen me. I came away all of a heap, and I don't want one of them to bother about me."

"As you wish, Dan. I shall not say a word about you, until you return with your earnings. But if you found the fishing business dull, surely you might have come to us, Dan. Any volunteers here for His Majesty's service?" Scudamore raised his voice, with the usual question. "Good pay, good victuals, fine promotion, and prize-money, with the glory of fighting for their native country, and provision for life if disabled!"

Not a man came forward, though one man longed to do so; but his sense of honour, whether true or false, forbade him. Dan Tugwell went heavily back to his work, trying to be certain that it was his duty. But sad doubts arose as he watched the brave boat, lifting over the waves in the moonlight, with loyal arms tugging towards a loyal British ship; and he felt that he had thrown away his last chance.



## CHAPTER XL.

## SHELFING THE QUESTION.

THERE is a time of day (as everybody must have noticed who is kind enough to attend to things) not to be told by the clock, nor measured to a nicety by the position of the sun, even when he has the manners to say where he is—a time of day dependent on a multiplicity of things unknown to us (who have made our own brains, by perceiving that we had none, and working away till we got them), yet palpable to all those less self-exalted beings, who, or which, are of infinitely nobler origin than we, and have shown it, by humility. At this time of day every decent and good animal feels an unthought-of and untraced desire to shift its position, to come out and see its fellows, to learn what is happening in the humble grateful world—out of which man has hoisted himself long ago, and is therefore a spectre to them—to breathe a little sample of the turn the world is taking, and sue their share of pleasure in the quiet earth and air.

This time is more observable because it follows a period of the opposite tendency, a period of heaviness, and rest, and silence, when no bird sings and no quadruped plays, for about half an hour of the afternoon. Then suddenly, without any alteration of the light, or weather, or even temperature, or anything else that we know of, a change of mood flashes into every living creature, a spirit of life, and activity, and stir, and desire to use their own voice and hear their neighbour's. The usual beginning is to come out first into a place that cannot knock their heads, and there to run a little way, and after that to hop, and take a peep for any people around, and espying none—or only one of the very few admitted to be friends—speedily to dismiss all misgivings, take a very little bit of food, if handy (more as a duty to one's family than oneself, for the all-important supper-time is not come yet), and then, if gifted by the Lord with wings—for what bird can stoop at such a moment to believe that his own grandfather made them?—up to the topmost spray that feathers in the breeze, and pour upon the grateful air the voice of free thanksgiving. But an if the blade behind the heart is still unplumed for flying, and only gentle flax or fur blows out on the wind, instead of beating it, does the own-

er of four legs sit and sulk, like a man defrauded of his merits? He answers the question with a skip and jump; ere a man can look twice at him he has cut a caper, frolicked an intricate dance upon the grass, and brightened his eyes for another round of joy.

At any time of year almost, the time of day commands these deeds, unless the weather is outrageous; but never more undeniably than in the month of April. The growth of the year is well established, and its manner beginning to be schooled by then; childish petulance may still survive, and the tears of penitence be frequent; yet upon the whole there is—or used to be—a sense of responsibility forming, and an elemental inkling of true duty towards the earth. Even man (the least observant of the powers that walk the ground, going for the signs of weather to the cows, or crows, or pigs, swallows, spiders, gnats, and leeches, or the final assertion of his own corns) sometimes is moved a little, and enlarged by influence of life beyond his own, and tickled by a pen above his thoughts, and touched for one second by the hand that made him. Then he sees a brother man who owes him a shilling, and his soul is swallowed up in the resolve to get it.

But well in the sky-like period of youth, when the wind sits lightly, and the clouds go by in puffs, these little jumps of inspiration take the most respectable young man sometimes off his legs, and the young maid likewise—if she continues in these fine days to possess such continuation. Blyth Scudamore had been appointed now, partly through his own good deserts, and wholly through good influence—for Lord St. Vincent was an ancient friend of the excellent Admiral Darling—to the command of the *Blonde*, refitted, thoroughly overhauled at Portsmouth, and pronounced by the dock-yard people to be the fastest and soundest corvette afloat, and in every way a credit to the British navy. "The man that floated her shall float in her," said the Earl, when somebody, who wanted the appointment, suggested that the young man was too young. "He has seen sharp service, and done sharp work. It is waste of time to talk of it; the job is done." "Job is the word for it," thought the other, but wisely reserved that great truth for his wife. However, it was not at all a bad job for England. And Scud-



amore had now seen four years of active service, counting the former years of volunteering, and was more than twenty-five years old.

None of these things exalted him at all in his own opinion, or, at any rate, not very much. Because he had always regarded himself with a proper amount of self-respect, as modest men are almost sure to do, desiring less to know what the world thinks of them than to try to think rightly of it for themselves. His opinion of it seemed to be that it was very good just now, very kind, and fair, and gentle, and a thing for the heart of man to enter into.

For Dolly Darling was close beside him, sitting on a very pretty bench, made of twisted oak, and turned up at the back and both ends, so that a gentleman could not get very far away from a lady without frightening her. Not only in this way was the spot well adapted for tender feelings, but itself truly ready to suggest them, with nature and the time of year to help. There was no stream issuing here, to puzzle and perpetually divert the human mind (whose origin clearly was spring-water poured into the frame of the jelly-fish), neither was there any big rock, like an obstinate barrier rising; but gentle slopes of daisied pasture led the eye complacently, sleek cows sniffed the herbage here and there, and brushed it with the underlip to fetch up the blades for supper-time, and placable trees, forgetting all the rudeness of the winter winds, began to disclose to the fond deceiving breeze, with many a glimpse to attract a glance, all the cream of their summer intentions. And in full enjoyment of all these doings, the poet of the whole stood singing—the simple-minded thrush, proclaiming that the world was good and kind, but himself perhaps the kindest, and his nest, beyond doubt, the best of it.

"How lovely everything is to-day!" Blyth Scudamore spoke slowly, and gazing shyly at the loveliest thing of all, in his opinion—the face of Dolly Darling. "No wonder that your brother is a poet!"

"But he never writes about this sort of thing," said Dolly, smiling pleasantly. "His poems are all about liberty, and the rights of men, and the wrongs of war. And if he ever mentions cows or sheep, it is generally to say what a shame it is to kill them."

"But surely it is much worse to kill men. And who is to be blamed for that, Miss Darling? The Power that wants to overrun all the rest, or the Country that only defends itself? I hope he has not converted you to the worship of the new Emperor; for the army and all the great cities of France have begged him to condescend to be that; and the King of Prussia will add his entreaties, according to what we have heard."

"I think anything of him!" cried Dolly, as if her opinion would settle the point. "After all his horrible murders—worst of all of that very handsome and brave young man shot with a lantern, and buried in a ditch! I was told that he had to hold the lantern above his poor head, and his hand never shook! It makes me cry every time I think of it. Only let Frank come back, and he won't find me admire his book so very much! They did the same sort of thing when I was a little girl, and could scarcely sleep at night on account of it. And then they seemed to get a little better, for a time, and fought with their enemies, instead of one another, and made everybody wild about liberty, and citizens, and the noble march of intellect, and the dignity of mankind, and the rights of labour—when they wouldn't work a stroke themselves—and the black superstition of believing anything, except what they chose to make a fuss about themselves. And thousands of people, even in this country, who have been brought up so much better, were foolish enough to think it very grand indeed, especially the poets, and the ones that are too young. But they ought to begin to get wiser now; even Frank will find it hard to make another poem on them."

"How glad I am to hear you speak like that! I had no idea—at least I did not understand—"

"That I had so much common-sense?" enquired Dolly, with a glance of subtle yet humble reproach. "Oh yes, I have a great deal sometimes, I can assure you. But I suppose one never does get credit for anything, without claiming it."

"I am sure that you deserve credit for everything that can possibly be imagined," Scudamore answered, scarcely knowing, with all his own common-sense to help him, that he was talking nonsense. "Every time I see you I find something I had never found before to—to wonder at—if you can understand—and to admire,



and to think about, and to—to be astonished at."

Dolly knew as well as he did the word he longed to use, but feared. She liked this state of mind in him, and she liked him too for all his kindness, and his humble worship; and she could not help admiring him for his bravery and simplicity. But she did not know the value yet of a steadfast and unselfish heart, and her own was not quite of that order. So many gallant officers were now to be seen at her father's house, half a cubit taller than poor Blyth, and a hundred cubits higher in rank, and wealth, and knowledge of the world, and the power of making their wives great ladies. Moreover, she liked a dark man, and Scudamore was fair and fresh as a rose called *Hebe's Cup* in June. Another thing against him was that she knew how much her father liked him; and though she loved her father well, she was not bound to follow his leadings. And yet she did not wish to lose this useful and pleasant admirer.

"I am not at all ambitious," she replied, without a moment's hesitation, for the above reflections had long been dealt with, "but how I wish I could do something to deserve even half that you say of me! But I fear that you find the air getting rather cold. The weather is so changeable."

"Are you sure that you are not ambitious?" Scudamore was too deeply plunged to get out of it now upon her last hint; and to-morrow he must be far away. "You have every right to be ambitious, if such a word can be used of you, who are yourself the height of so many ambitions. It was the only fault I could imagine you to have, and it seems too bad that you should have none at all."

"You don't know anything about it," said Dolly, with a lovely expression in her face of candour, penitence, and pleasantry combined; "I am not only full of faults, but entirely made up of them. I am told of them too often not to know."

"By miserably jealous and false people." It was impossible to look at her and not think that. "By people who cannot have a single atom of perception, or judgment, or even proper feeling. I should like to hear one of them, if you would even condescend to mention it. Tell me one—only one—if you can think of it. I am not at all a judge of character, but—but I have often had to study it a good deal among the boys."

This made Miss Dolly laugh, and drop her eyes, and smoothe her dress, as if to be sure that his penetration had not been brought to bear on her. And the gentle Scuddy blushed at his clumsiness, and hoped that she would understand the difference.

"You do say such things!" She also was blushing beautifully as she spoke, and took a long time before she looked at him again. "Things that nobody else ever says. And that is one reason why I like you so."

"Oh, do you like me—do you like me in earnest? I can hardly dare to dream even for one moment—"

"I am not going to talk about that any more. I like Mr. Twemlow, I like Captain Stubbard, I like old Tugwell—though I should have liked him better if he had not been so abominably cruel to his son. Now I am sure it is time to go and get ready for dinner."

"Ah, when shall I dine with you again? Perhaps never," said the young man, endeavouring to look very miserable and to inspire sadness. "But I ought to be very happy, on the whole, to think of all the pleasures I have enjoyed, and how much better I have got on than I had any right in the world to hope for."

"Yes, to be the Commander of a beautiful ship, little more than a year from the date of your commission. Captain Stubbard is in such a rage about it!"

"I don't mean about that—though that of course is rare luck—I mean a much more important thing; I mean about getting on well with you. The first time I saw you in that fine old school, you did not even want to shake hands with me, and you thought what a queer kind of animal I was; and then the first time or two I dined at the Hall, nothing but fine hospitality stopped you from laughing at my want of practice. But gradually, through your own kind nature, and my humble endeavours to be of use, I began to get on with you better and better; and now you are beginning almost to like me."

"Not almost, but altogether," she answered, with quite an affectionate glance. "I can tell you there are very few, outside of my own family, that I like half so well as I like you. But how can it matter to you so much?"

She looked at him so that he was afraid to speak, for fear of spoiling everything; and being a very good-natured girl, and



pleased with his deep admiration, she sighed—just enough to make him think that he might hope.

“We are all so sorry to lose you,” she said; “and no one will miss you so much as I shall, because we have had such pleasant times together. But if we can carry out our little plot, we shall hear of you very often, and I dare say not very unfavourably. Faith and I have been putting our heads together, and for our own benefit, and that of all the house, if we can get you to second it. My father jumped at the idea, and said how stupid we were not to think of it before. You know how very little he can be at home this summer, and he says he has to sacrifice his children to his country. So we suggested that he should invite Lady Scudamore to spend the summer with us, if she can be persuaded to leave home so long. We will do our very utmost to make her comfortable, and she will be a tower of strength to us; for you know sometimes it is very awkward to have only two young ladies. But we dare not do anything until we asked you. Do you think she would take compassion upon us? A word from you perhaps would decide her; and Faith would write a letter for you to send.”

Scudamore reddened with delight, and took her hand. “How can I thank you? I had better not try,” he answered, with some very tender play of thumb and forefinger, and a strong impulse to bring lips too into action. “You are almost as clever as you are good; you will know what I mean without my telling you. My mother will be only too glad to come. She knows what you are, she has heard so much from me. And the reality will put to shame all my descriptions.”

“Tell me what you told her I was like. The truth, now, and not a word of afterthought or flattery. I am always so irritated by any sort of flattery.”

“Then you must let me hold your hands, to subdue your irritation; for you are sure to think that it was flattery—you are so entirely ignorant of yourself, because you never think of it. I told my dear mother that you were the best, and sweetest, and wisest, and loveliest, and most perfect, and exquisite, and innocent, and unselfish of all the human beings she had ever seen, or heard, or read of. And I said it was quite impossible for any one after one look at you to think of himself any more in this world.”

“Well done!” exclaimed Dolly, showing no irritation, unless a gleam of pearls inside an arch of coral showed it. “It is as well to do things thoroughly, while one is about it. I can understand now how you get on so fast. But, alas, your dear mother will only laugh at all that. Ladies are so different from gentlemen. Perhaps that is why gentlemen never understand them. And I would always a great deal rather be judged by a gentleman than a lady. Ladies pick such a lot of holes in one another, whereas gentlemen are too large-minded. And I am very glad upon the whole that you are not a lady, though you are much more gentle than they make believe to be. Oh dear! We must run; or the ladies will never forgive us for keeping them starving all this time.”

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## CHAPTER XLI.

### LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD.

“NOT that there is anything to make one so very uneasy,” said Mr. Twemlow, “only that one has a right to know the meaning of what we are expected to put up with. Nothing is clear, except that we have not one man in the Government who knows his own mind, or at any rate dares to pronounce it. Addington is an old woman, and the rest—oh, when shall we have Pitt back again? People talk of it, and long for it; but the Country is so slow. We put up with everything, instead of demanding that the right thing shall be done at once. Here is Boney, a fellow raised up by Satan as the scourge of this island for its manifold sins; and now he is to be the Emperor forsooth—not of France, but of Europe, continental Europe. We have only one man fit to cope with him at all, and the voice of the nation has been shouting for him; but who pays any attention to it? This state of things is childish—simply childish; or perhaps I ought to say babyish. Why, even the children on the sea-shore know, when they make their little sand walls against the tide, how soon they must be swept away. But the difference is this, that they don’t live inside them, and they haven’t got all that belongs to them inside them. Nobody must suppose for a moment that a clergyman’s family would fail to know where to look for help and strength and support against all visita-



tions; but, in common with the laity, we ask for Billy Pitt."

"And in another fortnight you will have him," replied Captain Stubbard, who was dining there that day. "Allow me to tell you a little thing that happened to my very own self only yesterday. You know that I am one of the last people in the world to be accused of any—what's the proper word for it? Mrs. Stubbard, you know what I mean—Jemima, why the deuce don't you tell them?"

"Captain Stubbard always has more meaning than he can well put into words," said his wife; "his mind is too strong for any dictionary. Hallucination is the word he means."

"Exactly!" cried the Captain. "That expresses the whole of what I wanted to say, but went aside of it. I am one of the last men in the world to become the victim of any—there, I've lost it again! But never mind. You understand now; or if you don't, Mrs. Stubbard will repeat it. What I mean is that I see all things square, and straight, and with their own corners to them. Well, I know London pretty well; not, of course, as I know Portsmouth. Still, nobody need come along with me to go from Charing Cross to St. Paul's Church-yard; and pretty tight I keep all my hatches battened down, and a sharp pair of eyes in the crow's-nest—for to have them in the foretop won't do there. It was strictly on duty that I went up—the duty of getting a fresh stock of powder, for guns are not much good without it; and I had written three times, without answer or powder. But it seems that my letters were going the rounds, and would turn up somewhere, when our guns were stormed, without a bit of stuff to make answer."

"Ah, that's the way they do everything now!" interrupted Mr. Twemlow. "I thought you had been very quiet lately; but I did not know what a good reason you had. We might all have been shot, and you could not have fired a salute, to inform the neighbourhood!"

"Well, never mind," replied the Captain, calmly; "I am not complaining, for I never do so. Young men might; but not old hands, whose duty it is to keep their situation in life. Well, you must understand that the air of London always makes me hungry. There are so many thousands of people there that you can't name a time when there is nobody eating,

and this makes a man from the country long to help them. Anyhow, I smelled roast mutton at a place where a little side street comes up into the Strand; and although it was scarcely half past twelve, it reminded me of Mrs. Stubbard. So I called a halt, and stood to think upon a grating, and the scent became flavoured with baked potatoes. This is always more than I can resist, after all the heavy trials of a chequered life. So I pushed the door open, and saw a lot of little cabins, right and left of a fore and aft gangway, all rigged up alike for victualling. Jemima, I told you all about it. You describe it to the Rector and Mrs. Twemlow."

"Don't let us trouble Mrs. Stubbard," said the host; "I know the sort of thing exactly, though I don't go to that sort of place myself."

"No, of course you don't. And I was a little scared at first, for there was sawdust enough to soak up every drop of my blood, if they had pistolled me. Mrs. Twemlow, I beg you not to be alarmed. My wife has such nerves that I often forget that all ladies are not like her. Now don't contradict me, Mrs. Stubbard. Well, sir, I went to the end of this cockpit—if you like to call it so—and got into the starboard berth, and shouted for a ration of what I had smelled outside. And although it was far from being equal to its smell—as the character is of everything—you might have thought it uncommon good, if you had never tasted Mrs. Stubbard's cooking, after she had been to the butcher herself. Very well. I don't care for kickshaws, even if I could afford them, which has never yet been my destiny. So I called for another ration of hot sheep—beg your pardon, ladies, what I mean is mutton—and half a dozen more of baked potatoes; and they reminded me of being at home so much that I called for a pint of best pine-apple rum and a brace of lemons, to know where I was—to remind me that I wasn't where I couldn't get them."

"Oh, Adam!" cried Mrs. Stubbard, "what will you say next? Not on week-days, of course, but nearly every Sunday—and the samples of his powder in his pocket, Mr. Twemlow!"

"Jemima, you are spoiling my story altogether. Well, you must understand that this room was low, scarcely higher than the cabin of a fore-and-after, with no skylights to it, or wind-sail, or port-



hole that would open. And so, with the summer coming on, as it is now—though a precious long time about it—and the smell of the meat, and the thoughts of the grog, and the feeling of being at home again, what did I do but fall as fast asleep as the captain of the watch in a heavy gale of wind! My back was to the light, so far as there was any, and to make sure of the top of my head, I fetched down my hat—the soft-edged one, the same as you see me wear on fine Sundays.

“Well, I may have gone on in that way for an hour, not snoring, as Mrs. Stubbard calls it, but breathing to myself a little in my sleep, when I seemed to hear somebody calling me, not properly, but as people do in a dream—‘Stoobar—Stoobar—Stoobar,’ was the sound in my ears, like my conscience hauling me over the coals in bad English. This made me wake up, for I always have it out with that part of me when it mutinies; but I did not move more than to feel for my glass. And then I perceived that it was nothing more or less than a pair of Frenchmen talking about me in the berth next to mine, within the length of a marlin-spike from my blessed surviving ear.

“Some wiseacre says that listeners never hear good of themselves, and upon my word he was right enough this time, so far as I made out. The French language is beyond me, so far as speaking goes, for I never can lay hold of the word I want; but I can make out most of what those queer people say, from being a prisoner among them once, and twice in command of a prize crew over them. And the sound of my own name pricked me up to listen sharply with my one good ear. You must bear in mind, Rector, that I could not see them, and durst not get up to peep over the quarter-rail, for fear of scaring them. But I was wearing a short hanger, like a middy’s dirk—the one I always carry in the battery.”

“I made Adam promise, before he went to London,” Mrs. Stubbard explained to Mrs. Twemlow, “that he would never walk the streets without steel or fire-arms. Portsmouth is a very wicked place indeed, but a garden of Eden compared with London.”

“Well, sir,” continued Captain Stubbard, “the first thing I heard those Frenchmen say was: ‘Stoobar is a stupid beast, like the ox that takes the prize up here, except that he has no claim to good looks,

but the contrary—wholly the contrary.’ Mrs. Stubbard, I beg you to preserve your temper; you have heard others say it, and you should now despise such falsehoods. ‘But the ox has his horns, and Stoobar has none. For all his great guns there is not one little cup of powder.’ The villains laughed at this, as a very fine joke, and you may well suppose that I almost boiled over. ‘You have then the command of this beast Stoobar?’ the other fellow asked him, as if I were a jackass. ‘How then have you so very well obtained it?’ ‘In a manner the most simple. Our chief has him by the head and heels: by the head, by being over him; and by the heels, because nothing can come in the rear without his knowledge. Behold! you have all.’ ‘It is very good,’ the other villain answered; ‘but when is it to be, my most admirable Charron?—how much longer?—how many months?’ ‘Behold my fingers,’ said the one who had abused me; ‘I put these into those, and then you know. It would have been already, except for the business that you have been employed upon in this black hole. Hippolyte, you have done well, though crookedly; but all is straight for the native land. You have made this Government appear more treacherous in the eyes of France and Europe than our own is, and you have given a good jump to his instep for the saddle. But all this throws us back. ‘I am tired of tricks; I want fighting; though I find them quite a jolly people.’ ‘I don’t,’ said the other, who was clearly a low scoundrel, for his voice was enough to settle that; ‘I hate them; they are of thick head and thick hand, and would come in sabots to catch their enemy asleep. And now there is no chance to entangle any more. Their Government will be of the old brutal kind, hard knocks, and no stratagems. In less than a fortnight Pitt will be master again. I know it from the very best authority. You know what access I have.’ ‘Then that is past,’ the other fellow answered, who seemed to speak more like a gentleman, although he was the one that ran down me; ‘that is the Devil. They will have their wits again, and that very fat Stoobar will be supplied with powder. Hippolyte, it is a very grand joke. Within three miles of his head (which is empty, like his guns) we have nearly two hundred barrels of powder, which we fear to bring over in those flat-bottoms for fear



of a volley among them. Ha! ha! Stoo-bar is one fine fat ox!"

"This was all I heard, for they began to move, having had enough sugar and water, I suppose; and they sauntered away to pay their bill at the hatch put up at the doorway. It was hopeless to attempt to follow them; but although I am not so quick in stays as I was, I slewed myself round to have a squint at them. One was a slight little active chap, with dapper legs, and jerks like a Frenchman all over. I could pardon him for calling me a great fat ox, for want of a bit of flesh upon his own bones. But he knows more about me than I do of him, for I never clapped eyes on him before, to my knowledge. The other was better built, and of some substance, but a nasty, slouchy-looking sort of cur, with high fur collars and a long grey cloak. And that was the one called Hippolyte, who knows all about our Government. And just the sort of fellow who would do so in these days, when no honest man knows what they are up to."

"That is true," said the Rector—"too true by half. But honest men soon will have their turn, if that vile spy was well informed. The astonishing thing is that England ever puts up with such shameful anarchy. What has been done to defend us? Nothing, except your battery, without a pinch of powder! With Pitt at the helm, would that have happened? How could we have slept in our beds, if we had known it? Fourteen guns, and not a pinch of powder!"

"But you used to sleep well enough before a gun was put there." Mrs. Stubbard's right to spare nobody was well established by this time. "Better have the guns, though they could not be fired, than no guns at all, if they would frighten the enemy."

"That is true, ma'am," replied Mr. Twemlow; "but until the guns came, we had no sense of our danger. Having taught us that, they were bound to act up to their teaching. It is not for ourselves that I have any fear. We have long since learned to rest with perfect faith in the Hand that overruleth all. And more than that—if there should be a disturbance, my nephew and my godson Joshua has a house of fourteen rooms in a Wiltshire valley, quite out of the track of invaders. He would have to fight, for he is Captain in the Yeomanry; and we would

keep house for him till all was over. So that it is for my parish I fear, for my people, my schools, and my church, ma'am."

"Needn't be afraid, sir; no call to run away," cried the Captain of the battery, having now well manned his own port-holes with the Rector's sound wine; "we shall have our powder in to-morrow, and the French can't come to-night; there is too much moon. They never dare show their noses nor'ard of their sands, with the man in the moon—the John Bull in the moon—looking at them. And more than that, why, that cursed Boney—"

"Adam, in Mr. Twemlow's house! You must please to excuse him, all good people. He has sate such a long time, without saying what he likes."

"Jemima, I have used the right word. The parson will back me up in every letter of it, having said the same thing of him, last Sunday week. But I beg Mrs. Twemlow's pardon, if I said it loud enough to disturb her. Well, then, this blessed Boney, if you prefer it, is a deal too full of his own dirty tricks for mounting the throne of the King they murdered, to get into a flat-bottomed boat at Boulogne, and a long sight too jealous a villain he is, to let any one command instead of him. Why, the man who set foot upon our shore, and beat us—if such a thing can be supposed—would be ten times bigger than Boney in a month, and would sit upon his crown, if he gets one."

"Well, I don't believe they will ever come at all," the solid Mrs. Stubbard pronounced, with decision. "I believe it is all a sham, and what they want is to keep us from attacking them in France. However, it is a good thing on the whole, and enables poor Officers, who have fought well for their country, to keep out of the Workhouse with their families."

"Hearken, hearken to Mrs. Stubbard!" the veteran cried, as he patted his waistcoat—a better one than he could have worn, and a larger one than he could have wanted, except for the promised invasion. "I will back my wife against any lady in the land for common-sense, and for putting it plainly. I am not ashamed to say thank God for the existence of that blessed Boney. All I hope is that he will only try to land at Springhaven—I mean, of course, when I've got my powder."

"Keep it dry, Captain," said the Rector, in good spirits. "Your confidence





"HOW BEAUTIFUL SPRINGHAVEN MUST BE LOOKING NOW!"—[SEE PAGE 294.]

makes us feel comfortable; and of course you would draw all their fire from the village, and the houses standing near it, as this does. However, I pray earnestly every night that they may attempt it in

some other parish. But what was it you heard that Frenchman say about two or three hundred barrels of powder almost within three miles of us? Suppose it was to blow up, where should we be?"



"Oh, I don't believe a word of that. It must be brag and nonsense. To begin with, there is no place where they could store it. I know all the neighbourhood, and every house in it. And there are no caves on this coast in the cliff, or holes of that kind such as smugglers use. However, I shall think it my duty to get a search-order from Admiral Darling, and inspect large farm-buildings, such as Farmer Graves has got, and another man the other side of Pebbleridge. Those are the only places that could accommodate large stores of ammunition. Why, we can take only forty barrels in the fire-proof magazine we have built. We all know what liars those Frenchmen are. I have no more faith in the 200 barrels of powder than I have in the 2000 ships prepared on the opposite coast to demolish us."

"Well, I hope you are right," Mr. Twemlow answered. "It does seem a very unlikely tale. But the ladies are gone. Let us have a quiet pipe. A man who works as hard as you and I do is entitled to a little repose now and then."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### ANSWERING THE QUESTION.

IF Scudamore had not seen Dan Tugwell on board of the *London Trader*, and heard from his own lips that he was one of her crew, it is certain that he would have made a strict search of her hold, according to his orders in suspicious cases. And if he had done this, it is probable that he never would have set his nimble feet on deck again, for Perkins (the American who passed as Sam Polwhele) had a heavy ship-pistol in his great rough pocket, ready for the back of the young officer's head if he had probed below the cheeses and firkins of butter. Only two men had followed the lieutenant from their boat, the rest being needed for her safety in the strong sea running, and those two at the signal would have been flung overboard, and the schooner (put about for the mouth of the Canche, where heavy batteries were mounted) would have had a fair chance of escape, with a good start, while the gun-brig was picking up her boat. Unless, indeed, a shot from the *Delia* should carry away an important spar, which was not very likely at night, and with a quick surf to baffle gunnery.

However, none of these things came to pass, and so the chances require no measurement.

Carne landed his freight with his usual luck, and resolved very wisely to leave off that dangerous work until further urgency. He had now a very fine stock of military stores for the ruin of his native land, and especially of gunpowder, which the gallant Frenchmen were afraid of stowing largely in their flat-bottomed craft. And knowing that he owed his success to moderation, and the good-will of his neighbours towards evasion of the Revenue, he thought it much better to arrange his magazine than to add to it for a month or two.

Moreover, he was vexed at the neglect of his advice, on the part of his arrogant Commander, a man who was never known to take advice from any mind external to his own body, and not even from that clear power sometimes, when his passionate heart got the uppermost. Carne, though of infinitely smaller mind, had one great advantage—he seldom allowed it to be curdled or crossed in its clear operations by turbulent bodily elements. And now, when he heard from the light-hearted Charron, who had lately been at work in London, that the only man they feared was about to take the lead once more against the enemies of Great Britain, Caryl Carne grew bitter against his Chief, and began for the first time to doubt his success.

"I have a great mind to go to Mr. Pitt myself, tell him everything, and throw myself upon his generosity," he thought, as he sate among his ruins sadly. "I could not be brought to trial as a common traitor. Although by accident of birth I am an Englishman, I am a French officer, and within my duty in acting as a pioneer for the French army. But then, again, they would call me at the best a spy, and in that capacity outside the rules of war. It is a toss-up how they might take it, and the result would depend perhaps on popular clamour. The mighty Emperor has snubbed me. He is not a gentleman. He has not even invited me to Paris, to share in the festivities and honours he proclaims. I would risk it, for I believe it is the safer game, except for two obstacles, and both of those are women. Matters are growing very ticklish now. That old bat of a Stubbard has got scent of a rat, and is hunting about





"STOGBAR IS A STUPID BEAST."

the farm-houses. It would be bad for him if he came prowling here; that step for inspectors is well contrived. Twenty feet fall on his head for my friend; even his bull-neck would get the worst of that. And then, again, there is that wretch of a Cheeseman, who could not even hang himself effectually. If it were not for Polly, we would pretty soon enable him, as the Emperor enabled poor Pichegru. And after his own *bona fide* effort, who would be surprised to find him *sus. per coll.*? But Polly is a nice girl, though becoming too affectionate. And jealous—good lack! a grocer's daughter jealous, and a Carne compelled to humour her! What idiots women are in the hands of a strong man! Only my mother—my mother was not; or else my father was a weak one; which I can well believe from my own remembrance of him. Well, one point at least shall be settled to-morrow."

It was early in May, 1804, and Napoleon having made away to the best of his

ability—which in that way was pre-eminent—with all possible rivals and probable foes, was receiving addresses, and appointing dummies, and establishing foolscap guarantees against his poor fallible and flexible self—as he had the effrontery to call it—with all the gravity, grand benevolence, confidence in mankind (as fools), immensity of yearning for universal good, and intensity of planning for his own, which have hoodwinked the zanies in every age, and never more than in the present age and country. And if France licked the dust, she could plead more than we can—it had not been cast off from her enemy's shoes.

Carne's love of liberty, like that of most people who talk very largely about it, was about as deep as beauty is declared to be; or even less than that, for he would not have imperilled the gloss of his epiderm for the fair goddess. So that it irked him very little that his Chief had smashed up the Republic, but very greatly that his own hand should be out in the



cold, and have nothing put inside it to restore its circulation. "If I had stuck to my proper line of work, in the Artillery, which has made his fortune"—he could not help saying to himself sometimes—"instead of losing more than a year over here, and perhaps another year to follow, and all for the sake of these dirty old ruins, and my mother's revenge upon this country, I might have been a General by this time almost—for nothing depends upon age in France—and worthy to claim something lofty and grand, or else to be bought off at a truly high figure. The little gunner has made a great mistake if he thinks that his flat thumb of low breed can press me down shuddering, and starving, and crouching, just until it suits him to hold up a finger for me. My true course is now to consider myself, to watch events, and act accordingly. My honour is free to go either way, because he has not kept his word with me; he promised to act upon my advice, and to land within a twelvemonth."

There was some truth in this, for Napoleon had promised that his agent's perilous commission in England should be discharged within a twelvemonth, and that time had elapsed without any renewal. But Carne was clear-minded enough to know that he was bound in honour to give fair notice, before throwing up the engagement; and that even then it would be darkest dishonour to betray his confidence. He had his own sense of honour still, though warped by the underhand work he had stooped to; and even while he reasoned with himself so basely, he felt that he could not do the things he threatened.

To a resolute man it is a misery to waver, as even the most resolute must do sometimes; for instance, the mighty Napoleon himself. That great man felt the misery so keenly, and grew so angry with himself for letting in the mental pain, that he walked about vehemently, as a horse is walked when cold water upon a hot stomach has made colic—only there was nobody to hit him in the ribs, as the groom serves the nobler animal. Carne did not stride about in that style, to cast his wrath out of his toes, because his body never tingled with the sting-nettling of his mind—as it is bound to do with all correct Frenchmen—and his legs being long, he might have fallen down a hole into ancestral vaults before he knew what

he was up to. Being as he was, he sate still, and thought it out, and resolved to play his own game for a while, as his master was playing for himself in Paris.

The next day he reappeared at his seaside lodgings, looking as comely and stately as of old; and the kind Widow Shanks was so glad to see him that he felt a rare emotion—good-will towards her; as the hardest man must do sometimes, especially if others have been hard upon him. He even chucked little Susy under the chin, which amazed her so much that she stroked her face, to make sure of its being her own, and ran away to tell her mother that the gentleman was come home so nice. Then he ordered a special repast from John Prater's—for John, on the strength of all his winter dinners, had now painted on his sign-board "Universal Victualler," caring not a fig for the offence to Cheeseman, who never came now to have a glass with him, and had spoiled all the appetite inspired by his windows through the dismal suggestions of his rash act on the premises. Instead of flattening their noses and opening their mouths, and exclaiming, "Oh, shouldn't I like a bit of that?" the children, if they ventured to peep in at all, now did it with an anxious hope of horrors, and a stealthy glance between the hams and bacon for something that might be hanging up among the candles. And the worst of it was that the wisest man in the village had failed to ascertain as yet "the reason why 'a doed it." Until that was known, the most charitable neighbours could have no hope of forgiving him.

Miss Dolly Darling had not seen her hero of romance for a long time; but something told her—or perhaps somebody—that he was now at hand; and to make sure about it, she resolved to have a walk. Faith was very busy, as the lady of the house, in preparing for a visitor, the mother of Blyth Scudamore, whom she, with her usual kindness, intended to meet and bring back from the coach-road that evening; for no less than three coaches a day passed now within eight miles of Springhaven, and several of the natives had seen them. Dolly was not to go in the carriage, because nobody knew how many boxes the visitor might bring, inasmuch as she was to stop ever so long. "I am tired of all this fuss," cried Dolly; "one would think Queen Charlotte was coming, at the least; and I



dare say nearly all her luggage would go into the door-pocket. They are dreadfully poor; and it serves them right, for being so dreadfully honest."

"If you ever fall into poverty," said Faith, "it will not be from that cause. When you get your money, you don't pay your debts. You think that people should be proud to work for you for nothing. There is one house I am quite ashamed to pass by with you. How long have you owed poor Shoemaker Stickfast fifteen shillings and sixpence? And you take advantage of him, because he dare not send it in to father."

"Fashionable ladies never pay their debts," Dolly answered, as she spun round on one light heel, to float out a new petticoat that she was very proud of; "this isn't paid for, nor this, nor this; and you with your slow head have no idea how it adds to the interest they possess. If I am not allowed to have a bit of fashion in my dress, I can be in the fashion by not paying for it."

"It is a most happy thing for you, dear child, that you are kept under some little control. What you would do, I have not the least idea, if you were not afraid of dear father, as you are. The worst of it is that he is never here now for as much as two days together. And then he is so glad to see us that he cannot attend to our discipline or take notice of our dresses."



"SHE FELT THAT THE SPRING OF THE YEAR WAS WITH HER."

"Ha! you have inspired me!" exclaimed Dolly, who rejoiced in teasing Faith. "The suggestion is yours, and I will act upon it. From the village of Brighthelmstone, which is growing very fine, I will procure upon the strictest credit a new Classic dress, with all tackle complete—as dear father so well expresses it—and then I will promenade me on the beach, with Charles in best livery and a big stick behind me. How then will Springhaven rejoice, and every one that hath eyes clap a spy-glass to them! And what will old Twemlow say, and that frump of an Eliza,



who condescends to give me little hints sometimes about tightening up so, perhaps, and letting out so, and permitting a little air to come in *here*—"

"Do be off, you wicked little animal!" cried Faith, who in spite of herself could not help laughing, so well was Dolly mimicking Eliza Twemlow's voice, and manner, and attitude, and even her figure, less fitted by nature for the Classic attire; "you are wasting all my time, and doing worse with your own. Be off, or I'll take a stick to 'e, as old Daddy Stakes says to the boys."

Taking advantage of this state of things, the younger Miss Darling set forth by herself to dwell upon the beauty of the calm May sea, and her own pretty figure glassed in tidal pools. She knew that she would show to the utmost of her gifts, with her bright complexion softly gleaming in the sun, and dark gray eyes through their deep fringe receiving and returning tenfold the limpid glimmer of the shore. And she felt that the spring of the year was with her, the bound of old Time that renews his youth and powers of going at any pace; when the desire of the young is to ride him at full gallop, and the pleasure of the old is to stroke his nose and think.

Dolly, with everything in her favour, youth and beauty, the time of year, the time of day, and the power of the place, as well as her own wish to look lovely, and to be loved beyond reason, nevertheless came along very strictly, and kept herself most careful not to look about at all. At any rate, not towards the houses, where people live, and therefore must look out. At the breadth of sea, with distant ships jotted against the sky like chips, or dotted with boats like bits of stick; also at the playing of the little waves that ran at the bottom of the sands, just now, after one another with a lively turn, and then jostled into white confusion, like a flock of sheep huddled up and hurrying from a dog—at these and at the warm clouds loitering in the sun she might use her bright eyes without prejudice. But soon she had to turn them upon a nearer object.

"How absorbed we are in distant contemplation! A happy sign, I hope, in these turbulent times. Miss Darling, will you condescend to include me in your view?"

"I only understand simple English,"

answered Dolly. "Most of the other comes from France, perhaps. We believed that you were gone abroad again."

"I wish that the subject had more interest for you," Carne answered, with his keen eyes fixed on hers, in the manner that half angered and half conquered her. "My time is not like that of happy young ladies, with the world at their feet, and their chief business in it, to discover some new amusement."

"You are not at all polite. But you never were that, in spite of your French education."

"Ah, there it is again! You are so accustomed to the flattery of great people that a simple-minded person like myself has not the smallest chance of pleasing you. Ah, well! It is my fate, and I must yield to it."

"Not at all," replied Dolly, who could never see the beauty of that kind of resignation, even in the case of Dan Tugwell. "There is no such thing as fate for a strong-willed man, though there may be for poor women."

"May I tell you my ideas about that matter? If so, come and rest for a moment in a quiet little shelter where the wind is not so cold. For there is no such thing as Spring in England."

Dolly hesitated, and with the proverbial result. To prove himself more polite than she supposed, Caryl Carne, hat in hand and with low bows preserving a respectful distance, conducted her to a little place of shelter, so pretty and humble and secluded by its own want of art, and simplicity of skill, that she was equally pleased and surprised with it.

"Why, it is quite a little bower!" she exclaimed; "as pretty a little nest as any bird could wish for. And what a lovely view towards the west and beyond Pebble-ridge! One could sit here forever and see the sun set. But I must have passed it fifty times without the least suspicion of it. How on earth have you managed to conceal it so? That is to say, if it is your doing. Surely the children must have found it out, because they go everywhere."

"One brat did. But I gave him such a scare that he never stopped roaring till next Sunday, and it frightened all the rest from looking round that corner. If any other comes, I shall pitch-plaster him, for I could not endure that noise again. But you see, at a glance, why you have





"ALL THE GAFFERS WERE WAITING."—[SEE PAGE 292.]

failed to see it, as we always do with our little oversights, when humbly pointed out to us. It is the colour of the ground and the background too, and the grayness of the scanty growth that hides it. Nobody finds it out by walking across it, because of this swampy place on your side, and the shoot of flints down from the cliff on the other, all sharp as a knife, and as rough as a saw. And nobody comes down to this end of the warren, neither is it seen from the battery on the hill. Only from the back is it likely to be invaded, and there is nothing to make people look, or come, up here. So you have me altogether at your mercy, Miss Darling."

Dolly thought within herself that it was much the other way, but could not well express her thoughts to that effect. And being of a brisk and versatile—not to say volatile—order, she went astray into a course of wonder concerning the pretty little structure she beheld. Structure was not the proper word for it at all; for it seemed to have grown from the nature around, with a little aid of human hands to guide it. Branches of sea-willow radiant with spring, and supple sprays of tamarisk recovering from the winter, were lightly inwoven and arched together, with the soft compliance of reed and rush from the marsh close by, and the stout assistance of hazel rods from the westward cliff.

The back was afforded by a grassy hillock, with a tuft or two of brake-fern throwing up their bronzy crockets among the sprayed russet of last year's pride. And beneath them a ledge of firm turf afforded as fair a seat as even two sweet lovers need desire.

"How clever he is, and how full of fine taste!" thought the simple-minded Dolly; "and all this time I have been taking him for a gloomy, hard-hearted, unnatural man. Blyth Scudamore never could have made this lovely bower."

In this conclusion she was altogether wrong. Scudamore could have made it, and would have made it gladly, with bright love to help him. But Carne never could, and would have scorned the pleasant task. It was Charron, the lively Frenchman, who, with the aid of old Jerry, had achieved this pretty feat, working to relieve his dull detention, with a Frenchman's playful industry and tasteful joy in nature. But Carne was not likely to forego this credit.

"I think I have done it pretty well," he said, in reply to her smile of admiration; "with such scanty materials, I mean, of course. And I shall think I have done it very well indeed, if you say that you like it, and crown it with new glory by sitting for a moment in its unpretentious shade. If your brother comes





"MAKE FOR DAYLIGHT IN CLOSE ORDER."—[SEE PAGE 300.]

down, as I hope he will, next week, I shall beg him to come and write a poem here. The place is fitter for a poet than a prosy vagabond like me."

"It is very hard that you should be a—a wanderer, I mean," Dolly answered, looking at him with a sweet thrill of pity; "you have done nothing to deserve it. How unfairly fortune has always treated you!"

"Fortune could make me a thousand times more than the just compensation even now, if she would. Such a glorious return for all my bitter losses and out-cast condition, that I should—but it is useless to think of such things, in my low state. The fates have been hard with me, but never shall they boast that they drove me from my pure sense of honour. Oh yes, it is damp. But let me cure it thus."

For Dolly, growing anxious about his

meaning, yet ready to think about another proposal, was desirous to sit down on the sweet ledge of grass, yet uneasy about her pale blue sarsenet, and uncertain that she had not seen something of a little sea-snail (living in a yellow house, daddoed with red), whom to crush would be a cruel act to her dainty fabric. But if he was there, he was sat upon unavenged; for Carne, pulling off his light buff cloak, flung it on the seat; after which the young lady could scarcely be rude enough not to sit.

"Oh, I am so sorry now! Perhaps it will be spoiled," she said; "for you say that the fates are against you always. And I am sure that they always combine against me, when I wear anything of that colour."

"I am going the wrong way to work," thought Carne. "What a little vixen it is; but what a beauty!" For his love for



her was chiefly a man's admiration. And bodily she looked worthy now of all that could be done in that way, with the light flowing in through the budded arch and flashing upon the sweet flush of her cheeks. Carne gazed at her without a word or thought, simply admiring, as he never had admired anything, except himself, till now. Then she felt all the meaning of his gaze, and turned away.

"But you must look at me and tell me something," he said, in a low voice, and taking both her hands; "you shall tell me what my fate must be. Whether you can ever come to love me, as I have loved you, long and long."

"You have no right to speak to me like that," she answered, still avoiding his eyes, and striving to show proper anger; "no gentleman would think of taking advantage of a lady so."

"I care not what is right or wrong. Look up, and tell me that you hate me. Dolly, I suppose you do."

"Then you are quite wrong"—she gave him one bright glance of contradiction; "no, I have always been so sorry for you, and for all your troubles. You must not ask me to say more."

"But I must; I must. That is the very thing that I must do. Only say that you love me, Dolly. Dolly darling, tell me that. Or let your lovely eyes say it for you."

"My lovely eyes must not tell stories"—they were gazing softly at him now—"and I don't think I can say it—yet."

"But you will—you shall!" he exclaimed, with passion growing as he drew her near; "you shall not slip from me, you shall not stir, until you have answered me one question—is there anybody else, my Dolly?"

"You frighten me. You forget who I am. Of course there are a great many else, as you call it; and I am not to be called, for a moment, *your Dolly*."

"No, not for a moment, but forever." Carne was accustomed to the ways of girls, and read all their words by the light of their eyes. "Your little heart begins to know who loves it better than all the world put together. And for that reason I will leave you now. Farewell, my darling; I conquer myself, for the sake of what is worth a thousand of it."

Dolly was in very sad confusion, and scarcely knew what she might do next—that is to say, if he still went on. Plea-

sant conceit and bright coquetry ill supply the place of honest pride and gentle self-respect, such as Faith was blest with. Carne might have kissed Dolly a hundred times, without much resistance, for his stronger will had mastered hers; but she would have hated him afterwards. He did not kiss her once; and she almost wished that he had offered one—one little tribute of affection (as the Valentines express it)—as soon as he was gone, and the crisis of not knowing what to do was past. "I should have let him—I believe I should," she reflected, sagely recovering herself; "but how glad I ought to be that he didn't! And I do hope he won't come back again. The next time I meet him, I shall sink into the earth."

For her hat had fallen off, and her hair was out of order, and she saw two crinkles near the buckle of her waist; and she had not so much as a looking-glass to be sure that she looked nice again. With a heavy sigh for all these woes, she gathered a flossy bud of willow, and fixed it on her breast-knot, to defy the world; and then, without heed of the sea, sun, or sands, went home with short breath, and quick blushes, and some wonder; for no man's arm, except her father's, had ever been round her waist till now.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### LITTLE AND GREAT PEOPLE.

IF ever a wise man departed from wisdom, or a sober place from sobriety, the man was John Prater, and the place Springhaven, towards the middle of June, 1804. There had been some sharp rumours of great things before; but the best people, having been misled so often, shook their heads without produce of their contents; until Captain Stubbard came out in his shirt sleeves one bright summer morning at half past nine, with a large printed paper in one hand and a slop-basin full of hot paste in the other. His second boy, George, in the absence of Bob (who was now drawing rations at Woolwich), followed, with a green baize apron on, and carrying a hearth-brush tied round with a string to keep the hair stiff.

"Lay it on thick on the shutter, my son. Never mind about any other notices, except the one about young men wanted. No hurry; keep your elbow



up; only don't dab my breeches, nor the shirt you had on Sunday."

By this time there were half a dozen people waiting; for this shutter of Widow Shanks was now accepted as the central board and official panel of all public business and authorised intelligence. Not only because all Royal Proclamations, Offers of reward, and Issues of menace were posted on that shutter and the one beyond the window (which served as a postscript and glossary to it), but also inasmuch as the kind-hearted Captain, beginning now to understand the natives—which was not to be done pugnaciously, as he had first attempted it, neither by any show of interest in them (than which they detested nothing more), but by taking them coolly, as they took themselves, and gradually sliding, without any thought about it, into the wholesome contagion of their minds, and the divine gift of taking things easily—our Captain Stubbard may be fairly now declared to have made himself almost as good as a native, by the way in which he ministered to their content.

For nothing delighted them more than to hear of great wonders going on in other places—of battles, plague, pestilence, famine, and fire; of people whose wives ran away with other people, or highwaymen stopping the coach of a bishop. Being full of good-nature, they enjoyed these things, because of the fine sympathies called out to their own credit, and the sense of pious gratitude aroused towards Heaven, that they never permitted such things among them. Perceiving this genial desire of theirs, the stout Captain of the Foxhill battery was kind enough to meet it with worthy subjects. Receiving officially a London newspaper almost every other day, as soon as it had trodden the round of his friends, his regular practice was to cut out all the pieces of lofty public interest—the first-rate murders, the exploits of highwaymen, the episodes of high life, the gallant executions, the embezzlements of demagogues, in a word, whatever quiet people find a fond delight in ruminating—and these he pasted (sometimes upside down) upon his shutter. Springhaven had a good deal of education, and enjoyed most of all what was hardest to read.

But this great piece of news, that should smother all the rest, seemed now to take a terrible time in coming. All the gaffers

were waiting who had waited to see the result of Mr. Cheeseman's suicide, and their patience was less on this occasion. At length the great Captain unfolded his broad-sheet, but even then held it upside down for a minute. It was below their dignity to do anything but grunt, put their specs on their noses, and lean chin upon staff. They deserved to be rewarded, and so they were.

For this grand poster, which overlapped the shutters, was a Royal Proclamation, all printed in red ink, announcing that His Majesty King George the 3rd would on the 25th of June then ensuing hold a grand review upon Shotbury Down of all the Volunteer forces and Reserve, mounted, footmen, or artillery, of the four counties forming the Southeast Division, to wit, Surrey, Kent, Sussex, and Hants. Certain regiments of the line would be appointed to act with them; and officers in command were ordered to report at once, &c., &c. God save the King.

If Shotbury Down had been ten miles off, Springhaven would have thought very little of the matter; for no one would walk ten miles inland to see all the sojers that ever were shot, or even the "King and Queen, and their fifteen little ones." Most of the little ones were very large now; but the village had seen them in a travelling show, and expected them to continue like it. But Shotbury Down was only three miles inland; and the people (who thought nothing of twenty miles along the coast) resolved to face a league of perils of the solid earth, because if they only turned round upon their trudge, they could see where they lived from every corner of the road. They always did all things with one accord; the fishing fleet all should stand still on the sand, and the houses should have to keep house for themselves. That is to say, perhaps, all except one.

"Do as you like," said Mrs. Tugwell to her husband; "nothing as you do makes much differ to me now. If you feel you can be happy with them thousands of young men, and me without one left fit to lift a big crock, go your way, Zeb; but you don't catch me going, with the tears coming into my eyes every time I see a young man to remind me of Dan—though there won't be one there fit to stand at his side. And him perhaps fighting against his own King now!"

"Whatever hath coom to Dannel is all



along of your own fault, I tell 'e." Captain Tugwell had scarcely enjoyed a long pipe since the night when he discharged his paternal duty, with so much vigour, and such sad results. Not that he felt any qualms of conscience, though his heart was sometimes heavy, but because his good wife was a good wife no longer, in the important sphere of the pan, pot, and kettle, or even in listening to his adventures with the proper exclamations in the proper places. And not only she, but all his children, from Timothy down to Solomon, instead of a pleasant chatter around him, and little attentions, and a smile to catch a smile, seemed now to shrink from him, and hold whispers in a corner, and watch him with timid eyes, and wonder how soon their own time would come to be lashed and turned away. And as for the women, whether up or down the road—but as he would not admit, even to himself, that he cared twopence what they thought, it is useless to give voice to their opinions, which they did quite sufficiently. Zebedee Tugwell felt sure that he had done the right thing, and therefore admired himself, but would have enjoyed himself more if he had done the wrong one.

"What fault of mine, or of his, poor lamb?" Mrs. Tugwell asked, with some irony. She knew that her husband could never dare to go to see the King without her—for no married man in the place would venture to look at him twice if he did such a thing—and she had made up her own mind to go from the first; but still, he should humble himself before she did it. "Was it I as colted him? Or was it him as gashed himself, like the prophets of Baal, when 'a was gone hunting?"

"No; but you cockered him up, the same as was done to they, by the wicked king, and his wife—the worst woman as ever lived. If they hadn't gashed themselves, I reckon, the true man of God would 'a done it for them, the same as he cut their throats into the brook Kishon. Solomon was the wisest man as ever lived, and Job the most patient—the same as I be—and Elijah, the Tishbite, the most justest."

"You better finish up with all the Psalms of David, and the Holy Children, and the Burial Service. No more call for Parson Twemlow, or the new Churchwarden come in place of Cheeseman, be-

cause 'a tried to hang his self. Zebedee Tugwell in the pulpit! Zebedee, come round with the plate! Parson Tugwell, if you please, a-reading out the ten commandments! But 'un ought to leave out the sixth, for fear of spoiling 's own dinner afterwards; and the seventh, if 'a hopes to go to see King George the third, with another man's woman to his elbow!"

"When you begins to go on like that," Captain Tugwell replied, with some dignity, "the only thing as a quiet man can do is to go out of houze, and have a half-pint of small ale." He put his hat on his head and went to do it.

Notwithstanding all this and much more, when the great day came for the Grand Review, very few people saw more of the King, or entered more kindly into all his thoughts—or rather the thoughts that they made him think—than Zebedee Tugwell and his wife Kezia. The place being so near home, and the smoke of their own chimneys and masts of their smack as good as in sight—if you knew where to look—it was natural for them to regard the King as a stranger requiring to be taught about their place. This sense of proprietary right is strong in dogs and birds and cows and rabbits, and everything that acts by nature's laws. When a dog sits in front of his kennel, fast chained, every stranger dog that comes in at the gate confesses that the premises are his, and all the treasures they contain; and if he hunts about—which he is like enough to do, unless full of self-respect and fresh victuals—for any bones invested in the earth to ripen, by the vested owner, he does it with a low tail and many pricks of conscience, perhaps hoping in his heart that he may discover nothing to tempt him into breach of self-respect. But now men are ordered, in this matter, to be of lower principle than their dogs.

King George the third, who hated pomp and show, and had in his blood the old German sense of patriarchal kingship, would have enjoyed a good talk with Zebedee and his wife Kezia, if he had met them on the downs alone; but, alas, he was surrounded with great people, and obliged to restrict himself to the upper order, with whom he had less sympathy. Zebedee, perceiving this, made all allowance for him, and bought a new Sunday hat the very next day, for fear of wearing out the one he had taken off to His Majesty, when



His Majesty looked at him, and Her Majesty as well, and they manifestly said to one another, what a very fine subject they had found. Such was loyalty—aye, and royalty—in those times that we despise.

But larger events demand our heed. There were forty thousand gallant fellows, from the age of fifteen upwards, doing their best to look like soldiers, and some almost succeeding. True it is that their legs and arms were not all of one pattern, nor their hats put on their heads alike—any more than the heads on their shoulders were—neither did they swing together, as they would have done to a good swathe of grass; but for all that, and making due allowance for the necessity they were under of staring incessantly at the King, any man who understood them would have praised them wonderfully. And they went about in such wide formation, and occupied so much of their native land, that the best-drilled regiment Napoleon possessed would have looked quite small among them.

"They understand furze," said a fine young officer of the staff, who had ridden up to Admiral Darling's carriage and saluted three ladies who kept watch there. "I doubt whether many of the Regular forces would have got through that brake half so well; certainly not without double gaiters. If the French ever land, we must endeavour to draw them into furzy ground, and then set the Volunteers at them. No Frenchman can do much with prickles in his legs."

Lady Scudamore smiled, for she was thinking of her son, who would have jumped over any furze-bush there—and the fir-trees too, according to her conviction; Dolly also showed her very beautiful teeth; but Faith looked at him gratefully.

"It is very kind of you, Lord Dashville, to say the best of us that you can find to say. But I fear that you are laughing to yourself. You know how well they mean; but you think they cannot do much."

"No, that is not what I think at all. So far as I can judge, which is not much, I believe that they would be of the greatest service, if the Country should unfortunately need them. Man for man, they are as brave as trained troops, and many of them can shoot better. I don't mean to say that they are fit to meet a French army in the open; but for acting on their flanks, or rear, or in a wooded country—

However, I have no right to venture an opinion, having never seen active service."

Miss Darling looked at him with some surprise, and much approval of his modesty. So strongly did most of the young officers who came to her father's house lay down the law, and criticise even Napoleon's tactics.

"How beautiful Springhaven must be looking now!" he said, after Dolly had offered her opinion, which she seldom long withheld. "The cottages must be quite covered with roses, whenever they are not too near the sea; and the trees at their best, full of leaves and blossoms, by the side of the brook that feeds them. All the rest of the coast is so hard and barren, and covered with chalk instead of grass, and the shore so straight and staring. But I have never been there at this time of year. How much you must enjoy it! Surely we ought to be able to see it, from this high ground somewhere."

"Yes, if you will ride to that shattered tree," said Faith, "you will have a very fine view of all the valley. You can see round the corner of Foxhill there, which shuts out most of it just here. I think you have met our Captain Stubbard."

"Ah, I must not go now; I may be wanted at any moment"—Lord Dashville had very fine taste, but it was not the inanimate beauties of Springhaven that he cared a dash for—"and I fear that I could never see the roses there. I think there is nothing in all nature to compare with a rose—except one thing."

Faith had a lovely moss-rose in her hat—a rose just peeping through its lattice at mankind, before it should open and blush at them—and she knew what it was that he admired more than the sweetest rose that ever gemmed itself with dew. Lord Dashville had loved her, as she was frightened to remember, for more than a year, because he could not help it, being a young man of great common-sense, as well as fine taste, and some knowledge of the world. "He knows to which side his bread will be buttered," Mr. Swipes had remarked, as a keen observer. "If 'a can only get Miss Faith, his bread 'll be buttered to both sides for life—his self to one side, and her to do the tother. The same as I told Mother Cloam—a man that knoweth his duty to head gardeners, as his noble lordship doth, the same know the differ atwixt Miss Faith—as fine a young 'ooman as ever looked into a pink



—and that blow-away froth of a thing, Miss Dolly.”

This fine young woman, to use the words of Mr. Swipes, coloured softly, at his noble lordship's gaze, to the tint of the rose-bud in her hat; and then spoke coldly to countervail her blush.

“There is evidently something to be done directly. All the people are moving towards the middle of the down. We must not be so selfish as to keep you here, Lord Dashville.”

“Why, don't you see what it is?” exclaimed Miss Dolly, hotly resenting the part of second fiddle; “they are going to have the grand march-past. These affairs always conclude with that. And we are in the worst part of the whole down for seeing it. Lord Dashville will tell us where we ought to go.”

“You had better not attempt to move now,” he answered, smiling as he always smiled at Dolly, as if she were a charming but impatient child; “you might cause some confusion, and perhaps see nothing. And now I must discharge my commission, which I am quite ashamed of having left so long. His Majesty hopes, when the march-past is over, to receive a march-up of fair ladies. He has a most wonderful memory, as you know, and his nature is the kindest of the kind. As soon as he heard that Lady Scudamore was here, and Admiral Darling's daughters with her, he said: ‘Bring them all to me, every-one of them; young Scudamore has done good work, good work. And I want to congratulate his mother about him. And Darling's daughters, I must see them. Why, we owe the security of the coast to him.’ And so, if you please, ladies, be quite ready, and allow me the honour of conducting you.”

With a low bow, he set off about his business, leaving the ladies in a state of sweet disturbance. Blyth Scudamore's mother wept a little, for ancient troubles and present pleasure. Lord Dashville could not repeat before her all that the blunt old King had said: “Monstrous ill-treated woman, shameful, left without a penny, after all her poor husband did for me and the children! Not my fault a bit—fault of the Whigs—always stingy—said he made away with himself—bad example—don't believe a word of it; very cheerful man. Blown by now, at any rate—must see what can be done for her—obliged to go for governess—disgrace to the Crown!”

Faith, with her quiet self-respect, and the largeness learned from sorrow, was almost capable of not weeping that she had left at home her apple-green Poland mantlet and jockey bonnet of lilac satin checked with maroon. But Dolly had no such weight of by-gone sorrow to balance her present woe, and the things she had left at home were infinitely brighter than that dowdy Faith's.

“Is there time to drive back? Is there time to drive home? The King knows father, and he will be astonished to see a pair of frumps, and he won't understand one bit about the dust, or the sun that takes the colour out. He will think we have got all our best things on. Oh, Lady Scudamore, how could you do it? You told us to put on quite plain things, because of the dust, and the sun, and all that; and it might come to rain, you said—as if it was likely, when the King was on the hill! And with all your experience of the King and Queen, that you told us about last evening, you must have known that they would send for us. Gregory, how long would it take you to go home, at full gallop, allow us half an hour in the house, and be back here again, when all these people are gone by?”

“Well, miss, there be a steepish bit of road, and a many ockard cornders; I should say 'a might do it in two hours and a half, with a fresh pair of nags put in while you ladies be a-cleaning of yourselves, miss. Leastways, if Hadmiral not object.”

“Hadmiral, as you call him, would have nothing to do with it”—Dolly was always free-spoken with the servants, which made her very popular with some of them—“he has heavier duty than he can discharge. But two hours and a half is hopeless; we must even go as we are.”

Coachman Gregory smiled in his sleeve. He knew that the Admiral had that day a duty far beyond his powers—to bring up his Sea-Fencibles to see the King—upon which they had insisted—and then to fetch them all back again, and send them on board of their several craft in a state of strict sobriety. And Gregory meant to bear a hand, and lift it pretty frequently towards the most loyal part of man, in the large festivities of that night. He smacked his lips at the thought of this, and gave a little flick to his horses.

After a long time, long enough for two fair drives to Springhaven and back, and



when even the youngest were growing weary of glare, and dust, and clank, and din, and blare, and roar, and screeching music, Lord Dashville rode up through a cloud of roving chalk, and after a little talk with the ladies, ordered the coachman to follow him. Then stopping the carriage at a proper distance, he led the three ladies towards the King, who was thoroughly tired, and had forgotten all about them. His Majesty's sole desire was to get into his carriage and go to sleep; for he was threescore years and six of age, and his health not such as it used to be. Ever since twelve o'clock he had been sitting in a box made of feather-edged boards, which the newspapers called a pavilion, having two little curtains (both of which stuck fast) for his only defence against sun, noise, and dust. Moreover, his seat was a board full of knots, with a strip of thin velvet thrown over it; and Her Majesty sitting towards the other end (that the public might see between them), and weighing more than he did, every time she jumped up, he went down, and every time she plumped down, he went up. But he never complained, and only slowly got tired. "Thank God!" he said, gently, "it's all over now. My dear, you must be monstrous tired; and scarcely a bit to eat all day. But I locked some in the seat-box this morning—no trusting anybody but oneself. Let us get into the coach and have at them." "Ja, ja, mein herr," said the Queen.

"If it please your Majesties"—a clear voice entered between the bonnet-hoods of the curtains—"here are the ladies whose attendance I was ordered to require."

"Ladies!—what ladies?" asked King George, rubbing his eyes, and yawning. "Oh yes, to be sure! I mustn't get up so early to-morrow. Won't take a minute, my dear. Let them come. Not much time to spare."

But as soon as he saw Lady Scudamore, the King's good-nature overcame the weariness of the moment. He took her kindly by the hand, and looked at her face, which bore the mark of many heavy trials; and she, who had often seen him when the world was bright before her, could not smother one low sob, as she thought of all that had been since.

"Don't cry, don't cry, my dear," said the King, with his kind heart showing in his eyes; "we must bow to the will of the Lord, who gives sad trials to every one

of us. We must think of the good, and not the evil. Bless me, keep your spirits up. Your son is doing very well indeed, very well indeed, from all I hear. Good chip of the old block, very good chip. Will cure my grandchildren, as soon as they want it; and nobody is ever in good health now."

"No, your Majesty, if you please, my son is in the Royal Navy, fighting for his Country and his King. And he has already captured—"

"Three French frigates. To be sure, I know. Better than curing three hundred people. Fine young officer—very fine young officer. Must come to see me when he gets older. There, you are laughing! That's as it should be. Good-bye, young ladies. Forty miles to go to-night, and very rough roads—very rough indeed. Monstrous pretty girls! Uncommon glad that George wasn't here to see them. Better stay in the country—too good for London. Must be off; sha'n't have a bit o' sleep to-night, because of sleeping the whole way there, and then sure to be late in the morning, not a bit of breakfast till eight o'clock, and all the day thrown upside down! Darlings, Darlings—the right name for them! But they mustn't come to London. No, no, no. Too much wickedness there already. Very glad George wasn't here to-day!"

His Majesty was talking, as he always did, with the firm conviction that his words intended for the public ear would reach it, while those addressed, without change of tone, to himself, would be strictly private. But instead of offending any one, this on the whole gave great satisfaction, and impressed nine people out of ten with a strong and special regard for him, because almost every one supposed himself to be admitted at first sight to the inner confidence of the King. And to what could he attribute this? He would do his own merits great demerit unless he attributed it to them, and to the King an unusual share of sagacity in perceiving them.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THAT grand review at Shotbury was declared by all who took part in it, or at all understood the subject, to have been a most remarkable and quite unparalleled success. Not only did it show what no-



ble stuff there is in Englishmen, and how naturally they take to arms, but also it inspired with martial feeling and happy faith the wives and mothers of all the gallant warriors there. It would make the blood-stained despot cower upon his throne of murder, and teach him the madness of invading any land so fortified.

However, Napoleon failed to see the matter in that wholesome light, and smiled a grim and unkind smile as he read Caryl Carne's report of those "left-handed and uncouth manœuvres." "One of your Majesty's feeblest regiments would send the whole of those louts to the devil; and I am bound to impress once more, with all deference to your infallible judgment, the vast importance of carrying out your grand designs at the first moment. All is prepared on my part. One day's notice is all I need."

So wrote Carne; and perhaps the truth, as usual, lay about half-way between the two opinions. Even Carne was not admitted to a perfect knowledge of his master's schemes. But to keep things moving and men alert, the Emperor came to the coast at once, busy as he was in Paris, and occupied for several weeks, with short intervals of absence, the house prepared for him near Boulogne, whence he watched and quickened the ripening of his mighty plans against us.

Now Carne himself, while working with new vigour and fresh enterprise, had a narrow escape from invasion. Captain Stubbard, stirred up now and again by Mr. Twemlow, had thoroughly searched all covered places, likely to harbour gunpowder, within at least six miles of his fort, that is to say, all likely places, save and except the right one. By doing this he had done for himself—as regards sweet hospitality—among all the leading farmers, maltsters, tanners, and millers for miles around. Even those whose premises were not entered, as if they had been Frenchmen, had a brother-in-law, or at least a cousin, whose wooden bars had been knocked up. And the most atrocious thing of all, if there could be anything worse than worst, was that the Captain dined one day, at a market-ordinary, with Farmer, or you might say Squire Hanger—for the best part of his land followed to him from his father—and had rum and water with him, and spoke his health, and tucked Mrs. Hanger up into the shay, and rode alongside to guarantee

them; and then the next day, on the very same horse, up he comes at Hanger-dene, and overhauls every tub on the premises, with a parchment as big as a malt-shovel! Such a man was not fit to lay a knife and fork by.

Some sense of the harm he had done to himself, without a bit of good to any one, dwelt heavily in the Captain's mind, as he rode up slowly upon the most amiable of the battery-horses—for all sailors can ride, from long practice on the waves—and struck a stern stroke, with a stick like a linstock, upon the old shutter that served for a door and the front entrance to Carne Castle. There used to be a fine old piece of workmanship in solid and bold oak here, a door divided in the middle—else no man might swing it back—and even so pierced with a wicket, for small people to get through. That mighty door was not worn out, for it was not three hundred years old yet, and therefore scarcely in middle life; but the mortgagees who had sacked the place of all that was worth a sack to hold it, these had a very fine offer for that door, from a rich man come out of a dust-bin. And this was one of the many little things that made Caryl Carne unpleasant.

"I do not require production of your warrant. The whole place is open to your inspection," said Carne, who had long been prepared for this visit; "open to all the winds and rains, and the lower part sometimes filled with water. The upper rooms, or rather the few that remain of them, are scarcely safe for a person of any weight to walk in, but you are most welcome to try them, if you like; and this gentleman, I think, might not fall through. Here are my quarters; not quite so snug as my little room at the widow's; but I can offer you some bread and cheese, and a glass of country cider. The vaults or cellars have held good wine in their time, but only empty casks and broken bottles now."

Captain Stubbard had known for many years the silent woes of poverty, and now he observed with some good-will the young man's sad but haughty smile. Then he ordered his young subaltern, his battery-mate, as he called him, to ascend the broad crumbling staircase, and glance into the dismantled chambers, while himself with the third of the party—a trusty old gunner—should inspect the cellarage.



"We will not keep you long, sir," he said to Carne; "and if you are kind enough to show us the way, which is easily lost in a place of this kind, we shall be all the quicker. Wilkins, when you have done up there, wait here for us. Shall we want a light, sir?"

"In the winter, you could hardly do without one, but at this time of year, I think you may. At any rate I will bring a lantern, and we can light it if wanted. But the truth is that I know next to nothing of those sepulchral places. They would not be very tempting, even without a ghost, which they are said to have."

"A ghost!" cried the Captain; "I don't like that. Not that I have much faith in them; although one never can be sure. But at this time of day—What is it like?"

"I have never seen her, and am quite content without it. It is said to be an ancestress of mine, a Lady Cordelia Carne, who was murdered, when her husband was away, and buried down there, after being thrown into the moat. The old people say that whenever her ghost is walking, the water of the moat bursts in and covers the floor of the vaults, that she may flit along it, as she used to do. But of course one must not listen to that sort of fable."

"Perhaps you will go in front, sir, because you know the way. It is my duty to inspect these places; and I am devilish sorry for it; but my duty must be done."

"You shall see every hole and corner, including the stone that was put up to commemorate her murder and keep her quiet. But I should explain that these vaults extend for the entire length of the building, except just in the middle, where we now stand. For a few yards the centre of the building seems to have never been excavated, as to which you will convince yourself. You may call the cellars east and west, or right and left, or north and south, or uphill and downhill, or anything else, for really they are so much alike, and partitioned into cells so much alike, that I scarcely know which is which myself, coming suddenly from the daylight. But you understand those things much better. A sailor always knows his bearings. This leads to the entrance of one set."

Carne led the Captain and old Gunner Bob—as he was called in the battery—along a dark and narrow passage, whose mouth was browed with ivy. Half-way

through, they found an archway on the right-hand side, opening at right angles into long and badly lighted vaults. In this arch there was no door; but a black step-ladder (made of oak, no doubt), very steep and rather rickety, was planted to tempt any venturesome foot.

"Are you sure this ladder is safe?"—the Captain was by no means in love with the look of it. "My weight has increased remarkably in the fine air of Springhaven. If the bottom is rotten, the top won't help us."

"Let me go first. It is my duty, as the owner; and I have no family dependent on me. My neck is of no value, compared to yours, Captain."

"How I have mistaken this young man!" thought the brave yet prudent Stubbard. "I called him a Frenchified fool, whereas he is a downright Englishman! I shall ask him to dinner next week, if Jemima can get a new leg for the dripping-pan."

Following warily, with Gunner Bob behind him, and not disdaining the strong arm of the owner, the Captain of Foxhill was landed in the vault, and being there, made a strict examination. He even poked his short sword into the bung-holes of three or four empty barrels, that Bob might be satisfied also in his conscience. "Matter of form," he said, "matter of form, sir, when we know who people are; but you might have to do it yourself, sir, if you were in the service of your King. You ought to be that, Mr. Carne; and it is not too late, in such days as these are, to begin. Take my advice—such a fine young man!"

"Alas, my dear sir, I cannot afford it. What officer can live upon his pay for a generation?"

"Gospel truth!" cried the Captain, warmly; "Gospel truth! and more than that—he must be the last of his generation, or else send his young 'uns to the workhouse. What things I could tell you, Mr. Carne! But here we are at the end of the vaults; all empty, as I can certify; and I hope, my dear sir, that you may live to see them filled with good wine, as they used to be."

"Thank you, but there is no hope of that. Shall we take the vaults of the other end next, or examine the chapel, and the outer buildings—outer ruins, I should say?"

"Oh, a little open air first, for goodness sake!" said the Captain, going heavily up



the old steps; "I am pretty nearly choked with all this mildew. A little fresh air, before we undertake the other lot."

As soon as the echo of their steps was dead, Charron, old Jerry, and another man jumped down from a loop-hole into the vault they had left, piled up a hoarding at the entrance, and with a crowbar swung back a heavy oak hatch in the footings of the outer wall. A volume of water poured in from the moat, or rather from the stream which had once supplied it. Seeing this, they disappeared with a soft and pleasant chuckle.

The owner kept Stubbard such a time among the ruins, telling him some fine old legends, and otherwise leading him in and out, that when a bit of food and a glass of old Cognac was proposed by way of interlude, the Captain heartily embraced the offer. Then Carne conducted his three visitors, for Wilkins had now rejoined them, into a low room poorly furnished, and regaled them beyond his promise. "Rare stuff!" exclaimed Stubbard, with a wink at Carne. "Ah, I see that free-trade still exists. No concern of mine, except to enjoy its benefits. Here's to your very good health, sir, and I am proud to have made your acquaintance."

"Have another drop; it can hurt no one," Carne declared, and the Captain acquiesced.

"Well, I suppose we must finish our job," the official visitor at length pronounced; "a matter of form, sir, and no offence; but we are bound to carry out our duty. There is nothing left, except the other lot of vaults; but the light begins to fail us, for underground work. I hope they are not so dark as those we have been through."

"Just about the same. You would hardly know one set from the other, as I told you, except for the stone that records the murder. Perhaps we had better light the lantern now?"

"By all means. I don't half like that story of the lady that walks on the water. It does seem so gashly and unchristian altogether. Not that I have any fear of ghosts—not likely, for I have never even seen one."

"I have," said Gunner Bob, in a deep voice, which made them all glance through the ivy. "I have, and a fearful one it were."

"Don't be a fool, Bob," the Captain whispered; "we don't want to hear about

that now. Allow me to carry the lantern, Mr. Carne; it throws such shadows from the way you hold it. Why, surely, this is where we were before!"

"You might easily fancy so," Carne answered, smiling, "especially with a mind at all excited—"

"My mind is not excited, sir; not at all excited; but as calm as it ever was in all its life."

"Then two things will show you that these are the other vaults. The arch is on your left hand, instead of on your right"—he had brought them in now from the other end of the passage—"and this entrance, as you see, has a door in it, which the other had not. Perhaps the door is to keep the ghost in"—his laugh sounded hollow, and like a mocking challenge along the dark roof—"for this is the part she is supposed to walk in. But so much for the door! The money-lenders have not left us a door that will stand a good kick. You may find our old doors in Wardour Street."

As he spoke, he set foot against the makeshift door, and away it went, as he had predicted. Crashing on the steps as it fell, it turned over, and a great splash arose at the bottom.

"Why, bless my heart, there is a flood of water there!" cried Stubbard, peeping timidly down the steps, on which (if the light had been clear, and that of his mind in the same condition) he might have seen the marks of his own boots. "A flood of water, perhaps six feet deep! I could scarcely have believed, but for that and the door, that these were not the very vaults that we have examined. But what business has the water there?"

"No business at all, any more than we have," Carne answered, with some rudeness, for it did not suit him to encourage too warmly the friendship of Captain Stubbard; "but I told you that the place becomes covered with water whenever the ghost intends to walk. Probably there is not more than a foot of water"—there was in fact about three inches—"and as you are bound to carry out your duty—"

"My dear sir, I am satisfied, perfectly satisfied. Who could keep gunpowder under water, or even in a flooded cellar? I shall have the greatest pleasure in reporting that I searched Carne Castle—not of course suspiciously, but narrowly, as we are bound to do, in execution of our warrant—"



"If you would not mind looking in this direction," whispered Carne, who could never be contented, "I think I could show you, just beyond the murder-stone—yes, and it seems to be coming towards us, as white as a winding-sheet; do come and look."

"No, sir, no; it is not my duty"—the Captain turned away, with his hair upon the rise. "I was sent here to look for saltpetre, not spectres. No officer in His Majesty's service can be expected—Bob, and Wilkins, are you there?"

"Yes, sir, yes—we have had quite enough of this; and unless you give the orders—"

"Here she comes, I do declare!" whispered Carne, with extraordinary calmness.

"Bob, and Wilkins, give me one arm each. Make for daylight in close order. You may be glad to see your grandmother, young man; but I decline to have anything to say to her. Bob, and Wilkins, bear a hand; I feel a little shaky in my lower timbers. Run for your lives, but don't leave me behind. Run, lads, like the very devil!" For a groan of sepulchral depth, and big enough to lift a granite tombstone, issued from the vault, and wailed along the sombre archway. All the Artillerymen fled, as if the muzzle of their biggest gun was slewed upon them, and very soon the sound of horses' heels, urged at a perilous pace down the hill, rang back as the echo of that grand groan.

"I think I did that pretty well, my Captain," cried Charron, ascending from the vault with dripping boots; "I deserve a glass of Cognac, if they have left me any. Happy is Stoo-bar that he was contented, without breaking his neck at the inspector's step."

"He has satisfied his conscience," Carne answered, grimly; "yet it cannot be blameless, to make him run so fast. I am glad we have been saved from killing them. It would have been hard to know what to do next. But he will never trouble us here again."

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## CHAPTER XLV.

### FATHER, AND CHILD.

"TELL Miss Faith, when she comes in, that I shall be glad to see her," said Admiral Darling to his trusty butler, one hot

afternoon in August. He had just come home from a long rough ride, to spend at least one day in his own house, and after overhauling his correspondence, went into the dining-room, as the coolest in the house, to refresh himself a little with a glass of light wine before going up to dress for dinner. There he sat in an arm-chair, and looked at his hands, which were browned by the sun, and trembling from a long period of heavy work and light sleep. He was getting too old to endure it with impunity, yet angry with himself for showing it. But he was not thinking of himself alone.

"I hope she will be sensible"—he was talking to himself, as elderly people are apt to do, especially after being left to themselves; "I hope she will see the folly of it—of living all her life as the bride of a ghost; and herself such a beautiful, cheerful darling! Loving, warm-hearted, sweet-tempered, adoring children, and adored by them; obedient, gentle—I can't think of anything good that she hasn't got, except common-sense. And even for that, I like her all the more; because it is so different from all the other girls. They have got too much—one lover out of sight, even for a month or two, gone fighting for his Country, what do they do but take up with another, as I very greatly fear our Dolly would? But Faith—Why, my darling, how well you look!"

"How I wish that I could say the same of you, dear father!" said the lovely young woman, while kissing him, and smoothing with her soft hand his wrinkled forehead; "you never used to have these little tucks and gathers here. I would rather almost that the French should come and devour us all, than see my father, whenever we do see him, once in a month, say, gauffed like this—as their laundresses do it—and getting reduced to the Classical shape, so that I can put one arm round him."

"My darling," said the Admiral, though proud at heart of the considerable reduction of his stomach, "you should not say such things to me, to remind me how very old I am!"

Fathers are crafty, and daughters childish, as behoves the both of them. The Admiral knew, as well as if he had ordered it, what Faith would do. And she must have perceived his depth, if only she had taken a moment to think of it. Because when she plumped, like a child,



into his arms, how came his arms to be so wide open? and when two great tears rolled down her cheeks, how sprang his handkerchief so *impromptu* out from beneath his braided lappet?

"Tell me what harm I have done," she asked, with a bright smile dawning through the dew of her dark eyes; "what have I done to vex you, father, that you say things fit to make me cry? And yet I ought to laugh, because I know so well that you are only fishing for compliments. You are getting so active that I shall be frightened to go for a walk or a ride with you. Only I do love to see you look fat, and your darling forehead smooth and white."

"My dear child, I must get up my substance. This very day I begin in earnest. Because I am to be a great man, Faith. How would you like to have to call me 'Sir Charles'?"

"Not at all, darling; except when you deserve it, by being cross to me; and that never, never happens. I wish there was more chance of it."

"Well, dear, if you won't, the other people must; for His Majesty has been graciously pleased to turn me into a Baronet. He says that I have earned it; and perhaps I have; at any rate, he put it so nicely that without being churlish I could not refuse. And it will be a good thing for Frank, I hope, by bringing him back from his democratic stuff. To myself it is useless; but my children ought to like it."

"And so they will, father, for your own dear sake. Let me be the first to salute you, father. Oh, Dolly will be in such a rage because you told me, without telling her!"

"I never thought of that," said the Admiral, simply; "I am afraid that I shall get in for it. However, I have a right to please myself, and you need not tell her until I do. But that is not all my news, and not by any means the best of it. The King was reminded, the other day, of all that he and his family owe to the late Sir Edmond Scudamore, and better late than never, he has ordered your governess, as he called her, to be put on the list for a pension of £300 a year. Nothing that once gets into his head can ever be got out of it, and he was shocked at seeing his old physician's widow 'gone out as a governess—gone out as a governess—great disgrace to the royal family!' I am very glad that it happened so."

"And so am I. She ought to have had it long and long ago, especially after the sad misfortune of her husband. You will let me tell her? It will be such a pleasure."

"Certainly, my dear; you are the very one to do it. Tell her that her eldest pupil is come with a little piece of news for her; it will make her smile—she has a very pretty smile, which reminds me of the gallant Blyth. And now, my child, the third piece of news concerns yourself—your good, and dutiful, and exceedingly sensible self. Ahem!" cried the Admiral, as he always did, when he feared that he might have overstepped the truth.

"I know what it is; you need not tell me," Faith answered, confirming her fear at once. "It is no use, father; it is no good at all—unless you intend to forget your own promise."

"That I shall never do," he replied, while looking at her sadly; "no, my dear child, I shall never attempt to drive instead of lead you. But you have not heard me out as yet. You don't even know who it is I mean."

"Oh yes, I do; I know well enough, father. I am not like Dolly, universally admired. Because I do not want to be. You mean Lord Dashville—can you tell me that you don't?"

"No, my dear"—Sir Charles was a little surprised that Faith should be so quick, for (like most people of gentle nature) she was taken to be slow, because she never snapped—"I cannot deny that it is Lord Dashville, because that is the man, and no other. But how you could tell surpasses me, and it shows that he must be very often in your mind:" the Admiral thought he had caught her there. "Now can you say anything against him? Is he not honest, manly, single-minded, faithful as yourself, I do believe, good-looking, well-bred, a Tory, and a gentleman, certain to make any woman happy whom he loves? Can you say a syllable against all that?"

"No," replied Faith—a very long, slow "no," as if she only wished she could say something hard about him.

"Very well," her father went on, with triumph, "and can you deny that he is just the person you might have taken a great liking to—fallen in love with, as they call it—if only he had come before your mind was full of somebody else—a very fine young fellow, no doubt; but—



my darling, I won't say a word against him, only you know what I mean too well. And are you forever to be like a nun because it has pleased the Lord to take him from you?"

"Lord Dashville has not advanced himself in my good opinion, if he cares for that," said Faith, starting sideways, as a woman always does, from the direct issue, "by going to you, when I declined to have anything more to say to him."

"My dear, you are unjust," replied Sir Charles; "not purposely, I know, for you are the most upright darling that can be, in general. But you accuse young Dashville of what he never did. It was his good mother, the Countess of Blankton, a most kind-hearted and lady-like person, without any nonsense about her, who gave me the best cup of tea I ever tasted, and spoke with the very best feeling possible. She put it so sweetly that I only wish you could have been there to hear her."

"Father, what is the good of it all? You hate turncoats even worse than traitors. Would you like your daughter to be one? And when she would seem to have turned her coat—for the ladies wear coats now, the horrid ugly things!—for the sake of position, and title, and all that. If Lord Dashville had been a poor man, with his own way to make in the world, a plain Mister, there might have been more to be said for it. But to think that I should throw over my poor darling because he will come home without a penny, and perhaps tattooed, but at any rate turned black, for the sake of a coronet, and a heap of gold—oh, father, I shall break down, if you go on so!"

"My dear girl, I will not say a word to vex you. But you are famous for common-sense, as well as every other good quality, and I would ask you to employ just a little of it. Can you bear me to speak of your trouble, darling?"

"Oh yes, I am so well accustomed to it now; and I know that it is nothing compared to what thousands of people have to bear. Sometimes I am quite ashamed of giving way to it."

"You do not give way to it, Faith. No person can possibly say that of you. You are my brave, unselfish, cheerful, sweet-natured, upright, and loving child. Nobody knows, but you and I—and perhaps I know it even more than you do—the greatness of the self-command you

use, to be pleasant and gay and agreeable, simply for the sake of those around you."

"Then, father," cried Faith, who was surprised at this, for the Admiral had never said a word about such matters, "you think, after all, that I am—that I am almost as good as Dolly!"

"You jealous little vixen, I shall recall every word I have said in your favour! My child, and my pride, you are not only as good as Dolly, but my best hope is that when Dolly grows older she may be like you. Don't cry, darling; I can't stand crying, when it comes from eyes that so seldom do it. And now that you know what I think of you, allow me to think a little for you. I have some right to interfere in your life; you will allow that—won't you?"

"Father, you have all right, and a thousand times as much, because you are so gentle about using it."

"I calls that bad English, as Zeb Tugwell says when he doesn't want to understand a thing. But, my pretty dear, you must remember that you will not have a father always. Who will look after you, when I am gone, except the Almighty?—and He does not do it, except for the few who look after themselves. It is my duty to consider these points, and they override sentimentality. To me it is nothing that Dashville will be an Earl, and a man of great influence, if he keeps up his present high character; but it is something to me that I find him modest, truthful, not led away by phantoms, a gentleman—which is more than a nobleman—and with his whole heart given to my dear child Faith."

Faith sighed heavily, partly for herself, but mainly, perhaps, for the sake of a fine heart sadly thrown away on her. "I believe he is all that," she said.

"In that case, what more can you have?" pursued the triumphant Admiral. "It is one of the clearest things I ever knew, and one of the most consistent"—consistent was a great word in those days—"as well as in every way desirable. Consider, not yourself—which you never do—but the state of the Country, and of Dolly. They have made me a baronet, for being away from home nearly every night of my life; and if I had Dashville to see to things here, I might stay away long enough to be a lord myself, like my late middy the present Duke of Bronte."

Faith laughed heartily. "You call



me jealous! My dear father, I know that you could have done a great deal more than Lord Nelson has, because he learned all that he knows from you. And now who is it that really defends the whole south coast of England against the French? Is it Lord Nelson? He has as much as he can do to look after their fleet in the Mediterranean. Admiral Cornwallis and Sir Charles Darling are the real defenders of England."

"No, my dear, you must never say that, except of course in private. There may be some truth in it, but it would be laughed at in the present condition of the public mind. History may do me justice; but after all it is immaterial. A man who does his duty should be indifferent to the opinion of the public, which begins more and more to be formed less by fact than by the newspapers of the day. But let us return to more important matters. You are now in a very sensible frame of mind. You see what my wishes are about you, and how reasonable they are. I should be so happy, my darling child, if you would consider them sensibly, and yield some little of your romantic views. I would not ask you unless I were sure that this man loves you as you deserve, and in his own character deserves your love."

"Then, father, will this content you, dear? Unless I hear something of Erle Twemlow, to show that he is living, and still holds to me, in the course of another twelvemonth, Lord Dashville, or anybody else, may try—may try to take his place with me. Only I must not be worried—I mean, I must not hear another word about it, until the time has quite expired."

"It is a very poor concession, Faith. Surely you might say half a year. Consider, it is nearly three years now—"

"No, papa, I should despise myself if I were so unjust to one so unlucky. And I only go so much from my own wishes because you are such a dear and good father. Not a bit of it for Lord Dashville's sake."

"Well, my poor darling," the Admiral replied, for he saw that she was upon the brink of tears, and might hate Lord Dashville if further urged, "half a loaf is better than no bread. If Dashville is worthy of your constant heart, he will stand this long trial of his constancy. This is the tenth day of August, 1804. I hope that the Lord may be pleased to spare me till the 10th of August, 1805. High time for them to come and lay the cloth. I am as hungry as a hunter."

## THE HOME ACRE.

BY E. P. ROE.

### IX.—THE KITCHEN-GARDEN.—(*Continued from the October Number.*)

IN my last paper I dwelt somewhat at length on two vegetables for which thorough and enduring preparation is profitable. There is one other very early garden product which requires our attention during the first warm days of spring—rhubarb, sold in some instances under the name of "wine-plant." Wine is made from the juicy stalks, but it is an unwholesome beverage. The people call it "pie-plant," and this term suggests its best and most common use, although when cooked as if it were a fruit, it is very grateful at a season when we begin to crave the subacid in our food.

Its cultivation is very simple. Those who propose to produce it largely for market will find it to their advantage to raise this plant from the seed, but for the home

acre enough plants can be procured, at a moderate cost, from almost any nurseryman. In this instance, also, thorough preparation of the soil is essential, for the rhubarb bed, under good care, will last eight or ten years. A rich, deep, clean, warm soil is the chief essential. It belongs to that class of vegetables known as "gross feeders." During the first year, however, I would apply the fertilizer directly to the hills or plants. These are obtained by dividing the old roots, which may be cut to pieces downward so as to leave a single bud or "eye" surmounting a long tapering portion of root. Each division will make a new vigorous plant, which should be set out so that the bud or crown is three inches below the surface in light soils, and two



inches in heavy soils. The plants should be four feet apart each way, and two or three shovelfuls of rich compost worked into the soil where the plant is to stand. You cannot make the ground too rich; only remember that in this, as in all other instances, light, fermenting manures should not be brought into immediate contact with the roots. Plant in either autumn or spring. In this latitude and southward I should prefer autumn; northward, perhaps spring is the best season. Keep the intervening ground clean and mellow, and pull no stalks the first year, unless it be in the autumn if the plants have become very strong. In the fall, when the foliage has died down, cover the crowns with two or three shovelfuls of rich manure—any kind will do in this instance—and work in a heavy top-dressing all over the ground early in spring. Unless seed is required, always cut down the seed stalks as soon as they appear. The best early variety is the Linnæus. The Victoria is a little later, but much larger, and is the kind that I have usually grown.

Radish seed may be sown one inch deep as soon as the ground is dry enough in spring, and if the vegetable is a favorite, the sowing may be repeated every two weeks. A common error is to sow the seed too thickly. A warm, *rich* soil is all that is necessary to secure a crop.

What has been said about radishes applies equally to early turnips, with the exception that the plants, when three inches high, should be thinned so as to stand four inches apart. The ground for these vegetables should be very rich, so as to secure a very rapid growth, for otherwise they are attacked by a little white worm which soon renders them unfit for use. Mr. Harris recommends the following varieties of early radishes, and his selection coincides with my own experience: Round Scarlet Turnip, French Breakfast, Rose (olive-shaped), Long Scarlet Short-top. Winter radishes—California Mammoth White, and Chinese Rose. For spring sowing of turnips, Mr. Henderson recommends Red-top Strap-leaf, and Early Flat Dutch. The earlier they are sown the better.

Beets, a much more valuable vegetable, require similar treatment. The ground should be clean, well pulverized, and very rich. I prefer to sow the seed the first week in April, unless the soil is frozen or

very cold and wet. The seed may be sown, however, at any time to the 1st of July; but earliness is usually our chief aim. I sow two inches deep and thickly, pressing the soil firmly over the seed. Let the rows be about fifteen inches apart. Referring to the manure which had been left to decay in a sheltered place until it became like fine dry powder, let me say here that I have always found it of greater advantage to sow it with the beet seed and kindred vegetables. My method is to open the drill along the garden line with a sharp-pointed hoe, scatter the fertilizer in the drill until the soil is quite blackened by it; then draw the pointed hoe through once more to mingle the powdery manure with the soil, and to make the drill of an even depth; then sow the seed at once. This thoroughly decayed stable manure has become the best of plant food; it warms the ground and carries the germinating seed and young plants with vigor through the first cold, wet weeks.

In the home garden there are several reasons for sowing beet seed thickly. Unfavorable weather and insects will be less apt to cause a thin broken stand of plants. In order to produce good roots, however, the plants should be thinned out so as to stand eventually three or four inches apart. I do not advise very large, coarse roots for the table. For home use I think only three varieties are essential. The Egyptian Turnip Beet is the best very early variety, and can be planted closely, as it has a small top; the Bassano is next in earliness, and requires more room; the Early Blood Turnip is the best for a general crop and winter use. The beet is a root which deteriorates rapidly from age; I therefore advise that the seed of the winter supply be sown the last of June or first of July in our latitude.

Parsnips should be sown at the same time with early beets and in the same way, with the exception that the seed should be covered only an inch deep. I doubt whether there are any marked distinctions in variety, and would advise that only the Long Smooth or Hollow-crowned be sown.

The carrot is not quite so hardy as the parsnip, and the seed may be sown a week or two later, and indeed at any time up to the middle of June. Its culture and treatment are precisely like those of the parsnip, but the roots should be gathered and stored before a severe frost occurs.



For home use a short row of the Early Horn will answer; for the general crop, sow the Long Orange.

Vegetable oyster, or salsify, is another root crop which may be treated precisely like the parsnip, and the seed sown at the same time. The seed should be sown in a deep, rich, mellow soil, which is all the better for being prepared in autumn. Plant as early in April as possible, and in the same manner as described for beets, thin out to four inches apart, and keep the soil clean and mellow throughout the entire season; for this vegetable grows until the ground freezes. There is only one variety.

The pea is another crop which may be put into the ground as soon as the frost is out—the earlier the better, if the smooth, hardy varieties are sown. There are so many varieties, the novice to-day can well be excused for perplexity in choice. Thompson, the English authority, gives 40 kinds and 148 synonyms. Mr. Gregory recommends the American Wonder, Bliss's Abundance, Bliss's Ever-bearing, McLean's Advancer, Yorkshire Hero, Stratagem, and Champion of England. Mr. Henderson's list includes Henderson's First of All, American Wonder, Bliss's Abundance, Champion of England, and Pride of the Market. Mr. Harris in his catalogue marks first and best, American Wonder, and also says, "For the main crop there is nothing better than the Champion of England." My own experience would lead me to plant the Tom Thumb either just before the ground froze in the fall, or as early in March as possible. It is almost perfectly hardy, and gives me the earliest picking. I should also plant Henderson's First of All as soon as the frost was out, on a warm, well-drained soil. For second crops, American Wonder and Premium Gem; and for the main and most satisfactory crop of all, Champion of England. The Champion requires brush as a support, for it grows from four to six feet high, but it is well worth the trouble. I plant the other kinds named because they are much earlier, and so dwarf as to need no brush; they are also productive, and excellent in quality if not left to grow too old. For the dwarf kinds the soil cannot be too rich, and the warmer the ground and exposure the earlier the crop. For the tall late sorts the soil can easily be made too fertile; they should also be planted in cooler, moister,

and heavier ground. In the case of the dwarfs I put a fertilizer in with the seed as I have already explained. Cover the dwarfs about two and a half inches deep, and the tall late sorts from three to four inches, according to the nature of the soil. Plant the Champion of England every ten days until the middle of June, and thus secure a succession of the best of all.

We all know how numerous have been the varieties of potato introduced in this country of late years—many kinds sent out at first at the rate of one or more dollars per pound. I amuse myself by trying several of these novelties (after they become cheap) every year, and this season raised very early crops of excellent potatoes from the Vanguard and Pearl of Savoy. The Early Rose and Early Vermont have long been favorites. They resemble each other very closely. I have had excellent success with the Beauty of Hebron. It is a good plan to learn what varieties succeed well in our own neighborhood, and plant chiefly of such kinds; then add to our zest by trying a few novelties.

Not only much reading on the subject, but also my own observation, and the general law that "like produces like," lead me to endorse the practice of planting large tubers cut into sets containing one or more eyes or buds. The eye of a potato is a bud from which grows the plant, and the stronger backing it has, the stronger and more able is the plant to evolve new fine tubers through the action of its roots and foliage. A small potato has many and immature buds, which, as a rule, produce feeble plants.

The potato will grow on almost any soil, but a dry, rich, sandy loam gives the best if not the largest yield. I do not think the potato can be planted too early, after the ground is fit to work. One spring I was able to get in several rows the 15th of March, and I never had a finer yield. I observe that Mr. Harris strongly endorses this view.

Nearly every one has his system of planting. There is no necessity of explaining these methods. I will briefly give mine for what it is worth. I prefer warm, well-drained soils; plough deeply in autumn, also in spring; harrow and pulverize the ground as completely as possible; then open the furrows with the same heavy plough, sinking it to the beam, and going twice in the furrow. This, of course,



would make too deep a trench in which to place the sets, but the soil has been deepened and pulverized at least fourteen inches. A man next goes along with a cart or barrow of well-decayed compost (not very raw manure), which is scattered freely in the deep furrows; then through these a corn plough is run to mingle the fertilizer with the soil. By this course the furrows are partially filled with loose friable soil and manure, and they average four or five inches in depth. The sets are planted at once eight inches apart, the eye turned upward, and the cut part down. The sets are then covered with three or four inches of fine soil, not with sods and stones. When the plants are two or three inches high, they receive their first hoeing, which merely levels the ground evenly. The next cultivation is performed by both corn plough and hoe. In the final working I do not permit a sharp-slanting slope from the plants downward, so that the rain is kept from reaching the roots. There is a broad hilling up so as to have a slope inward toward the plants as well as away from them. This method, with the deep, loosened soil beneath the plants, secures against drought, while the decayed fertilizers give a strong and immediate growth.

Of course we have to fight the potato or Colorado beetle during the growing season. This we do with Paris green applied in liquid form, a heaping teaspoonful to a pail of water.

In taking up and storing potatoes a very common error is fallen into. Sometimes even growing tubers are so exposed to sun and light that they become green. In this condition they are not only worthless, but poisonous. If long exposed to light after being dug, the *solanine* principle, which exists chiefly in the stems and leaves, is developed in the tubers. The more they are in the light, the less value they possess, until they become worse than worthless. They should be dug, if possible, on a dry day, picked up promptly, and carried to a dry, cool, *dark* cellar. If stored on floors of out-buildings, the light should be excluded. Potatoes that are long exposed to light before the shops of dealers are injured. Barrels, etc., containing them should be covered; if spread on the barn floor, or in places which cannot be darkened, throw straw or some other litter over them.

There is no occasion to say much about

lettuce. It is a vegetable which any one can raise who will sow the seed a quarter of an inch deep. I have sowed the seed in September, wintered the plants over in cold frames, and by giving a little heat, I had an abundance of heads to sell in February and March. For ordinary home uses it is necessary only to sow the seed on a warm, rich spot as soon as the frost is out, and you will quickly have plenty of tender foliage. This we may begin to thin out as soon as the plants are three or four inches high, until a foot of space is left between the plants, which, if of a cabbage variety, will speedily make a large, crisp head. To maintain a supply, sowings can be made every two weeks till the middle of August. Hardy plants, which can be set out like cabbages, can be obtained in March and April from nursery-men. Henderson recommends the following varieties: Henderson's New York, Black-seeded Simpson, Salamander, and All the Year Round. I would also add the Black-seeded Butter Lettuce.

We have now, as far as our space permits, treated of those vegetables which should be planted in the home garden as early in spring as possible. It is true the reader will think of other sorts, as cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, etc. To the professional gardener these are all-the-year-round vegetables. If the amateur becomes so interested in his garden as to have cold frames and hot-beds, he will learn from more extended works how to manage these. He will winter over the cabbage and kindred vegetables for his earliest supply, having first sown the seed in September. I do not take the trouble to do this, and others need not unless it is a source of enjoyment to them. As soon as the ground is fit to work in spring, I merely write to some trustworthy dealer in plants and obtain twenty-five very early cabbage and twenty-five second early, also a hundred early cauliflower. They cost little, and are set out in half an hour as soon as the ground is fit to work in spring. I usually purchase my tomato, late cabbage, and cauliflower, celery and egg-plants, from the same sources. Cabbages and cauliflowers should be set out in *rich* warm soils, free from shade, as soon as the frost is out. After that they only need frequent and clean culture and vigilant watchfulness, or else many will fall victims to a dirty brown worm which usually cuts the stem, and leaves the plant



lying on the ground. The worm can easily be found near the surface the moment it begins its ravages, and the only remedy I know is to catch and kill it at once. In this latitude winter cabbage is set out about the Fourth of July. I pinch off half the leaves before setting. Good seed, deep ploughing or spading, rich soil, and clean culture are usually the only requisites for success. Experience and consultation of the books and catalogues enable me to recommend the Jersey Wakefield for first early, and Henderson's Summer Cabbage and Winningstadt as second early. As a late root I ask for nothing better than Premium Flat Dutch. The Savoy is the best flavored of the cabbage tribe. Henderson recommends the Netted Savoy, which may be treated like other late cabbage.

The cauliflower is ranked among the chief delicacies of the garden, and requires and repays far more attention. Even the early sorts should have a richer, moister soil than is required for very early cabbage. I advise two plantings in spring, of first and second early; I also advise that late varieties be set out on *rich* ground the last of June. As with cabbage, set out the plants from two and a half to three feet apart, according to the size of the variety. From trial I recommend Early Snowball, Half-early Paris, and Large Late Algiers.

Spinach thrives in a very rich, well-drained, fine, mellow soil. I prefer a sunny slope, but this is not necessary. Sow the seed from the 1st to the 15th of September, so as to give the plants time to become half grown by winter. Cover the seeds—three to an inch—two inches deep, and pack the ground well over them; let the rows be three inches apart. When the plants are three inches high, thin out to three inches apart, and keep the soil clean and mellow about them. Just before hard freezing weather, scatter about three inches of straw, old pea vines, or some light litter over the whole bed. As soon as the days begin to grow warm in spring, and hard frost ceases, rake this off. The hardy vegetable begins to grow at once, and should be cut for use so as to leave the plants finally six inches apart, for as fast as space is given, the plants fill it up. By those who are fond of spinach it may be sown in spring as soon as the frost is out. It soon runs to seed in hot weather, and thinnings of young beets may take its

place where space is limited. The Round or Summer is good for fall or spring planting.

Those who need much instruction in regard to bush-beans should remain in the city and raise cats in their paved backyards. We shall only warn against planting too early—not before the last of April in our region. It does not take much frost to destroy the plants, and if the soil is cold and wet, the beans decay instead of coming up. If one has a warm sheltered slope, he can begin planting the middle of April. As a rule, however, bush-beans may be planted from the first of May till the middle of July, in order to keep up a succession. Cover the first seed planted one inch deep; later plantings, two inches deep. I think that earliest Red Valentine, Black Wax or Butter, Golden Wax, and the late Refugee are all the varieties needed for the garden.

The delicious pale Lima bean requires and deserves more attention. I have always succeeded with them, and this has been my method: I take a warm, rich, but not dry piece of ground, work it deeply early in spring, again the first of May, so that the sun's rays may penetrate and sweeten the ground. About the 10th of May I set the poles firmly in the ground. Rough cedar poles, with the stubs of the branches extending a little, are the best. If smooth poles are used, I take a hatchet, and beginning at the butt, I make shallow slanting cuts downward, so as to raise the bark a little. These slight raisings of the bark or wood serve as supports to the clambering vines. After the poles are in the ground I make a broad flat hill of loose soil and a little of the black powdery fertilizer. I then allow the sun to warm and dry the hill a few days, and if the weather is fine and warm, I plant the seed about the 15th, merely pressing the eye of the bean downward one inch. If planted lower than this depth they usually decay. If it is warm and early, the seed can be planted by the 5th of May. After planting, examine the seed often. If the beans are decaying instead of coming up, plant over again, and repeat this process until there are three or four strong plants within three or four inches of each pole. Let the hills be five feet apart each way, hoe often, and do not tolerate a weed. The Long White Lima and Dreer's Improved Lima are the only sorts needed.

The Indians in their succotash taught



us long since to associate corn with beans, and they hit upon a dish not surpassed by modern invention. This delicious vegetable is as easily raised as its "hail-fellow well met," the bean. We have only to plant it at the same time in hills from three to four feet apart, and cover the seed two inches deep. I have used the powdery fertilizers and wood-ashes in the hill to great advantage, first mingling these ingredients well with the soil. We make it a point to have sweet-corn for the table from July 1 until the stalks are killed by frost in October. This is easily managed by planting different varieties, and continuing to plant till well into June. Mr. Gregory writes: "For a succession of corn for family use, to be planted at the same time, I would recommend Marblehead Early, Pratt's, Crosley's, Moore's, Stowell's Evergreen, and Egyptian Sweet. Mr. Harris names with praise the Minnesota as the best earliest, and Hickox Improved as an exceedingly large and late variety. Mr. Henderson's list is Henderson Sugar, Hickox Improved, Egyptian, and Stowell's Evergreen. Let me add Burr's Mammoth and Squantum Sugar, a variety in great favor with the Squantum Club, and used by them in their famous clam-bakes.

The cucumber, if grown in the home garden and used fresh, is not in league with the undertaker. The seed can be planted early in May, and there are many ways of forcing and hastening the yield. I have had them very early in an ordinary hot-bed. Out-doors, I make hills in warm soil the first of May, mixing a little of my favorite fertilizer with the soil. After leaving the hill for a day or two to become warm in the sun, I sow the seed in a straight line for fifteen inches, so that the hoe can approach them closely. The seed is covered an inch deep, and the soil patted down firmly. It is possible that a cold storm or that insects may make partial planting over necessary; if so, this is done promptly. I put twenty seeds in the hill to insure against loss. For a succession or long-continued crop, plant a few hills in rich moist land about the last of May. The young plants always run a gauntlet of insects, and a little striped bug is usually their most deadly enemy. They often appear to come suddenly in swarms, and devour everything before you are aware of their presence. With great vigilance they can be kept off by hand, for their stay

is brief. I would advise one trial of a solution of white hellebore, a table-spoonful to a pail of water. Paris green—in solution, of course—kills them, but unless it is very weak it will kill or stunt the plants also. My musk and water melons were watered by too strong a solution of Paris green this year, and they never recovered from it. Perhaps the best preventive is to plant so much seed, and to plant over so often, that although the insects do their worst, plenty of good plants survive. This has usually been my method. When the striped bug disappears, and the plants are four or five inches high, I thin out to four plants in the hill. When they come into bearing, pick off all the fruit fit for use, whether you want it or not. If many are allowed to become yellow and go to seed, the growth and productiveness of the vines are checked. The Early White Spine and Extra Long White Spine are all the varieties needed for the table. For pickling purposes plant the Green Prolific on moist rich land. The other varieties answer quite as well, if picked before they are too large.

The cultivation of the squash is substantially the same as that of the cucumber, and it has about the same enemies to contend with. Let the hills of the bush sorts be four feet apart each way, and eight feet for the running varieties. The seed is cheap, so use plenty, and plant over from the 1st to the 25th of May, until you have three good strong plants to the hill. Three are plenty, so thin out the plants, when six or seven inches high, to this number, and keep the ground clean and mellow. I usually raise my running squashes among the corn, giving up one hill to them completely every seven or eight feet each way. Early bush sorts: White Bush Scalloped, Yellow Bush Scalloped. The Perfect Gem is good for both summer and winter, and should be planted on rich soil, six feet apart each way. The Boston Marrow is one of the best fall sorts; the Hubbard and Marblehead are the best winter varieties.

When we come to plant muskmelons we must keep them well away from the two above-named vegetables, or else their pollen will mix, producing very disagreeable hybrids. A squash is very good in its way, and a melon is much better, but if you grow them so near each other that they become "'alf and 'alf," you may perhaps find pigs that will eat



them. The more completely the melon patch is by itself the better, and the nearer the house the better, for while it is liable to all the insects and diseases which attack the cucumber, it encounters, when the fruit is mature, a more fatal enemy in the predatory small boy. Choose rich, warm, but not dry ground for muskmelons, make the hills six feet apart each way, and treat them like cucumbers, employing an abundance of seed. As soon as the plants are ready to run, thin out so as to leave only four to fruit. Henderson recommends Montreal Market, Hackensack, and Netted Gem. Gregory: Netted Gem, Boston Pet, Bay View, Sill's Hybrid, Casaba, and Ward's Nectar. He also advocates a remarkable novelty known as the "Banana." Harris: Early Christiana and Montreal Market.

Watermelons should be planted eight feet apart, but if one has not a warm sandy soil, I do not advise their culture. The time of planting and management do not vary materially from those of the musk variety. The following kinds can scarcely fail to give satisfaction where they can be grown: Phinney's Early, Black Spanish, Mammoth Iron-clad, Mountain Sprout, Sealy Bark, and Cuban Queen.

The tomato has a curious history. Native of South America, like the potato, it is said to have been introduced into England as early as 1593. Many years elapsed before it was used as food, and the botanical name given to it was significant of the estimation in which it was held by our forefathers. It was called *Lycopersicum*—a compound term meaning wolf and peach, indicating that, notwithstanding its beauty, it was regarded as a sort of "Dead Sea fruit." The Italians first dared to use it freely, the French followed, and after eying it askance as a novelty for unknown years, John Bull ventured to taste, and having survived, began to eat with increasing gusto. To our grandmothers in this land the ruby fruit was given as "love-apples," and adorning quaint old bureaus, were devoured by dreamy eyes long before canning factories were within the ken of even a Yankee's vision. Now, tomatoes vie with the potato as a general article of food, and one can scarcely visit a quarter of the globe so remote but he will find that the tomato can has been there before him. Its culture is so easy that one year I had bushels of the finest fruit from plants that grew here

and there by chance. Skill is required only in producing an early crop, and to secure this end the earlier the plants are started in spring the better. Those who have glass will experience no difficulty whatever. The seed may be sown in a greenhouse as early as January, and the plants potted when three inches high, transferred to larger pots from time to time as they grow, and by the middle of May put into the open ground, full of blossoms and immature fruit. Indeed, plants started early in the fall will give in a greenhouse a good supply all winter. They also grow readily in hot-beds, cold frames, and sunny windows. We usually can buy well-forwarded plants from those who raise them for sale. If these are set out early in May on a sunny slope, they mature rapidly, and give an early yield. The tomato is very sensitive to frost, and should not be in the open ground before danger from it is over. Throughout May we may find plants for sale everywhere. If we desire to try distinct kinds with the least trouble, we can sow the seed about May 1, and in our climate enjoy an abundant yield in September or before. In the cool, humid climate of England the tomato is usually grown *en espalier*, like the peach, along sunny walls and fences, receiving as careful a summer pruning as the grape-vine. With us they are usually left to sprawl over the ground at will. By training the vines over various kinds of supports, however, they can be made as ornamental as they are useful. The ground on which they grow should be only moderately fertile, or else there is too great a growth of vine at the expense of fruit. This is especially true if we wish an early yield, and in this case the warmest, driest soil is necessary.

But comparatively a few years ago the tomato consisted of little more than a rind with seeds in the hollow centre. Now, the only varieties worth raising cut as solid as a mellow pear. The following is Gregory's list of varieties: Livingston's Beauty, Alpha, Acme, Canada Victor, Arlington, General Grant. I will add Trophy and Mikado. If a yellow variety is desired, try Golden Trophy.

If the tomato needs warm weather in which to thrive, the egg-plant requires that both days and nights should be hot. It is an East Indiaman, and demands curry in the way of temperature before it



loses its feeble yellow aspect and takes on the dark green of vigorous health. My method is simply this: I purchase strong potted plants between the 20th of May and the 1st of June, and set them out in a rich, warm soil. A dozen well-grown plants will supply a large family with egg-fruit. Of course one can start the young plants themselves, as in the case of tomatoes; but it should be remembered that they are much more tender and difficult to raise than the tomato. Plants from seed sown in the open ground would not mature in our latitude as a rule. The best plan is to have the number you need grown for you by those who make it their business. Egg-plants are choice morsels for the potato-beetle, and they must be watched vigilantly if we would save them. There is no better variety than the New York Improved.

The pepper is another hot-blooded vegetable that shivers at the suggestion of frost. It is fitting that it should be a native of India. Its treatment is usually the same as that of the egg-plant. It matures more rapidly, however, and the seed can be sown about the middle of May, half an inch deep, in rows fifteen inches apart. The soil should be rich and warm. When the plants are well up, thin so that they will stand a foot apart in the row. The usual course, however, is to set out plants which have been started under glass, after all danger from frost is over. Henderson recommends New Sweet Spanish and Golden Dawn. The Large Bell is a popular sort, and Cherry Red very ornamental.

From the okra is made the famous gumbo soup, which ever calls to vision a colored aunty presiding over the mysteries of a Southern dinner. If Aunt Dinah, so well known to us from the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, could have left her receipt for this compound, her fame might have lasted as long as that of Mrs. Stowe. The vegetable furnishing this glutinous, nutritious, and wholesome ingredient is as easily raised as any product of the garden. We have only to sow the seed, from the 1st to the 10th of May, two inches deep, and let the plants stand from two to three feet apart each way, in order to have an abundant supply. The new Dwarf Prolific is about the best variety.

Fall turnips are so easily grown that they require but few words. It is a valuable vegetable for utilizing spaces in the

garden after early crops, as pease, beans, potatoes, etc., are removed. The seed of ruta-baga or Swedish turnips should be planted earliest—from the 20th of June to July 10 in our latitude. This turnip should be sown in drills two feet apart, and the plants thinned to eight inches from one another. It is very hardy, and the roots are close-grained, solid, and equally good for the table and the family cow. The Yellow Aberdeen is another excellent variety, which may be sown *early* in July, and treated much the same as the foregoing. The Yellow Stone can be sown on good ground until the 15th of July in any good garden soil, and the plants thinned to six inches apart. It is perhaps the most satisfactory of all the turnip tribe both for table use and stock. The Red-top Strap-leaf may be sown anywhere until the 10th of August. It is a general custom, in the middle of July, to scatter some seed of this hardy variety among the corn, hoe it in lightly, and there is usually a good crop. Every vacant spot can be utilized by incurring only the slight cost of the seed and the sowing. It may be well, perhaps, to remember the advice of the old farmer to his son. He said, "Stub your toe and spill half the seed before sowing it, for scattered broadcast it is usually much too thick." If this proves true, thin out the plants rigorously. This turnip is good for table and stock as long as it is solid and crisp, but it grows pithy toward spring. There are other kinds well worth a trial.

I will speak of nasturtiums under the head of flowers, for while it is a useful vegetable, it gives some of the most satisfactory blossoms of the border.

Perhaps no vegetable is more generally appreciated than celery. Like asparagus, it was once, and is still by some, regarded as a luxury requiring too much skill and labor for the ordinary gardener. This is a mistake. Few vegetables in my garden repay so amply the cost of production. One can raise turnips as a fall crop much easier, it is true, but turnips are not celery any more than brass is gold. Think of enjoying this delicious vegetable daily from October till April! When cooked, and served on toast with drawn butter sauce, it is quite ambrosial. In every garden evolved beyond the cabbage and potato phase a goodly space of the best soil should be reserved for celery, since it



can be set out from the 1st to the 20th of July in our latitude; it can be grown as the most valuable of the second crops, re-occupying spaces made vacant by early crops. I find it much easier to buy my plants, when ready for them, than to raise them. In every town there are those who grow them in very large quantities, and, if properly packed, quickly transported, and promptly set out in the evening following their reception, and watered abundantly, they rarely fail.

There are decided advantages, however, in raising our own plants, especially if midsummer should prove dry and hot, or the plants must be long in transit. When they are growing in our own garden they can be moved with very slight check to their growth. In starting the seed there is no necessity for hot-bed or cold frame. It can be put in the ground the first week of April, and the best plants are thus secured. Much is gained by preparing a warm but not dry plot of ground in autumn, making it very rich with short half-decayed stable manure. This preparation should be begun as soon as possible after the soaking September rains. Having thoroughly incorporated and mixed evenly in the soil an abundance of the manure described, leave the ground untouched for three weeks. The warm fertilizer will cause great numbers of weed seeds to germinate. When these thrifty pests are a few inches high, dig them under and bring up the bottom soil. The warmth and light will immediately start a new and vigorous growth of weeds, which in turn should be dug under. If the celery-seed bed be made early enough, this process can be repeated several times before winter: the oftener the better, for by it the great majority of weed seeds will be made to germinate, and thus are destroyed. The ground also becomes exceedingly rich, mellow, and fine—an essential condition for celery seed, which is very small, and germinates slowly. This thorough preparation does not involve much labor, for the seed bed is small, and nothing more is required in spring but to rake the ground smooth and fine as soon as the frost is out. The soil has already been made mellow, and certainly nothing is gained by turning up the cold earth in the bottom of the bed. Sow the seed at once on the sun-warmed surface. The rows should be nine inches apart, and about twelve seeds sown to every inch of

row. The drills should be scarcely an eighth of an inch deep. Indeed, a firm patting with the back of a spade would give covering enough. Since celery germinates so slowly, it is well to drop a lettuce seed every few inches to indicate clearly just where the rows are. Then the ground between the rows can be hoed lightly as soon as the weeds start, also after heavy rains, so as to admit the vivifying sun-rays and air. Of course when the celery plants are clearly outlined, the lettuce should be pulled out.

If the bed is made in spring, perform the work as early as possible, making the bed very rich, mellow, and fine. Coarse manures, cold, poor, lumpy soil, leave scarcely a ghost of a chance for success. The plants should be thinned to two inches from one another, and when five inches high, shear them back to three inches. When they have made another good growth, shear them back again. The plants are thus made stocky. In our latitude I try to set out celery, whether raised or bought, between the 25th of June and the 15th of July. This latitude enables us to avoid a spell of hot, dry weather.

There are two distinct classes of celery—the tall-growing sorts and the dwarf varieties. A few years ago the former class was grown generally; trenches were dug, and their bottoms well enriched to receive the plants. Now the dwarf kinds are proving their superiority by yielding a larger amount of crisp, tender heart than is found between long coarse stalks of the tall sorts. Dwarf celery requires less labor also, for it can be set on the surface and much closer together, the rows three feet apart, and the plants six inches in the row. Dig all the ground thoroughly, then, beginning on one side of the plot, stretch a line along it, and fork under a foot-wide strip of three or four inches of compost, not raw manure. By this course the soil where the row is to be is made very rich and mellow. Set out the plants at once while the ground is fresh and moist. If the row is ten feet long, you will want twenty plants; if fifteen, thirty plants, or two plants to every foot of row. Having set out one row, move the line forward three feet, and prepare and set out another row in precisely the same manner. Continue this process until the plot selected is occupied. If the plants have been grown in your own gar-



den, much is gained by *soaking* the ground around them in the evening, and removing them to the rows in the cool of the morning. This abundant moisture will cause the soil to cling to the roots if handled gently, and the plants will scarcely know that they have been moved. When setting I usually trim off the greater part of the foliage. When all the leaves are left, the roots, not established, cannot keep pace with the evaporation. Always keep the roots moist and unshrivelled, and the heart intact, and the plants are safe. If no rain follows setting immediately, water the plants thoroughly—don't be satisfied with a mere sprinkling of the surface—and shade from the hot sun until the plants start to grow. One of the chief requisites in putting out a celery plant, and indeed almost any plant, is to press the soil *firmly around, against, and over the roots*. This excludes the air, and the new rootlets form rapidly. Neither bury the heart nor leave any part of the root exposed.

Do not be discouraged at the rather slow growth during the hot days of July and early August. You have only to keep the ground clean and mellow by frequent hoeings until the nights grow cooler and longer, and rains thoroughly moisten the soil. About the middle of August the plants should be thrifty and spreading, and now require the first operation which will make them crisp and white or golden for the table. Gather up the stalks and foliage of each plant closely in the left hand, and with the right draw up the earth around it. Let no soil tumble in on the heart to soil or cause decay. Press the soil firmly so as to keep all the leaves in an upright position. Then with a hoe draw up more soil, until the banking process is begun. During September and October the plants will grow rapidly, and in order to blanch them they must be earthed up from time to time, always keeping the stalks close and compact, with no soil falling in on the developing part. By the end of October the growth is practically made, and only the deep green leaves rest on the high embankments. The celery now should be fit for use, and time for winter storing is near. In our region it is not safe to leave celery unprotected after the 10th of November, for although it is a very hardy plant, it will not endure a frost which produces a strong crust of frozen soil. I once lost a fine crop early in November. The frost in

one night penetrated the soil deeply, and when it thawed out, the celery never revived. *Never handle celery when it is frozen.* My method of preserving this vegetable for winter use is simply this. During some mild, clear day in early November I have a trench ten inches wide dug just about as deep as the celery is tall. This trench is dug on a warm dry slope, so that by no possibility can water gather in it. Then the plants are taken up carefully and stored in the trench, the roots on the bottom, the plants upright as they grew, and pressed closely together so as to occupy all the space in the excavation. The foliage rises a little above the surface, and it is earthed up about four inches, so that water will be shed on either side. Still enough of the leaves are left in the light to permit all the breathing necessary—for plants breathe as truly as we do. As long as the weather keeps mild, this is all that is necessary; but there is no certainty now. A hard black frost may come any night. I advise that an abundance of leaves or straw be gathered near. When a bleak November day promises a black frost at night, scatter the leaves, etc., thickly over the trenched celery, and do not take them off until the mercury rises above freezing-point. If a warm spell sets in, expose the foliage to the air again. But watch your treasure vigilantly. Winter is near, and soon you must have enough covering over your trench to keep out the frost—a foot or more of leaves, straw, or some clean litter. There is nothing better than leaves, which cost only the gathering. From now till April, when you want a head or more of celery, open the trench at the lower end, and take out the crisp white or golden heads, and thank the kindly Providence that planted a garden as the best place in which to put man and woman also.

#### GARNISHING AND POT HERBS.

"There's fennel for you; there's rue for you." Strange and involuntary is the law of association. I can never see the garnishing and seasoning herbs of the garden without thinking of the mad words of distraught Ophelia. I fancy, however, that we are all practical enough to remember the savory soups and dishes rendered far more appetizing than they could otherwise have been by these aromatic and pungent flavors. I will mention only a few of the popular sorts.



The seeds of fennel may be sown in April, about three-quarters of an inch deep, and the plants thinned to fifteen inches apart. Cut off the seed stalks to increase the growth of foliage.

Parsley, like celery seed, germinates slowly, and is sometimes about a month in making its appearance. The soil should therefore be made very rich and fine, and the seed sown, half an inch deep, as early in spring as possible. When the plants are three inches high, thin them to eight inches apart.

Sweet-basil may be sown in early May,

and the plants thinned to one foot apart. The seeds of sweet-marjoram are very minute, and must be covered very thinly with soil finely pulverized; sow in April or May, when the ground is in the best condition. Sage is easily raised from seeds sown an inch deep the latter part of April; let the soil be warm and rich; let the plants stand about one foot apart in the row. Thyme and summer-savory require about the same treatment as sage. I find that some of the mountain mints growing wild are quite as aromatic and appetizing as many of these garden herbs.

## A NOTE ON IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

IN the study of works of art it is well to be provided with a strong dose of liberalism and a large reserve of tolerance. We must be on our guard against the influence of routine and of prejudices, not only of mind, but of the eye. Let us be gentle and charitable, neither too ready to scoff nor too ready to praise, but seeking rather to comprehend the aim and intention of the artist before we condemn or approve his work; for judgment implies reference to a standard, and in art what shall that standard be? Three-quarters of a century ago, on the European continent at least, no man could paint otherwise than David without incurring the disdain of his contemporaries. Later, one Picot was reputed to have found the ideal formula of art, and the doors of the Salon were closed against Delacroix, Decamps, Rousseau, Millet, and Courbet. But now Picot is forgotten, and the revolutionaries of twenty years ago are lauded to the skies. We flatter ourselves now that the days of despotism are over, and that we are just and indulgent and perspicuous and ready to encourage intelligent innovators, and yet I remember that when the group of so-called "Impressionists" made their first exhibition in Paris, no ridicule, no scoffing, no exaggeration of disdain, was spared them. They even had the honors of caricature on the stage.

The group in question made its first collective exhibition in 1877, and continued to exhibit annually until 1882, when desertions and internal feuds brought its militant existence to an end. The Im-

pressionists claimed as their forefathers Corot, Courbet, and Millet, and owned as their chiefs Édouard Manet and Degas, while the soldiers were named Claude Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Miss Mary Cassatt, Raffaelli, Forain, Gauguin, Rouart, Caillebotte, Eugène Vidal, Zandomenighi, Vignon. What was the bond of union between these artists? Why did they call themselves "Impressionists"? Have there not been impressionists ever since Piero della Francesca and the masters of the fifteenth century down to Corot? Certainly, and the Impressionists themselves recognized the fact, and at their second and succeeding exhibitions they simply styled themselves "Independents." Nevertheless, the title of "Impressionists" has clung to them, and perhaps, after all, it is that by which they may be best characterized.

The Impressionist painter is a bitter enemy of conventionality and of that orthodox art which has the sanction of official patronage. He rightly holds that all great artists have been the enemies of conventionality, and that the characteristics of the master are spontaneity, absolute originality, and marked personality. He maintains, rightly again, that the painter of genius creates new resources for his art, broadens the territory of the possible, and strives to work differently from his predecessors. The Impressionists, following in the paths opened up by Rousseau, Troyon, and Millet, sought to continue and complete the task of reproducing nature. They endeavored not merely to interpret



nature sincerely, ingenuously, and without regard to convention, but more particularly to fix upon canvas the momentary impression, the fugitive aspect of things, however strange it may be, and even however unpleasant, for the Impressionist, being a reactionary and a creature of extremes, has rarely much respect for beauty. They tried above all to represent men and women in the ambient atmosphere and ever-changing light of reality; to seize the incessant mobility of the coloration of the air; or, like Claude Monet, to note all the sheeny reflections and scintillations of sunlight upon moving water, and to fix all that is fleeting and fugitive in landscape effects. These problems were not unknown to the old masters; and as for ambient atmosphere, no one has rendered it more perfectly than Pieter de Hoogh. But still it must be admitted that the complexities of these problems were not consciously realized until modern times, and the reason is to be found in the very process of the development of painting, which proceeds invariably from the stiffness of hieratic figures on the gold ground of the Byzantines, through the portrait and the composed picture, to the simple landscape. The stiff lines become softer and more graceful on the one hand, while on the other the gold ground gives place to a blue ground and then to a landscape background, which finally comes to exist by itself, and acquires all the intensity and curiosity of research which we find, for instance, in a picture of Rousseau. The development of art is then from the ideal to the real; an abstraction is the beginning, and the absolute imitation of nature is the end. The attempt of the Impressionists is therefore logical and laudable; furthermore, their observation is novel, and their processes are curious and interesting. Their pictures must always be looked at from the requisite distance, and as wholes which cannot be decomposed, for their practice is to neglect particular tones in order to attain a luminous unity, just as the musical composer will arrive at harmony by an agglomeration of dissonances. The Impressionists in the course of their minute observation have discovered that in certain kinds of sunlight shadows appear blue and violet, and so they systematically color their shadows; some of them, like M. Pissarro, have a tendency to see blue everywhere, and allow their ruling passion to cast a sympathetic

azure tint over rural nature in general; others have carried their analysis of color in diffused light so far that no ordinary healthy eye can follow them. Several of the Impressionists, in order to conceal their ignorance of the science of drawing, affect a curious horror of precision of form, while one of them, at least, M. Caillebotte, takes delight in ignoring perspective. And yet what a sweet thing is perspective—*che dolce cosa è questa prospettiva*—as Paolo Uccello used to repeat so often.

Another marked peculiarity of the Impressionists is the truncated composition, the placing in the foreground of the picture of fragments of figures and objects, half a ballet-girl, for instance, or the hind-quarters of a dog sliced off from the rest of his body. The truncated composition was invented and perfected by M. Degas, the greatest of the Impressionists—an observer of great acuteness and a draughtsman of the first order. Curiously attentive to the significant yet commonly disdained details of modern life, M. Degas was led by the very nature of his observations to have recourse to special compositions for his pictures and studies. Two categories of Parisian humanity have particularly fascinated M. Degas, namely, washerwomen and ballet-girls, whose types, bearing, habits of body, and other singularities he has observed with sincerity and rendered with distinction. I speak thus eulogiously with respect to M. Degas's work up to 1880, for of late years he has indulged too evidently and too often in his favorite distraction of puzzling and horrifying the *bourgeois*. But in his good and serious work, especially in his pictures of dancing girls, M. Degas has reproduced with wonderful precision the movements and appearance of these daughters of the people, often naturally vulgar and graceless, to whom little by little the religion of rhythm communicates that grace which is more charming than physical beauty. And here we come to the explanation of the truncated composition: it is the artist's means of showing clearly what his intentions are. Thus, for instance, he wishes to show the different movements and various forms of the legs and feet of a troupe of ballerines, and so his picture contains simply the lower part of the stage and the top of the orchestra: we see the heads of the musicians and the legs of the dancers cut off at the level of the knees by the falling



curtain. The composition is certainly strange, but it has a definite aim: it concentrates attention on the very parts where the painter wished it to fall. There is thought and purpose in all this apparent oddness, and in all the good work of M. Degas it will be found that the strangeness of the composition is invariably subordinated to some particular detail, some curious study of movement or pose where he brings into play his astonishing skill in drawing and his exact observation of attitude, pantomime, and light. For that matter, the truncated composition is no longer looked upon as a singularity. Manet, De Nittis, Tissot, and others employed it largely, as also did the great illustrator Daniel Vierge. Indeed, contemporary French artists have abused the truncated composition, and often obtained by the mere oddness of their pictures an ephemeral success not justified by real artistic qualities.

The rôle which the Impressionists have played in the history of contemporary French art must neither be disparaged nor exaggerated. All reaction against conventionality is a good thing in the beginning, fated, however, to become conventional in its turn, as the Impressionists themselves have proved. Largely influenced by the study of Japanese paintings and color-printing, with their frank, unattenuated tones, and their reproduction of novel aspects of nature, the Impressionists helped to broaden our view of reality, and to call attention to aspects of nature which had hitherto escaped the Western artist. Above all, the Impressionists by their researches have simply revolutionized the French painter's palette, waged fierce warfare against bitumen and obscurity, and helped the triumph of natural

and non-conventional color. The Paris Salon of to-day, as compared with the Salon of ten years ago, is like a bright May morning compared with a dark November day. In the reform of the teaching of drawing the Impressionists have also had an influence for good by their protestation against abstract outline and hard contours which do not exist in nature, and by substituting for these abstractions the careful study of relative masses—*la tache*—which an object presents to the eye against the horizon. The strict observance of "values" is an outcome of the study of the object considered as mass and not as outline. Not that the ancient masters were ignorant or neglectful of values; they observed them certainly, but perhaps less consciously, less scientifically, and less curiously than the modern.

Thus, it will be seen, the Impressionist movement is full of interest, and the contemporary French artists, as their works show, have not disdained to profit by all that was good and useful in the teachings of the Impressionists, but these teachings have consisted more in the tendencies and efforts than in the actual achievements of the group. The source of excellence in art lies not so much in the study of the processes or of the methods of schools as in the study of Nature herself; and excellence of the highest kind is within the reach only of privileged temperaments, which spring into existence mysteriously and irresistibly, masters by innate gifts and aptitudes, and in spite of schools and theories. If you proclaim Claude Monet and Renoir to be masters in the art of painting, you must have thrown overboard forever Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Titian.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

IN Germany on *Sylvesterabend*—the eve of Saint Sylvester, the last night of the year—you shall wake and hear a chorus of voices singing hymns, like the English waits at Christmas or the Italian *pifferari*. In the deep silence, and to one awakening, the music has a penetrating and indefinable pathos, the pathos that Richter remarked in all music, and which our own Parsons has hinted delicately—

"Strange was the music that over me stole,  
For 'twas born of old sadness that lives in my soul."

There is something of the same feeling in the melody of college songs heard at a little distance on awakening in the night before Commencement. The songs are familiar, but they have an appealing melancholy unknown before. Their dying cadences murmur like a muffled peal heralding the visionary procession that is passing out of the enchanted realm of youth forever. So the voices of Sylvester's eve chant the requiem of the year that is dead. So much more of life, of opportunity, of achievement, passed; so much nearer age, decline, the mystery of the end. The music swells in rich



and lingering strains. It is a moment of exaltation, of purification. The chords are dying; the hymn is ending; it ends. The voices are stilled. It is the benediction of Saint Sylvester:

"She died and left to me....  
The memory of what has been  
And nevermore will be."

But this is the midnight refrain—The King is dead! With the earliest ray of daylight the exulting strain begins—Live the King! The bells are ringing; the children are shouting; there are gifts and greetings, good wishes and gladness. "Happy New-year! happy New-year!" It is the day of hope and a fresh beginning. Old debts shall be forgiven; old feuds forgotten; old friendships revived. To-day shall be better than yesterday. The good vows shall be kept. A blessing shall be wrung from the fleet angel Opportunity. There shall be more patience, more courage, more faith; the dream shall become life; to-day shall wear the glamour of to-morrow. Ring out the old, ring in the new!

Charles Lamb says that no one ever regarded the first of January with indifference: no one, that is to say, of the new style. But a fellow-pilgrim of the old style, before Pope Gregory retrenched those ten days in October, three hundred years ago, or the British Parliament those eleven days in September, a hundred and thirty-five years ago, took no thought of the first of January. It was a date of no significance. To have mused and moralized upon that day more than upon any other would have exposed him to the mischance against which Rufus Choate asked his daughter to defend him at the opera: "Tell me, my dear, when to applaud, lest unwittingly I dilate with the wrong emotion." The Pope and the Parliament played havoc with the date of the proper annual emotion. Moreover, if a man should happen to think of it, every day is a new-year's day. If we propose a prospect or a retrospect we can stand tiptoe on the top of every day, yes, and of every hour, in the year. Good-morning is but a daily greeting of Happy New-year.

But these smooth generalizations and truisms do not disturb the charm of regularly recurring times and seasons. That the fifth of October, or any day in any month, actually begins a new year, does not give to that date the significance and the feeling of the first of January. Our fellow-pilgrim of the old style must look out for himself. He may have begun his year in March, and a blustering birth it was. But we are children of the new style, and the first of January is our New-year. That is our day of remembrance, our feast of hope, the first page of our fresh calendar of good resolutions, the day of underscoring and emphasis of the swift lapse of life. "A few more of them, and then—" whispers the mentor, who is not deceived by the jolly compliments of the season, and the sober significance of the whisper is plain enough. "Eheu! Post-

hume," sang the old Roman. "This world and the next, and all's over!" said airy Tom Lackwit to the afflicted widow.

The relentless punctuality, the unwearied urgency, of old Time, who turns his hour-glass with such a sonorous ring on New-year's Day, seems sometimes a little wanting in the best breeding. It furnishes so unnecessary a register. The slow whitening and thinning of the hair; the gradual incision of wrinkles; the queer antics of the sight, which holds the newspaper at farther and farther removes, until at last it is forced to succumb to glasses; the abated pace in walking; the dexterous avoidance of stone walls in country rambles; the harmless frauds lurking in the expressed reasons for frequent pauses in climbing a hill to turn and see the landscape—frauds which the tears of my Uncle Toby's good angel promptly wash away; the general and gradual adjustment to greater repose: all these surely are adequate reminders and signs of the sovereignty of Time. Why should he be greedy of more? Why thump and rattle at the door, as it were, on the first of January, and bawl out to the whole world that we are a year older, and that makes—!

It is disagreeably unnecessary. Why should not the old fellow do his duty quietly, and tell off another year without such an outrageous uproar? Does he think it so pleasant to hear his increasing tally—forty, 'five, fifty, five, sixty, five? Peace! peace! Why not have it understood that the tally beyond—well, say fifty, is a gross impertinence? Let something be left to the imagination. Besides, what is the use of wigs and hair-dye and padding, and what not coloring and enamelling, and other juvenescent procedures of the feminine arcana, if annual proclamation of impertinent dates and facts is to be made?

The worst of it is that it is a positive interference with the just play of the fundamental truth that age is not justly measurable by the mere lapse of time. Some people are never young, others defy age. This, indeed, is due to temperament. But that is not all. Those gray hairs and wrinkles, that eyesight of less keenness, that disinclination to leap walls, and those fraudulent halts to survey the rearward landscape, are enemies whose assaults are by no means regular. They come at very different times to different people. Adolphus at sixty despises spectacles. Triptolemus at thirty is bald. The hair of Horatius at sixty-five is as affluent as Hyperion's, and as dark without unguents as the raven's plume. Let facts speak to a candid world. Why should that graybeard Paul Pry called Time blare through a speaking-trumpet that the brave Valentine—

"As wild his thoughts and gay of wing  
As Eden's garden bird"—

is just as old as old toothless, tottering, decrepit Orson?

Every well-regulated citizen of the world



is interested, and more vitally interested with every closing year, that upon the point of age all men shall be left to their merits, and shall not be measured arbitrarily by that Procrustean standard of years. It is notorious that men grow wiser every year, and it is observable that the more years they have, the more they look with doubt and questioning upon the Family Record. Those leaves of births following the doubtful books of Scripture, registered with such painful and needless particularity of dates, partake of the doubtfulness of their neighborhood. They are mere intercalations, new books of the Apocrypha. Yet they often cause young fellows of seventy to be accused and convicted of being old men.

Since, then, we cannot stop the flight of Time, let him pass. But he must not calumniate as he passes. He must not be allowed to stigmatize vigor and health and freshness of feeling and the young heart and the agile foot as old merely because of a certain number of years. This is the season of good resolutions. The new year begins in a snow-storm of white vows. So be it. But let our whitest vow be, after that for a whiter life, that age shall no longer be measured by this arbitrary standard of years, and that those deceitful and practical octogenarians of thirty shall not escape as young merely because they have not yet shown the strength to carry threescore and ten with jocund elasticity.

Then Happy New-year shall not mean Good-night, but Good-morrow.

THE one especial condition of a proper celebration of the formal dedication or inauguration or unveiling of the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World was a fair day. The great figure is a part of the landscape, and the most prominent object in the harbor, and the marine pageant would naturally be a most important part of the spectacle. The one thing which was wholly beyond control and which would be most unfortunate would be a foggy storm. *Hélas!* as the French orators said, a foggy storm there was. The autumn had been a succession of still, dry, beautiful days. There were, indeed, whispers of a nine weeks' drought. Upon Staten Island it was said that there had been no serious rain since the early part of August. If only the spell would last until after the great day! A dry, still, rich, luminous October air was all that could be asked of Fortune for an occasion so significant and so picturesque. *Mais hélas!*

A day or two before the appointed time "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" appeared to be getting a little too misty, and gathering cloudiness and obscurity portended rain. On the very day before the great day the rain, indeed, fell so heavily and persistently that there were ardent hopes of "its raining out," and in the afternoon the friendly and accommodating Weather Bureau, patriotically reluctant to dampen the universal an-

ticipation, announced rain, indeed, until the appointed hour, but at about that hour clearing weather. Benevolent Weather Bureau! how sincere was the gratitude of a vast multitude as that comfortable prophecy was perused!

But toward morning of the great day there was a dull, hopeless drip. It was a heavy, lowering morning. Nevertheless, the procession moved, not punctually, but without unseemly delay. Before noon, however, there was a drizzle. By the hour set for the ceremonies on Bedlow's Island there was a foggy storm. The statue was dimly seen through a veil of mist which would not be torn aside, and which enveloped the city, the shores, the bay, and through which the marine procession was but a fading, ghostly apparition. But never was the great truth made more evident that man is superior to his circumstances. The cold storm could not chill the good-nature of the vast crowds that lined the streets of the procession, and packed the Battery, and drifted through the city. It was not a holiday by law, but the throng was a holiday multitude, and it was an extraordinary revelation of the number of people who can command their time.

In the procession, which was about two hours long, it was pleasant to remark the abounding ranks of the old firemen dragging the old-fashioned machines. The fire laddie was always a popular hero in New York, and justly, for he is a minute-man who may hear at any moment the summons to the post of extreme peril. It was touching to see the gray-beards both of this service and of the war, some of the latter carrying the flags which were battle-rent, many of the veterans limping along, but with the old thrill and leap in their hearts as they heard the loud burst of the old war marches and melodies from the bands. It was but yesterday that they were marching through these same streets amid a frenzied multitude—wives, mothers, daughters, sweethearts, gazing through their tears with aching hearts, and inaudible prayers, and the glorious enthusiasm of self-sacrifice.

But as the swiftly marching columns reach the Battery and disperse, the warlike reminiscences of a later day yield to those of an earlier time. For the huge figure which is seen through some chance rift of mist and driving drizzle recalls the old French alliance, which the orator of the day so graphically and eloquently described, and without which the Revolution had been a more desperate struggle, and the great issue how much longer delayed! It was indeed both the romance and the reality of the Revolution, and its chief representative and figure, the young Lafayette, was once more presented to the admiration and gratitude of Americans, and the heroic story which our fathers knew so well was told again for the delight and emulation of their children.

At the dinner in the evening a memorial of



the enthusiastic reception of Lafayette in this country in 1824 was given to M. Bartholdi in two badges of the time, and among the guests at the tables sat Mr. Charles Butler, probably the sole survivor of the New York committee upon that famous occasion. Upon one of the badges were the lines once so familiar:

"The fathers in glory shall sleep  
That gathered with thee to the fight,  
But the sons shall eternally keep  
The tablet of gratitude bright.  
We bow not the neck,  
And we bend not the knee,  
But our hearts, Lafayette,  
We surrender to thee."

It is as fortunate for the tradition of the French alliance that it had so heroic and satisfactory a representative as Lafayette, as that the whole Revolutionary movement should be incarnated for our reverence in Washington. The motives of the alliance were not unmixed. A Bourbon court had no love of rebels against royal authority. But France would fain strike a fatal blow at her hereditary enemy, and found the fortunate opportunity in the American Revolution. The aid was too timely and abundant and effective not to be most gladly welcomed, and the young nobles who surrounded Count Rochambeau, and, above all, the chivalrous and peerless Lafayette, invested the whole alliance with that romantic glamour which the gift and the beauty of the great statue have so warmly renewed. It would have been one more of the many felicities of the occasion if the route of the procession had been so arranged as to provide for its march between the statue of Lafayette, in Union Square, fronting Broadway, which is also the work of Bartholdi, and the statue of Washington on his horse, by Brown, the American sculptor.

The statue of Liberty is very imposing. It is lofty enough to dominate the bay, and it has the true grandeur of simplicity. Certain criticisms are obvious enough, but the whole effect, which is the important point, is most satisfactory. Passing up the bay from Staten Island, the great statue on one side and the airy lines of the Brooklyn Bridge upon the other give an air of refinement and grace and elegance to the panorama which is quite unequalled. "We dedicate this statue," said Mr. Depew, in beginning his admirable oration, "to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world."

"We are not here to-day," said the President, in accepting the work, "to bow before the representation of a fierce and warlike god, filled with wrath and vengeance, but we joyously contemplate instead our own deity keeping watch and ward before the open gates of America, and greater than all that have been celebrated in ancient song. Instead of grasping in her hand thunder-bolts of terror and of death, she holds aloft the light which illumines the way to man's enfranchisement."

Such are the spirit and the purport of the statue and the circumstances of its erection.

There has been undoubtedly a great deal of good-humored skepticism and banter. There has been some feeling that the sentiment was factitious, because of the conviction that the inspiration of France in the Revolution was hatred of England, not love of America, and there has been some note of the fact that it was not a national gift proceeding from the government, but from private citizens. Especially it was noted that there was so little feeling in this country that except for the enterprise of the *New York World*, which came to the relief of the project in its darkest hour, as France came to aid the colonies when they were wellnigh despairing, the work could not have been completed.

But these are clouds of the dawn that have vanished. In looking at the lofty gray shaft on Bunker Hill, severe and solemn and imposing, does any patriot recall the effort, that seemed at times hopeless, to build even that great monument—an effort to which it might have been supposed that every American would gladly contribute? The *World's* aid was most timely and indispensable. But for every great hour there has been a man, and for every great enterprise there is now always a newspaper.

It must not be forgotten, also, that if the statue is the gift of the people rather than of the government of France, so the French alliance itself was due to the enthusiasm of a certain public sentiment—if such a phrase may be used of ante-Revolutionary France—compelling the government. Turgot and Neckar resolutely opposed the alliance. But, as the latest English historian says, from the first there had been the greatest enthusiasm in France for the colonial cause, and the force of popular opinion proved too strong for the adherents of peace.

The alliance itself was the gift of the people of France to America, and it is the people of France who have now given to the people of America the great memorial of that fortunate event. Our share in the work was contributed mainly in small sums to the *World*, and it is most satisfactory—the vapors of morning having also disappeared as from the shaft on Bunker Hill—that both of these monuments are the result of the contributions of the people in their "primary capacity."

Let them both forever stand to fulfil the words of the orator, and herald the friendship of nations and the peace of the world. Of the statue in the bay, as of the shaft upon the hill, every true American heart says, as Webster said on Bunker Hill in the presence of Lafayette, "We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country."

THE indignant and vigorous repudiation by Mr. Lowell of an interview with him as reported by Mr. Julian Hawthorne imperatively



calls attention again to the recent and unwarrantable practice of publishing private conversation, which Mr. Hawthorne himself describes in this very instance as "that modern rack of inquisition which has been evolved by nineteenth-century civilization from the torture-chamber of the Middle Ages." Mr. Hawthorne says, in beginning his report, "Mr. Lowell settled himself with manly resignation to the fate before him." But he says immediately that no one would have imagined from any word or look that Mr. Lowell was conscious of being stretched upon the rack.

He gave no such sign because he was not conscious of such a situation, and there is no man living who could have been more amazed, more pained, and more indignant upon finding his easy, unrestrained talk over his pipe in the seclusion of his home, and in what he felt to be perfectly friendly confidence, published in a journal of immense circulation and "blown about the world." Mr. Hawthorne, on the other hand, says that until he read Mr. Lowell's letter he had no doubt that Mr. Lowell knew that he was interviewing him for the *World*, and he declares himself to be more than sorry that Mr. Lowell should think that he could have intended to deceive him.

The wonder is how Mr. Hawthorne could have supposed that Mr. Lowell could possibly have talked as he reported him for publication. Every day, in the intimacy of home, a man says a hundred things of persons and affairs with a freedom which would be absolutely inconceivable if he were speaking for the public, and there is no situation to which the golden rule is more applicable than that of the interview. When Mr. Hawthorne said that he had come upon an errand, Mr. Lowell, smiling, interrupted him by saying, "Not of mercy"; and surely Mr. Hawthorne, however he may have felt bound to discharge his duty, and although sure that Mr. Lowell understood the work that was to be done, could not himself have regarded it as a work of mercy.

There was once a club in Boston which included every noted man but one in that community; and when one of the most distinguished members was asked the reason of the exception, he replied, "Because a club would be intolerable if it contained a member who would not hesitate to publish anything he might hear said at table." It was a severe estimate of the excluded person, but the doctrine was strictly orthodox. Yet a man who is consciously interviewed, as Mr. Hawthorne says that he supposed Mr. Lowell to be, does talk directly for the public, and assuming that his talk is reported correctly, he cannot be supposed to be offended by the publication. But this is precisely the mischief of "interviewing."

If a man is distinguished enough to make the knowledge of his views of men and affairs desirable or important for the public, the paper which asks for them should propose to him to prepare a statement of them, and not

invite him to talk to a reporter, because talking to a reporter is a peculiar undertaking, in which most men are at a very great disadvantage, unless they have had great experience. If the proof of his remarks be submitted to him, the reported conversation becomes his considered and corrected essay, which would be much more characteristic and interesting if he prepared it originally, because it would then have his own characteristic form and not that of another.

It is only the views of important men upon important subjects which are worth reporting, and such men are competent to express their views in their own way. The larger number of interviewers are not phonographers. They write out the conversation from memory, and with the purpose of filling a certain space. But the reports of interviews in general are merely records of the most trivial gossip or unimportant opinion. As a part of our morning's news, for instance, we are told at length in the newspaper that a foreign actress of doubtful eminence as an artist and character as a woman was interviewed at her hotel after arriving, and declares that she is too happy to find herself in dear America, which blessed land it has been the hope of her life to see, and she is sure that she is going to like everything and everybody; or Mr. Brown having been nominated to be light-house keeper, Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson are promptly interviewed, and declare that it is a very good or a very bad nomination, according to their political views.

This is the kind of precious information which the interview generally elicits, and which is set forth in that palladium of liberty, the morning newspaper. But there is also the serious talk of serious men upon serious or other subjects, the value of which to the newspaper is not in the views expressed, but in the distinction of the talker. Interviewing, in fact, springs from the interest of the public in noted persons, and it assumes that a report of whatever they say will be a merchantable article. The interviewer is despatched to tempt his victim into conversation, or to apprise him fairly that he is to be interviewed, in the hope that he may say what he would not take the trouble to write. But in the instance of Mr. Lowell it was obvious to every reader that he had no suspicion whatever of the situation, and his disclaimer of some of the remarks that he was stated to have made at once cast great doubt upon every part of the report.

But it had the air of fidelity and the easy colloquial tone, so that the mischief is irreparable. That Mr. Hawthorne should have supposed for a moment that Mr. Lowell, if he had spoken with such unreserve of persons whom he was very likely to meet, would be willing to have his remarks published, is astonishing. Even if Mr. Lowell had made the personal remarks as they were recorded, and were willing that they should be published, it is most remarkable that Mr. Hawthorne



should not, by pruning his report, have shielded a gentleman for whom he professes great regard from the inevitable consequences of such publication. He says that he cannot comprehend how there could have been any misunderstanding in regard to the fact that he was interviewing his interlocutor. He states in a later letter to Mr. Lowell, "I explicitly told you what I came for." But upon that point Mr. Lowell has spoken decisively. He did not suspect it.

The reporter undoubtedly should be loyal to the journal that employs him. But in discharging the duty of interviewing he need not forget other duties. Mr. Hawthorne calls it a relic of old torture. But that depends largely upon the interviewer. The torture lies surely not in confronting a man with his own conversation in print, but in confronting him with such remarks as either he did not make or as should not be printed. It is conceivable that a man who has a high regard for another should ask his views for publication. But it is hardly conceivable that, without the least occasion or necessity, he should publish any remark to his friend's necessary injury.

The mischief of interviewing is one that will correct itself. But there will be many victims during the process of correction.

THE secret of the historical English leadership in the world lies largely in the Englishman's acute sense of his individual rights. The very surliness which is a characteristic of John Bull is an assertion of his personal importance which overbears opposition. John Bull does not say *pardon* like Jean Crapaud, nor smile good-naturedly like Brother Jonathan, but he says, crisply, "That's mine," and takes it. It is a consequence of this quality that he will not be "imposed upon" in the minor details of life, and makes his personal annoyances a public concern. In a recent comic paper there is a picture of John Bull receiving his enormous bill from the urbane and obsequious French landlord, who stands by rubbing his hands and bowing smoothly as if to enable his victim to acquiesce in the imposition more easily. "Oh yes, sir," says John Bull, swelling, "I shall pay the bill, but I shall write to *The Times*!"

That is true public spirit. It is John Bull's personal annoyance which excites him, but in writing to *The Times* he speaks for the public and befriends every traveller. He helps everybody by not being afraid to "make a row." He is not content to swear and fret and grumble in his family circle and among his friends. But he shouts to every man in England, "Look here! I was swindled at the Lion d'Or, and I advise you to avoid the paw of that celebrated beast." The man who does this is a public benefactor. Jean Crapaud would shriek "*Sacré!*" and shrug his shoulders. Brother Jonathan would pay, and laugh that complaint "ain't wuth while," and the next Jean and Jonathan would step into the trap

from which a timely word of warning would have saved them. Does the gentle reader doubt it? Very well. Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, attend to the history of—Sylvania.

It is, as the gentle reader knows, that delightful suburb of Babylon which long escaped the fell hand of Improvement. At last, however, Improvement appeared, and woes began. The ordinary discomforts and vexations which follow in the immediate rear of improvement, the camp-followers and bummers and tramps of the advancing army, suddenly abounded. It was alleged that the convenience of reaching the great city was destroyed, that the pleasant company of neighbors passing to and from Babylon was overwhelmed by hordes of the unwelcome and gambling hangers-on of suburban exhibitions, and that the ferry became a doubtful bridge, swarming with a noisy and riotous throng.

It was affirmed that there was virtual insurrection of the business interests of Sylvania, which could find little facility of transport for goods as compared with an earlier day. Indeed, in certain parts of Sylvania your ears were filled with loud and angry complaints. Everybody grumbled and growled as if a noisome dragon were demanding an annual or weekly—nay, daily—tribute of youth and maidens. The homes of the Sylvanians smoked, as it were, with sulphurous denunciations, and the whole region apparently rocked with revolution.

It was a general fury—but it was comical. For although the population of Sylvania is large, and the daily press of the city stands, like the lion's mouth in Venice, always gaping wide for protests against abuses and accusations of evil-doers, and although the obvious, familiar, effective remedy of all wrongs begins by an appeal to the public, yet, so far as the Easy Chair can ascertain, while the Sylvanians raged furiously together, and every man privately communicated his wrath to his neighbor, who was as helpless as himself, not a whisper was breathed to the newspapers. It would seem that the good Sylvanians had entered into a solemn league and covenant of secrecy, and agreed to hush up their grievances among themselves, nourishing a self-consuming wrath.

But if nobody in a community cares to protest aloud in the only effective manner, the suffering of the community cannot be supposed to be very severe. A general public wrong which does not get into the newspapers is not a very great wrong. Possibly it may be only occasional and individual personal discomfort. If *Punch's* John Bull had been a Sylvanian when the alleged annoyance and imposition and outrage began, he would have opened his batteries upon it in the morning papers. He would have fortified himself with facts, and then blazed away. Improvement seeks its own advantage. He would there-



fore have shown that Sylvania had been ruined as a rural retreat. He would have detailed the disadvantageous changes. He would have recounted the discomforts. He would have contrasted poor fallen Sylvania with other unassailed suburban seclusions, and have warned every summer sojourner and every seeker of a "retired" home that it was not to be found in Sylvania.

John Bull would have organized himself into a Complaint Company, limited. He would have caused a letter constantly to appear in some paper. He would have lodged in the public mind a conviction that Sylvania was an undesirable home and an exceedingly disagreeable suburb, and he would have forced Improvement to have remedied some of the evils which, according to him, it had produced. He would have compelled it to keep its word, and in some degree to justify its name. He would certainly not have contented himself

with grumbling to his wife. Not that the privilege and pleasure of grumbling are to be undervalued. But in such a situation it should not be a shot with powder only, but a charge that sends home a bullet.

It is because Brother Jonathan in such a case pays the swindling bill and swears roundly at the landlord, and does *not* write to *The Times* that he has so much occasion to fret and grumble. If boats and cars are habitually overcrowded, if the crowd is noisy and disreputable, if trains are inconvenient, if the officers are uncourteous, if the stations are cold, and there is general contempt for the public comfort and convenience, Brother Jonathan should not talk and scold, but cheerfully "let in the light," publish the whole truth, and insist upon remedying the wrong. Let him remember and ponder the truthful saying that the American Revolution was fought upon a preamble.

## Editor's Study.

### I.

IT would be interesting to know the far beginnings of holiday literature, and we commend the quest to the scientific spirit which now specializes research in every branch of history. In the mean time, without being too confident of our facts, we venture to suggest that it came in with the romantic movement about the beginning of this century, when mountains ceased to be horrid, and became picturesque; when ruins of all sorts, but particularly abbeys and castles, became habitable to the most delicate constitutions; when the despised Gothick of Addison dropped its *k*, and arose the chivalrous and religious Gothic of Scott; when ghosts were redeemed from the contempt into which they had fallen, and resumed their place in polite society; in fact, the politer the society, the welcomer the ghosts, and whatever else was out of the common. In that day the Annual flourished, and this artificial flower was probably the first literary blossom on the Christmas Tree which has since borne so much tinsel foliage and painted fruit. But the Annual was extremely Oriental; it was much preoccupied with Haidees and Gulnares and Zuleikas, with Hindas and Nourmahals, owing to the distinction which Byron and Moore had given such ladies; and when it began to concern itself with the actualities of British beauty, the daughters of Albion, though inscribed with the names of real countesses and duchesses, betrayed their descent from the well-known Eastern odalisques. It was possibly through an American that holiday literature became distinctively English in material, and Washington Irving, with his New World love of the past, may have given the

impulse to the literary worship of Christmas which has since so widely established itself. A festival revived in popular interest by a New-Yorker to whom Dutch associations with New-year's had endeared the German ideal of Christmas, and whom the robust gayeties of the season in old-fashioned country houses had charmed, would be one of those roundabout results which destiny likes, and "would at least be Early English." If we cannot claim with all the patriotic confidence we should like to feel that it was Irving who set Christmas in that light in which Dickens saw its æsthetic capabilities, it is perhaps because all origins are obscure. For anything that we positively know to the contrary, the Druidic rites from which English Christmas borrowed the inviting mistletoe, if not the decorative holly, may have been accompanied by the recitations of holiday triads. But it is certain that several plays of Shakespeare were produced, if not written, for the celebration of the holidays, and that then the black tide of Puritanism which swept over men's souls blotted out all such observance of Christmas with the festival itself. It came in again, by a natural reaction, with the returning Stuarts, and throughout the period of the Restoration it enjoyed a perfunctory favor. There is mention of it often enough in the eighteenth century essayists, in the *Spectators*, and *Idlers*, and *Tatlers*; but the *World* about the middle of the last century laments the neglect into which it had fallen. Irving seems to have been the first to observe its surviving rites lovingly, and Dickens divined its immense advantage as a literary occasion. He made it in some sort entirely his for a time, and there can be no question but it was he who again endeared it to the whole English-speak-



ing world, and gave it a wider and deeper hold than it had ever had before upon the fancies and affections of our race.

## II.

The might of that great talent no one can gainsay, though in the light of the truer work which has since been done his literary principles seem almost as grotesque as his theories of political economy. In no one direction was his erring force more felt than in the creation of holiday literature as we have known it for the last half-century. Creation, of course, is the wrong word; it says too much; but in default of a better word, it may stand. He did not make something out of nothing; the material was there before him; the mood and even the need of his time contributed immensely to his success, as the volition of the subject helps on the mesmerist; but it is within bounds to say that he was the chief agency in the development of holiday literature as we have known it, as he was the chief agency in universalizing the great Christian holiday as we now have it. Other agencies wrought with him and after him; but it was he who rescued Christmas from Philistine distrust, and humanized it and consecrated it to the hearts and homes of all.

Very rough magic, as it now seems, he used in working his miracle, but there is no doubt about his working it. One opens his Christmas stories in this later day—*The Carol*, *The Chimes*, *The Haunted Man*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and all the rest—and with “a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,” asks himself for the preternatural virtue that they once had. The pathos appears false and strained; the humor largely horse-play; the character theatrical; the joviality pumped; the psychology commonplace; the sociology alone funny. It is a world of real clothes, earth, air, water, and the rest; the people often speak the language of life, but their motives are as disproportioned and improbable, and their passions and purposes as overcharged, as those of the worst of Balzac's people. Yet all these monstrosities, as they now appear, seem to have once had symmetry and verity; they moved the most cultivated intelligences of the time; they touched true hearts; they made everybody laugh and cry.

This was perhaps because the imagination, from having been fed mostly upon gross unrealities, always responds readily to fantastic appeals. There has been an amusing sort of awe of it, as if it were the channel of inspired thought, and were somehow sacred. The most preposterous inventions of its activity have been regarded in their time as the greatest feats of the human mind, and in its receptive form it has been nursed into an imbecility to which the truth is repugnant, and the fact that the beautiful resides nowhere else is inconceivable. It has been flattered out of all sufferance in its toyings with the mere elements of character, and its attempts

to present these in combinations foreign to experience are still praised by the poorer sort of critics as masterpieces of creative work.

In the day of Dickens's early Christmas stories it was thought admirable for the author to take types of humanity which everybody knew, and to add to them from his imagination till they were as strange as beasts and birds talking. Now we begin to feel that human nature is quite enough, and that the best an author can do is to show it as it is. But in those stories of his Dickens said to his readers, Let us make believe so-and-so; and the result was a joint juggle, a child's-play, in which the wholesome allegiance to life was lost. Artistically, therefore, the scheme was false, and artistically, therefore, it must perish. It did not perish, however, before it had propagated itself in a whole school of unrealities, so ghastly that one can hardly recall without a shudder those sentimentalities at second-hand to which holiday literature was abandoned long after the original conjurer had wearied of his performance.

Under his own eye and of conscious purpose a circle of imitators grew up in the fabrication of Christmas stories. They obviously formed themselves upon his sobered ideals; they collaborated with him, and it was often hard to know whether it was Dickens or Mr. Sala or Mr. Collins who was writing. The Christmas book had by that time lost its direct application to Christmas. It dealt with shipwrecks a good deal, and with perilous adventures of all kinds, and with unmerited suffering, and with ghosts and mysteries, because human nature, secured from storm and danger in a well-lighted room before a cheerful fire, likes to have these things imaged for it, and its long-puerilized fancy will bear an endless repetition of them. The wizards who wrought their spells with them contented themselves with the lasting efficacy of these simple means; and the apprentice-wizards and journeyman-wizards who have succeeded them practise the same arts at the old stand. The English Christmas book of last year was of the same motive and purport as the English Christmas book of twenty years ago, but the ethical intention which gave dignity to Dickens's Christmas stories of still earlier date has almost wholly disappeared. It was a quality which could not be worked so long as the phantoms and hair-breadth escapes. People always knew that character is not changed by a dream in a series of tableaux; that a ghost cannot do much toward reforming an inordinately selfish person; that a life cannot be turned white, like a head of hair, in a single night, by the most allegorical apparition; that want and sin and shame cannot be cured by kettles singing on the hob; and gradually they ceased to make believe that there was virtue in these devices and appliances. Yet the ethical intention was not fruitless, crude as it now appears. It *was* well once a year, if not oftener, to remind men by parable of the



old, simple truths; to teach them that forgiveness, and charity, and the endeavor for life better and purer than each has lived, are the principles upon which alone the world holds together and gets forward. It was well for the comfortable and the refined to be put in mind of the savagery and suffering all round them, and to be taught, as Dickens was always teaching, that certain feelings which grace human nature, as tenderness for the sick and helpless, self-sacrifice and generosity, self-respect and manliness and womanliness, are the common heritage of the race, the direct gift of Heaven, shared equally by the rich and poor. It did not necessarily detract from the value of the lesson that, with the imperfect art of the time, he made his paupers and porters not only human, but superhuman, and too altogether virtuous; and it remained true that home life may be lovely under the lowliest roof, although he liked to paint it without a shadow on its beauty there. It is still a fact that the sick are very often saintly, although he put no peevishness into their patience with their ills. His ethical intention told for manhood and fraternity and tolerance, and when this intention disappeared from the better holiday literature, that literature was sensibly the poorer for the loss.

It never did disappear wholly from the writings of Dickens, whom it once vitally possessed, and if its action became more and more mechanical, still it always had its effect with the generation which hung charmed upon his lips, till the lips fell dumb and still forever. It imbued subordinate effort, and inspired his myriad imitators throughout the English-scribbling world, especially upon its remoter borders, so that all holiday fiction, which was once set to the tunes of *The Carol* and *The Chimes*, still grinds no other through the innumerable pipes of the humbler newspapers and magazines, though these airs are no longer heard in the politer literary centres.

This cannot go on forever, of course, but the Christmas whose use and beauty Dickens divined will remain, though Christmas literature is going the way of so much that was once admired, like the fine language, the beauties of style, and the ornate manners of the past, down through the ranks of the æsthetic poor, whom we have always with us, to the final rag-bag of oblivion.

### III.

It is still manufactured among us in the form of short stories; but the Christmas book, which now seems to be always a number of paste gems threaded upon a strand of tinsel, must be imported from England if we want it. With the constant and romantic public of the British Islands it appears that spectres and imminent dangers still have favor enough to inspire their fabrication, while if we may judge from an absence of native phantasms and perils, the industry has no more encouragement among us than ship-

building, though no prohibitive tariff has enhanced the cost of the raw materials, or interfered to paralyze the efforts of the American imagination. Whether or not we get enough of the domestic article in the monthlies and weeklies, which feel the journalistic impulse to be seasonable in this as in other respects, at any rate it is certain that we do not get it in more permanent form. With us it is *not* customary "for the purveyors of amusing literature—the popular authors of the day—to put forth certain opuscles, denominated 'Christmas Books,' with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year," as the noble-languaged critic of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* said in *The Times* when that holiday trifle appeared. No more in the burlesque mood of Thackeray than in the more Ercoles vein of the other master do our popular authors put forth opuscles of the sort described. It is difficult for us even to fancy one of our authors doing it. It is not supposable of Dr. Holmes or of Mr. Lowell; nothing could be farther from the natural make and temper of Mr. James; Mr. Aldrich would smile to think of himself doing it; we cannot conceive of Mark Twain's writing a holiday opuscle for the subscription trade; and which of the ladies whose literature delights us could we expect such a thing from?

Have we, then, come to our literary growth too late for pleasure in these amusements of our nonage, or is the English mind, which still toys with them, unriper than ours? The latter would be such an agreeable thing to believe that we must not rashly refuse it credence out of modesty, even though we suspect that it is the former which is true.

### IV.

Without inquiring too nicely into the reasons of the fact, we can all recognize the fact. The American holiday book is quite another affair, and is graphic rather than literary. It naturally took the form of illustration, because for a long time our conditions were not very fruitful in literature of any sort, and it was easier and cheaper for the publisher to get designs for some popular poem or story than to get the poem or story written. The Annuals had their day with us too; the Annuals and the Gift-books and the Keepsakes, with their mezzotinted simpers and dimples, their steel-plate maidenhoods and motherhoods and childhoods; and then we began to attempt the wood-cut illustration in which the *Century* and *Harper's New Monthly* have finally made us the masters. Our earlier attempts in that kind are not such as we can flatter ourselves upon, however fond of praise we may be. From year to year, almost, the difference is so great that it is a little painful to look at the past achievements which once gave us so much pleasure. The excellence of the performance has constantly



advanced the ideal, and now any eye which has followed the progress of the art is impatient of less than the best. We cannot tell how general this trained feeling is, but the fact that the best is so well liked is significant of a wide appreciation of differences. No doubt many copies of the finest holiday publications, which are beautiful works of art, are bought because a handsome book is justly believed to be the most fitting holiday gift; but there can be no doubt, either, that a great deal of personal preference goes with the purchase, and, it is to be supposed, some personal taste and knowledge, though it would not be safe to say how much.

The holiday books of this year are not very different in scope from those of last year. There are books relating to the history of art, like Mrs. Erskine Clement's *Stories of Art and Artists*; books of travel, like Mr. Benjamin's *Persia and the Persians*; illustrations of classical pieces of literature, like *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *She Stoops to Conquer*; and certain other volumes with greater originality of plan. One of these is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *Well Worn Roads*, which, perhaps from our readier sense of what is good in literature, we are inclined to value more for its literary than its artistic qualities. Whoever else might have thought of making those pleasant sketches in Spain, Venice, Holland, and Belgium, it was to Mr. Smith that it occurred to accompany them with study of the life about him while he was making them. He has told simply what happened to him then and there, and he has told it with spirit, with light humor, and with a genial sympathy which are very charming indeed. The result is as pleasant as the intention is novel, and in these little contributions to our knowledge of the scenes and people among which he went sketching he has become part of the great movement in literature whose prime traits are fidelity and sincerity.

This is what Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has done too in *Their Pilgrimage*. With all the good æsthetic theories in the world, to which he has heretofore given some cogent expression, in the presence of life at our seaside and mountain and inland lake resorts he finds himself "photographic." He not only shows the surface of things with instantaneous vividness, and with all the modern advantages of the dry-plate process, but he looks below the surface with an eye that does not always seek amusement or alone the entertainment of the reader. In his first essay in the field of fiction he turns out an actualist, whose first wish seems to be truth to his facts and the meaning of them. This was perhaps inevitable from the scheme of his work, but it was partly inevitable from his having something to say in a country and in a time when what is worth saying in fiction cannot very well be said in any other way. The effect is in harmony with Mr. Reinhart's illustrations. The artist has been faithful like the author, and the book

which has resulted is one of rare excellence in a kind of which the examples are few and the difficulties many. To keep a pleasant story current through the study of conditions which form the groundwork of the design, and not to let it stagnate in levels of comment or the descriptions of the landscape and the spectators—to know when to drop the narrative and when to take it up—was the little miracle demanded of Mr. Warner in this prospect of our summer leisure, which seems so simple and so easy, and which must have been a labor full of the anxiety no one sees. The romantic fervors of *Corinne* and the poetic pensiveness of *Hyperion*—the great prototypes of what we may call travel-fiction—would alike have been false colors in this picture of our cheerful prosperity. A light touch, a friendly humor, and a keen eye for the beauty as well as the vulgarity of our watering-place commonplace, in all its curious variety of traits, and its inexhaustible picturesqueness of environment, were the gifts needed for such a book as Mr. Warner and Mr. Reinhart have given us.

In its peculiar union of literary and graphic charm we fancy that hardly any book of the year will dispute its supremacy, but in a different effect these qualities appear again in the *Tile Club Book*, which Mr. Edward Strahan and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith have written, and all the members of that famous society have drawn. The tone and the flavor of studio talk have got thoroughly into the letter-press, and the phototype and other processes have rendered the sketches again with the perfection which is not the less perfection because it is no longer a surprise. The full-page illustrations are reproductions of well-known pictures by different members of the Club, while the text is profusely illuminated with "bits" from those spirited and fertile pencils, and occasionally the effective face of one of the contributors. On the fly-leaves the effigies and blazons of the Club appear in a lavish texture of decorative work; and the cover of the book is a triumph of sober richness and beauty. The volume is of the same general style as Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Well Worn Roads*, and his illustration of *The Last Leaf*, which we praised last year; everything about it is artistic, and everything about it is American in ideal and in execution. It marks the extreme advancement of taste in its sort among us, and when we have seen it surpassed we shall believe that something finer has been done.

A book altogether different in design is Goldsmith's famous comedy as illustrated by Mr. E. A. Abbey. Like his Herrick, it seems a series of studies begun without certain intention of completion, and continued out of love of doing them till all were done as if by separate and original impulses. Whether this is the true history of them or not we will not be positive, but there is an effect of fresh, unjaded interest in the work which lends a color of probability to our conjecture. Like other



conjectures of criticism in regard to artistic work, it does not greatly matter. What is unquestionable is the arch humor, the delicate sense of character, and the relish for broad fun which Mr. Abbey has brought to the interpretation of a masterpiece of literature, most distinctly of its own time in its eighteenth-century spirit, and of all times in its human nature. Written to displace the sentimental comedy which had inundated the English theatre with the tears of Sensibility, Goldsmith's play had no chance of success but in the boldest truth to the conditions of English life, with its gross eating and drinking, its rude arrogancies and familiarities, its naked passions, its practical jokes, its artificial civilities, and that essential core of kindness which the poet must divine chiefly from his sense of it in himself. Mr. Abbey's work is simply the graphic appreciation of all this, to which he has applied such skill and such sympathy that he has fairly made himself a partner of the dramatic enterprise. His pictures play the comedy for us, and whoever sits down to the pleasant spectacle will hardly see the characters again in any guise but that his pencil has given them. His pencil has had the immense

advantage of the eighteenth-century costumes, and the scene is full of that silken pomp, that stately grace, that quaintness and grotesqueness. At the first page it is as if the curtain lifted upon all those familiar people, and at the last we rise with a sigh as at its fall upon their final grouping behind the foot-lights. It is a very perfect illusion of an illusion.

Mr. Ipsen's decorative illustration of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* is another work which has the same charm of unity in execution, and of evident affection for the literary material in the enterprise. Each page of the book is the framework of a sonnet, and expresses with infinite variety of "leaf-fringed legend" the dominant feeling or idea of the poem: it is the prolongation, in the designer's art, of the music which breaks from the beautiful lines, and loses itself in bud and berry and blossom, and in gracious glimpses of sentient beauty. The artist has not wished to interpret or to represent; he has richly contented himself with setting the poet's pictures, and in the performance of a labor as strictly ornamentative as that of an old missal, he has achieved an effect full of distinction and charm.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of November.—Elections were held November 2 in all the States except Maine, Vermont, and Oregon. Seventeen States voted for Governors, as follows (some figures estimated): California, Washington Bartlett (Democrat), 632 plurality; Colorado, Alva Adams (Democrat), 1500 plurality; Connecticut, no election by the people; Delaware, Benjamin T. Biggs (Democrat), 6199 majority; Kansas, John A. Martin (Republican), 37,500 majority; Massachusetts, Oliver Ames (Republican), 9466 plurality; Michigan, Cyrus G. Luce (Republican), 7000 plurality; Minnesota, A. R. McGill (Republican), 2314 majority; Nebraska, John M. Thayer (Republican), 20,000 majority; Nevada, C. C. Stevenson (Republican); New Hampshire, no election by the people; New Jersey, Robert S. Green (Democrat), 8063 plurality; Pennsylvania, J. A. Beaver (Republican), 43,000 plurality; South Carolina, J. P. Richardson (Democrat), no opposition; Tennessee, R. L. Taylor (Democrat), 20,000 majority; Texas, L. C. Ross (Democrat), 137,000 plurality; Wisconsin, J. M. Rusk (Republican), 30,000 plurality.—The Congressional elections made several changes in the House. In the Fiftieth Congress the House will probably stand: Democrats, 167; Republicans, 154; Labor, 3. The present House has: Democrats, 184; Republicans, 141.—In New York city the vote for Mayor was as follows: Hewitt (Tammany and County Democracy), 90,552; George (Labor and Irving

Hall Democrat), 68,110; Roosevelt (Republican), 60,435; Wardwell (Prohibition), 582; defective, 135; blank, 178; total, 219,992.

General Gordon was elected Governor of Georgia October 6, without a contest.

Hon. George F. Edmunds was re-elected United States Senator from Vermont October 19.

George W. Baxter was appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory November 5.

Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" was formally unveiled on Bedlow's Island October 28. There was a great parade of soldiers, firemen, etc., reviewed by President Cleveland, Comte de Lesseps, M. Bartholdi, and other distinguished people, in Madison Square. There was also a naval parade, which was obscured by mist.

The amount paid by the United States government for pensions during the year ending June 30, 1886, was \$63,797,831 61. At that date there were 365,783 pensioners on the rolls.

Mr. Parnell's Land Bill for Ireland was defeated in the British House of Commons September 21, by a vote of 202 to 297.

Queen Christina of Spain, October 7, signed a decree freeing the slaves in Cuba from the remainder of their terms of servitude.

A new Spanish cabinet was formed October 9, as follows: Minister of the Council, Señor Sagasta; Foreign Affairs, Señor Moret; Justice, Señor Martinez; Finance, Señor Puigcerver; Interior, Señor Leon Castillo; Public



Works, Señor Rodrigo; War, General Castillo; Marine, Admiral Arias; Colonies, Señor Balaguer.

The total number of cholera cases in Japan this year was 59,000, of which 37,000 resulted fatally.

The Great Sobranje, November 10, elected by acclamation Waldemar, son of the King of Denmark, Prince of Bulgaria, but he refused to accept the throne.

News from Hong-Kong, under date of September 23, states that the French in a fight with 2000 pirates near Hooloc, Tonquin, killed 500 of them.

#### DISASTERS.

*September 16.*—Tornado in parts of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Villages wrecked and several persons killed.

*October 3.*—Twenty-four men killed by an explosion in a colliery near Wakefield, Yorkshire, England.

*October 5.*—Steamer *La Mascotte* blown up just above Neeley's Landing, near Cape Girardeau. Twenty-two persons killed.

*October 12.*—Great gale in the Gulf of Mexico. The town of Sabine Pass, Texas, swept away by the waters; 102 persons drowned. The village of Johnson's Bayou, Louisiana, also destroyed by the waters, and 145 lives lost.

*October 28.*—Accident on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, near Rio, Wisconsin. Thirteen passengers burned to death in a car.

*November 3.*—Forty soldiers killed by the wrecking of a transport train between Nikolaiev and Odessa.

*November 14.*—News of explosion of boilers of Chinese steamer *Takataman* in a gale off Niigata. Ninety-six lives lost.

*November 15.*—News of foundering of steam-

er *Normantore* off Pashima, Japan. Sixty persons drowned.

#### OBITUARY.

*September 16.*—At Grave, in the Gironde, France, Louis Charles Elie Amanieu, the Duc Decazes, aged sixty-seven years.

*September 20.*—At London, England, John L. Hatton, aged seventy-one years. — Captain Bedford C. T. Pim, R.N., aged sixty years.

*September 27.*—At "The Briars," near Boyce, Virginia, John Esten Cooke, author, aged fifty-six years.

*October 8.*—At Franklin Falls, New Hampshire, United States Senator Austin F. Pike, aged sixty-seven years.

*October 10.*—In New York city, ex-United States Senator David L. Yulee, of Florida, aged seventy-five years.

*October 13.*—In London, England, George Godwin, F.R.S., architect and writer, aged seventy-one years.

*October 16.*—At Frankfort, Germany, Meyer Karl de Rothschild, banker.

*October 20.*—In Rangoon, Burmah, Major-General Sir Herbert T. Macpherson, commander of the British army of occupation in Burmah.

*October 24.*—At Altenburg, Germany, Baron Frederick Ferdinand von Beust, aged seventy-seven years.

*October 25.*—In New York, Mrs. Cornelia Mitchell Stewart, widow of A. T. Stewart, aged eighty-three years.

*November 8.*—At Newmarket, England, Frederick Archer, noted English jockey, aged thirty years.

*November 11.*—At Tonquin, M. Paul Bert, French Minister Resident in Anam, aged fifty-three years.

*November 11.*—News at Berlin of the death of Dr. Fischer, the African traveller.

## Editor's Drawer.

**1887**—another "centennial" date, that of the Federal Constitution. We have been a nation one hundred years. It is a pretty date to write; after the stiff 8s the pen flourishes so easily down the tail of the 7. The years have somehow run away very fast since 1850, going down-hill to the end of the century. In fourteen short years more the Drawer will be trying, in its faithfulness to the twentieth century, to keep out of its columns the facetiæ of the nineteenth. The nineteenth century, of which we are so proud now, will be analyzed and criticised and condemned as we now condescend to talk about the eighteenth. On the day that 1901 comes in, the same able writers who the day before, in the press, used the term "nineteenth century" as if it were a kind of final achievement in itself, will turn

on it in a patronizing manner. They will speak about the twentieth century as if they had made it, and that it must necessarily excel all the others. They seem a great many years, 1887, do they not? They are really only a little fragment of time, which has dignity only from the fact that we are adding to it. It is an odd conceit we have of it. Looked at in one way, it is a respectable date, but how long shall we be able to add to it and keep it going in the world? There have been several attempts at a continuous date, but they have all broken down. How long shall we keep up ours? It is a pity for scientific purposes that we could not have had universally, as the Hebrews have, a continuous date. Our breaking time in two in this way causes immense historical confusion, leads to an unjust estimate



of the past, and adds to our conceit. It gives the impression that the historical stream is not continuous; indeed, we absurdly try to make it run both ways from what we call the year 1. Hence much of the theological difficulty in making people feel that the New Dispensation is actually a continuation of the Old Dispensation. We begin with our 1 and run it up forward, with an increasing sense of power. And we turn about and cast it up backward for the ancient nations, endeavoring to run the civilizations of antiquity into the ground somewhere. It gives a false impression—if we may say it, a “petering out” appearance to the old nations. Take the Egyptians, for example. They seem to be wasting away in time toward us, losing year after year instead of gaining. We know, indeed, but we have to learn it painfully, that the Egyptians did not live backward in this way. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that Menes, when he came to his throne in Memphis, dated his order to dig the first canal 5004, according to Mariette, or 3623 according to Bunsen, or 2700 according to Wilkinson, or whatever it was, and that every year thereafter he dropped one year—5003, 3622, 2699, and so on. And yet this is the way it appears to our minds, with our queer chronology. Looked at honestly, it is not much of a date, this 1887. Nor is it new. The Pharaoh who used it—and no one knows what Pharaoh it was—no doubt was conscious that it had been used before him, and he regarded it as merely the beginning of the years that Egypt would pile up in increasing glory. The Pharaoh who wrote 3887 may have had some conceit in the figures, but it was a cheap pride. The vain attempt of the Pharaohs in this direction ought to make us modest of our little achievement in the way of a date. All the peoples before us have doubtless flattered themselves that their eras would endure as long as the world lasts.

We are interested in this year 1887, however—as the Court was about to say when it interrupted itself—not because it is a centennial year, or to speculate whether it will be a year of war, or earthquakes, or prohibition, or droughts, but to see whether it is going to be a good year for “realism” in fiction, or whether the “idealists” will begin to get an inning. It is such a seesaw world that one can only keep his head by taking a long historical perspective, and noting what tales they are that the race cares to preserve through all the ages. We want to stick to facts, but there are so many sorts of facts, material and immaterial, and human nature is double, and men are perverse. They are so unreasonably interested, even in this scientific age, in the *Arabian Nights*. It is absurd that a camel-driver should rise to marry the daughter of the Grand Vizier, and become Grand Vizier himself, and rule over the kingdom. In order to be true to life he should have continued to be a camel-driver till his camel died, and everything went wrong

with him, and he married a woman who drank, and took to hasheesh, and ended as a beggar. It is much better for us to read about this sort of camel-driver than about the other; but somehow we have a sneaking fondness for that unreal story about Joseph in the Bible, who was put into a pit, and sold as a slave, and came to rule over Egypt, and be “a bigger man than old” Pharaoh. If Joseph had lived in France, that Potiphar incident would have been very differently handled, with more “reality,” and we should have had misery all round. It was wholly unnatural, that career of Joseph, almost as much so as that of the boy Abraham Lincoln, who started from a much lower social position than that of Joseph, and came to be President of the United States. We ought to be thankful that in the year 3887 he will have become a legendary person. Nature has no business to interfere with fiction in this way.

After all, the philosophers are merely quarrelling about a definition. It is as necessary to satisfy in fiction the higher aspirations of the mind as its lower tendencies; “high life” is as real, all admit, as “low life.” Purity and virtue are just as “real” as their opposites (though not so common), and the steady contemplation of them in fiction is more likely to be ennobling than the contemplation of the inferior and the vulgar. It is not a new notion in the world, but it is a queer one, that the base and unpleasant in life are more “real” than the pure and the agreeable. Is it more necessary for the good of mankind that the former should be paraded rather than the latter? Give us “life,” by all means, O fictionists of the year 1887. Do not exaggerate the bad or make the good seem impossible, but let us hear now and then about Joseph and Abraham Lincoln and the fortunate camel-driver, and let us associate occasionally, sinful as we are, with some of the lovely women who give to this mortal life most of its grace and charm.

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A WELL-KNOWN lawyer of Galesville, Wisconsin, was going down-town to his office. As he was passing the residence of Mrs. P——, her little boy, about one and a half years old, was running away across the street, and his sister was after him to bring him back. The lawyer said to the girl, “I’d let him go; he is hardly worth the bringing back.” The mother of the child, who had not been seen, was standing near the door, and heard the remark; as quick as a flash she spoke to the girl and said, “Yes, you had better bring him back, as we intend to make a lawyer of him.”

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“A COUNTRY parson,” in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following:

A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough, and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The roll-



ing was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm and led him down to the fore-castle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing you may know there is no danger."

He went back feeling better; but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted he managed to stagger to the fore-castle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Mary," he said, as he crawled into his berth, to his sympathetic wife, after tacking across a wet deck—"Mary, thank God they're swearing yet."

*To the Editor of the Drawer:*

DEAR SIR,—The "dead hen" story so well told by Arlo Bates in the Drawer for November is correct, excepting that the recognition of the far from obvious identity of the roasted with the living fowl should be credited to my next younger brother, now treasurer of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. So complete was the ignorance of us four boys that any creature was killed for food (the destruction of obnoxious insects being accomplished without our knowledge, and euphemistically mentioned, when necessary, as "despatching") that one of us accounted for the presence of a chicken's leg in the yard by supposing that it had been accidentally dropped by the bird in flying over, and another called his mother to the window to see a lot of hogs "going to heaven" on a cart. My own contribution to the fund of childish sayings which amused at least our parents prefigured my present efforts to introduce brevity into anatomical nomenclature. A certain tree had been condemned as useful only for fire-wood, and it is said that my proposition for effecting the conversion was "for cutting the peach-tree down and up."

Yours truly, BURT G. WILDER, M.D.

IN a back-country town, where funerals serve much the same purpose that the theatre does in cities, there chanced to die one of the members of the community, and one of the neighbors was asked to "take charge" of the funeral. On the day appointed the community assembled and stood about in groups discussing either the departed or the condition of the crops, while the neighbor in charge bustled from one room to another making the last arrangements. The hour for the funeral arrived and passed, and yet the services did not begin. Still more time passed, and the manager of affairs was seen to be hurrying from room to room, looking anxiously about as if in search of something. As time passed, the audience began to show signs of impatience, and also of curiosity as the perplexed face of the man in charge appeared again before them. There

was evidently a "hitch" in the proceedings somewhere, and an explanation was necessary. Mounting a chair, the impromptu undertaker said: "My friends, we are—are very sorry to cause any delay in the—ah—last rites to the departed, but the—ah—truth is, *we have mislaid the corpse.*"

It transpired that the coffin had been brought down to the lower entry or hall from a chamber, and through some misunderstanding placed beside the stairway in the shadow. Those coming in from the bright sunlight had thrown their wraps upon it, not realizing what it was, and thus made it invisible.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

SHORTLY after General Grant's death a bright little boy in Bangor, Maine, held the following conversation with his grandmother:

"Grandma, did General Grant go to heaven?"

"Why, yes, dear," said grandma.

"But, grandma, how could he, when they put him in the ground?"

"They only put the tired, sick part of him in the ground, dear. His soul went up to heaven."

"Yes, 'm," doubtfully; and then, after serious thought, "Grandma, do you s'pose he'll make a whole angel?"

The same little fellow is not very brave in the dark. One night his mother was putting him to bed, and it grew dark enough for a lamp, but our small friend made decided objections to being left alone while the lamp was found. In vain his mother protested, "But you won't be alone, darling; God will be here." There was a short silence, and then, struck with a bright idea, the small boy exclaimed, "I say, mother, just send God after the lamp, and you stay here with me."

Little four-year-old Floy had been riding with her father and mother, and the ride had been in quite new places—in by-ways and cross streets that they had never before discovered. On the arrival home Floy ran to her auntie, exclaiming, jubilantly, "Oh, auntie, we've been to ride in the *odds and ends* of the country!"

This story suggests another of the same small maiden. One Sunday morning her mother essayed to wash her before putting on her "meeting dress." Now Miss Floy strongly objected to being treated in this fashion, and, moreover, she had had a bath the night before. Her soul filled with righteous indignation. She cried, "Oh, mamma, I don't need to be washed, but maybe I want *rinsing* a little."

In a certain city in Connecticut there lived a very small boy with a liberal share of small "original sins." It chanced that one day he was playing in front of the house and over-



heard some street gamins using slang expressions profusely. He ran in to his mother crying, "Mamma, mamma, what's a 'gone sucker'?" Now mamma did not in the least know, but as her son had been disobeying her that morning, she took advantage of the opportunity to point a good moral. "A gone sucker, my son? Why, it means a naughty little boy who doesn't mind his mother." That night, as Johnnie was saying his prayers, the full measure of his sin seemed to occur to him with awful significance, and stopping short in the usual petition, he cried out, in the abandonment of his remorse, "O Lord, I'm a gone sucker!"

Sitting one Sunday in the Bible class, during a pause in the conversation there suddenly floated down to me from the infant class in the gallery the "golden text," as it was being recited by an exceedingly diminutive scrap of a boy, "Not for our *shins* alone, but for the *shins* of the whole world."

Here is another of this same little fellow's odd remarks: He had been naughty, and was perched on the sofa as a punishment. He pleaded eloquently for his freedom for a while, and then a great stillness reigned in his quarter of the room. He was buried in deep thought—planning busily how to "get round" his mother. Presently he said, "Mamma, may I pray?" "Certainly, dear." Of course kneeling down was necessary to his devotions, and the small culprit slipped down in great haste and knelt a minute in prayer. Then he looked up and exclaimed, brightly, "Mamma, I asked God to let me *stay* down." And what could his mother say, having taught him that prayer would be answered?

Teddie had been to school and heard about bipeds and quadrupeds—or "vipeds" and "vitropeds," according to his version—and came home that night greatly excited over the subject, volunteering to explain it to his father. "Well, and what is a quadruped, Ted?" asked his father. And our small zoologist made reply, "Why, *us and hens is vitropeds.*"

The other day Fred H—— astonished his mother by rushing into the room where she was reading and exclaiming, in loud and injured tones, "Mamma, why can't Gus and I be baptized? I'm just ashamed to have the boys know we're not, for they'll think we can't afford it."

She was eating an apple, when she suddenly cried out as if in pain.

"What is the matter, darling?" said mamma.

"Hurt me," sobbed the little one.

"How, dear?"

"I stepped on my tongue with my teeth."

Mrs. D—— had forbidden her little boy mounting the ladder on which she was perched

while picking cherries, and four-year-old Walter was a picture of grief and indignation as he stood and watched her.

Suddenly a happy thought struck him, and brightening up, he cried, "Mamma, let's play."

"Very well; what shall we play?" she inquired, willing to make him forget his disappointment and reward his obedience.

"Let's play you are me and I'm you, and you mus' mind *everyfing* I say," he replied.

"Very well," responded mamma.

Walter, straightening himself, and assuming his mother's severest tone—"Walter, come wite down from 'at ladder and let your muvver go up."

Baby complained one morning of a sore eye.

"Where does it hurt you, Baby?"

"In the door of my eye."

DR. C—— had in his employ an ebony hand-maiden who was accustomed to entertain her gentleman friends in the kitchen of an evening. Among these admirers of the fair Lucinda was a youth who prolonged his visits beyond all reasonable limits. One night, after exhausting every topic of conversation in his entertainment, Lucinda, feeling very tired, essayed to gape, but through some miscalculation as to the size of this acknowledgment of weariness she dislocated her jaw. The situation was unique as well as critical. The doctor was called from above, and soon had the jaw in working order again. The first use that Lucinda made of it was to exclaim, wrathfully, to the young man, who stood diffidently in the background, "Yo' el'ar out, yo' brack trash! and de nex' time yo' goes a-callin' and stays till de lady gapes and suffocates her jaws, yo' take it as a hint dat it's time to be a-goin'."

THIS little story was told by the French Minister at Washington a long time ago:

Before they put the new water-works into the city of Washington there was a man in the House whom we will call Mr. S——, and who was continually opposing any expenditure. Now there was a certain clique in the House who wished to have new water brought into the city, but they found, after canvassing the House, that if S—— opposed the measure they would lose the bill. Then they went to the French Minister, M. De N——, who was very well acquainted with S——, and requested him to win S—— over. The Minister called on him, and got him talking about expenditures, until, during a pause in S——'s diatribe, he said, "Yes, here they have spent a hundred thousand for this, and a hundred thousand for that, and you can't get a decent drink of water in the city of Washington." Then up jumped S——, as if struck by an idea, and said, "Never fear; we'll have the water." The sequel was that S—— proposed the bill.



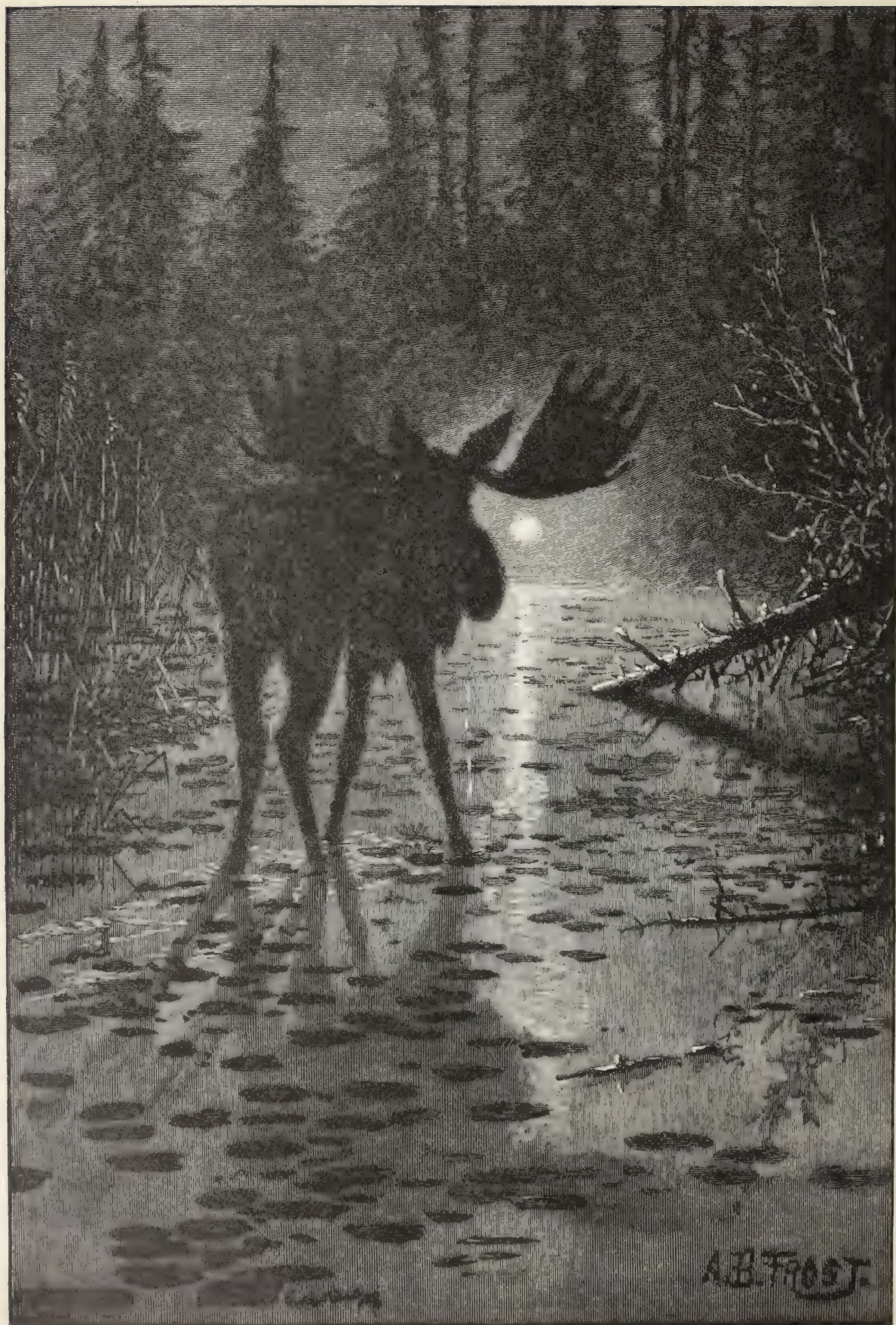


RIVAL SMALL AND EARLIES.—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.









MOOSE HUNTING BY JACK-LIGHT.  
From a drawing by A. B. Frost.—[See page 452.]



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

"Take short views."—SYDNEY SMITH.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE Fays that to my christ'ning came  
(For come they did, my nurses taught me),  
They did not bring me wealth or fame,  
'Tis very little that they brought me.  
But one, the crossest of the crew,  
The ugly old one, uninvited,  
Said, "I shall be avenged on *you*,  
My child; you shall grow up short-sighted!"  
With magic juices did she lave  
Mine eyes, and wrought her wicked pleasure.  
Well, of all gifts the Fairies gave,  
*Hers* is the present that I treasure!

The bore whom others fear and flee,  
I do not fear, I do not flee him;  
I pass him calm as calm can be;  
I do not cut—I do not see him!  
And with my feeble eyes and dim,  
Where *you* see patchy fields and fences,  
For me the mists of Turner swim—  
*My* "azure distance" soon commences!  
Nay, as I blink about the streets  
Of this befogged and miry city,  
Why, almost every girl one meets  
Seems preternaturally pretty!  
"Try spectacles," one's friends intone;  
"You'll see the world correctly through them."  
But I have visions of my own,  
And not for worlds would I undo them!





## THE ACADIAN LAND.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

**I**F one crosses the river from New Orleans to Algiers, and takes Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railway (now a part of the Southern Pacific line), he will go west, with a dip at first southerly, and will pass through a region little attractive except to water-fowl, snakes, and alligators, by an occasional rice plantation, an abandoned indigo field, an interminable stretch of cypress swamps, thickets of Spanish-bayonets, black waters, rank and rampant vegetation, vines, and water-plants. By-and-by firmer arable land, and cane plantations, many of them forsaken

and become thickets of undergrowth, owing to frequent inundations and the low price of sugar.

At a distance of eighty miles Morgan City is reached, and the broad Atchafalaya Bayou is crossed. Hence is steam-boat communication with New Orleans and Vera Cruz. The Atchafalaya Bayou has its origin near the mouth of the Red River, and diverting from the Mississippi



most of that great stream, it makes its tortuous way to the Gulf, frequently expanding into the proportions of a lake, and giving this region a great deal more water than it needs. The Bayou Teche, which is, in fact, a lazy river, wanders down from the rolling country of Washington and Opelousas, with a great deal of uncertainty of purpose, but mainly southeasterly, and parallel with the Atchafalaya, and joins the latter at Morgan City. Steamers of good size navigate it as far as New Iberia, some forty to fifty miles, and the railway follows it to the latter place, within sight of its fringe of live-oaks and cotton-woods. The region south and west of the Bayou Teche, a vast plain cut by innumerable small bayous and streams, which have mostly a connection with the bay of Côte Blanche and Vermilion Bay, is the home of the Nova Scotia Acadians.

The Acadians in 1755 made a good exchange, little as they thought so at the time, of bleak Nova Scotia for these sunny, genial, and fertile lands. They came into a land and a climate suited to their idiosyncrasies, and which have enabled

them to preserve their primitive traits. In a comparative isolation from the disturbing currents of modern life, they have preserved the habits and customs of the eighteenth century. The immigrants spread themselves abroad among these bayous, made their homes wide apart, and the traveller will nowhere find—at least I did not—large and compact communities of them, unalloyed with the American and other elements. Indeed, I imagine that they are losing, in the general settlement of the country, their conspicuousness. They still give the tone, however, to considerable districts, as in the village and neighborhood of Abbeville. Some places, like the old town of St. Martinsville, on the Teche, once the social capital of the region, and entitled, for its wealth and gayety, the Petit Paris, had a large element of French who were not Acadians.

The Teche from Morgan City to New Iberia is a deep, slow, and winding stream, flowing through a flat region of sugar plantations. It is very picturesque by reason of its tortuousness and the great



A PRIMITIVE LOOM.





A LUMBER STATION ON THE TECHE.

spreading live-oak trees, moss-draped, that hang over it. A voyage on it is one of the most romantic entertainments offered to the traveller. The scenery is peaceful and exceedingly pretty. There are few conspicuous plantations with mansions and sugar-stacks of any pretensions, but the panorama from the deck of the steamer is always pleasing. There is an air of leisure and "afternoon" about the expedition, which is heightened by the idle ease of the inhabitants lounging at the rude wharves and landing-places, and the patience of the colored fishers, boys in scant raiment and women in sun-bonnets, seated on the banks. Typical of this universal contentment is the ancient colored man stretched on a plank close to the steamer's boiler, oblivious of the heat, apparently asleep, with his spacious mouth wide open, but softly singing.

"Are you asleep, uncle?"

"No, not adzackly asleep, boss. I jes wake up, and thinkin' how good de Lord is, I couldn't help singin'."

The panorama is always interesting. There are wide silvery expanses of water, into which fall the shadows of great trees. A tug is dragging along a tow of old rafts composed of cypress logs all water-soaked, green with weeds and grass, so that it looks like a floating garden. What pictures! Clusters of oaks on the prairie; a picturesque old cotton-press; a house thatched with palmettoes; rice fields irrigated by pumps; darkies, field hands, men and women, hoeing in the cane fields, giving stalwart strokes that exhibit their robust figures; an old sugar-mill in ruin and vine-draped; an old begass chimney against the sky; an antique cotton-press with its mouldering roof supported on timbers; a darky on a mule motionless on the bank, clad in Attakapas cloth, his slouch hat falling about his head like a roof from which the rafters have been withdrawn; palmettoes, oaks, and funereal moss; lines of Spanish-bayonets; rickety wharves; primitive boats; spider-legged bridges. Neither on the Teche nor the





THE GULF FROM AVERY'S (PETITE ANSE) ISLAND.



Atchafalaya, nor on the great plain near the Mississippi, fit for amphibious creatures, where one standing on the level wonders to see the wheels of the vast river steamers above him, apparently without cause revolving, is there any lack of the picturesque.

New Iberia, the thriving mart of the region, which has drawn away the life from St. Martinsville, ten miles further up the bayou, is a village mainly of small

oaks. One of them, which with its outside staircases in the pillared gallery suggests Spanish taste on the outside, and in the interior the arrangement of connecting rooms a French château, has a self-keeping rose garden, where one might easily become sentimental; the vines disport themselves like holiday children, climbing the trees, the side of the house, and revelling in an abandon of color and perfume.



A SWAMPER.

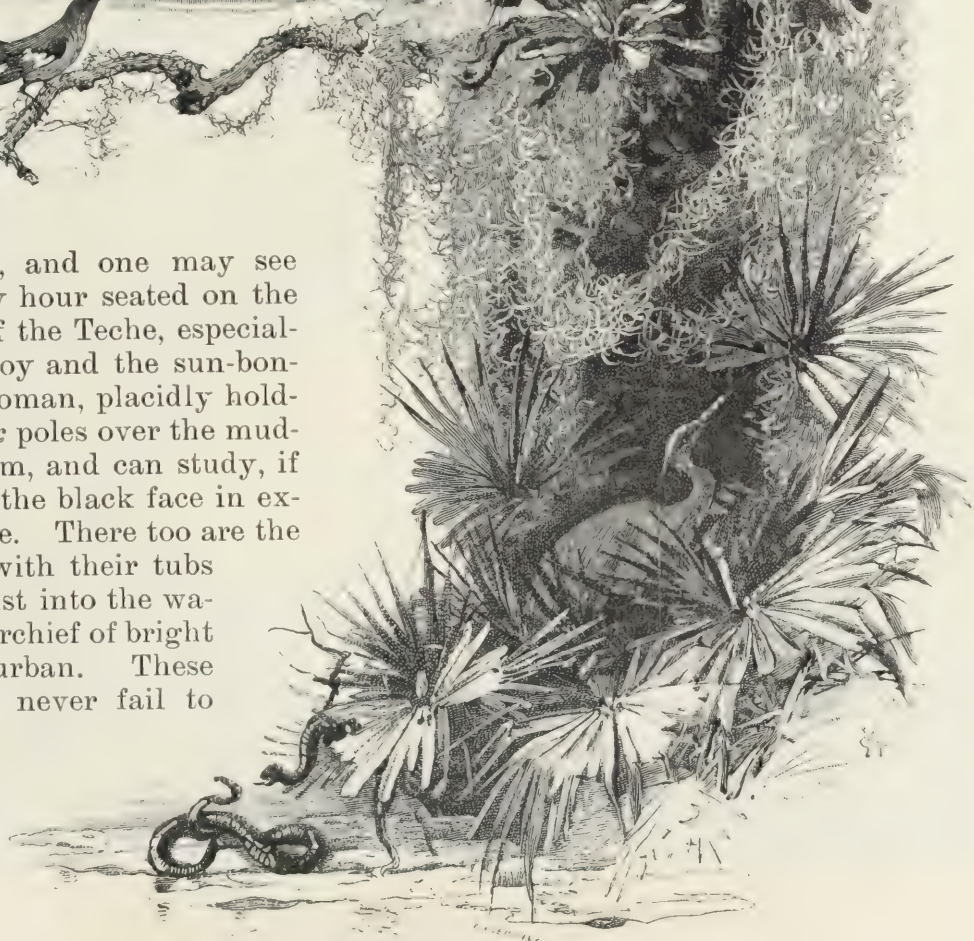
frame houses, with a smart court-house, a lively business street, a few pretty houses, and some old-time mansions on the bank of the bayou, half smothered in old rose gardens, the ground in the rear sloping to the water under the shade of gigantic

The population is mixed—Americans, French, Italians, now and then a Spaniard and even a Mexican, occasionally a basket-making Attakapas, and the all-pervading person of color. The darky is a born fisherman, in places where fishing requires no





exertion, and one may see him any hour seated on the banks of the Teche, especially the boy and the sun-bonneted woman, placidly holding their poles over the muddy stream, and can study, if he like, the black face in expectation of a bite. There too are the washer-women, with their tubs and a plank thrust into the water, and a handkerchief of bright colors for a turban. These people somehow never fail to be picturesque, whatever attitude they take, and they are not at all self-conscious. The groups on Sunday give an interest to



UNDER THE MOSS.





GOING TO CHURCH.

church-going—a lean white horse, with a man, his wife, and boy, strung along its backbone, an aged darky and his wife seated in a cart, in stiff Sunday clothes and flaming colors, the wheels of the cart making all angles with the ground, and wabbling and creaking along, the whole party as proud of its appearance as Julius Cæsar in a triumph.

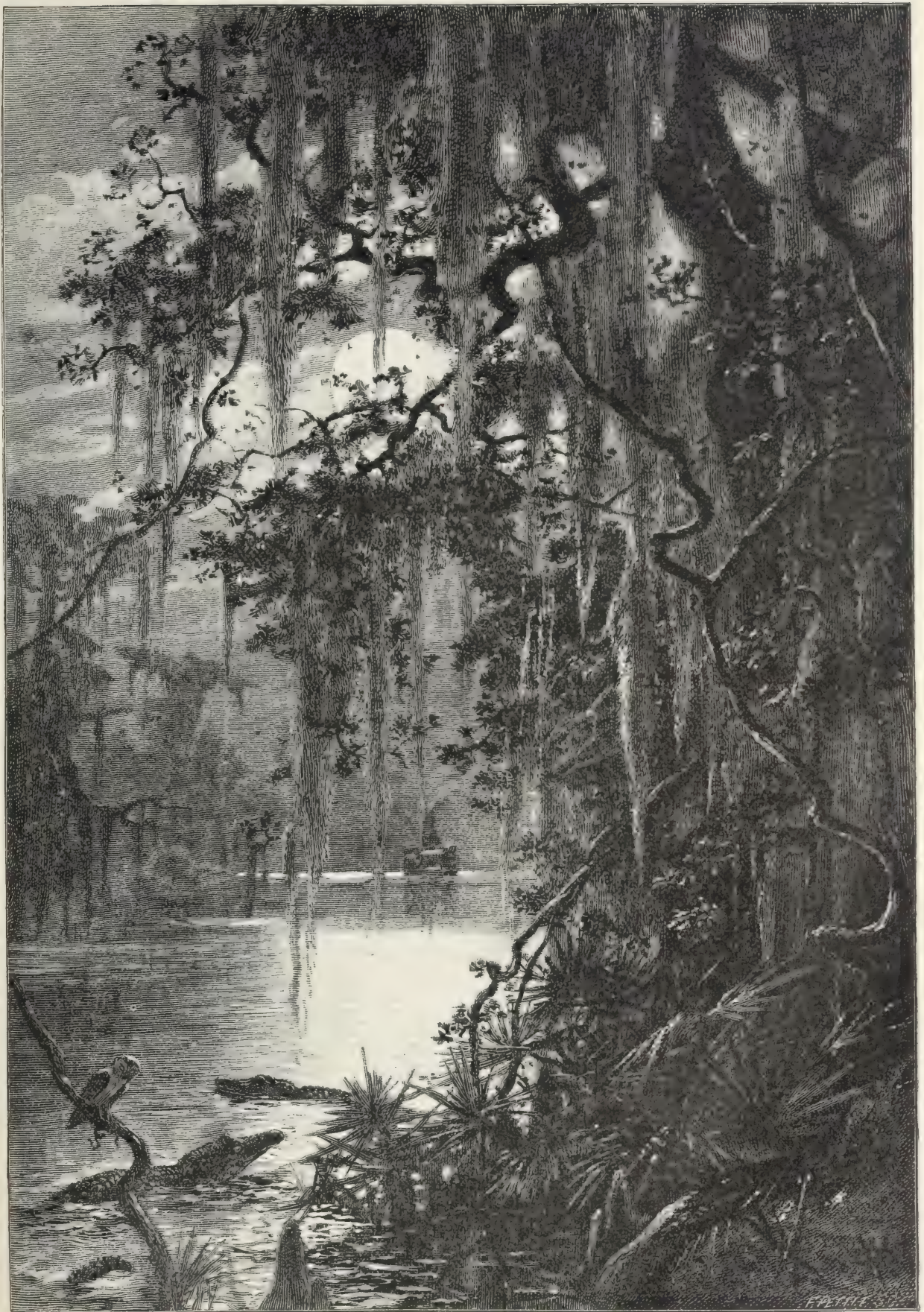
I drove on Sunday morning early from New Iberia to church at St. Martinsville. It was a lovely April morning. The way lay over fertile prairies, past fine cane plantations, with some irrigation, and for a distance along the pretty Teche, shaded by great live-oaks, and here and there a fine magnolia-tree; a country with few houses, and those mostly shanties, but a sunny, smiling land, loved of the birds. We passed on our left the Spanish Lake, a shallow, irregular body of water. My driver was an ex-Confederate soldier, whose tramp with a musket through Virginia had not greatly enlightened him as to what it was all about. As to the Acadians, however, he had a decided opinion, and it was a poor one. They are no good. "You ask them a question, and they shrug their shoulders like a tarrapin—don't know no more'n a dead alligator;

only language they ever have is 'no' and 'what?'"

If St. Martinsville, once the seat of fashion, retains anything of its past elegance, its life has departed from it. It has stopped growing anything but old, and yet it has not much of interest that is antique; it is a village of small white frame houses, with three or four big gaunt brick structures, two stories and a half high, with galleries, and here and there a creole cottage, the stairs running up inside the galleries, over which roses climb in profusion.

I went to breakfast at a French inn, kept by Madame Castillo, a large red-brick house on the banks of the Teche, where the live-oaks cast shadows upon the silvery stream. It had, of course, a double gallery. Below, the waiting-room, dining-room, and general assembly-room were paved with brick, and instead of a door, Turkey-red curtains hung in the entrance, and blowing aside, hospitably invited the stranger within. The breakfast was neatly served, the house was scrupulously clean, and the guest felt the influence of that personal hospitality which is always so pleasing. Madame offered me a seat in her pew in church, and meantime





MOONLIGHT ON THE TECHE.





APPROACH TO THE JEFFERSON MANSION.

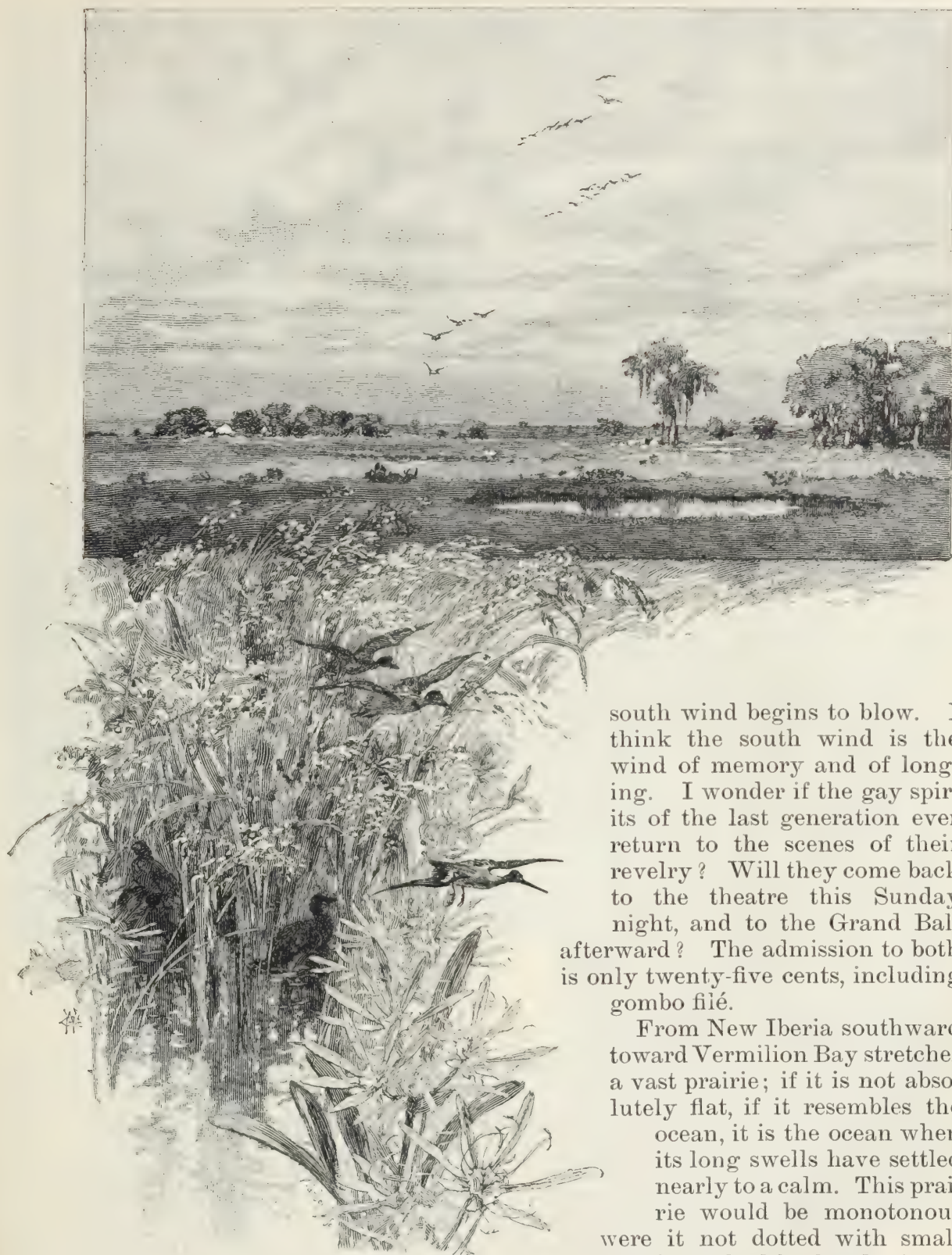
a chair on the upper gallery, which opened from large square sleeping chambers. In that fresh morning I thought I never had seen a more sweet and peaceful place than this gallery. Close to it grew graceful China-trees in full blossom and odor; up and down the Teche were charming views under the oaks; only the roofs of the town could be seen amid the foliage of China-trees; and there was an atmosphere of repose in all the scene. It was Easter morning. I felt that I should like to linger there a week in absolute forgetfulness of the world. French is the ordinary language of the village, spoken more or less corruptly by all colors.

The Catholic church, a large and ugly structure, stands on the plaza, which is not at all like a Spanish plaza, but a veritable New England "green," with stores and shops on all sides—New England, except that the shops are open on Sunday. In the church apse is a noted and not bad painting of St. Martin, and at the bottom of one aisle a vast bank of black stucco clouds, with the Virgin standing on them,

and the legend, "*Je suis l'immaculée conception.*"

Country people were pouring into town for the Easter service and festivities—more blacks than whites—on horseback and in rickety carriages, and the horses were hitched on either side of the church. Before service the square was full of lively young colored lads cracking Easter-eggs. Two meet and strike together the eggs in their hands, and the one loses whose egg breaks. A tough shell is a valuable possession. The custom provokes a good deal of larking and merriment. While this is going on, the worshippers are making their way into the church through the throng, ladies in the neat glory of provincial dress, and high-stepping, saucy colored belles, yellow and black, the blackest in the most radiant apparel of violent pink and light blue, and now and then a society favorite in all the hues of the rainbow. The centre pews of the church are reserved for the whites, the seats of the side aisles for the negroes. When mass





A LOUISIANA PRAIRIE.

begins, the church is crowded. The boys, with occasional excursions into the vestibule to dip the finger in the holy-water, or perhaps say a prayer, are still winning and losing eggs on the green.

On the gallery at the inn it is also Sunday. The air is full of odor. A strong

south wind begins to blow. I think the south wind is the wind of memory and of longing. I wonder if the gay spirits of the last generation ever return to the scenes of their revelry? Will they come back to the theatre this Sunday night, and to the Grand Ball afterward? The admission to both is only twenty-five cents, including gombo filé.

From New Iberia southward toward Vermilion Bay stretches a vast prairie; if it is not absolutely flat, if it resembles the ocean, it is the ocean when its long swells have settled nearly to a calm. This prairie would be monotonous were it not dotted with small round ponds, like hand-mirrors for the flitting birds and sailing clouds, were its expanse not spotted with herds of cattle, scattered or clustering like fishing-boats on a green sea, were it not for a cabin here and there, a field of cane or cotton, a garden plot, and were it not for the forests which break the horizon line, and send out dark capes into the verdant plains. On a gray day, or when storms





A RUIN ON BAYOU TECHE.

and fogs roll in from the Gulf, it might be a gloomy region, but under the sunlight and in the spring it is full of life and color; it has an air of refinement and repose that is very welcome. Besides the uplift of the spirit that a wide horizon is apt to give, one is conscious here of the neighborhood of the sea, and of the possibilities of romantic adventure in a coast intersected by bayous, and the presence

of novel forms of animal and vegetable life, and of a people with habits foreign and strange. There is also a grateful sense of freedom and expansion.

Soon, over the plain, is seen on the horizon, ten miles from New Iberia, the dark foliage on the island of Petite Anse, or Avery's Island. This unexpected upheaval from the marsh, bounded by the narrow, circling Petite Anse Bayou, rises into the sky one hundred and eighty feet, and has the effect in this flat expanse of a veritable mountain, comparatively a surprise, like Pike's Peak seen from the elevation of Denver. Perhaps nowhere else would a hill of one hundred and eighty feet make such an impression on the mind. Crossing the bayou, where alligators sun themselves, and eye with affection the colored



people angling at the bridge, and passing a long causeway over the marsh, the firm land of the island is reached. This island, which is a sort of geological puzzle, has a

nearly everything one desires of the necessities of life. A portion of the island is devoted to a cane plantation and sugar-works; a part of it is covered with forests;



DOORWAY OF ST. MARTINSVILLE HOTEL.

very uneven surface, and is some two and a half miles long by one mile broad. It is a little kingdom in itself, capable of producing in its soil and adjacent waters

and on the lowlands and gentle slopes, besides thickets of palmetto, are gigantic live-oaks, moss-draped trees monstrous in girth, and towering into the sky with a





LOOKING TOWARD JEFFERSON'S HOUSE FROM AVERY'S ISLAND.





"HONORABLE."

vast spread of branches. Scarcely anywhere else will one see a nobler growth of these stately trees. In a depression is the famous salt-mine, unique in quality and situation in the world. Here is grown and put up the Tobasco pepper; here, amid fields of clover and flowers, a large apiary flourishes. Stones of some value for ornament are found. Indeed, I should not be surprised at anything turning up there, for I am told that good kaoline has been discovered; and about the residences of the hospitable proprietors roses bloom in abundance, the China-tree blossoms sweetly, and the mocking-bird sings.

But better than all these things I think I like the view from the broad cottage piazzas, and I like it best when the salt breeze is strong enough to sweep away the coast mosquitoes—a most undesirable variety. I do not know another view of its kind for extent and color comparable to that from this hill over the waters seaward. The expanse of luxuriant grass, brown, golden, reddish, in patches, is intersected by a net-work of bayous, which gleam like silver in the sun, or trail like dark fabulous serpents under a cloudy sky. The scene is limited only by the power of the eye to meet the sky line. Vast and level, it is constantly changing, almost in motion with life; the long grass

and weeds run like waves when the wind blows, great shadows of clouds pass on its surface, alternating dark masses with vivid ones of sunlight; fishing-boats and the masts of schooners creep along the threads of water; when the sun goes down, a red globe of fire in the Gulf mists, all the expanse is warm and ruddy, and the waters sparkle like jewels; and at night, under the great field of stars, marsh fires here and there give a sort of lurid splendor to the scene. In the winter it is a temperate spot, and at all times of the year it is blessed by an invigorating sea-breeze. Those who have enjoyed the charming social life and the unbounded hospitality of the family who inhabit this island may envy them their paradisiacal home, but they would be able to select none others so worthy to enjoy it.

It is said that the Attakapas Indians are shy of this island, having a legend that it was the scene of a great catastrophe to their race. Whether this catastrophe has any connection with the upheaval of the salt mountain I do not know. Many stories are current in this region in regard to the discovery of this deposit. A little over a quarter of a century ago it was unsuspected. The presence of salt in the water of a small spring led somebody to dig in that place, and at the depth of sixteen feet below the surface solid salt was struck. In stripping away the soil several relics of human workmanship came to light, among them stone implements and a woven basket, exactly such as the Attakapas make now. This basket, found at the depth of sixteen feet, lay upon the salt rock, and was in perfect preservation. Half of it can now be seen in the Smithsonian Institution. At the beginning of the war great quantities of salt were taken from this mine for the use of the Confederacy. But this supply was cut off by the Unionists, who at first sent gun-boats up the bayou within shelling distance, and at length occupied it with troops.

The ascertained area of the mine is several acres; the depth of the deposit is unknown. The first shaft was sunk a hundred feet; below this a shaft of seventy feet fails to find any limit to the salt. The excavation is already large. Descending, the visitor enters vast cathedral-like chambers; the sides are solid salt,





A BUZZARD ROOST.



sparkling with crystals; the floor is solid salt; the roof is solid salt, supported on pillars of salt, left by the excavators, forty or perhaps sixty feet square. When the interior is lighted by dynamite the effect is superbly weird and grotesque. The salt is blasted by dynamite, loaded into cars which run on rails to the elevator, hoisted, and distributed into the crushers, and from the crushers directly into the bags for shipment. The crushers dif-

drive of twelve miles over the prairie, sometimes in and sometimes out of the water, and continually diverted from our course by fences. It is a good sign of the thrift of the race, and of its independence, that the colored people have taken up or bought little tracts of thirty or forty acres, put up cabins, and new fences round their domains regardless of the travelling public. We zigzagged all about the country to get round these little enclosures. At



VIEW ON THE BAYOU TECHE AT NEW IBERIA.

fer in crushing capacity, some producing fine and others coarse salt. No bleaching or cleansing process is needed; the salt is almost absolutely pure. Large blocks of it are sent to the Western plains for "cattle licks." The mine is connected by rail with the main line at New Iberia.

Across the marshes and bayous eight miles to the west from Petite Anse Island rises Orange Island, famous for its orange plantation, but called Jefferson Island since it became the property and home of Joseph Jefferson. Not so high as Petite Anse, it is still conspicuous with its crown of dark forest. From a high point on Petite Anse, through a lovely vista of trees, with flowering cacti in the foreground, Jefferson's house is a white spot in the landscape. We reached it by a circuitous

one place, where the main road was bad, a thrifty Acadian had set up a toll of twenty-five cents for the privilege of passing through his premises. The scenery was pastoral and pleasing. There were frequent round ponds, brilliant with lilies and *fleurs-de-lis*, and hundreds of cattle feeding on the prairie or standing in the water, and generally of a dun-color, made always an agreeable picture. The monotony was broken by lines of trees, by cape-like woods stretching into the plain, and the horizon line was always fine. Great variety of birds enlivened the landscape, game birds abounding. There was the lively little nonpareil, which seems to change its color, and is red and green and blue, I believe of the oriole family, the papabotte, a favorite on New Orleans tables in the autumn, snipe, killdeer, the



cherooke (snipe?), the meadow-lark, and quantities of teal ducks in the ponds. These little ponds are called "bull-holes." The traveller is told that they are started in this watery soil by the pawing of bulls, and gradually enlarged as the cattle frequent them. He remembers that he has seen similar circular ponds in the North not made by bulls.

Mr. Jefferson's residence—a pretty rose-vine-covered cottage—is situated on the slope of the hill, overlooking a broad plain and a vast stretch of bayou country. Along one side of his home enclosure for a mile runs a superb hedge of Chickasaw roses. On the slope back of the house, and almost embracing it, is a magnificent grove of live-oaks, great gray stems, and the branches hung with heavy masses of moss, which swing in the wind like the pendent boughs of the willow, and with something of its sentimental and mournful suggestion. The recesses of this forest are cool and dark, but upon ascending the hill, suddenly bursts upon the view under the trees a most lovely lake of clear blue water. This lake, which may be a mile long and half a mile broad, is called Lake Peigneur, from its fanciful resemblance, I believe, to a wool-comber. The shores are wooded. On the island side the bank is precipitous; on the opposite shore amid the trees is a hunting-lodge, and I believe there are plantations on the north end, but it is in aspect altogether solitary and peaceful. But the island did not want life. The day was brilliant, with a deep blue sky and high-sailing fleecy clouds, and it seemed a sort of animal holiday: squirrels chattered; cardinal-birds flashed through the green leaves; there flitted about the red-winged blackbird, blue jays, red-headed woodpeckers, thrushes, and occasionally a rain-crow crossed the scene; high overhead sailed the heavy buzzards, describing great aerial circles; and off in the still lake the ugly heads of alligators were toasting in the sun.

It was very pleasant to sit on the wooded point, enlivened by all this animal activity, looking off upon the lake and the great expanse of marsh, over which came a refreshing breeze. There was great variety of forest trees. Besides the live-oaks, in one small area I noticed the water-oak, red-oak, pin-oak, the elm, the cypress, the hackberry, and the pecan tree.

This point is a favorite rendezvous for the buzzards. Before I reached it I

heard a tremendous whirring in the air, and, lo! there upon the oaks were hundreds and hundreds of buzzards. Upon one dead tree, vast, gaunt, and bleached, they had settled in black masses. When I came near, they rose and flew about with clamor and surprise, momentarily obscuring the sunlight. With these unpleasant birds consorted in unclean fellowship numerous long-necked water-turkeys. Doré would have liked to introduce into one of his melodramatic pictures this helpless dead tree, extending its gray arms loaded with these black scavengers. It needed the blue sky and blue lake to prevent the scene from being altogether uncanny. I remember still the harsh, croaking noise of the buzzards and the water-turkeys when they were disturbed, and the flapping of their funereal wings, and perhaps the alligators lying off in the lake noted it, for they grunted and bellowed a response. But the birds sang merrily, the wind blew softly; there was the repose as of a far country undisturbed by man, and a silvery tone on the water and all the landscape that refined the whole.

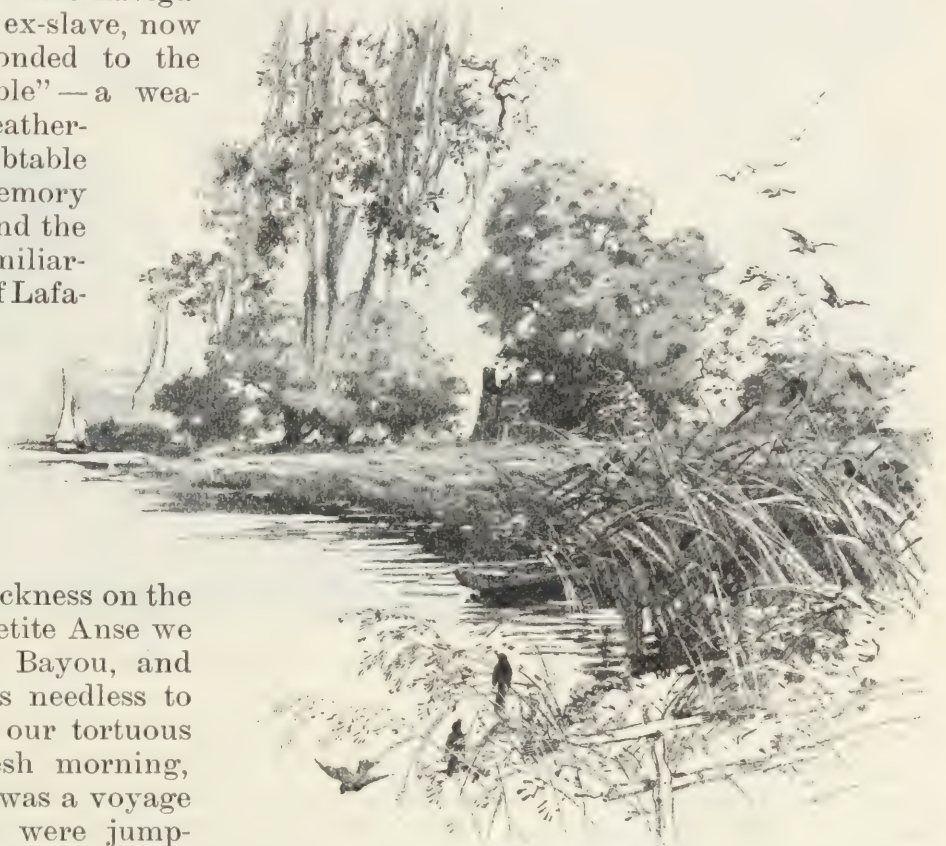
If the Acadians can anywhere be seen in the prosperity of their primitive simplicity, I fancy it is in the parish of Vermilion, in the vicinity of Abbeville and on the Bayou Tigre. Here, among the intricate bayous that are their highways and supply them with the poorer sort of fish, and the fair meadows on which their cattle pasture, and where they grow nearly everything their simple habits require, they have for over a century enjoyed a quiet existence, practically undisturbed by the agitations of modern life, ignorant of its progress. History makes their departure from the comparatively bleak meadows of Grand Pré a cruel hardship, if a political necessity. But they made a very fortunate exchange. Nowhere else on the continent could they so well have preserved their primitive habits, or found climate and soil so suited to their humor. Others have exhaustively set forth the history and idiosyncrasies of this peculiar people; it is in my way only to tell what I saw on a spring day.

To reach the heart of this abode of contented and perhaps wise ignorance we took boats early one morning at Petite Anse Island, while the dew was still heavy and the birds were at matins, and rowed down the Petite Anse Bayou. A stranger would surely be lost in these winding,



branching, interlacing streams. Evangeline and her lover might have passed each other unknown within hail across these marshes. The party of a dozen people occupied two row-boats. Among them were gentlemen who knew the route, but the reserve of wisdom as to what bayous and cut-offs were navigable was an ancient ex-slave, now a voter, who responded to the name of "Honorable"—a weather-beaten and weather-wise darky, a redoubtable fisherman, whose memory extended away beyond the war, and played familiarly about the person of Lafayette, with whom he had been on agreeable terms in Charleston, and who dated his narratives, to our relief, not from the war, but from the year of some great sickness on the coast. From the Petite Anse we entered the Carlin Bayou, and wound through it is needless to say what others in our tortuous course. In the fresh morning, with the salt air, it was a voyage of delight. Mullet were jumping in the glassy stream, perhaps disturbed by the gar-fish, and alligators lazily slid from the reedy banks into the water at our approach. All the marsh was gay with flowers, vast patches of the blue *fleur-de-lis* intermingled with the exquisite white spider-lily, nodding in clusters on long stalks; an amaryllis (*pancratium*), its pure half-disk fringed with delicate white filaments. The air was vocal with the notes of birds, the nonpareil and the meadow-lark, and most conspicuous of all the handsome boat-tail grackle, a black bird, which alighted on the slender dead reeds that swayed with his weight as he poured forth his song. Sometimes the bayou narrowed so that it was impossible to row with the oars, and poling was resorted to, and the current was swift and strong. At such passes we saw only the banks with nodding flowers, and the reeds, with the black-birds singing, against the sky. Again we emerged into placid reaches overhung by gigantic live-oaks and fringed with cypress. It was enchanting. But the

way was not quite solitary. Numerous fishing parties were encountered, boats on their way to the bay, and now and then a party of stalwart men drawing a net in the bayou, their clothes being deposited on the banks. Occasionally a large schooner



ON THE BAYOU TIGRE.

was seen, tied to the bank or slowly working its way, and on one a whole family was domesticated. There is a good deal of queer life hidden in these bayous.

After passing through a narrow artificial canal we came into the Bayou Tigre, and landed for breakfast on a green-sward, with meadow-land and signs of habitations in the distance, under spreading live-oaks. Under one of the most attractive of these trees, close to the stream, we did not spread our table-cloth and shawls, because a large moccason snake was seen to glide under the roots, and we did not know but that his modesty was assumed, and he might join the breakfast party. It is said that these snakes never attack any one who has kept all the ten commandments from his youth up. Cardinal-birds made the wood gay for us while we breakfasted, and we might have added plenty of partridges to our *menu* if we had been armed.





COTTON PLANTATION ON THE TECHE.

Resuming our voyage, we presently entered the inhabited part of the bayou, among cultivated fields, and made our first call on the Thibodeaux. They had been expecting us, and Andonia came down to the landing to welcome us, and with a formal, pretty courtesy led the way to the house. Does the reader happen to remember, say in New England, say fifty years ago, the sweetest maiden lady in the village, prim, staid, full of kindness, the proportions of the figure never quite developed, with a row of small corkscrew curls about her serene forehead, and all the juices of life that might have overflowed into the life of others somehow withered into the sweetness of her wistful face? Yes; a little timid and appealing, and yet trustful, and in a scant, quaint gown? Well, Andonia was never married, and she had such curls, and a high-waisted gown, and a kerchief folded across her breast. And when she spoke, it was in the language of France as it is rendered in Acadia.

The house, like all in this region, stands upon blocks of wood, is in appearance a frame house, but the walls between timbers are of concrete mixed with moss, and

the same inside as out. It had no glass in the windows, which were closed with solid shutters. Upon the rough walls were hung sacred pictures and other crudely colored prints. The furniture was rude and apparently home-made, and the whole interior was as painfully neat as a Dutch parlor. Even the beams overhead and ceiling had been scrubbed. Andonia showed us with a blush of pride her neat little sleeping-room, with its souvenirs of affection, and perhaps some of the dried flowers of a possible romance, and the ladies admired the finely woven white counterpane on the bed. Andonia's married sister was a large, handsome woman, smiling and prosperous. There were children and I think a baby about, besides Mr. Thibodeaux. Nothing could exceed the kindly manner of these people. Andonia showed us how they card, weave, and spin the cotton out of which their blankets and the jean for their clothing are made. They use the old-fashioned hand-cards, spin on a little wheel with a foot treadle, have the most primitive warping bars, and weave most laboriously on a rude loom. But the cloth they make will wear forever, and the colors they use are all fast. It is



a great pleasure, we might almost say shock, to encounter such honest work in these times. The Acadians grow a yellow or nankeen sort of cotton, which without requiring any dye is woven into a handsome yellow stuff. When we departed Andonia slipped into the doorway, and returned with a rose for each of us. I fancied she was loath to have us go, and that the visit was an event in the monotony of her single life.

Embarking again on the placid stream, we moved along through a land of peace. The houses of the Acadians are scattered along the bayou at considerable distances apart. The voyager seems to be in an unoccupied country, when suddenly the turn of the stream shows him a farm-house, with its little landing-wharf, boats, and perhaps a schooner moored at the bank, and behind it cultivated fields and a fringe of trees. In the blossoming time of the year, when the birds are most active, these scenes are idyllic. At a bend in the bayou, where a tree sent its horizontal trunk half across it, we made our next call, at the house of Mr. Vallet, a large frame house, and evidently the abode of a man of means. The house was ceiled outside and inside with native woods. As usual in this region, the premises were not as orderly as those about some Northern farm-houses, but the interior of the house was spotlessly clean, and in its polish and barrenness of ornament and of appliances of comfort suggested a Brittany home, while its openness and the broad veranda spoke of a genial climate. Our call here was brief, for a sick man, very ill, they said, lay in the front room—a stranger who had been overtaken with fever, and was being cared for by these kind-hearted people.

Other calls were made—this visiting by boat recalls Venice—but the end of our voyage was the plantation of Simonette Le Blanc, a sturdy old man, a sort of patriarch in this region, the centre of a very large family of sons, daughters, and grandchildren. The residence, a rambling story-and-a-half house, grown by accretions as more room was needed, calls for no comment. It was all very plain, and contained no books, nor any adornments except some family photographs, the poor work of a travelling artist. But in front, on the bayou, Mr. Le Blanc had erected a grand ball-room, which gave an air of distinction to the place. This hall, which

had benches along the wall, and at one end a high dais for the fiddlers, and a little counter where the gombo filé (the common refreshment) is served, had an air of gayety by reason of engravings cut from the illustrated papers, and was shown with some pride. Here neighborhood dances take place once in two weeks, and a grand ball was to come off on Easter Sunday night, to which we were urgently invited to come.

Simonette Le Blanc with several of his sons had returned at midnight from an expedition to Vermilion Bay, where they had been camping for a couple of weeks, fishing and taking oysters. Working the schooner through the bayou at night had been fatiguing, and then there was supper, and all the news of the fortnight to be talked over, so that it was four o'clock before the house was at rest, but neither the hale old man nor his stalwart sons seemed the worse for the adventure. Such trips are not uncommon, for these people seem to have leisure for enjoyment, and vary the toil of the plantation with the pleasures of fishing and lazy navigation. But to the women and the home-stayers this was evidently an event. The men had been to the outer world, and brought back with them the gossip of the bayous and the simple incidents of the camping life on the coast. "There was a great deal to talk over that had happened in a fortnight," said Simonette—he and one of his sons spoke English. I do not imagine that the talk was about politics, or any of the events that seem important in other portions of the United States, only the faintest echoes of which ever reach this secluded place. This is a purely domestic and patriarchal community, where there are no books to bring in agitating doubts, and few newspapers to disquiet the nerves. The only matter of politics broached was in regard to an appropriation by Congress to improve a cut-off between two bayous. So far as I could learn, the most intelligent of these people had no other interest in or concern about the government. There is a neighborhood school where English is taught, but no church nearer than Abbeville, six miles away. I should not describe the population as fanatically religious, nor a church-going one except on special days. But by all accounts it is moral, orderly, sociable, fond of dancing, thrifty, and conservative.

The Acadians are fond of their homes.



It is not the fashion for the young people to go away to better their condition. Few young men have ever been as far from home as New Orleans; they marry young, and settle down near the homestead. Mr. Le Blanc has a colony of his descendants about him, within hail from his door. It must be large, and his race must be prolific, judging by the number of small children who gathered at the homestead to have a sly peep at the strangers. They took small interest in the war, and it had few attractions for them. The conscription carried away many of their young men, but I am told they did not make very good soldiers, not because they were not stalwart and brave, but because they were so intolerably homesick that they deserted whenever they had a chance. The men whom we saw were most of them fine athletic fellows, with honest, dark, sun-browned faces; some of the children were very pretty, but the women usually showed the effects of isolation and toil, and had the common plainness of French peasants. They are a self-supporting community, raise their own cotton, corn, and sugar, and for the most part manufacture their own clothes and articles of household use. Some of the cotton jeans, striped with blue, indigo-dyed, made into garments for men and women, and the blankets, plain yellow (from the native nankeen cotton), curiously clouded, are very pretty and serviceable. Further than that their habits of living are simple, and their ways primitive, I saw few eccentricities. The peculiarity of this community is in its freedom from all the hurry and worry and information of our modern life. I have read that the gallants train their little horses to prance and curvet and rear and fidget about, and that these are called "courtin' horses," and are used when a young man goes courting, to impress his mistress with his manly horsemanship. I have seen these horses perform under the saddle, but I was not so fortunate as to see any courting going on.

In their given as well as their family names these people are classical and peculiar. I heard, of men, the names L'Odias, Peigneur, Niolas, Elias, Homère, Lemaire, and of women, Emilite, Ségoura, Antoinette, Clarise, Elia.

We were very hospitably entertained by the Le Blancs. On our arrival tiny

cups of black coffee were handed round, and later a drink of syrup and water, which some of the party sipped with a sickly smile of enjoyment. Before dinner we walked up to the bridge over the bayou on the road leading to Abbeville, where there is a little cluster of houses, a small country store, and a closed drug shop—the owner of which had put up his shutters and gone to a more unhealthy region. Here is a fine grove of oaks, and from the bridge we had in view a grand sweep of prairie, with trees, single and in masses, which made with the winding silvery stream a very pleasing picture. We sat down to a dinner—the women waiting on the table—of gombo filé, fried oysters, eggs, sweet-potatoes (the delicious saccharine, sticky sort), with syrup out of a bottle served in little saucers, and afterward black coffee. We were sincerely welcome to whatever the house contained, and when we departed the whole family, and indeed all the neighborhood, accompanied us to our boats, and we went away down the stream with a chorus of adieus and good wishes.

We were watching for a hail from the Thibodeaux. The doors and shutters were closed, and the mansion seemed blank and forgetful. But as we came opposite the landing, there stood Andonia, faithful, waving her handkerchief. Ah me!

We went home gayly and more swiftly, current and tide with us, though a little pensive, perhaps, with too much pleasure and the sunset effects on the wide marshes through which we voyaged. Cattle wander at will over these marshes, and are often stalled and lost. We saw some pitiful sights. The cattle venturing too near the boggy edge to drink become inextricably involved. We passed an ox sunken to his back, and dead, a cow frantically struggling in the mire, almost exhausted, and a cow and calf, the mother dead, the calf moaning beside her. On a cattle lookout near by sat three black buzzards surveying the prospect with hungry eyes.

When we landed and climbed the hill, and from the rose-embowered veranda looked back over the strange land we had sailed through, away to Bayou Tigre, where the red sun was setting, we felt that we had been in a country that is not of this world.



## LOVE'S GOING.

### SESTINE.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN.

LOVE lies a-sleeping: maiden, softly sing,  
Lest he should waken; pluck the falling rose  
A-brushing 'gainst his cheek, her glowing heart  
Ope'd to the sun's hot kisses—foolish thing  
To list the tale oft told!—but summer goes,  
And all the roses' petals fall apart.

Love lies a-sleeping: let the curtains part  
So that the breeze may lightly to him sing  
A lullaby—the changeful breeze that goes  
A-whisp'ring through the grass, where'er it rose,  
Where'er it listeth bound, a wilful thing,  
Low murmuring sweets from an inconstant heart.

Love lies a-sleeping: press the pulsing heart  
That beats against thy bosom; stand apart  
And stay thine eager breath, lest anything  
Should mar his rest—the songs that lovers' sing,  
The tale the butterfly tells to the rose,  
The low wind to the grass, and onward goes.

Love lies a-sleeping: ah, how swiftly goes  
The sweet delusion he hath taught thy heart,  
Fair maiden, pressing to thy breast the rose  
Whose sun-kiss'd petals sadly fall apart  
With thy quick breath! That rhyme wouldst hear him sing  
Which yesterday seem'd such a foolish thing?

Love lies a-sleeping: nay, for such a thing  
Break not his slumber. See how sweetly goes  
That smile across his lips, that will not sing  
For very wilfulness. Love hath no heart!  
If he should wake, those red-ripe lips would part  
In laughter low to see this ravish'd rose.

Love lies a-sleeping: so the full-blown rose  
Falls to the earth a dead unpitied thing;  
The grasses 'neath the breeze deep-sighing part  
And sway; and as thy warm breath comes and goes  
In motion with the red tides of thy heart,  
The song is hush'd which Love was wont to sing.

Love lies a-sleeping: thus in dreams he goes;  
Strive not to waken him, but tell thy heart,  
“Love lies a-sleeping, and he may not sing.”



## LEONARD ARUNDEL'S RECOVERY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

### I.

“DO you know, Mr. Arundel,” Katie Mortlock said, gently, drawing a circle with her parasol, as she spoke, upon the gravel-path, “I somehow fancy that if—if it were not for your great misfortune, you would be a wonderful artist too, just like your father.”

Leonard Arundel sighed a very quiet sigh, and leant back on the garden seat with his sightless eyes turned plaintively upon the place where Katie sat, with that peculiar restless motion so common among the blind. “I often fancy so myself, Miss Mortlock,” he answered, in a low voice—“I very often fancy so myself. It was a terrible blow to my father, you know, when I lost my sight. I was the only boy—the only child—and he had quite made up his mind from the day I was born that I was some day to be a great painter, just as he is. When this cataract first came on he very nearly broke his heart over it, and though he has loved me dearly my whole life long ever since, all the better, perhaps, for my very affliction, I’m sure he has never quite recovered from the terrible shock of that lasting disappointment. It was the dream of his life that he would train me up under his own eye to be a great painter.”

“How old were you when it happened?” Katie asked, sympathetically. Then she feared she was doing wrong, and she added, hurriedly, “I hope I don’t distress you; I hope you don’t mind talking about it?”

Leonard smiled. “To you—no, Miss Mortlock. Never to those who can feel with one as you can. I was five years old when my sight first began to grow dim; and even then I had just begun to take my earliest lessons in drawing from my father. I can remember still the exact picture; I can call it up as vividly as ever before my mind’s eye, with all the forms and colors of the whole scene precisely as I saw them. My father, in his brown velvet coat and studio cap, holding the pencil for me to show me how to do it; my dear mother, leaning over with her sweet chestnut hair and blue eyes; myself, in my dark blue sailor suit, trying to copy the sheep that he had drawn for me, and

so delighted in my childish fashion at having made it something like the original drawing. It stands out still as the vividest and clearest among my whole stock of mental pictures.”

“Then you can recall what sight is like, Mr. Arundel? You haven’t altogether forgotten forms and colors?”

“Forgotten them! Oh no, indeed; and that’s just why I say I fancy I might have been an artist. I remember everything exactly as I saw it. More than that, Miss Mortlock, as I sit before the fire on a winter’s evening even now I can often feel—yes, and see too—the glow upon my eyes through the veil that covers them; and in that glow I can paint—oh! the most beautiful and glorious pictures that ever were imagined—pictures that I’m sure would be admired and loved if only I had the power to reproduce them on canvas. I’ve described to my father sometimes the pictures that I see, and he tells me they are really true designs in composition and color and perspective.”

“But can you rightly remember forms, do you think, Mr. Arundel? You know you were so very little when you lost your sight, and perhaps your memory may be deceiving you.”

The blind man smiled a quiet smile, and raised his delicate right forefinger daintily like a pencil in the air. Then groping for a moment with his other hand, he held up before him the magazine that lay upon the seat by Katie’s side. “Look here,” he said, and began moving his forefinger up and down lightly over the cover, with the true grace and freedom of a born artistic touch. “What shall I draw you? A horse trotting? Very well, then. Follow my finger, and see if I remember.” And in a moment that natural pencil had traced out airily on the blank surface, in invisible lines, what Katie felt to be, as she followed its swift curves, the exact attitude of head and neck and feet and haunches in a well-bred trotter. She could not help giving a little cry of instinctive surprise and admiration at the deft rapidity and certainty of the execution.

The blind man felt and heard her as only blind men can interpret the unseen feelings of those who stand by, and his



face flushed for a moment proudly with love and pleasure. Then, the next second, the color faded away at once, and his cheek grew painfully white instead, as he sighed and murmured: "It's nothing—nothing. A mere outline. The childish recollection of a horse that I haven't really seen for ages. But if I had only eyes to see with, what sketches and what pictures I should be able to draw you! I can feel things with my hand, and then picture them to myself even now. I have, I suppose, the artist's gift of internal vision. Yet what is that, after all, Miss Mortlock, beside the real power of working out these ideas in bodily form upon the living canvas? There's no man so helpless to express his art as the blind man who feels himself a painter by nature. Beethoven was deaf; yet even after he could no longer hear himself play, his inner ear sufficed him to compose the *Sinfonia Eroica*. But the blind man has no such power. Let him have built up in his brain the loveliest picture that ever was conceived, he can never transfer it in shape and color to paper or to canvas. He can only dream of it, and wish it were otherwise."

There was a slight pause, and then Katie, stifling a sigh, said, timidly, "But is there no hope that you will ever recover your eyesight, Mr. Arundel?"

Leonard bent forward his neck and looked at her as intently as if he could see her. In his heart he was reading every intonation of her tremulous voice, and every rustle of the dress that rose and fell unseen upon her bosom. He knew that she was touched, profoundly touched; he was trying to discover whether it was merely pity, or some deeper and intenser feeling.

He waited a second to reassure himself. Then he heard Katie's breath checked again for a brief moment, and he knew in his heart that during that moment—were it but for the passing time—Katie's heart had gone forth toward him. He had long waited for it, and now he knew it. Young man and maiden read one another's purpose at such moments by some strange clairvoyance, none the less potent in blind eyes than in the perfect vision.

"Miss Mortlock," he said, in that gently serious tone which at once introduces a solemn subject, "there is—a faint hope, but still some hope. Till that hope had been tried, and succeeded, I did not mean

to speak to you about—about what I am now going to say to you. But I cannot help it—I cannot help it. Forgive me, forgive me if I am wronging you."

Katie's heart fluttered violently, but she answered as well as she was able. "I shall be glad to hear anything you have to tell me about—about yourself, Mr. Arundel."

"Thank you, Miss Mortlock—thank you. Very well, then, in three weeks I am going to Paris to be operated upon by the famous Dr. Milliot. Sir Benjamin Pritchard, who advised us to take this step, thinks it just possible—barely possible—that the operation might succeed in restoring my eyesight. That is all—all about that matter. The chance is slight, but still there is a chance for me. And I thought, Miss Mortlock—I thought that if that operation should by any possibility prove successful, I would venture to ask you whether—oh, Katie, Katie, Katie!—whether you could love me."

He knew he might venture upon calling her Katie, for he felt somehow that her bosom was heaving harder than ever, and that the tears were trickling slowly down her cheeks.

She let them fall quietly for a moment or two, while he stood there waiting for an answer, and trying to clasp her hand in his. When he found it, she allowed him to take it, unresisting, and then went on crying silently as if her heart would burst.

By-and-by Leonard began to wonder why she didn't answer. "Katie," he whispered, "if you can't tell me you will love me, will you press my hand, just ever so little?"

But Katie didn't press it. On the contrary, she let it drop softly on his lap, and went on crying as bitterly as ever.

Then Leonard began to understand that she had some good reason for withholding her answer. "Perhaps, Katie," he murmured, in a low voice, "I have spoken too soon. We are comparatively new friends, and perhaps I have been too hasty. Perhaps before giving me an answer you would like to know a little more about me."

Katie tried to check her sobs for a moment. "No, Mr. Arundel," she answered, firmly. "If I were to know you for years and years, I couldn't respect and admire you more than I do this very moment."

He drew himself back with a little cry



of pain. "Respect! admire!" he repeated, sadly. "Ah, yes; that is enough, Miss Mortlock. I see—I see. I misunderstood. I thought—I thought it was something more, when in reality it was only womanly sympathy and pity."

"No, no; not that, not that, believe me. You don't understand me. Oh, what shall I say? You don't understand me. Mr. Arundel, I wish, for Heaven's sake, that you hadn't spoken to me of this until—until after the operation you have just been telling me about."

Leonard sighed. "I see," he said again. "That is quite natural. You wouldn't care to be a blind man's wife. You would rather wait until you know whether or not I shall recover my eyesight. That's quite natural—quite natural." But in his voice as he spoke there was a pathetic undercurrent of pained surprise, as though he had expected something nobler and more generous from her.

Katie Mortlock started with horror, for his tone and his words had stung her to the quick. "Mr. Arundel," she cried, her pride fighting hard against her maidenly reserve, "you quite misinterpret my meaning. It's not that—it's not that—oh, don't think so cruelly of me!—it's just the opposite. Oh, Mr. Arundel, Mr. Arundel, I dare not say it—I dare not say it. I love you—I love you; I love you too well by far ever to marry you."

Then, alarmed and frightened at her own temerity, she buried her face in her hands and burst out sobbing.

Leonard Arundel put out his hand softly toward her, and took away one arm with a caressing gesture. "Katie," he said—"Katie, my own darling, my love, my sweetheart, tell me what it is. Explain to me. I don't understand you."

Katie looked at him tenderly through her blinding tears. "Oh, Mr. Arundel," she cried, "I wish you hadn't told me. If you had been going to be always blind, I could have loved you dearly; but if you're going to recover your sight, though I may love you just the same as before, you won't love me—you will never love me."

"Why not? Why not? Tell me, my darling. What on earth can ever come between us?"

"Oh, Mr. Arundel, I can't tell you; I can't bear to tell you. You like me now because I can talk with you and sympathize with you. But you have never seen me. If you were going to be always blind,

you would love me still, perhaps, because I should always do my best to make you happy. But if you were ever to recover your sight, and see me, you wouldn't love me any longer. For I'm not beautiful; I'm not even pretty; I'm quite plain, Mr. Arundel—quite plain and ordinary-looking; and nobody who sees me—really sees me—ever for a moment falls in love with me."

There was a second's pause again, and then Leonard said, solemnly: "Katie, I love you. Whether I recover my sight or not, I shall always love you. Whether you are beautiful or plain to others, I care not a pin; to me you are and always will be beautiful, utterly beautiful, and my heart's darling. Your voice is so sweet and gentle; your hand is so small and soft and delicate; your words are so tender and kind and sympathetic. My darling, my darling, I shall love you forever. Will you take me? Will you take me?"

Katie could fight no longer against her own heart. Bending down her eyes (as though he could see her), she answered, softly, "If you still love me when you see me, I will marry you; and if you never can see me at all, I will marry you; but if you see me and cannot love me, you must still be free, for this is no promise between us, but only an agreement."

Leonard seized her hand, this time by instinct, as though he saw it; the passion of the moment had actually exalted and transformed even his bodily powers. "Thank Heaven, Katie," he cried, "that I asked you before I have to undergo this operation; for now I know that you're not afraid or ashamed to be a blind man's wife. Katie, Katie, Katie, I shall love you forever."

## II.

Before Leonard started for Paris he met Katie to bid her farewell at her father's house till his fate should be decided forever, and he should know whether or not he was to be always blind.

"Katie," he said, when he had risen to leave, and she was guiding him tenderly toward the drawing-room door, "just once, before I go, let me feel your face, darling, that I may know you again at once if ever by chance I come back able to see you."

Katie held up her face trustfully to his, and answered, timidly, "If you wish, Leonard."



The blind man passed his hand rapidly over her upturned features, not rudely, but just touching them lightly with the tips of his fingers, as if he were reading his raised letters. Then he gave a little sudden start of visible pleasure. "Why, Katie," he said, "you told me you weren't beautiful. You're wrong, darling; my fingers tell me that much at once; wrong entirely. I can feel that your features are clear-cut and regular, just like the face of the Greek marble nymph in my father's studio. Whether you think so yourself or not, I know, Katie, I know you are beautiful."

Katie sighed, and only answered in a low voice, "Oh no, Leonard—oh no; you are mistaken." What more could she say? It is too much to expect from any woman that she should tell her lover exactly why and how she is not beautiful.

So Leonard went to Paris, and there submitted to his operation.

The next fortnight was a long period of suspense and anxiety both for him and for Katie.

Leonard Arundel, sitting in his room at the hotel in the Rue Châteaubriand, with his father always by his side, was waiting anxiously till the bandages were removed from his eyes, and he knew the truth, for good or for evil. Should he ever see the light again? Should he ever become a great painter? Should he ever look upon Katie's face, and learn it, and love it?

Katie Mortlock, in the quiet house by the river at Richmond, was waiting with a troubled heart to know whether Leonard's operation would or would not turn out successful. How often in her own room, distracted between those conflicting fears and hopes, she sat down with her face between her hands and had a good cry over it! For she could hardly even bring herself to hope that Leonard should recover his eyesight. At times she wished with all her heart, silently to herself, that this horrid operation had never been thought of. For it was Leonard the blind man that she had really fallen in love with—his gentleness, his helplessness, his longing and aspiration after that unattainable artistic gift that nature had so cruelly both granted him and denied him. And, worse still, it was Leonard the blind man who had fallen in love with her; it was her voice, her hand, her speech, her sympathy, that had first attracted him; could he still remain in love with her

when he actually saw her? Katie had never had any other lover, but her love for Leonard had grown up rapidly and instinctively within her, and if it were to be taken away from her now, she felt as if the whole light of the universe would fade away hopelessly forever. Perhaps, though, the operation wouldn't be successful. Oh! how she hated herself for the thought! and yet it brought her some little comfort. If Leonard remained blind, she said to herself, she would really marry him, and cherish him, and be his nurse and guide and comforter; but if he recovered his sight, she would say to him, bravely, "Leonard, Leonard, it is all over."

And yet, even if he saw her, might he not still love her?

So thinking, on the very day of the operation, she bathed her red eyes in cold water, and went down, as well as she was able, to dinner.

Harry was talking to her father about some girl of their acquaintance, as young men sometimes will talk, saying that she made herself so absurd, with her airs and graces—a little goggle-eyed thing like that—as if anybody was ever likely to take any notice of her!

"But, after all, Harry," his mother put in, with a half-glance sideways at Katie, "she's a very good, nice, true-hearted girl. Men don't look only at beauty, you know, in their choice of a wife: they look also at sympathy, and fitness, and mental qualities."

Harry smiled, and then took a critical sip at his claret. "You dear old mother," he said, all unconscious of Katie's feelings, "you women never understand a man's ideas upon that matter. A woman can fall in love with a man, of course, whether he's handsome or whether he's ugly; it doesn't matter a pin to her; looks hardly enter into the question at all with women; but men are quite different. They demand, first of all, that a girl should be good-looking. If she's that, well and good; one may begin to inquire afterward into her other qualities. But if she isn't, she may have all the virtues and all the talents under the sun, and I tell you she's hopelessly out of the running. Nobody's likely ever to take the slightest notice of her."

What a coarse, brutal way of putting things one's brothers always have, really!

Poor little Katie! She could have burst out crying on the spot; and all the more



because she felt in her own heart that Harry, with all his roughness, had put his finger upon a true distinction of feeling between men and women. Yes, for a man to be plain is at worst a slight misfortune; for a woman to be plain is a positive crime.

She bit her lip hard, and said nothing.

Harry didn't mean to be unkind. His remark was only thoughtless and ill-timed. But it went through her exactly like a dagger, for all that. In her own heart she said to herself, proudly, "Whatever comes of it, I shall not marry Leonard if he recovers his eyesight."

At that moment the servant brought in a telegram from Paris, and handed it without a word to Katie. It was from Leonard's father. She tore it open and glanced at it in a perfect agony of hope and terror. "Operation apparently quite successful. Milliot very sanguine of result. Must wait a fortnight before removing bandages."

Katie read it, burst into tears, and hurried away madly from the table to her own bedroom.

"Poor child!" her father said, taking up and reading the telegram. "The good news has been too much for her. I hope she won't be disappointed after all."

But the mother said nothing. She read her daughter's heart better, with a woman's instinct. She knew that Katie's tears were not wholly tears of joy, but partly tears of suspense and terror.

### III.

The fortnight wore away slowly, and on the very night before the bandages were removed from Leonard's eyes he was sitting with his father in their little salon, during blind-man's holiday, when the servant came in to light the gas, and as the flame leaped and flickered fiercely for a moment on being turned up, Leonard's face grew suddenly pale, and he uttered a little cry of surprise and astonishment.

His father bent over toward him anxiously and affectionately. "Leonard," he cried, trembling between fear and joyful anticipation, "my boy, my boy, what is it?"

"Father, father, through all these bandages I felt the light jump up visibly that moment when he lighted it."

Next day the bandages were removed, and for a second or two the suspense and

excitement were absolutely insupportable. Then Leonard fell back almost faint with joy. "Successful!" he cried—"successful! successful! I can see quite plainly."

His father seized his hand, trembling; for ten minutes neither of them spoke another word to one another.

But before another half-hour Leonard had sent his father out to despatch two telegrams, one of them home, the other to Katie.

As soon as he was in a fit condition to be moved he was taken back again to his home in London.

It was nearly another month before he was allowed to see Katie. The bandages were only removed for a short time each day, in order to accustom him gradually to the light, and he did not wish to see her himself until his eyes were well used to their recovered freedom.

At last the day for the first face-to-face meeting arrived, and Leonard walked round with his father to Katie's house.

They left Katie in the drawing-room alone, and Leonard went up there by himself to see her. Yes, to see her: for the first time in his life really to see her.

When he entered, Katie was sitting, all tremulous, upon the sofa, and she rose to greet him, not as usual with a timid kiss, but with an outstretched hand, as if she scarcely dared to approach him.

Leonard looked at her keenly as he took her hand and raised it instinctively to his quivering lips. He understood in a moment now why Katie had told him she was not beautiful.

Her features he would have recognized anywhere. That inner eye of the artist of which he had spoken to her had enabled him at once to grasp her face almost as if he had actually seen it. Point by point it was exactly what he had pictured it to himself—a clear-cut, regular, delicate profile, faultless as a model from forehead to chin. But above it all, utterly destroying the natural beauty of an almost perfect face, rose (what his hands alone would never have told him) a rich mass of bright red hair—not auburn, not golden, not even russet, but bright, fiery red—there was no use denying it—simply red of the reddest. To any third person it might have seemed ridiculous to think about it; but to those two, there face to face, it was anything but ridiculous, it was really tragic.

Leonard Arundel stood and looked at



her for one second in a fierce whirl of mingled feelings. It would be absurd to deny that he was disappointed—deeply disappointed. To his artistic nature, none the less artistic for his long blindness, such a disappointment was indeed a serious one. But that was not the thought just then uppermost in his mind: the thing he was most anxious about in that supreme moment was the momentous question, Had Katie perceived his disappointment? He loved her truly and deeply, and he would not for the world have betrayed to her by any passing sign of face or action that first instantaneous shock of discovery. And yet, could he have concealed it? Women are so quick at reading emotion, and Katie was sure to have been on the lookout for every shade of meaning on his changeful features as he first approached her. His heart was too full of blended fears and hopes to find utterance in words. He could only murmur softly, "Katie, Katie."

And Katie? She looked him straight in the face, as who would know the worst, from the moment he entered, and she watched the unconscious play of those beautiful features and those dark brown eyes then for the first time revealed to her without the veil that had so long hidden them. But what she thought, or felt, or imagined, lies too deep for the shallow scalpel of verbal analysis. What she did was to take his hand falteringly, and to cry out, with a breaking heart, "Leonard—Mr. Arundel—Leonard—oh, this is too terrible! It is all over—it is all over!"

Leonard caught her in his arms as she fell back upon the sofa, half fainting, and cried to her passionately, with the ring of true affection in every tone of his voice: "Katie, Katie, my darling, what do you mean? What are you talking about? Surely, surely this is the happiest end and outcome of all our wishes."

She sobbed for a minute or two, and then rose, pale and trembling. "Mr. Arundel," she cried, "it is all over. I can never marry you. If you had been blind still, I would have given up my life to tend you and help you; but now—now it is impossible, quite impossible."

"Katie, Katie," he burst out, as she stood with the door-handle in her hand, half lingering, "for Heaven's sake wait awhile, wait and hear me. Don't go away so. Listen to me—listen to me. Let me tell you how deeply I love you."

"Never, Mr. Arundel," she answered, firmly. "Never, never. It is all over. It might have been, but it can never be now. Good-by—good-by. I can't bear it any longer." And without another word she rushed from the room, and left him there alone and miserable.

## IV.

That afternoon Leonard Arundel went down musingly by himself to his father's studio, and taking up a box of chalks and a sheet of cartridge-paper, almost as if by accident, began idly to draw something by way of alleviation from his unspoken wretchedness.

He had never before tried to draw anything since he recovered his sight, for Dr. Milliot had urged him not to be in too great a haste to begin his artistic studies. But he always meant, even after so many years of wasted time, to be a great painter; and now he took the chalks in his hand, not like a child, not like a rustic, not like a learner, but like a grown man, with the innate power to produce true and beautiful forms at a minute's bidding. During all those years of blindness the born artistic faculty within him had been developing, though he knew no way to give it shape; and when at last he took up the box of chalks to try his 'prentice hand upon his first drawing, it was with no knowledge or art, to be sure, but with the instinctive untaught ability of the born artist.

Holding the chalk firmly and lightly between his delicate fingers, he began to draw a few lines almost at random upon the blank sheet of cartridge-paper before him, scarcely knowing himself that the lines he was drawing were gradually shaping themselves into the definite form of Katie Mortlock's features. Slowly, as he worked away, the vague purpose grew clearer and clearer before his mind; and presently he found himself quite consciously endeavoring to call up Katie's face, as it had stamped itself indelibly upon his eye in those few short minutes of that morning's interview. Looking hard at the paper, and exercising once more to the full that long-practised power of his blind days—the power of building up afresh a mental picture once beheld—he recognized in a moment that he really possessed a singular faculty, shared with him by Millet and a few other great artists, the faculty of beholding a person



once, and then painting the features and expression from memory with as much minuteness of touch and detail as though the living model were actually before him. The mental image seemed to be projected by some internal camera upon the sheet of cartridge-paper, and from it he drew in delicate monochrome the face and bust of Katie Mortlock.

For a couple of hours he worked away, touching and retouching with artistic diligence; and when he had finished the portrait to his own satisfaction he drew back a little and gazed at it critically. So far as technical methods are concerned it was, of course, to some extent, the mere rough sketch of an unlearned beginner; but an artistic eye could have detected in it at once the innate faculty of the true painter. Nor was it wanting, either, in a certain maturity and profundity of its own: during all those years of long sightlessness Leonard Arundel's inherited powers had been unconsciously developing within him by organic growth. It is a common error, indeed, to attribute far too much importance to the effects of deliberate teaching and practice, far too little to the natural ripening and evolution of the innate faculties. So when Leonard Arundel sat down to sketch from memory Katie's face, he did it, not like a boy of five, not like an untaught rustic, but like a grown man of high inborn artistic potentialities. Glancing carefully and critically, then, at his own work, he saw in a moment that it was really good.

But another thing he also saw that gave him, as he looked, a fresh start of wonder and astonishment. The chalk drawing represented Katie's face and head exactly, but it represented them in a single tone of subdued color. The red hair was gone, and its effect lost: nothing came out in the completed picture but the real beauty of Katie's clear-cut and finely chiselled features. Gazing at it again and again, Leonard fell deeply in love afresh with his own handiwork. "It's Katie," he said to himself, eagerly; "it's certainly Katie; and yet it's something more beautiful too. If only Katie could look exactly as I have made her, how the native delicacy of her face would come out and show itself! And yet I don't want her changed either: I would have her just what she was when I first fell in love with her and had never seen her. But all that I have put in that picture is real-

ly in Katie's face, if one could only see it: really there, yet somehow hidden."

Then a sudden idea seized him. "I'll do it up in paper," he thought to himself, "and send it to her; and with it I'll send a little note to ask her whether she thinks I carried away her picture engraved well upon my heart. Dear little girl! she won't listen to me for the moment; but by-and-by she's sure to come round when she sees how truly and devotedly I love her."

So he folded it up and put it in paper, and sent it round with a little note, full of a lover's passionate nothings. But so strangely do innate arts differ from mere learning that, though he had wrought the picture by the light of nature without the least diffidence or trouble, wielding the chalk freely in his hand as if he had been born to it, he couldn't write his letter on a sheet of common note-paper, but was still obliged to use, as of old, the little curved frame that blind people write in, and even at times to shut his eyes, lest the sight of the movements he was making should distract his attention from the familiar sequence of muscular action.

## V.

Katie received and admired the picture, and saw at a glance that Leonard was destined to become one of the greatest of English painters. What a terrible thing to think that such a man as that might have gone on through life bereft of his eyesight; and what a mercy that the operation was quite successful! And yet—Poor Katie! she sighed to herself. It was too disloyal, too unkind, too wicked. She felt she ought to be tortured for even thinking it. But if Leonard had still been blind—Hush, hush; how can one ever be so horribly unnatural?

And how pretty he had made her look, too! How wonderfully he had remembered the merest details of her face, seen but for a moment; and how much he had flattered it in his hasty portrait! "If only I looked like that, now—" thought Katie. "But there!—what's the use of wishing? It's all over, and there's no good in thinking any longer about it."

So a few weeks rolled by, and Katie could hardly be prevailed upon even to see Leonard. She spoke very little about him, even to her mother; but she sat a great deal in her own room, and when she came down to dinner her eyes were



generally red and swollen. Leonard wrote to her again and again, and once or twice saw her alone for an hour or so; but he couldn't move her from her fixed resolution. "It's very good of you," she said over and over again, "very chivalrous, very generous, very honorable, to wish to marry me in spite of everything; but, Leonard—Mr. Arundel, I mean—I know why you want to do it—out of pure steadfastness and constancy of heart, because you won't refuse, when you have seen her, the girl you fell in love with when you were blind. Oh, Leonard, you said you were glad you had asked me before the operation, for then you knew I wasn't ashamed to be a blind-man's wife; I wish to Heaven, for my part, you hadn't spoken a word about it to me till afterward, for then I should have known, what I can never know now—whether, when you had seen me, you could really love me, or whether it was merely honor and constancy on your part fighting against your own inclination."

"Katie," Leonard cried, "my own darling Katie, what more on earth can I say or do to prove to you that I really love you? Oh, Katie, if you won't have me now, let us wait for another month; and if you still see that I am determined to marry you, and you only, won't you take me then—won't you believe me?"

"A month is too soon," Katie answered, fighting still against her own heart. "Make it a year, Leonard. If at a year's end you still love me, you still want to marry me, and I feel sure of it, why, then, Leonard, then I'll take you."

## VI.

Long before the year was out Katie began to suffer from anxiety. Every day and all day long she was asking herself feverishly and tremulously, "Does he really love me for my very self, or does he only want to prove his honor and his generosity?" At last, as women will do, she worried herself into a real fever, and then for six days together she hung between life and death in a doubtful crisis, almost given up for lost, but never quite sinking, though in a continuous delirium. All the time she talked about one thing only, and that was Leonard.

"If ever she gets better," Leonard cried to her father and mother, in an agony of suspense, "we must all unite to make her marry me at once, come what may, with-

out any further strain upon her overwrought affections."

Day after day the fever hung about her, and by the doctor's orders Leonard was never even allowed to see her, lest the excitement should just turn the delicate scale between life and death in which she was hovering. Then she began slowly to mend a little, though the doctor still thought it advisable to keep Leonard from her. But he wrote to her daily, as soon as she was able to read his letters; and they had all but one burden: "Dearest, there must be no more delay. We mustn't dream of waiting till the year is out. As soon as you are well enough to get about again, we must marry immediately." Katie pressed the letters over and over again to her bosom, and began at last to whisper to herself, "I do believe he loves me; he really loves me."

At last, after three weeks' separation, Katie was pronounced sufficiently recovered to come down-stairs again, and Leonard received a little note from her, written feebly in pencil, telling him that now, if he liked, he might once more come to see her. "But, dearest Leonard," the note went on, "you will find me much changed after the fever; and you mustn't be surprised if I don't look exactly as I did when you last saw me."

Leonard smiled to himself at the *naïveté* of the little note; but he felt pleased and flattered at the frank way in which she now wrote to him as "dearest Leonard," without even the faint pretence of womanly apology. "She has given in," he said to himself, delighted. "She'll marry me now. She sees that, after all, it is herself I love, and not merely the memory of her past kindness."

So he put on his hat blithely enough, and went down to Richmond to the Mortlocks' to see Katie.

The moment he was ushered into the drawing-room he started visibly at the sight that met him. A beautiful girl, somewhat slighter and thinner than the old Katie he had seen before her illness, half rose to greet him from the sofa in the corner. Before he knew exactly what it could be that had happened to her meanwhile, he took in the general effect in a very vague and indefinite fashion, and somehow felt that a lovely woman, with something of the air of a Louis Quinze marquise, was standing before him. It was Katie, undeniably Katie, but



ever so much transfigured, softened, and idealized. There were the same clear-cut, graceful features as ever; the same penetrating hazel eyes; the same dainty pink and white complexion; but there was something altered that gave her face at once an indefinable charm and delicacy of contour. She seemed to have risen somehow in the scale of beauty; to be not only prettier but more womanly and more distinguished than before. She had a certain strange, high-born, old-fashioned air about her now, as of the great ladies whose features Leonard had already learnt to recognize on the canvas of Sir Joshua, of Romney, and of Gainsborough. Was it only the simple long robe of pale blue, made plain and full in the waistless bodice? was it the pretty collar of coffee-colored lace, that dimly recalled the stately beauties of the Georgian era? or was it the way her hair was dressed, high above her forehead, in—

Why, there! Leonard Arundel started back in surprise. How on earth had he failed to note it immediately? Her hair was snow-white: the fever had changed it.

Yes, snow-white, as if she had been eighty; and yet that change, which would have made many women lose a great part of their first girlish beauty, had made Katie Mortlock ten times more beautiful and tender-looking than she had ever been before. The natural exquisiteness and grace of her features, long obscured by that one disfiguring blemish, came out now in all their true daintiness of curve and chiselling. In one night she had been transformed as if by magic from a plain girl into the loveliest and most graceful woman Leonard Arundel had ever yet beheld or dreamt of. A certain indescribable presence floated around her; a certain pervading air as of a beautiful high-born lady breathed at once from all her

features. To say the truth, it had always been there, in the profoundest elements of the face, as Leonard knew, but overshadowed and half obliterated by the strange perversity of nature in a single accident of mere externals.

It took Leonard but three seconds to see and interpret to himself all this, and meanwhile he stood before her in a painter's rapture of surprise and delight at the revelation of her new-found beauty.

Katie had no need to ask him what he thought of the change. She could read it in his face a thousand times more clearly than she had read that one faint doubtful shadow or suspicion of a disappointment the very first day he had ever beheld her.

She held out her arms, and her eyes filled with tears as she uttered the one word, "Leonard!"

He clasped her to his bosom in a long, hard embrace, and only cried, "Then, Katie, Katie, you have made up your mind at last, my darling, to make me happy forever."

Katie pressed his hand silently, and let the quick tears of joy fall unreprieved from her drooping eyelids.

In Leonard Arundel's great picture, which attracted so much attention at this year's Academy, "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, at the Westminster Election," the beautiful central figure of the duchess, in her pale blue dress and powdered hair, stooping to pat the head of the cobbler's daughter, is understood to be taken from the artist's wife, who sat as his model for this his first important effort. The picture is a very striking one indeed, and it owes no small part of its surprising charm to the extraordinary delicacy and gracefulness of that tender and beautiful central figure.

## SONG.

BY RONALD C. MACFIE.

ALAS! alas! cheu!  
That the sky is only blue,  
To gather from the grass  
The rain and dew!

Alas, that eyes are fair,  
That tears may gather there,  
Mists, and the breath of sighs,  
From the marsh of care!

Alas! alas! cheu!  
That we meet but to bid adieu,  
That the sands in Time's ancient glass  
Are so swift and few!

Alas! alas! cheu!  
That the heart is only true  
To gather, where false feet pass,  
The thorn and rue!



# THE NAVIES OF THE CONTINENT.

BY SIR EDWARD J. REED.

## II.—THE ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, GERMAN, AUSTRIAN, AND TURKISH NAVIES.

THE Continental navy next in present interest to that of France is the Italian, owing to the fact that the Italian government, although largely abstaining from the use of armor, has applied itself urgently to developments of gun-power and speed in large war ships. The *Duilio* and *Dandolo* (illustrated in Fig. 8) were considered in our article on the French navy, and their resemblance to the *Inflexible* type pointed out. They are nearly as large as the *Inflexible*, although differing greatly in proportions and form from her. They appear to me to be more objectionable, from the want of armored stability, if one may so speak, than even the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, which are themselves, as we know, more objectionable than the *Inflexible*. The cause of this is to be found in the fact that in designing the British ships, whatever else they may have lost sight of, the Admiralty constructors saw that the more you contracted the length of the armored citadel, the more necessity there was for giving the ship great breadth. The reason of this can be made clear. The fractional expression which represents the statical stability of a ship has in its numerator the quantity  $y^3x$ , in which  $y$  represents the half-breadth of the ship at the water-line, and  $x$  the length of the ship. If we regard the stability of the armored citadel only, and neglect the unarmored ends,  $x$  represents the length of that citadel, and  $y$  its half-breadth. Now if we take two rectangular citadels, one, say, 100 feet long and 60 feet broad, the other the same length but only 50 feet broad, then the value of  $x$  will be the same for both, but the values of  $y^3$  will be 216,000 and 125,000 respectively, the ship 60 feet broad having, *cæteris paribus*, nearly double the citadel stability of the 50-feet-broad ship. On the other hand, if you wish to give the narrower ship the same citadel stability as the broader one, it will be necessary to make her citadel no less than  $172\frac{8}{15}$  feet long. Now the citadel of the *Duilio* is 107 feet in length,\* and the breadth is 64

feet 9 inches—say 65 feet. The citadel of the *Inflexible* is 110 feet long, and its breadth 75 feet, the figures for the *Ajax* being 140 feet and 66 feet. Now presuming the citadels to be rectangular in each case, we shall have as follows:

Inflexible.	Ajax.	Duilio.
$y^3x=618,750$	$y^3x=453,024$	$y^3x=452,075$

From which it would appear that the *Duilio* of 11,000 tons derives from this element of stability only about as much as the *Ajax* of 8500 tons derives from it, and only about three-fourths of that which the *Inflexible* of 11,400 tons had allowed to her. There are other circumstances, of course, which enter into the stability of these ships, but nothing which I know of or can imagine to enable the *Duilio* to compare much more favorably in this respect with the other vessels, deficient as they themselves are. All this applies, of course, solely to the ability of these ships to depend upon their armored citadels for safety in war: in peace they are all safe enough as regards stability, because they have their unarmored ends to add largely to it, although I should doubt if the *Duilio* is greatly over-endowed with stability even with her long unarmored ends intact.

I now come to a series of ships in which the question of the amount of their armored stability does not arise, because they have no armored stability at all. For some reason or other, Lloyds in their *Universal Register*, following bad examples, have arrayed the *Italia* and her successors under the heading of "Sea-going Armor-clads." These ships are nothing of the kind, in any reasonable sense of

that in giving the length as 107 feet they give the breadth as 58 feet, whereas they give the breadth of the ship as  $64\frac{3}{4}$  feet. I also observe that they both speak of an "armored citadel or compartment 107 feet in length," and the word "compartment" seems to point to *inside* dimensions, and although it seems odd to use these in such a case, it is probable that that has been done. But as there is considerable curvature in the transverse bulkheads, and as the greatest inside length has presumably been given, it may still be practically correct to regard the mean length of the battery as 107 feet. I regret that I have not the means at hand of making certain of the precise length.—E. J. R.

\* I adopt this figure from Lord Brassey, who adopts it from Mr. King, but I am inclined to regard it as too small by about 5 feet, for I observe



the word, but are, as ships, wholly unarmored, although carrying elevated armored towers, and some armor in other places. Mr. King (in his work previously referred to) puts the facts correctly when he says:

"The armor is only used" (in the form of a curved deck, be it understood) "to keep out shot and shell from the engines and boilers, the magazines, shell-room spaces, and the channels leading therefrom to the upper deck, and to protect the guns in the casemate when not elevated above the battery, and the gunners employed in firing them. But all other parts of the ship above the armored deck" (which is below water, be it said), "all the guns not in the casemate, and all persons out of the casemate, and not below the armored deck, will be exposed to the enemy's projectiles."

Mr. King takes note of this total abandonment of side armor as a means of preserving stability when a ship is pierced at the water-line, and regards this abandonment as a bold defiance of the principles which I have laid down for some years past. I cannot say that I take this view of the matter. I have always discussed this matter from the British navy point of view, and had these ships of the *Italia* type been built for the British navy in substitution of real iron-clads, while France, Russia, and other European countries were still building such iron-clads, I should have certainly condemned them. The primary requirement of British first-class ships is that they shall be able to close with and fight any enemy of the period whatever, and any defect which unfits them for this work, or makes it extremely dangerous to perform it, is a disgrace to England. Even if armor were given up by other powers, it would be a matter for careful consideration in England whether enough of it for the protection of their existence against contemporary guns should not be retained in her principal ships. England's ability to live on as a nation and the head of an empire is dependent upon her naval superiority, and no price to purchase that can be too great for her to pay. But with Italy the case was and is wholly different. She could not compete with England in naval power, and would not wish to if she could, for she is without an ocean empire to preserve. But Italy has European neighbors, and when she began to build these

*Italias* and *Lepantos* she had for neighbor one power, France, which had unwisely persisted for years in building wooden armor-clads, neither strongly protected, nor swift, nor very powerfully armed; and I am not at all sure that, to such a navy as France then had, a few extremely fast and very powerfully armed ships such as Italy built was not an excellent reply. And not against an attack from France only would such ships as the *Italia* have been available, but likewise against a very large proportion of the British iron-clad fleet, and of the fleets of Austria, Turkey, and Russia. The idea of the Italian ministers clearly was to give weaker ships no time for long engagements with them, but to pounce upon them by means of enormous speed, and to destroy them at a blow by means of their all-powerful ordnance. They might well expect to have with such ships so great a command over the conditions under which they would give battle as to be well able to repair in time, and at least temporarily, such dangerous wounds as they might receive. But more than this cannot be said for such ships: they are not fit to engage in prolonged contests, or to fight such actions as by their assaults on superior numbers and their endurance of close conflict have won that "old and just renown" of which England is so deservedly proud. It seems to me as obvious as anything can possibly be that such ships as the *Italia*, if once adopted as models for other great powers, would admit of easy and cheap answers. Ships of equal speed, merely belted with very thick armor, and armed with an abundance of comparatively light shell guns, would effectually defy them. There would be no need of enormous and costly armaments, or of ponderous armored towers, or of huge revolving turrets, for giving battle to ships which any shells would be able to open up to the inroads of the sea, and which, being opened up, would lose their stability, and insist upon turning bottom upward. But for the purposes of the Italian government, as I conjecture them, the *Italia* class of ships, large as they are, have probably been excellent investments, and may continue to be all the time the priceless value of impregnable belts and interior torpedo defence is understood by so very few.

The Italian government, having completed the *Italia*, are now pressing forward with four other equally large ships





FIG. 8.—THE "DULIO."



(of over 13,000 tons each) of similar type, and with three others of 11,000 tons. Curiously enough, they keep with these among their "war vessels of the first class" not only the *Palestro* and *Principe Amedeo*, of about 6000 tons, launch-

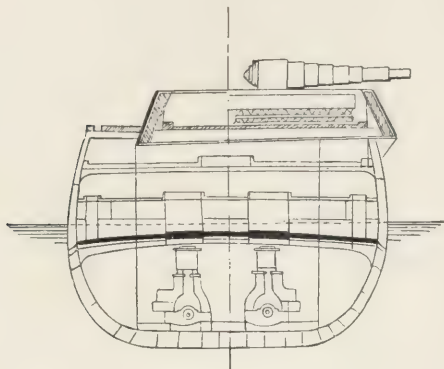


FIG. 9.—SECTION OF THE "ITALIA."

ed in 1871-2, but also the *Roma*, a wooden vessel of 5370 tons, launched twenty years ago, and some four or five iron ships, of 4000 tons and of 12 knots speed, launched more than twenty years ago. I will not occupy time and space by regarding the particulars of these old vessels (having omitted similar ones from my French tables), but will here give the particulars of these modern vessels of the Italian first class, which alone deserve notice:

The manner in which the towers and guns of the *Italia* type are arranged is shown in section and in plan in Figs. 9 and 10, which are taken for convenience from the works of Mr. King and Lord Brassey, and were prepared, I believe, from official drawings. The engraving Fig. 11 is from a drawing by De Martino.

In respect of unarmored vessels, in addition to a large number of old and slow small craft, Italy possesses some fast modern war ships of the second and lower classes which are deserving of notice. In the first place, she has eight steel vessels ranging from 2500 tons to 3600 tons, which Lloyds describe as "deck-protected cruisers," with a total absence of any justification, I think, excepting that other people have doubtless done so before them.\*

There certainly are people who, for business or other purposes, would call anything a "protective deck," but why these eight vessels should be removed

\* Lloyd's *Universal Register* falls into a still more notable error in respect of the speed of these vessels, for it assigns to the best of them a speed of only 7½ knots, and to some only 5 knots, whereas they are very much faster, as will presently be shown in the text. But the mistake, grave as it is, seems to me to have resulted only from a printer's error, for the removal of a vertical "lead" one column to the left would add 10 knots to the speeds of all these vessels, and make them correct.—E. J. R.

TABLE E.—MODERN ITALIAN WAR SHIPS OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Name.	Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed.	Length.	Breadth.	Draught of Water.	Greatest Thickness of Armor.	Heaviest Guns carried.
	Tons.		Knots.	Feet.	Feet. In.	Feet. In.	Inches on Sides.	
Duilio .....	11,140	7,700	11.1	340	64 4	26 8	22	4 of 101 tons.
Dandolo ....	11,200	7,700	11.2	340	64 4	27	22	4 " 101 "
Italia .....	13,900	18,000	18	400	74	27 8	19	4 " 103 "
Lepanto ....	13,550	18,000	18	400	73 4	27 8	19	4 " 103 "
Re Huberto ..	13,250	15,200	17	400	76 8	27 8	19	Not settled.
Sicilia .....	13,250	15,200	17	400	76 8	27 8	19	" "
Sardegna ...	13,250	15,200	17	400	76 8	27 8	19	" "
Lauria .....	11,000	10,000	16	328	67	27	14	4 of 103 tons.
Morosini ....	11,000	10,000	16	328	67	27	14	4 " 103 "
Doria .....	11,000	10,000	16	328	67	27	14	4 " 103 "

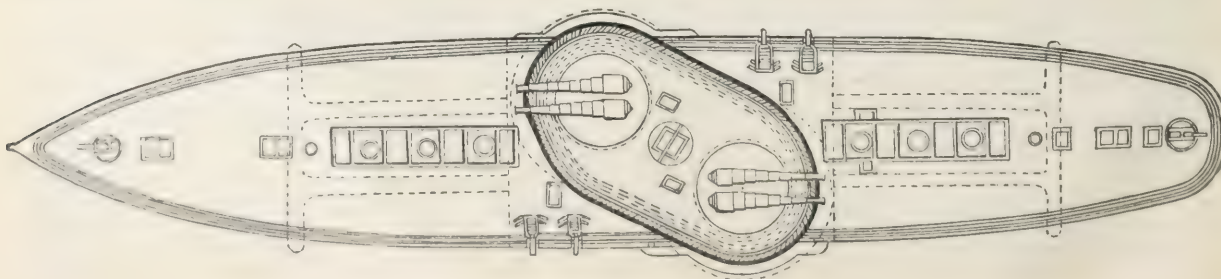


FIG. 10.—DECK PLAN OF THE "ITALIA."



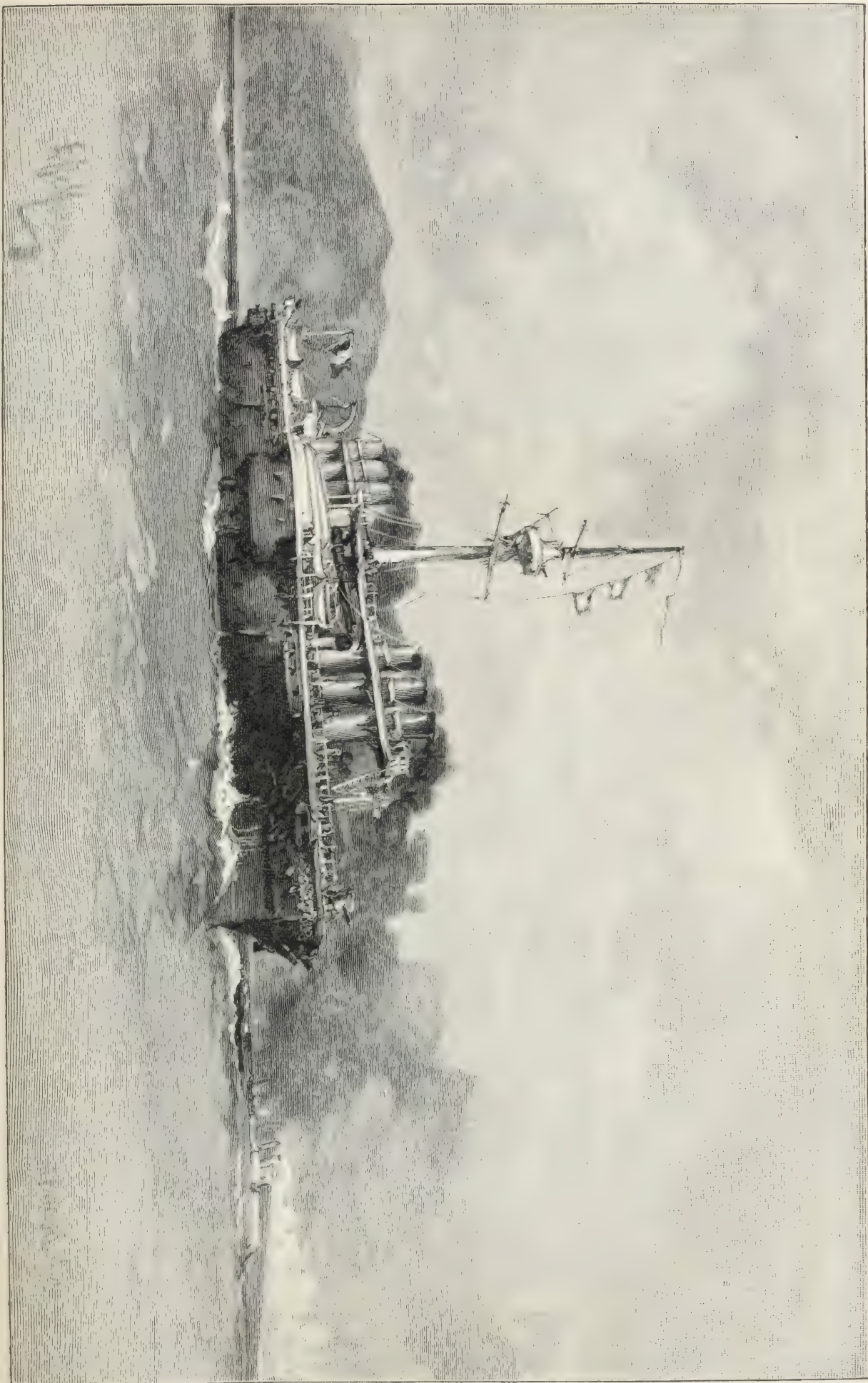


FIG. 11.—THE "ITALIA."





FIG. 12.—THE "ESMERALDA."

from the category of unarmored vessels, and constitute a class to themselves, is more than I can imagine even the slightest reason or justification for. I do not know of any modern naval gun whatever which will not penetrate an inch steel plate when presented to it as it is presented in the curving down decks of these vessels. It appears to me to be trifling with serious matters to endeavor to lead naval authorities, naval officers, and seamen to imagine that these vessels, and similar ones wherever they are to be found, have any pretensions to be regarded as "protected."

But, as the unarmored vessels which they are, they are notable for high speed, three of them being of 15 knots, and the other five of 17 knots. One of these 17-knot vessels is the *Giovanni Bausen*, built by Sir William Armstrong and Co., at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which so closely resembles the Chilean vessel *Esmeralda* that the engraving of the latter vessel (Fig. 12) may be taken to illustrate the general character of both. The breadth (42 feet) is the same in both, and so is the draught of water ( $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet), but the *Bausen* is a few feet longer than the other. The armament is almost precisely the same, being two guns of about 25 tons, mounted one forward and one aft, and six of 4 tons. I have chosen the *Esmeralda* for the illustration of both vessels, because (by the favor of Sir William Armstrong and Co.) I am in possession of an instantaneous photograph of her at full speed, from which the

engraving has been made. This is very interesting, because it exhibits what but few readers are likely to have seen, but what most will be glad to see, viz., the form which is taken by the permanent waves that accompany such a ship when steaming at the full speed of 17 knots in comparatively still water. The engraving also well represents the position of the bow and stern guns.

The 15-knot vessels of Italy are named *Giojà*, *Amerigo Vespucci*, *Savoia*, and *Colombo*, of which the *Amerigo Vespucci* is illustrated from a drawing by De Martino in Fig. 13; and those of 17 knots, besides the *Bausen*, are the *Etna*, *Vesuvio*, *Stromboli*, and *Fieramosca*. All the last-named vessels carry the same armament as the *Bausen*; the others an armament of 4-ton guns only. The Italian government also possess (built or building) eight other vessels exceeding or reaching 15 knots in speed, of which two are built of wood, and the remainder of iron or steel. They have likewise of fast torpedo craft a 2000-ton vessel of 19 knots building, to carry six 6-inch guns and nine 6-pounders; four others, of 20 knots, to carry machine guns, viz., the *Tripoli* and *Goito*, of 741 tons, and the *Folgore* and *Saetta*, of 317 tons. They also propose to build, in 1886-7 six others, of 741 tons and 20 knots, two of which are to be named *Monzambano* and *Montebello*. They have thirty-four complete and twenty-eight incomplete first-class torpedo boats of over 100 feet in length, and twenty-one second-class, already built, of less than 100 feet.



It will be seen from the foregoing statement that the Italian navy is one of much importance, capable of working great de-

government to speak with a voice that would have to be attentively listened to by any possible ally or any possible enemy



FIG. 13.—THE "AMERIGO VESPUCCI."

struction upon an enemy's fleet of ordinary ships, able to cope with no inconsiderable number of modern vessels, and such as would enable the Italian people and

in the event of European complications arising, or of a European war becoming probable. It does great credit to successive Italian political administrations.



Of late the German government has been very active in promoting commercial ship-building and ocean enterprise, but it has been very slack in the development of its imperial navy, and for this reason the Russian navy next claims our notice. Russia, with the continent of Europe interposed between its northern and its southern ports, is compelled to divide its naval strength into two, concentrating one part upon the Baltic and the other upon the Black Sea; and both these divisions of its navy are under restrictions which approach pretty nearly to the conditions of blockades. With winter comes on the natural blockade of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg on the Baltic, and this sometimes lasts so long that I have myself seen the first merchant vessel of the year approach Cronstadt on the 29th of May, or within a very few weeks of midsummer. In the south, Sebastopol and Nikolaiev are under the permanent domination of the Bosphorus forts and fleets, and of European treaties which are stronger still. The disasters of the war of 1854 and the political engagements which ensued have also borne heavily upon the naval spirit of Russia, and it says much for the greatness of that country that it is again, in spite of all these hinderances, raising its navy into a position of European importance.

Considering the Black Sea fleet first, the entire interest excited by its armor-clads centres in the three new 16-knot ships there under construction, of which two, the *Catherine II.* and the *Chesma*, are already launched, the *Sinope* being as yet unlaunched. These three ships are belted throughout with 18-inch armor, and are each armed with six guns of 40 tons and seven of 4 tons. These guns are fought *en barbette* in towers plated with armor 14 inches thick. The *Universal Register* and the French *Carnet* agree in assigning to the *Catherine II.* a length of 320 feet and a tonnage of 10,000, and to the other two ships a length of 314 feet and a tonnage of about 8600. They also agree in

describing the horse-power of each of the three ships as 9000 indicated, and the speed as 16 knots. The Admiralty Return previously quoted gives them a speed of 15 knots, and equal tonnages of 10,800 tons. I am unable to give the tonnage decisively, but I know that the tonnage originally intended for these ships was 9990, and I am in possession of the details of the corresponding weights. The discrepancies as to steam-power and speed are matters of great moment. I believe that both the *Universal Register* and the French *Carnet* are wrong in associating a power of only 9000 horses with a speed of 16 knots, the 15 knots given by the Admiralty being the speed expected with 9000 indicated horse-power; but this power is to be obtained with natural draught, while with forced draught the power is to be increased to 11,400, and the speed increased to 16 knots. The formidable character of these ships needs no comment, although I cannot regard them as nearly equivalent to or as well designed as the somewhat larger *Nile* and *Trafalgar* of the British navy. The only other Black Sea armored vessels are the slow and small but somewhat powerful circular ships *Novgorod* and *Vice-Admiral Popoff*, of which the latter is surrounded by 18-inch armor, and carries two guns of 40 tons. A torpedo vessel of 600 tons, 3500 horse-power, and 20 knots speed is being built at Nikolaiev.

The Baltic fleet of Russia contains but one finished iron-clad of much importance, the *Peter the Great*, of 9340 tons, and 14 knots speed, carrying four guns of 40 tons; and one ship, the *Emperor Alexander II.*, of 8400 tons, now under construction at Cronstadt, and another of like size being laid down at St. Petersburg. No interest attaches to the *Pojarsky*, the four *Admirals*, and several other old, weak, and slow armor-clads of the Baltic fleet. This fleet comprises, however, eight belted cruisers (five built and three building), of which five (two of them completed and three under construction) are important. These are as follows:

Name.	Displacement in Tons.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed in Knots.	Armor.	Principal Guns.
Vladimir Monomach . . .	5800	7000	15.4	7-inch.	4 of 9 tons.
Dmitry Donskoi . . . . .	5800	7000	16.25	7-inch.	*3 " 29 "
Admiral Nachimoff . . . .	7780	8000	16	10-inch.	8 " 9 "
Alexander Nevsky . . . . .	7572	8000	16	10-inch.	8 " 9 "
Emperor Nicholas . . . . .	8000	8000	16	10-inch.	2 " 40 "

\* According to the *Universal Register*; but only two of 9 tons (besides smaller ones), according to Admiralty Return to Parliament.—E. J. R.



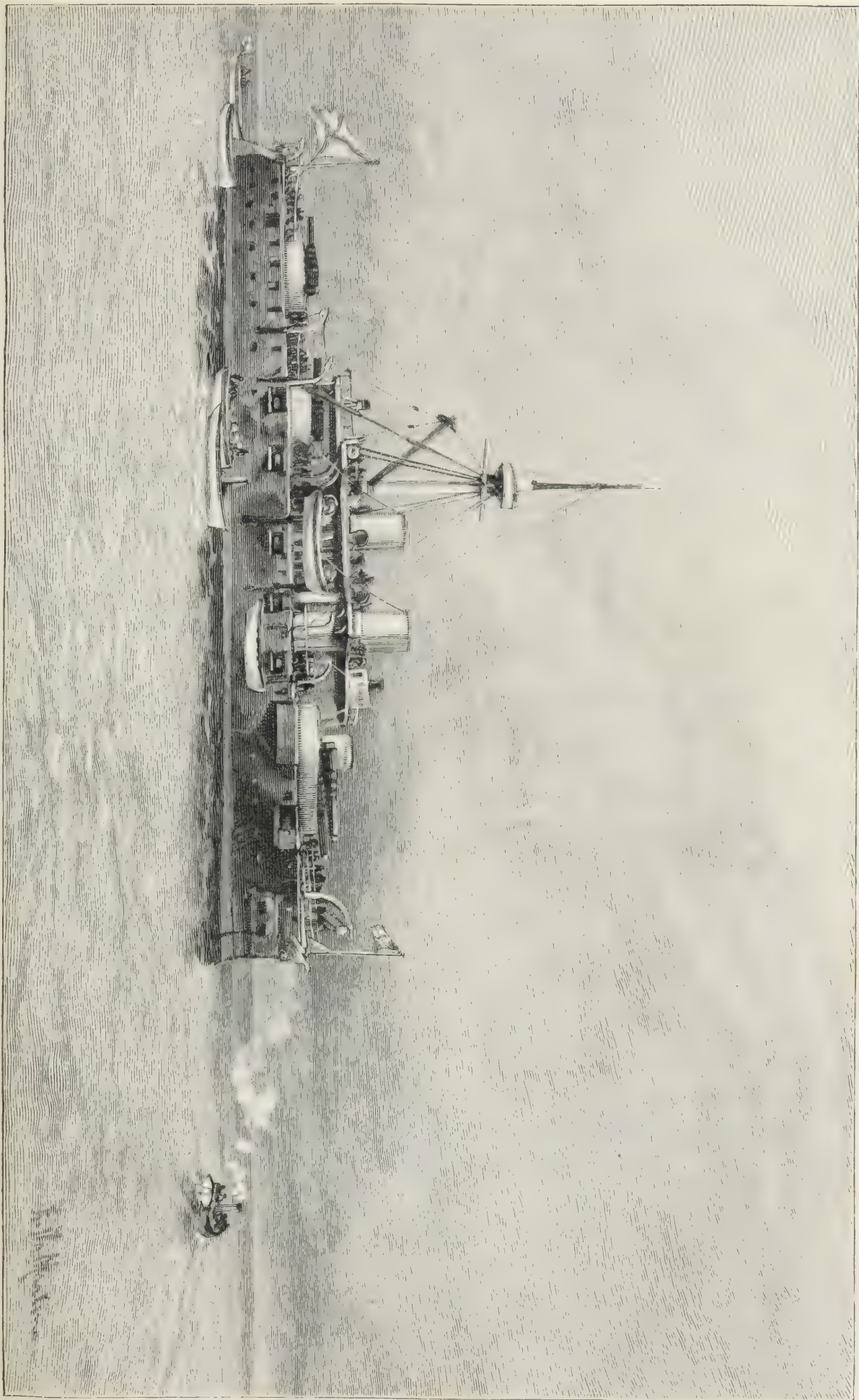


FIG. 14.—THE "CATHERINE II."



The only fast armored cruisers of the Baltic fleet are the *Rynda* and *Vitiaz*, of 2950 tons, 3500 horse-power, and 15 knots speed; and another not yet named, building at Nantes, to be much larger and faster. At St. Petersburg a steel torpedo vessel, the *Ilyin*, of 600 tons, to steam 20 knots, and carry 20 machine guns, is being built; another, of only 140 tons, but

ly adverted. In order to let the reader see under what slight pretexts some people are prepared to regard ships as powerful iron-clads, I give the engravings Figs. 15 and 16, which represent the *Sachsen* in side view and in plan, these illustrations being taken from Captain J. F. von Kronenfels's *Das Schivimmende Flottenmaterial der Seemächte*. The shaded por-

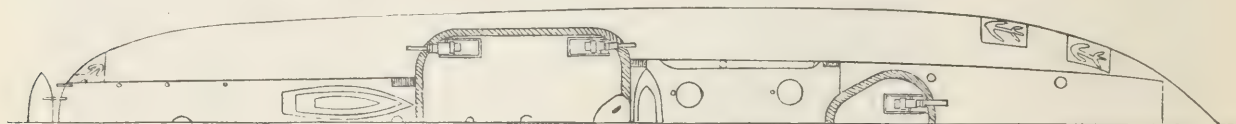


FIG. 15.—HALF-DECK PLAN OF THE "SACHSEN."

to steam 20 knots, is being built at Glasgow; and a third, of like size, but of 17 knots, at St. Petersburg. The torpedo boats of the Russian navy are given in the Parliamentary Return as below:

BALTIC TORPEDO BOATS.	BLACK SEA TORPEDO BOATS.
COMPLETED.	COMPLETED.
4 over 100 feet in length.	5 over 100 feet in length.
74 over 70 feet in length.	8 over 70 feet in length.
20 under 70 feet in length.	6 under 70 feet in length.
COMPLETED AND BUILDING.	COMPLETED AND BUILDING.
6 over 100 feet in length, of which 4 are over 150 feet long. Total, 104.	7 over 100 feet in length. Total, 26.

Russia has also a volunteer fleet consisting of ten vessels of no great fighting value; a Siberian flotilla comprising nine gun-boats and other small craft; a Cas-

tion in the middle exhibits the extent of this ship's armor; the long white ends are left to depend upon walls of cork, etc., which are very poor—nay, almost imaginary—defences against the effects of explosive shells.

In observing the limitation of the armor in this and similar ships one is tempted to ask, Why stop there? why not shorten the armor up, say to twenty or thirty feet of length, and make it a yard thick, and then enter her in the list of iron-clads as a vessel with an armor three feet thick? Deck-plating, according to such constructors, is ample for the protection of engines and boilers and everything else which is below water.

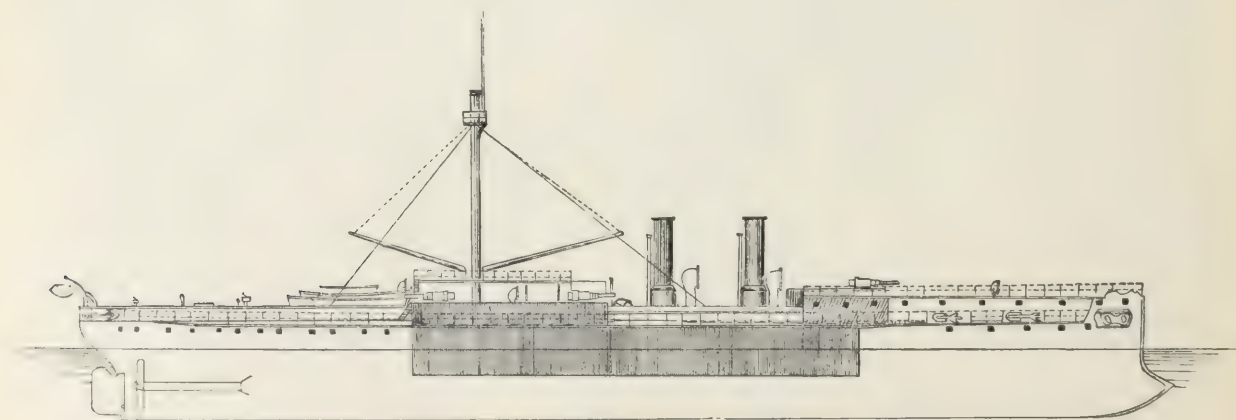


FIG. 16.—SIDE ELEVATION OF THE "SACHSEN."

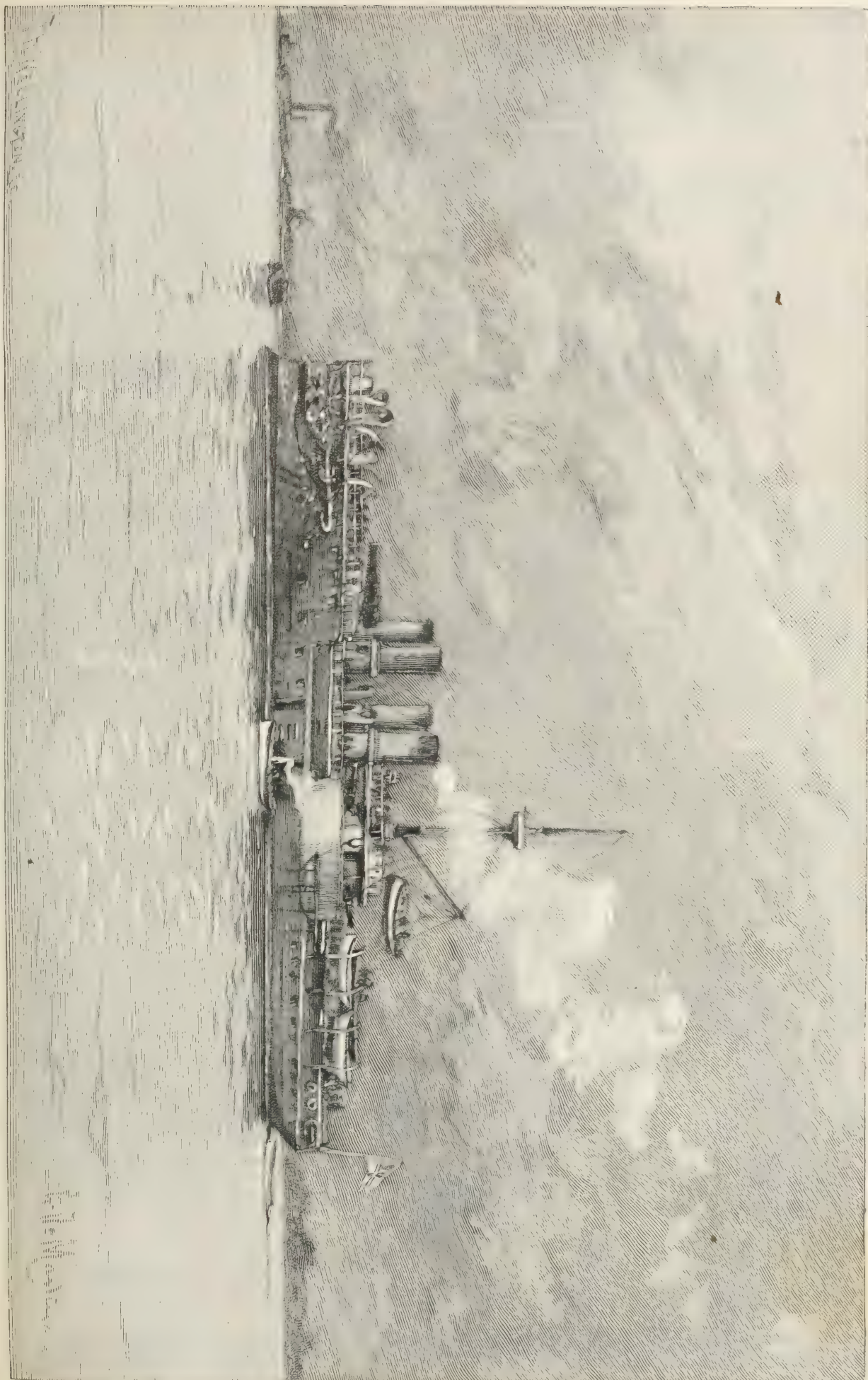
pian flotilla of seven small vessels; and an Aral flotilla of still less moment.

In the German armored navy four citadel vessels figure as having the heaviest (16-inch) armor, but these are of that objectionable *Sachsen* type to which I previous-

The remaining three ships of this class are the *Baiern*, the *Baden*, and the *Württemberg*. The engraving Fig. 17, of the *Sachsen*, represents their general appearance. Their dimensions and other particulars will be given presently in Table F,



FIG. 17.—THE "SACHSEN."





but it will be observed from Figs. 15 and 16 that the armament is arranged in a forward battery and in a midship battery, giving right-ahead fire with four guns, a stern fire with two, and beam fire with three.

The largest iron-clad of the German navy is the *König Wilhelm*, of 9750 tons,

type as the *Monarch*, but of somewhat smaller dimensions. These were the *Preussen*, the *Friedrich der Grosse*, and the *Grosser Kurfürst*.\* His lordship goes on to say (what I do not understand), "Their armor at the water-line is 6 inches thicker, while at the turrets it is 2 inches less, than that of the *Monarch*."

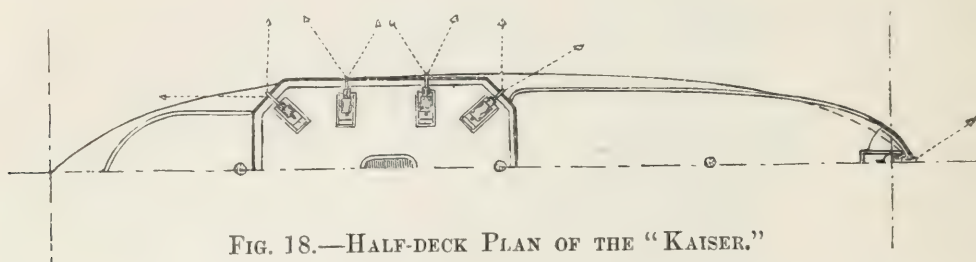


FIG. 18.—HALF-DECK PLAN OF THE "KAISER."

which steams at  $14\frac{3}{4}$  knots. She is also the most thickly armor-plated (armor, 12 inches); but having been launched eighteen years ago, her guns, although numerous, are only of 14 tons weight. I designed this ship for his Majesty the late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul-Aziz, but before she was much advanced in construction she was purchased by the Prussian government, and passed from under my care. A few years later I designed the *Kaiser* and *Deutschland* for the Prussian government; and these vessels, built on the Thames, and launched in 1874, although 2000 tons smaller than the *Wilhelm*, steamed but one-fourth of a knot less ( $14\frac{1}{2}$  knots). They carry 10-inch armor and 10-ton guns. These ships are represented in Figs. 18 and 19. The principal ships built in Germany are the *Preussen* and the *Friedrich der Grosse*, which, although designed by the German Admiralty constructors, are but reproductions on a less scale, and with some variations, of the British turret ship *Monarch*, designed by myself. Lord Brassey (in *The British Navy*, page 22) says: "In the mean time Germany had constructed three turret ships of precisely the same

Now, as Lord Brassey elsewhere says (page 326), "the *Monarch* is protected with 8-inch armor," and (page 333), writing of the *Preussen*, says, "the armor plates at the water-line are  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches thick, below the water  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and above the water  $8\frac{1}{4}$  inches," it is obvious that there cannot be the difference of 6 inches which his first-quoted statement alleges. There doubtless was a difference of an inch, or possibly two inches, in so far as a few of the armor plates were concerned, but not more, and how far this difference extended is very doubtful, seeing that nowadays if the constructor of a ship thickens but two or three plates on each side of his ship, he feels entitled to speak of her as being armored with plates of the maximum thickness, and to mislead mankind accordingly. Nor is this surprising, when we see in the latest Return to the British Parliament ships like the British *Collingwood* class, the French *Brennus* class, and the German *Sachsen* class gravely included in the lists of "armored vessels."

We may now detail the particulars of

\* The *Grosser Kurfürst* was run into off Folkestone by the *König Wilhelm*, and foundered.—E. J. R.

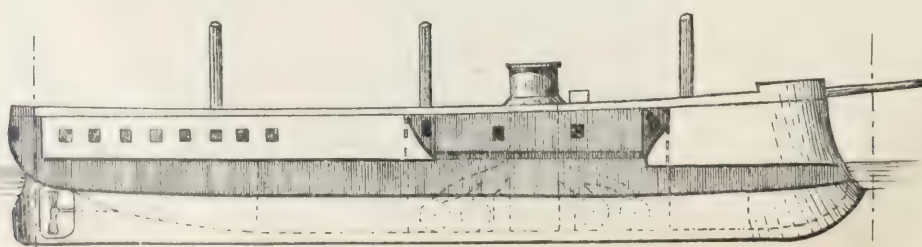


FIG. 19.—SIDE ELEVATION OF THE "KAISER."



the German iron-clads, leaving out the *Hansa*, a weak and weakly armed ship of only 3500 tons and 12 knots speed, and all smaller armored craft:

The abstention for the present of the German government from the construction of armored ships must not be taken as implying that they prefer the fast un-

TABLE F.—SEA-GOING ARMORED SHIPS OF GERMANY.

Name.	Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed.	Maximum Armor.	Principal Guns.
	Tons.		Knots.	Inches.	
König Wilhelm.....	9750	8300	14 $\frac{3}{4}$	12	18 of 14 tons.
Kaiser .....	7550	8000	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	8 " 18 "
Deutschland.....	7550	8000	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	8 " 18 "
Friedrich der Grosse....	6600	4930	14	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 " 18 "
Preussen .....	6600	4380	14	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 " 18 "
Baden.....	7280	5600	14	16	6 " 18 "
Baiern .....	7280	5600	14	16	6 " 18 "
Sachsen .....	7280	5600	14	16	6 " 18 "
Württemberg .....	7280	5600	14	16	6 " 18 "
Oldenburg .....	5200	3900	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	8 " 18 "
Friedrich Karl.....	6000	3500	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	16 " 9 "
Kronprinz .....	5480	4800	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	5	16 " 9 "

All the above German ships are completed, and have been for a long time, with the exception of the *Oldenburg*, which was not launched until 1884. The *Baden* was launched in 1880; the *Baiern* and *Württemberg* in 1878; all the rest earlier—the *Friedrich Karl* and *Kronprinz* nearly twenty years ago. Germany appears to have no iron-clad, large or small, under construction at present. It is unnecessary to set forth in detail her small armored gun vessels; suffice it to say that she has one iron turret ship, the *Arminius*, of 1560 tons, with 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armor, but only carrying four 9-ton guns, and steaming 10 to 11 knots, and eleven iron vessels of 10 feet draught of water, 1090 tons displacement, 700 horse-power, 9 knots speed, and 8-inch armor, each carrying one 12-inch gun of 37 tons. These were all built at Bremen, and launched between 1876 and 1880 inclusive. They are named after such agreeable creatures as basilisks, crocodiles, salamanders, scorpions, etc., but owing to their small speed would probably prove of less aggressive habits than their names imply. They would nevertheless be very useful in defending the coasts and harbors.

armored cruiser as a type of war ships, for they have no such cruiser built, and are building but three of very high speed, and one of 16 knots. The particulars of these are as follows:

Name.	Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed.	Armament.
	Tons.		Knots.	Guns.
Elisabeth..	4500	8000	18	14 8-inch.
Ariadne ...	4800	8000	18	14 8-inch.
Charlotte..	3360	...	16	....
Loreley....	2000	5400	19	2 4-inch.

The Admiralty Return makes no mention of the last vessel, as she is but a despatch vessel, but she is mentioned and particularized in the *Universal Register*. It is to be further observed that the first two vessels on this list are each to have a 3-inch deck, for the protection of the engines, boilers, etc., which fact has induced the Admiralty officers to designate them "protected ships," as they do their own ships of this really unprotected type, and as they have *not* designated the French cruisers *Tage* and *Cécile*.

The German navy comprises a few modern and fast frigates, some of which have been honored with illustrious names, as will be seen from the following list:

GERMAN UNARMORED FRIGATES.

Name.	Displacement in Tons.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed in Knots.	Principal Armament.
Bismarck .....	2850	2500	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 guns of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons.
Moltke .....	2850	2500	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Stosch .....	2800	2500	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Stein.....	2800	2500	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Prinz Adalbert .....	3860	4800	15	{ 2 " 6 "
Leipzig.....	3860	4800	15	{ 10 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Charlotte .....	3310	3000	15	10 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Gneisenau .....	2810	3000	15	18 " 4 "
				16 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "



There are also some modern corvettes in this navy, which may be classed in point of speed with the above frigates; they are these:

—a policy which, in view of the limited interests of Germany in the Mediterranean and across the seas, has much to commend it.

GERMAN UNARMORED CORVETTES.

Name.	Displacement in Tons.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed in Knots.	Principal Armament.
Alexandrine.....	2330	2400	*15	10 guns of 4 tons.
Areona.....	2330	2400	15	10 " 4 "
Carola.....	2160	2100	14	10 " 4 "
Marie.....	2160	2100	13½	10 " 4 "
Olga.....	2160	2100	14	10 " 4 "
Sophie.....	2160	2100	14	10 " 4 "
Freya.....	2000	2500	15	8 " 4 "

\* *Lloyd's Universal Register* appears to me to be in error concerning the speed of this and the next vessel. The *Carnet* gives their speed as 14 knots, and the Admiralty Return puts it at 15 knots, which I believe to be the expected speed.—E. J. R.

There are about a dozen other smaller and slower gun vessels and gun-boats in the German navy, but they need not be considered here. As to sea-going torpedo vessels, the German government took the lead in the production of this type of ship, and had the *Ziethen* launched at Blackwall as a despatch vessel ten years ago, for a torpedo armament, and with a speed of 16 knots—an example of naval enterprise worth remembering to the credit of Germany. The *Bletz* and *Pfeil*, of 50 per cent. larger tonnage, have since been produced in Germany, but only with a speed about equal to the *Ziethen's*. Two torpedo gun vessels of 855 tons, and nearly 2000 horse-power, and 15 knots speed (of which vessels the Admiralty Return makes no mention), were launched at Bremen in 1884. The following is the Admiralty statement as to German torpedo "boats": Completed, 58 (43 over 100 feet in length). Completing and building, 2 torpedo division boats; 30 torpedo boats over 100 feet in length. Total, 90.

Money was voted in 1884-5 for seventy torpedo boats. When these have been built, the number of German torpedo boats will be 105, and these are to be increased to 150.

Reviewing the condition of the German navy as set forth above, it becomes obvious that for some years past the policy of the imperial German government (contrary to that of the Prussian government, which, before the empire, built several large and powerful sea-going ships) has been to avoid all competition in naval matters with the great naval powers, and to apply its moderate expenditure to vessels of a defensive class, such as armored gun-boats and coast torpedo boats

The Austrian government also, which has less necessity for naval strength now than it had when it possessed Lombardy and Venice, has slackened greatly in its production of iron-clads of late years, and has but two, and these of very moderate size, under construction. These are the bar-bette-battery ships *Kronprinz Rudolph*, of 6800 tons, and a ship to replace the old *Ferdinand Max*, of 5000 tons. The former vessel is to carry 12-inch armor, and to be armed principally with three 48-ton guns; and the latter to carry 9-inch armor, and to be armed with two such guns. There is much uncertainty about even the intended speed of these vessels, neither the French *Carnet* nor the *Universal Register* stating the speed, while the Admiralty assigns a speed of 14 knots to the *Rudolph* only. But while the *Carnet* gives the indicated horse-power of each as 6500, the *Register* gives that of the *Rudolph* as 8000, and that of the smaller vessel as much as 11,000. If these latter figures be correct, the *Rudolph* will exceed 14 knots, and the *Ferdinand* 16. Austria possesses already two powerful iron-clads in the *Custoza* and the *Tegetthoff*, but her *Kaiser*, *Lissa*, *Ferdinand Max*, and *Hapsburg* are old wooden vessels, lightly armored and armed, and need not be further considered. Besides the iron-clads already named, she has likewise the three iron central battery and belted ships *Don Juan d'Austria*, *Kaiser Max*, *Prinz Eugen*, each of 3500 tons, 2700 indicated horse-power, and 13½ knots speed, with 8-inch armor (the thickest) on the belt, and carrying each eight guns of 9 tons. The unarmored vessels of Austria (other than those classed as torpedo craft) are numerous, but most of them are small



and slow. Those of 13 knots and upward are but three in number, the *Laudon*, *Radetzký*, frigates of 3380 tons and 14 knots speed, and the wooden gun vessel *Hum*, of 890 tons and  $13\frac{1}{4}$  knots speed. Austria is providing herself with several of Sir W. Armstrong and Co.'s light steel vessels of 18 knots speed for torpedo service, of which she has one, the *Panther*, completed, and two others, the *Leopard* and *Seehund* (all of 1550 tons), under construction. She had also four 14-knot torpedo vessels, built at Pola and Trieste. Of torpedo "boats" she has the following:

	Com- pleted.	Incom- pleted.
1st class, 135 feet in length . . . . .	2	2
2d class, over 100 feet in length . . . .	18	8
3d class, from 85 to 90 feet in length. .	8	..
	28	10

Making a total of 38.

The navy of Turkey, which was formidable a few years ago, possessing as it did some of the most powerful and efficient iron-clads in the world at that period, both large and small, is rapidly declining in importance in presence of the powerful ships constructed or constructing in England, France, Russia (Black Sea), and Italy. The Turkish navy would not have held its high position so long had it not been for the foresight of the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz, having all his armored ships built of iron. There is not a wood-built iron-clad in the Turkish navy. The largest Turkish armored ship, and one still very powerful, is the frigate *Mesoodiyeh*, of 9000 tons, built at Blackwall, which in her main features resembles the German *König Wilhelm*, being, like her, of English design, but instead of having eighteen main-deck guns of 14 tons, she has twelve of 18 tons, and her battery is consequently of less length. Her speed is 14 knots. Next to her comes the *Hemidiyeh*, launched in 1885 at Constantinople, of similar type to the other vessel, but of only 6700 tons, and therefore carrying but 9-inch armor, and ten guns of 14 tons, and steaming at a knot less speed. Turkey has no less than thirteen other iron-clads, ranging in tonnage from 2000 to over 6000, in speed from 11 to 14 knots, and in armor from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 9 inches. The most notable of these, if I may be allowed as its designer to say so,\* has been the *Feth-i-Bulend*

("Great Causer of Conquest"), built at the Thames Iron-works in 1869. This little vessel, although of only 2700 tons displacement, carried a 9-inch armor belt, and a main-deck battery of 6-inch armor protecting four 12-ton guns, placed at the four oblique sides of an octagonal battery, and steamed at 14 knots—a speed unexampled at that time for an iron-clad of her small tonnage. It is a well-known fact that whenever of late years Turkey has had naval work to do, the *Feth-i-Bulend*, on account of her speed, handiness, and general efficiency, was selected by the late lamented Hobart Pasha to perform its most active part.

Of unarmored vessels Turkey has few worth mentioning as fighting ships, beyond two composite corvettes now under construction at Constantinople, one of 1960 and one of 1160 tons, both of which are to steam at 14 knots, their armament consisting of six light guns; and a steel torpedo vessel which is to steam at 21 knots. Turkey has six torpedo "boats" 100 feet long, built in France; six more of larger size, 125 feet long, building in Germany; and five of 100 feet, building in Turkey and France—in all, seventeen torpedo boats.

This review of Turkish naval force bears out the remark with which I introduced it, and shows that, either from lack of support from the Western European powers or from some other cause, fighting superiority in the Black Sea is being effectually abandoned by Turkey to Russia.

Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., M.P. (now a sea lord of the Admiralty),

little ship's design, for it is mentioned by none of them, although all of them have been most ready to do me, in common with others, full justice in such matters. Mr. King, for example, speaking of a ship previously mentioned, says, "The most powerful ship belonging to the Turkish navy is the *Mesoodiyeh*, designed by Sir E. J. Reed, C.B., M.P., built by the Thames Ship-building Company, delivered to the Sultan in 1876, and now the flag-ship of the fleet." He would doubtless have as readily acknowledged the authorship of the *Feth-i-Bulend's* design had he been aware of it. As I was the chief constructor of the British navy when I designed for the Sultan of Turkey this ship and the *Fatikh* (now the German *König Wilhelm*), I think it right to state that I did so not only with the sanction but by the orders of the Admiralty, and in pursuance of what was then the declared policy of England, viz., that of giving Turkey the benefit of our good offices in efforts to produce a powerful fleet. Beyond a complimentary present of a jewelled snuff-box or two, I received no remuneration for my services to Turkey, and sought none, and desired none.—E. J. R.

\* Curiously enough, neither Lord Brassey, nor Mr. King (United States Navy), nor Captain Von Kronenfels seems to have been aware of the origin of this



who moved for the Admiralty Return to Parliament to which I have made repeated reference, included Greece among the powers whose "fleets" were to be reported on; but as Greece has but two small and weak iron-clads, and they are nearly twenty years old, and as she has no other at present even under construction, the pretensions of her "fleet" are scarcely proportional to her political ambitions. She has but one fast cruiser, the *Admiral Miaulis*, and she is only a 15-knot vessel, and carries nothing more in the way of guns than three of 6 tons and one of 5 tons. Greece's only "torpedo vessel" steams no

and could attempt but little in war. Spain is, however, building a large steel turret ship, the *Pelayo*, of 9650 tons, at La Seyne, to carry two 38-ton and two 48-ton guns, with 18-inch armor on a citadel and 19½ on her turrets. She is to steam at 16 knots. This one ship will, I presume, when finished, compose the armored "fleet" of Spain—that country once so great upon the sea. Of unarmored vessels of war Spain is building several, of which three are to have the advantage of stout steel decks, and one is to be very fast. It will be well to assemble these unarmored vessels of 14 knots and upward in a table:

TABLE G.—UNARMORED WAR VESSELS OF SPAIN.  
VESSELS OF FOURTEEN KNOTS AND UPWARD, INCLUDING TORPEDO VESSELS.

Name.	Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed.	Principal Guns.
	Tons.		Knots.	
Reina Regenta .....	4300	11,000	19	4 of 8 inches.
Alfonso XII. ....	3000	4,400	14	8 " 6 tons.
Aragon (Wood).....	3300	4,400	14	{ 4 " 6 " 4 " 3 "
Castilla " .....	3300	4,400	14	
Navarra " .....	3300	4,400	14	{ 4 " 6 " 4 " 3 "
Reina Cristina.....	3000	4,400	14	
Reina Mercedes.....	3000	4,400	14	8 " 6 "
Cristabel Colón....	1100	1,600	14	3 " 4 "
Don Antonio Ulloa.....	1100	1,600	14	3 " 4 "
Don Juan d'Austria.....	1100	1,500	14	5 " 4¾ inches.
Infanta Isabel.....	1100	1,500	14	5 " 4¾ "
Isabel II.....	1100	1,600	14	5 " 4¾ "
Velasco .....	1100	1,600	14.3	3 " 4 tons.
Isla de Cuba .....	1000	2,200	15	6 " 4¾ inches.
Islas Filipinas.....	1000	2,200	15	6 " 4¾ "
Destructor (Torpedo-catcher) ....	400	4,000	24	Machine Guns.
Alcon (Sea-going Torpedo Boat)..	108	1,200	23	" "
Azor " " " ..	108	1,200	23	" "
Orion " " " " ..	88	1,000	20	" "

more than 14 knots, and the Admiralty Return assures Lord Charles Beresford and the world that she has but twenty-seven torpedo boats, of which seventeen are over and ten under 100 feet in length, and that she is not building any more. Considering the island interests of Greece and her situation in the Mediterranean, no one can pronounce her naval force as excessive, or regard her government as being tempted to any high heroic policy by her possession of an imposing navy.

I have not mentioned the Spanish or Portuguese "fleets," nor is it necessary to do much more than mention them now. Spain has only one finished iron-clad, of over 13 and less than 14 knots speed, and that is the *Vitoria*, which was launched at Blackwall, on the Thames, more than twenty years ago. She has thin armor,

Spain has likewise four 125-foot torpedo "boats" of 19 knots; one, 105 feet long, of 18 knots; and three or four smaller ones.

Portugal has but one iron-clad, central battery type, of 2480 tons, 13½ knots speed, with 9-inch armor, and two 28-ton guns. Of unarmored vessels she has but three exceeding 12 knots in speed, viz.:

Name.	Displacement.	Horse-power.	Speed.
	Tons.	Ind.	Knots.
Liberal.....	500	500	16
Zaire .....	500	500	16
Alfonso de Albuquerque....	1100	1360	13.3

All the rest are very slow, and available for little else than harbor defence in time of war.

This concludes our review of the navies of the Continent. The impressions which it has made upon my own mind are main-



ly these: The minor naval powers are falling more or less completely out of the lists of naval competition. Spain and Portugal have ceased to be, and Greece has not become, of any naval importance, Spain alone making some small effort to keep respectable, but even that effort is chiefly expending itself—as that of the United States government is about to expend itself, by-the-bye—in the production of very fast vessels, which may be useful in preying upon commerce, but which are scarcely fit to fight even pirates, and which a real war ship would dispose of with a single round of her battery fire. They will be efficient in running away, no doubt, when danger arises; but “running away” was not the method by which the United States won naval distinction, nor that by which Spain once became great, and Greece immortal. The naval policy of Germany is defensive; she is almost without pretensions upon the open sea. Turkey is slowly but surely succumbing to Russia, and in the near future the Russian Black Sea fleet will hold unquestioned mastery over Turkey. Italy has a naval rôle of her own to play in Europe, and on the whole is playing it well. Austria would do well to hesitate in her present naval condition before again exposing herself to the swift and destructive onslaughts which the tremendously armed and excessively fast Italian ships could make upon her. France is a really great naval power, and there are circumstances which would make a naval conflict between her and England one of the most uncertain in the history of the world. The French have very largely abandoned the protection of their guns by armor; we, most unhappily, have still more largely abandoned the

protection of our ships, and it remains to be seen which has been the most foolish. In such a conflict the French would have this advantage over England—the overthrow of their guns, or the destruction of their gunners at them, would not prevent their ships themselves from withdrawing from action and repairing their injuries. What would become of our *Ajaxes*, *Agamemnons*, our *Collingwoods* and *Benbows* (both these latter with guns as much exposed as the French, by-the-bye), when their long fragile ends had been smashed and water-logged, and their high speed consequently gone, is a question which I prefer not to speak of further. There was, there is, there ever will be, but one sound policy for a nation that desires to command the seas, and can afford to do so, and that is to reject all doubtful fads, all dangerous fancies, and to insure without ceasing pronounced superiority *in every known and measurable element of naval power*. New inventions will and must be made; new sources of power, new means of attack, will and must be discovered; but these things take time and money and skill to develop, and that power is the greatest and safest which from time to time and always prefers the thing which must succeed to that which may, and which others fear will, fail in the hour of trial. One hope I, the present writer, have, and it is that the terrible development of the weapons of war—for terrible it is with all its shortcomings—and the enormously increasing cost alike of single actions and of conflicts between squadrons and fleets, will tend to further, and to greatly further, those influences which are happily operating in favor of peace and good-will among men.

## APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### I.

FROM his place on the floor of the Hermenway Gymnasium Mr. Elbridge Mavering looked on at the Class Day gayety with the advantage which his stature gave him over most people there. Hundreds of these were pretty girls, in a great variety of charming costumes, such as the eclecticism of modern fashion permits, and all sorts of ingenious compro-

mises between walking dress and ball dress. It struck him that the young men on whose arms they hung, in promenading around the long oval within the crowd of stationary spectators, were very much younger than students used to be, whether they wore the dress-coats of the Seniors or the cutaways of the Juniors and Sophomores; and the young girls themselves did not look so old as he remembered them in his day. There was a band play-



ing somewhere, and the galleries were well filled with spectators seated at their ease, and intent on the party-colored turmoil of the floor, where from time to time the younger promenaders broke away from the ranks into a waltz, and after some turns drifted back, smiling and controlling their quick breath, and resumed their promenade. The place was intensely light, in the candor of a summer day which had no reserves; and the brilliancy was not broken by the simple decorations. Ropes of wild laurel twisted up the pine posts of the aisles, and swung in festoons overhead; masses of tropical plants in pots were set along between the posts on one side of the room; and on the other were the lunch tables, where a great many people were standing about, eating chicken and salmon salads, or strawberries and ice-cream, and drinking claret-cup. From the whole rose that blended odor of viands, of flowers, of stuffs, of toilet perfumes, which is the characteristic expression of all social festivities, and which exhilarates or depresses according as one is new or old to it.

Elbridge Mavering kept looking at the faces of the young men as if he expected to see a certain one; then he turned his eyes patiently upon the faces around him. He had been introduced to a good many persons, but he had come to that time of life when an introduction, unless charged with some special interest, only adds the pain of doubt to the wearisome encounter of unfamiliar people; and he had unconsciously put on the severity of a man who finds himself without acquaintance where others are meeting friends, when a small man with a neatly trimmed reddish-gray beard and prominent eyes stopped in front of him, and saluted him with the "Hello, Mavering!" of a contemporary.

His face, after a moment of question, relaxed into joyful recognition. "Why, John Munt! is that you?" he said, and he took into his large moist palm the dry little hand of his friend, while they both broke out into the incoherencies of people meeting after a long time. Mr. Mavering spoke in a voice soft yet firm, and with a certain thickness of tongue, which gave a boyish charm to his slow utterance, and Mr. Munt used the sort of bronchial snuffle sometimes cultivated among us as a chest tone. But they were cut short in their intersecting questions and exclamations by the presence of the lady

who detached herself from Mr. Munt's arm as if to leave him the freer for his hand-shaking.

"Oh!" he said, suddenly recurring to her, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Pasmer, Mr. Mavering," and the latter made a bow that creased his waistcoat at about the height of Mrs. Pasmer's pretty little nose.

His waistcoat had the curve which waistcoats often describe at his age; and his heavy shoulders were thrown well back to balance this curve. His coat hung carelessly open; the Panama hat in his hand suggested a certain habitual informality of dress, but his smoothly shaven large handsome face, with its jaws slowly ruminant upon nothing, intimated the consequence of a man accustomed to supremacy in a subordinate place.

Mrs. Pasmer looked up to acknowledge the introduction with a sort of pseudo-respectfulness which it would be hard otherwise to describe. Whether she divined or not that she was in the presence of a magnate of some sort, she was rather superfluously demure in the first two or three things she said, and was all sympathy and interest in the meeting of these old friends. They declared that they had not seen each other for twenty years, or, at any rate, not since '59. She listened while they disputed about the exact date, and looked from time to time at Mr. Munt, as if for some explanation of Mr. Mavering; but Munt himself, when she saw him last, had only just begun to commend himself to society, which had since so fully accepted him, and she had so suddenly, the moment before, found herself hand in glove with him that she might well have appealed to a third person for some explanation of Munt. But she was not a woman to be troubled much by this momentary mystification, and she was not embarrassed at all when Munt said, as if it had all been prearranged, "Well, now, Mrs. Pasmer, if you'll let me leave you with Mr. Mavering a moment, I'll go off and bring that unnatural child to you; no use dragging you round through *this* crowd any longer."

He made a gesture intended in the American manner to be at once polite and jocose, and was gone, leaving Mrs. Pasmer a little surprised, and Mr. Mavering in some misgiving, which he tried to overcome by pressing his jaws together two or three times without speaking. She had



no trouble in getting in the first remark. "Isn't all this charming, Mr. Mavering?" She spoke in a deep low voice, with a caressing manner, and stood looking up at Mr. Mavering with one shoulder shrugged and the other drooped, and a tasteful composition of her fan and hands and handkerchief at her waist.

"Yes, ma'am, it is," said Mr. Mavering. He seemed to say ma'am to her with a public or official accent, which sent Mrs. Pasmer's mind fluttering forth to poise briefly at such conjectures as, "Congressman from a country district? judge of the Common Pleas? bank president? railroad superintendent? leading physician in a large town?—no, Mr. Munt said Mister," and then to return to her pretty blue eyes, and to centre there in that pseudo-respectful attention under the arch of her neat brows and her soberly crinkled gray-threaded brown hair and her very appropriate bonnet. A bonnet, she said, was much more than half the battle after forty, and it was now quite after forty with Mrs. Pasmer; but she was very well dressed otherwise. Mr. Mavering went on to say, with a deliberation that seemed an element of his unknown dignity, whatever it might be, "A number of the young fellows together can give a much finer spread, and make more of the day, in a place like this, than we used to do in our rooms."

"Ah, then you're a Harvard man too!" said Mrs. Pasmer to herself, with surprise, which she kept to herself, and she said to Mavering: "Oh, yes, indeed! It's altogether better. Aren't they nice-looking fellows?" she said, putting up her glasses to look at the promenaders.

"Yes," Mr. Mavering assented. "I suppose," he added, out of the consciousness of his own relation to the affair—"I suppose you've a son somewhere here?"

"Oh dear no!" cried Mrs. Pasmer, with a mingling, superhuman, but, for her, of ironical deprecation and derision. "Only a daughter, Mr. Mavering."

At this feat of Mrs. Pasmer's, Mr. Mavering looked at her with question as to her precise intention, and ended by repeating, hopelessly, "Only a daughter?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a sigh of the same irony, "only a poor, despised young girl, Mr. Mavering."

"You speak," said Mr. Mavering, beginning to catch on a little, "as if it were a misfortune," and his dignity broke up into a smile that had its queer fascination.

"Why, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Pasmer.

"Well, I shouldn't have thought so."

"Then you *don't* believe that all that old-fashioned chivalry and devotion have gone out? You *don't* think the young men are all spoiled nowadays, and expect the young ladies to offer *them* attentions?"

"No," said Mr. Mavering, slowly, as if recovering from the shock of the novel ideas. "Do you?"

"Oh, I'm such a stranger in Boston—I've lived abroad so long—that I don't know. One hears all kinds of things. But I'm so glad you're not one of those—pessimists!"

"Well," said Mr. Mavering, still thoughtfully, "I don't know that I can speak by the card exactly. I can't say how it is now. I haven't been at a Class Day spread since my own Class Day; I haven't even been at Commencement more than once or twice. But in my time here we didn't expect the young ladies to show us attentions; at any rate, we didn't wait for them to do it. We were very glad to be asked to meet them, and we thought it an honor if the young ladies would let us talk or dance with them, or take them to picnics. I don't think that any of them could complain of want of attention."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pasmer, "that's what I preached, that's what I prophesied, when I brought my daughter home from Europe. I told her that a girl's life in America was one long triumph; but they say now that girls have more attention in London even than in Cambridge. One hears such dreadful things!"

"Like what?" asked Mr. Mavering, with the unserious interest which Mrs. Pasmer made most people feel in her talk.

"Oh, it's too vast a subject. But they tell you about charming girls moping the whole evening through at Boston parties, with no young men to talk with, and sitting from the beginning to the end of an assembly and not going on the floor once. They say that unless a girl fairly throws herself at the young men's heads she isn't noticed. It's this terrible disproportion of the sexes that's at the root of it, I suppose; it reverses everything. There aren't enough young men to go half round, and they know it, and take advantage of it. I suppose it began in the war."

He laughed, and, "I should think," he said, laying hold of a single idea out of several which she had presented, "that



there would always be enough young men in Cambridge to go round."

Mrs. Pasmer gave a little cry. "In Cambridge!"

"Yes; when I was in college our superiority was entirely numerical."

"But that's all passed *long* ago, from what I hear," retorted Mrs. Pasmer. "I know very well that it used to be thought a great advantage for a girl to be brought up in Cambridge, because it gave her independence and ease of manner to have so many young men attentive to her. But they say the students all go into Boston now, and if the Cambridge girls want to meet them, they have to go there too. Oh, I assure you that, from what I hear, they've changed all that since *our* time, Mr. Mavering."

Mrs. Pasmer was certainly letting herself go a little more than she would have approved of in another. The result was apparent in the jocosity of this heavy Mr. Mavering's reply.

"Well, then, I'm glad that I was of our time, and not of this wicked generation. But I presume that unnatural supremacy of the young men is brought low, so to speak, after marriage?"

Mrs. Pasmer let herself go a little further. "Oh, give us an equal chance," she laughed, "and we can always take care of ourselves, and something more. They say," she added, "that the young married women now have all the attention that girls could wish."

"H'm!" said Mr. Mavering, frowning. "I think I should be tempted to box my boy's ears if I saw him paying another man's wife attention."

"What a Roman father!" cried Mrs. Pasmer, greatly amused, and letting herself go a little further yet. She said to herself that she really must find out who this remarkable Mr. Mavering was, and she cast her eye over the hall for some glimpse of the absent Munt, whose arm she meant to take, and whose ear she meant to fill with questions. But she did not see him, and something else suggested itself. "He probably wouldn't let you see him, or if he did, you wouldn't know it."

"How not know it?"

Mrs. Pasmer did not answer. "One hears such dreadful things. What do you say—or you'll think I'm a terrible gossip—"

"Oh no," said Mr. Mavering, impatient for the dreadful thing, whatever it was.

Mrs. Pasmer resumed: "—to the young married women meeting last winter just after a lot of pretty girls had come out, and magnanimously resolving to give the Buds a chance in society?"

"The Buds?"

"Yes, the Rose-buds—the *débutantes*; it's an odious little word, but everybody uses it. Don't you think that's a strange state of things for America? But I can't believe all those things," said Mrs. Pasmer, flinging off the shadow of this lurid social condition. "Isn't this a pretty scene?"

"Yes, it *is*," Mr. Mavering admitted, withdrawing his mind gradually from a consideration of Mrs. Pasmer's awful instances. "Yes!" he added, in final self-possession. "The young fellows certainly do things in a great deal better style nowadays than we used to."

"Oh, yes, indeed! And all those pretty girls *do* seem to be having such a good time!"

"Yes; they don't have the despised and rejected appearance that you'd like to have one believe."

"Not in the least!" Mrs. Pasmer readily consented. "They look radiantly happy. It shows that you can't trust anything that people say to you." She abandoned the ground she had just been taking without apparent shame for her inconsistency. "I fancy it's pretty much as it's always been: if a girl is attractive, the young men find it out."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Mavering, unbending with dignity, "the young married women have held another meeting, and resolved to give the Buds one more chance."

"Oh, there are some pretty mature Roses here," said Mrs. Pasmer, laughing evasively. "But I suppose Class Day can never be taken from the young girls."

"I hope not," said Mr. Mavering. His wandering eye fell upon some young men bringing refreshments across the nave toward them, and he was reminded to ask Mrs. Pasmer, "Will you have something to eat?" He had himself had a good deal to eat, before he took up his position at the advantageous point where John Munt had found him.

"Why, yes, thank you," said Mrs. Pasmer. "I ought to say, 'An ice, please,' but I'm really hungry, and—"

"I'll get you some of the salad," said Mr. Mavering, with the increased liking a man feels for a woman when she owns to



an appetite. "Sit down here," he added, and he caught a vacant chair toward her. When he turned about from doing so, he confronted a young gentleman coming up to Mrs. Pasmer with a young lady on his arm, and making a very low bow of relinquishment.

## II.

The men looked smilingly at each other without saying anything, and the younger took in due form the introduction which the young lady gave him.

"My mother, Mr. Mavering."

"Mr. Mavering!" cried Mrs. Pasmer, in a pure astonishment, before she had time to color it with a polite variety of more conventional emotions. She glanced at the two men, and gave a little "Oh?" of inquiry and resignation, and then said, demurely, "Let me introduce *you* to Mr. Mavering, Alice," while the young fellow laughed nervously, and pulled out his handkerchief, partly to hide the play of his laughter, and partly to wipe away the perspiration which a great deal more laughing had already gathered on his forehead. He had a vein that showed prominently down its centre, and large, mobile, girlish blue eyes under good brows, an arched nose, and rather a long face and narrow chin. He had beautiful white teeth; as he laughed, these were seen set in a jaw that contracted very much toward the front. He was tall and slim, and he wore with elegance the evening dress which Class Day custom prescribes for the Seniors; in his button-hole he had a club button.

"I shall not have to ask an introduction to Mr. Mavering; and you've robbed me of the pleasure of giving him one to you, Mrs. Pasmer," he said.

She heard the young man in the course of a swift review of what she had said to his father, and with a formless resentment of the father's not having told her he had a son there; but she answered with the flattering sympathy she had the use of, "Oh, but you won't miss one pleasure out of so many to-day, Mr. Mavering; and think of the little dramatic surprise!"

"Oh, perfect," he said, with another laugh. "I told Miss Pasmer as we came up."

"Oh, then you were *in* the surprise, Alice!" said Mrs. Pasmer, searching her daughter's eyes for corroboration or rejection of this little community of interest. The girl smiled slightly upon the

young man, but not disapprovingly, and made no other answer to her mother, who went on: "Where in the world have you been? Did Mr. Munt find you? Who told you where I was? Did you see me? How did you know I was here? Was there ever anything so droll?" She did not mean her questions to be answered, or at least not then, for while her daughter continued to smile rather more absently, and young Mavering broke out continuously in his nervous laugh, and his father stood regarding him with visible satisfaction, she hummed on, turning to the young man: "But I'm quite appalled at Alice's having monopolized even for a few minutes a whole Senior—and probably an official Senior at that," she said, with a glance at the pink and white club button in his coat lapel, "and I can't let you stay another instant, Mr. Mavering. I know very well how many demands you have upon you, and you must go back directly to your sisters and your cousins and your aunts, and all the rest of them; you must indeed."

"Oh no! Don't drive me away, Mrs. Pasmer," pleaded the young man, laughing violently, and then wiping his face. "I assure you that I've no encumbrances of any kind here except my father, and he seems to have been taking very good care of himself." They all laughed at this, and the young fellow hurried on: "Don't be alarmed at my button; it only means a love of personal decoration, if that's where you got the notion of my being an official Senior. This isn't my spread; I shall hope to welcome you at Beck Hall after the Tree; and I *wish* you'd let me be of use to you. Wouldn't you like to go round to some of the smaller spreads? I think it would amuse you. And have you got tickets to the Tree, to see us make fools of ourselves? It's worth seeing, Mrs. Pasmer, I assure you."

He rattled on very rapidly, but with such a frankness in his urgency, such amiable kindness, that Mrs. Pasmer could not feel that it was pushing. She looked at her daughter, but she stood as passive in the transaction as the elder Mavering. She was taller than her mother, and as she waited, her supple figure described that fine lateral curve which one sees in some Louis Quinze portraits; this effect was enhanced by the fashion of her dress of pale sage green, with a wide stripe or sash of white dropping down the front, from her



delicate waist. The same simple combination of colors was carried up into her hat, which surmounted darker hair than Mrs. Pasmer's, and a complexion of wholesome pallor; her eyes were gray and grave, with black brows, and her face, which was rather narrow, had a pleasing irregularity in the sharp jut of the nose; in profile the parting of the red lips showed well back into the cheek.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Pasmer, in her own behalf; and she added in his, "about letting you take so much trouble," so smoothly that it would have been quite impossible to detect the point of union in the two utterances.

"Well, don't call it names, anyway, Mrs. Pasmer," pleaded the young man. "I thought it was nothing but a pleasure and a privilege—"

"The fact is," she explained, neither consenting nor refusing, "that we were expecting to meet some friends who had tickets for us"—young Maverick's face fell—"and I can't imagine what's happened."

"Oh, let's hope something dreadful," he cried.

"Perhaps you know them," she delayed further. "Professor Saintsbury?"

"Well, rather! Why, they were here about an hour ago—both of them. They must have been looking for you."

"Yes; we were to meet them here. We waited to come out with other friends, and I was afraid we were late." Mrs. Pasmer's face expressed a tempered disappointment, and she looked at her daughter for indications of her wishes in the circumstances; seeing in her eye a willingness to accept young Maverick's invitation, she hesitated more decidedly than she had yet done, for she was, other things being equal, quite willing to accept it herself. But other things were not equal, and the whole situation was very odd. All that she knew of Mr. Maverick the elder was that he was the old friend of John Munt, and she knew far too little of John Munt, except that he seemed to go everywhere, and to be welcome, not to feel that his introduction was hardly a warrant for what looked like an impending intimacy. She did not dislike Mr. Maverick; he was evidently a country person of great self-respect, and no doubt of entire respectability. He seemed very intelligent too. He was a Harvard man; he had rather a cultivated manner, or else naturally a clever way of saying

things. But all that was really nothing, if she knew no more about him, and she certainly did not. If she could only have asked her daughter who it was that presented young Maverick to her, that might have formed some clew, but there was no earthly chance of asking this, and, besides, it was probably one of those hap-hazard introductions that people give on such occasions. Young Maverick's behavior gave her still greater question: his self-possession, his entire absence of anxiety, or any expectation of rebuff or snub, might be the ease of unimpeachable social acceptance, or it might be merely adventurous effrontery; only something ingenuous and good in the young fellow's handsome face forbade this conclusion. That his face was so handsome was another of the complications. She recalled, in the dream-like swiftness with which all these things passed through her mind, what her friends had said to Alice about her being sure to meet her fate on Class Day, and she looked at her again to see if she had met it.

"Well, mamma?" said the girl, smiling at her mother's look.

Mrs. Pasmer thought she must have been keeping young Maverick waiting a long time for his answer. "Why, of course, Alice. But I really don't know what to do about the Saintsburys." This was not in the least true, but it instantly seemed so to Mrs. Pasmer, as a plausible excuse will when we make it.

"Why, I'll tell you what, Mrs. Pasmer," said young Maverick, with a cordial unsuspicion that both won and reassured her, "we'll be sure to find them at some of the spreads. Let me be of that much use, anyway; you must."

"We really oughtn't to let you," said Mrs. Pasmer, making a last effort to cling to her reluctance, but feeling it fail, with a sensation that was not disagreeable. She could not help being pleased with the pleasure that she saw in her daughter's face.

Young Maverick's was radiant. "I'll be back in just half a minute," he said, and he took a gay leave of them in running to speak to another student at the opposite end of the hall.

### III.

"You must allow me to get you something to eat first, Mrs. Pasmer," said the elder Maverick.



"Oh no, thank you," Mrs. Pasmer began. But she changed her mind and said, "Or, yes, I will, Mr. Mavering: a very little salad, please." She had really forgotten her hunger, as a woman will in the presence of any social interest, but she suddenly thought his going would give her a chance for two words with her daughter, and so she sent him. As he creaked heavily across the smooth floor of the nave, "Alice," she whispered, "I don't know exactly what I've done. Who introduced this young Mr. Mavering to you?"

"Mr. Munt."

"Mr. Munt!"

"Yes; he came for me; he said you sent him. He introduced Mr. Mavering, and he was very polite. Mr. Mavering said we ought to go up into the gallery and see how it looked; and Mr. Munt said he'd been up, and Mr. Mavering promised to bring me back to him, but he was not there when we got back. Mr. Mavering got me some ice-cream first, and then he found you for me."

"Really," said Mrs. Pasmer to herself, "the combat thickens!" To her daughter she said, "He's very handsome."

"He laughs too much," said the daughter. Her mother recognized her uncertainty with a glance. "But he waltzes well," added the girl.

"Waltzes?" echoed the mother. "Did you *waltz* with him, Alice?"

"Everybody else was dancing. He asked me for a turn or two, and of course I did it. What difference?"

"Oh, none—none. Only—I didn't see you."

"Perhaps you weren't looking."

"Yes, I was looking all the time."

"What *do* you mean, mamma?"

"Well," said Mrs. Pasmer, in a final despair, "we don't know anything about them."

"We're the only people here who don't, then," said her daughter. "The ladies were bowing right and left to him all the time, and he kept asking me if I knew this one and that one, and all I could say was that some of them were distant cousins, but I wasn't acquainted with them. I should think he'd wonder who *we* were."

"Yes," said the mother, thoughtfully.

"There! he's laughing with that other student. But don't look!"

Mrs. Pasmer saw well enough out of the corner of her eye the joking that went on

between young Mavering and his friend, and it did not displease her to think that it probably referred to Alice. While the young man came hurrying back to them she glanced at the girl standing near her with a keenly critical inspection, from which she was able to exclude all maternal partiality, and justly decided that she was one of the most effective girls in the place. That costume of hers was perfect. Mrs. Pasmer wished now that she could have compared it more carefully with other costumes; she had noticed some very pretty ones; and a feeling of vexation that Alice should have prevented this by being away so long just when the crowd was densest qualified her satisfaction. The people were going very fast now. The line of the oval in the nave was broken into groups of lingering talkers, who were conspicuous to each other, and Mrs. Pasmer felt that she and her daughter were conspicuous to all the rest where they stood apart, with the two Mavericks converging upon them from different points, the son nodding and laughing to friends of both sexes as he came, the father wholly absorbed in not spilling the glass of claret punch which he carried in one hand, and not falling down on the slippery floor with the plate of salad which he bore in the other. She had thoughts of feigning unconsciousness; she would have had no scruple in practising this or any other social stratagem, for though she kept a conscience in regard to certain matters—what she considered essentials—she lived a thousand little lies every day, and taught her daughter by precept and example to do the same. You must seem to be looking one way when you were really looking another; you must say this when you meant that; you must act as if you were thinking one thing when you were thinking something quite different; and all to no end, for, as she constantly said, people always know perfectly well what you were about, whichever way you looked or whatever you said, or no matter how well you acted the part of thinking what you did not think. Now, although she seemed not to look, she saw all that has been described at a glance, and at another she saw young Mavering slide easily up to his father and relieve him of the plate and glass, with a laugh as pleasant and a show of teeth as dazzling as he had bestowed upon any of the ladies he had passed. She owned to



her recondite heart that she liked this in young Mavering, though at the same time she asked herself what motive he really had in being so polite to his father before people. But she had no time to decide; she had only time to pack the question hurriedly away for future consideration, when young Mavering arrived at her elbow, and she turned with a little "Oh!" of surprise so perfectly acted that it gave her the greatest pleasure.

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#### IV.

"I don't think my father would have got here alive with these things," said young Mavering. "Did you see how I came to his rescue?"

Mrs. Pasmer instantly threw away all pretext of not having seen. "Oh yes! my heart was in my mouth when you bore down upon him, Mr. Mavering. It was a beautiful instance of filial devotion."

"Well, do sit down now, Mrs. Pasmer, and take it comfortably," said the young fellow; and he got her one of the many empty chairs, and would not give her the things, which he put in another, till she sat down and let him spread a napkin over her lap.

"Really," she said, "I feel as if I were stopping all the wheels of Class Day. Am I keeping them from closing the Gymnasium, Mr. Mavering?"

"Not quite," said the young man, with one of his laughs. "I don't believe they will turn us out, and I'll see that they don't lock us in. Don't hurry, Mrs. Pasmer. I'm only sorry you hadn't something sooner."

"Oh, your father proposed getting me something a good while ago."

"Did he? Then I wonder you haven't had it. He's usually on time."

"You're both very energetic, I think," said Mrs. Pasmer.

"He's the father of his son," said the young fellow, assuming the merit with a bow of burlesque modesty.

It went to Mrs. Pasmer's heart. "Let's hope he'll never forget that," she said, in an enjoyment of the excitement and the salad that was beginning to leave her question of these Mavericks a light, diaphanous cloud on the verge of the horizon.

The elder Mavering had been trying, without success, to think of something to say to Miss Pasmer, and had twice clear-

ed his throat for that purpose. But this comedy between his son and the young lady's mother seemed so much lighter and brighter than anything he could have said that he said nothing, and looked on with his mouth set in its queer smile, while the girl listened with the gravity of a daughter who sees that her mother is losing her head. Mrs. Pasmer buzzed on in her badinage with the young man, and allowed him to go for a cup of coffee before she rose from her chair, and shook out her skirts with an air of pleasant expectation of whatever should come next.

He came back without it. "The coffee urn has dried up here, Mrs. Pasmer. But you can get some at the other spreads; they'd be inconsolable if you didn't take something everywhere."

They all started toward the door, but the elder Mavering said, holding back a little, "Dan, I think I'll go and see—"

"Oh no, you mustn't, father," cried the young man, laying his hand with caressing entreaty on his father's coat sleeve. "I don't want you to go anywhere till you've seen Professor Saintsbury. We shall be sure to meet him at some of the spreads. I want you to have that talk with him—" He corrected himself for the instant's deflection from the interests of his guests, and added, "I want you to help me hunt him up for Mrs. Pasmer. Now, Mrs. Pasmer, you're not to think it's the least trouble, or anything but a boon, much less *say* it," he cried, turning to the deprecation in Mrs. Pasmer's face. He turned away from it to acknowledge the smiles and bows of people going out of the place, and he returned their salutations with charming heartiness.

In the vestibule they met the friends they were going in search of.

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#### V.

"With Mr. Mavering, of course!" exclaimed Mrs. Saintsbury. "I might have known it." Mrs. Pasmer would have given anything she could think of to be able to ask why her friend might have known it; but for the present they could only fall upon each other with flashes of self-accusal and explanation, and rejoicing for their deferred and now accomplished meeting. The professor stood by with the satirical smile with which men witness the effusion of women. Young Mavering, after sharing the ladies' excitement fully



with them, rewarded himself by an exclusive moment with Miss Pasmer.

"You *must* get Mrs. Pasmer to let me show you all of Class Day that a Senior can. I didn't know what a perfect serpent's tooth it was to be one before. Mrs. Saintsbury," he broke off, "have you got tickets for the Tree? Ah, she doesn't hear me!"

Mrs. Saintsbury was just then saying to the elder Maverick: "I'm so glad you decided to come to-day. It would have been a shame if none of you were here." She made a feint of dropping her voice, with a glance at Dan Maverick. "He's *such* a nice boy," which made him laugh, and cry out:

"Oh, now! Don't poison my father's mind, Mrs. Saintsbury."

"Oh, some one would be sure to tell him," retorted the professor's wife, "and he'd better hear it from a friend."

The young fellow laughed again, and then he shook hands with some ladies going out, and asked were they going so soon, from an abstract hospitality, apparently, for he was not one of the hosts; and so turned once more to Miss Pasmer. "We must get away from here, or the afternoon will get away from us, and leave us nothing to show for it. Suppose we make a start, Miss Pasmer?"

He led the way with her out of the vestibule, banked round with pots of palm and fern, and down the steps into the glare of the Cambridge sunshine, blown full, as is the case on Class Day, of fine Cambridge dust, which had drawn a delicate gray veil over the grass of the Gymnasium lawn, and mounted in light clouds from the wheels powdering it finer and finer in the street. Along the sidewalks dusty hacks and carriages were ranged, and others were driving up to let people dismount at the entrances to the college yard. Within the temporary picket-fences, secluding a part of the grounds for the students and their friends, were seen stretching from dormitory to dormitory long lines of Chinese lanterns, to be lit after nightfall, swung between the elms. Groups of ladies came and went, nearly always under the escort of some student; the caterers' carts, disburdened of their ice-creams and salads, were withdrawn under the shade in the street, and their drivers lounged or drowsed upon the seats; now and then a black waiter, brilliant as a bobolink in his white jacket and apron, appeared on some

errand; the large, mild Cambridge policemen kept the entrances to the yard with a benevolent vigilance which was not harsh with the little Irish children who had come up from the Marsh in their best to enjoy the sight of other people's pleasure.

"Isn't it a perfect Class Day?" cried young Maverick, as he crossed Kirkland Street with Miss Pasmer, and glanced down its vaulted perspective of elms, through which the sunlight broke, and lay in the road in pools and washes as far as the eye reached. "Did you ever see anything bluer than the sky to-day? I feel as if we'd ordered the weather, with the rest of the things, and I had some credit for it as host. Do make it a little compliment, Miss Pasmer; I assure you I'll be very modest about it."

"Ah, I think it's fully up to the occasion," said the girl, catching the spirit of his amiable satisfaction. "Is it the usual Class Day weather?"

"You spoil everything by asking that," cried the young man; "it obliges me to make a confession—it's *always* good weather on Class Day. There haven't been more than a dozen bad Class Days in the century. But you'll admit that there can't have been a *better* Class Day than this?"

"Oh yes; it's certainly the pleasantest Class Day *I've* seen," said the girl; and now when Maverick laughed she laughed too.

"Thank you so much for saying that! I hope it will pass off in unclouded brilliancy; it will, if I can make it. Why, hallo! They're on the other side of the street yet, and looking about as if they were lost." He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, and waved it at the others of their party.

They caught sight of it, and came hurrying over through the dust.

Mrs. Saintsbury said, apparently as the sum of her consultations with Mrs. Pasmer: "The Tree is to be at half past five, and after we've seen a few spreads I'm going to take the ladies home for a little rest."

"Oh no; *don't* do that," pleaded the young man. After making this protest he seemed not to have anything to say immediately in support of it. He merely said: "This is Miss Pasmer's first Class Day, and I want her to see it all."

"But you'll have to leave us very soon to get yourself ready for the Tree," sug-



gested the professor's lady, with a motherly prevision.

"I shall want just fifteen minutes for that."

"I know better, Mr. Mavering," said Mrs. Saintsbury, with finality. "You will want a good three-quarters of an hour to make yourself as disreputable as you'll look at the Tree, and you'll have to take time for counsel and meditation. You may stay with us just half an hour, and then we shall part inexorably. I've seen a great many more Class Days than you have, and I know what they are in their demands upon the Seniors."

"Oh, well! Then we won't think about the time," said the young man, starting on with Miss Pasmer.

"Well, don't undertake too much," said the lady. She came last in the little procession, with the elder Mavering, and her husband and Mrs. Pasmer preceded her.

"What?" young Mavering called back, with his smiling face over his shoulder.

"She says not to bite off more than you can chew," the professor answered for her.

Mavering broke into a conscious laugh, but full of delight, and with his handkerchief to his face had almost missed the greeting of some ladies who bowed to him. He had to turn round to acknowledge it, and he was saluting and returning salutations pretty well all along the line of their progress.

"I'm afraid you'll think I'm everybody's friend but my own, Miss Pasmer, but I assure you all this is purely accidental. I don't know so many people, after all; only all that I *do* know seem to be here this morning."

"I don't think it's a thing to be sorry for," said the girl. "I wish *we* knew more people. It's rather forlorn—"

"Oh, *will* you let me introduce some of the fellows to you? They'll be so glad."

"If you'll tell them how forlorn I said I was," said the girl, with a smile.

"Oh, no, no, no! I understand that. And I assure you that I didn't suppose—But of course!" he arrested himself in the superfluous reassurance he was offering, "All that goes without saying. Only there are some of the fellows coming back to the law school, and if you'll allow me—"

"We shall be very happy indeed, Mr. Mavering," said Mrs. Pasmer, behind him.

"Oh, thank you ever so much, Mrs.

Pasmer." This was occasion for another burst of laughter with him. He seemed filled with the intoxication of youth, whose spirit was in the bright air of the day and radiant in the young faces everywhere. The paths intersecting one another between the different dormitories under the drooping elms were thronged with people coming and going in pairs and groups; and the academic fête, the prettiest flower of our tough old Puritan stem, had that charm, at once sylvan and elegant, which enraptures in the pictured fables of the Renaissance. It falls at that moment of the year when the old university town, often so commonplace and sometimes so ugly, becomes briefly and almost pathetically beautiful under the leafage of her hovering elms and in the perfume of her syringas, and bathed in this joyful tide of youth that overflows her heart. She seems fit then to be the home of the poets who have loved her and sung her, and the regret of any friend of the humanities who has left her.

"Alice," said Mrs. Pasmer, leaning forward a little to speak to her daughter, and ignoring a remark of the professor's, "did you *ever* see so many pretty costumes?"

"Never," said the girl, with equal intensity.

"Well, it makes you feel that you *have* got a country, after all," sighed Mrs. Pasmer, in a sort of apostrophe to her European self. "You see splendid dressing abroad, but it's mostly upon old people who ought to be sick and ashamed of their pomps and vanities. But here it's the young girls who dress; and how lovely they are! I thought they were charming in the Gymnasium, but I see you must get them out-of-doors to have the full effect. Mr. Mavering, are they always so prettily dressed on Class Day?"

"Well, I'm beginning to feel as if it wouldn't be exactly modest for me to say so, whatever I think. You'd better ask Mrs. Saintsbury; she pretends to know all about it."

"No, I'm bound to say they're not," said the professor's wife, candidly. "Your daughter," she added, in a low tone for all to hear, "decides that question."

"I'm so glad you said that, Mrs. Saintsbury," said the young man. He looked at the girl, who blushed with a pleasure that seemed to thrill to the last fibre of her pretty costume.



She could not say anything, but her mother asked, with an effort at self-denial: "Do you think so really? It's one of those London things. They have so much taste there now," she added, yielding to her own pride in the dress.

"Yes; I supposed it must be," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "We used to come in muslins and tremendous hoops—don't you remember?"

"Did you look like your photographs?" asked young Maverick, over his shoulder.

"Yes; but we didn't know it then," said the professor's wife.

"Neither did we," said the professor. "We supposed that there had never been anything equal to those hoops and white muslins."

"Thank you, my dear," said his wife, tapping him between the shoulders with her fan. "Now don't go any further."

"Do you mean about our first meeting here on Class Day?" asked her husband.

"They'll think so now," said Mrs. Saintsbury, patiently, with a playful threat of consequences in her tone.

"When I first saw the present Mrs. Saintsbury," pursued the professor—it was his joking way of describing her, as if there had been several other Mrs. Saintsburies—"she was dancing on the green here."

"Ah, they don't dance on the green any more, I hear," sighed Mrs. Pasmer.

"No, they don't," said the other lady; "and I think it's just as well. It was always a ridiculous affectation of simplicity."

"It must have been rather public," said young Maverick, in a low voice, to Miss Pasmer.

"It doesn't seem as if it could ever have been in character quite," she answered.

"We're a thoroughly in-doors people," said the professor. "And it seems as if we hadn't really begun to get well as a race till we had come in out of the weather."

"How can you say that on a day like this?" cried Mrs. Pasmer. "I didn't suppose any one could be so unromantic."

"Don't flatter him," cried his wife.

"Does he consider that a compliment?"

"Not personally," he answered. "But it's the first duty of a Professor of Comparative Literature to be unromantic."

"I don't understand," faltered Mrs. Pasmer.

"He will be happy to explain, at the

greatest possible length," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "But you sha'n't spoil our pleasure *now*, John."

They all laughed, and the professor looked proud of the wit at his expense; the American husband is so, and the public attitude of the American husband and wife toward each other is apt to be amiably satirical; their relation seems never to have lost its novelty, or to lack droll and surprising contrasts for them.

Besides these passages with her husband, Mrs. Saintsbury kept up a full flow of talk with the elder Maverick, which Mrs. Pasmer did her best to overhear, for it related largely to his son, whom it seemed, from the father's expressions, the Saintsburies had been especially kind to.

"No, I assure you," Mrs. Pasmer heard her protest, "Mr. Saintsbury has been very much interested in him. I hope he has not put any troublesome ideas into his head. Of course he's very much interested in literature, from his point of view, and he's glad to find any of the young men interested in it, and that's apt to make him overdo matters a little."

"Dan wished me to talk with him, and I shall certainly be glad to do so," said the father, but in a tone which conveyed to Mrs. Pasmer the impression that though he was always open to conviction, his mind was made up on this point, whatever it was.

## VI.

The party went to half a dozen spreads, some of which were on a scale of public grandeur approaching that of the Gymnasium, and others of a subdued elegance befitting the more private hospitalities in the students' rooms. Mrs. Pasmer was very much interested in these rooms, whose luxurious appointments testified to the advance of riches and of the taste to apply them since she used to visit students' rooms in far-off Class Days. The deep window nooks and easy-chairs upholstered in the leather that seems sacred alike to the seats and the shelves of libraries; the æsthetic bookcases, low and topped with bric-à-brac; the etchings and prints on the walls, which the elder Maverick went up to look at with a mystifying air of understanding such things; the foils crossed over the chimney, and the mantel with its pipes, and its photographs of theatrical celebrities tilted about over it—spoke of conditions mostly foreign to Mrs.



Pasmer's memories of Harvard. The photographed celebrities seemed to be chosen chiefly for their beauty, and for as much of their beauty as possible, Mrs. Pasmer perceived, with an obscure misgiving of the sort which an older generation always likes to feel concerning the younger, but with a tolerance, too, which was personal to herself; it was to be considered that the massive thought and honest amiability of Salvini's face, and the deep and spiritualized power of Booth's, varied the effect of these companies of posturing nymphs.

At many places she either met old friends with whom she clamored over the wonder of their encounter there, or was made acquainted with new people by the Saintsburys. She kept a mother's eye on her daughter, to whom young Maverick presented everybody within hail or reach, and whom she could see, whenever she looked at her, a radiant centre of admiration. She could hear her talk sometimes, and she said to herself that really Alice was coming out; she had never heard her say so many good things before; she did not know it was in her. She was very glad then that she had let her wear that dress; it was certainly distinguished, and the girl carried it off, to her mother's amusement, with the air of a superb lady of the period from which it dated. She thought what a simple child Alice really was, all the time those other children, the Seniors, were stealing their glances of bold or timid worship at her, and doubtless thinking her a brilliant woman of the world. But there could be no mistake that she was a success.

Part of her triumph was of course due to Mrs. Saintsbury, whose chaperonage, Mrs. Pasmer could see, was everywhere of effect. But it was also largely due to the vigilant politeness of young Maverick, who seemed bent on making her have a good time, and who let no chance slip him. Mrs. Pasmer felt his kindness truly; and she did not feel it the less because she knew that there was but one thing that could, at his frankly selfish age, make a young fellow wish to make a girl have a good time; except for that reason he must be bending the whole soul of egotistic youth to making some other girl have a good time. But all the same, it gave her pause when some one to whom she was introduced spoke to her of her friends the Mavericks, as if they were friends of the oldest standing instead of acquaintances of

very recent accident. She did not think of disclaiming the intimacy, but "Really I shall die of these Mavericks," she said to herself, "unless I find out something about them pretty soon."

"I'm not going to take you to the Omicron spread, Mrs. Pasmer," said young Maverick, coming up to her with such an effect of sympathetic devotion that she had to ask herself, "Are they my friends, the Mavericks?" "The Saintsburys have been there already, and it *is* a little *too* common." The tone of superiority gave Mrs. Pasmer courage. "They're good fellows, and all that, but I want you to see the best. I suppose it will get back to giving the spreads all in the fellows' rooms again. It's a good deal pleasanter, don't you think?"

"Oh yes, indeed," assented Mrs. Pasmer, though she had really been thinking the private spreads were not nearly so amusing as the large spread she had seen at the Gymnasium. She had also wondered where all Mr. Maverick's relations and friends were, and the people who had social claims on him, that he could be giving up his Class Day in this reckless fashion to strangers. Alice would account for a good deal, but she would not account for everything. Mrs. Pasmer would have been willing to take him from others, but if he were so anomalous as to have no one to be taken from, of course it lessened his value as a trophy. These things went in and out of her mind, with a final resolution to get a full explanation from Mrs. Saintsbury, while she stood and smiled her winning assent up into the young man's handsome face.

Mrs. Saintsbury caught sight of them, and as if suddenly reminded of a forgotten duty, rushed vividly upon them.

"Mr. Maverick, I shall not let you stay with us another minute. You must go to your room now and get ready. You ought to have a little rest."

He broke out in his laugh. "Do you think I want to go and lie down awhile, like a lady before a party?"

"I'm sure you'd be the stronger for it," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "But go, upon any theory. Don't you see there isn't a Senior left?"

He would not look round. "They've gone to other spreads," he said. "But now I'll tell you: it *is* pretty near time, and if you'll take me to my room, I'll go."

"You're a spoiled boy," said Mrs. Saintsbury.



bury. "But I want Mrs. Pasmer to see the room of a *real* student—a reading man, and all that—and we'll come, to humor you."

"Well, come upon any theory," said young Maverick.

His father, and Professor Saintsbury, who had been instructed by his wife not to lose sight of her, were at hand, and they crossed to that old hall which keeps its favor with the students in spite of the rivalry of the newer dormitories—it would be hard to say why. Mrs. Pasmer willingly assented to its being much better, out of pure complaisance, though the ceilings were low and the windows small, and it did not seem to her that the Franklin stove and the æsthetic papering and painting of young Maverick's room brought it up to the level of those others that she had seen. But with her habit of saying some friendly lying thing, no matter what her impressions were, she exclaimed, "Oh, how cozy!" and glad of the word, she went about from one to another, asking, "Isn't this cozy?"

Mrs. Saintsbury said: "It's supposed to be the cell of a recluse; but it *is* cozy—yes."

"It looks as if some hermit had been using it as a store-room," said her husband; for there were odds and ends of furniture and clothes and boxes and handbags scattered about the floor.

"I forgot all about them when I asked you," cried Maverick, laughing out his delight. "They belong to some fellows that are giving spreads in their rooms, and I let them put them in here."

"Do you commonly let people put things in your room that they want to get rid of?" asked Mrs. Pasmer.

"Well, not when I'm expecting company."

"He couldn't refuse even then, if they pressed the matter," said Mrs. Saintsbury, lecturing upon him to her friend.

"I'm afraid you're too amiable altogether, Mr. Maverick. I'm sure you let people impose upon you," said the other lady. "You have been letting *us* impose upon you."

"Ah! now that proves you're *all* wrong, Mrs. Pasmer."

"It proves that you know how to say things very prettily."

"Oh, thank you. I know when I'm having a good time, and I do my best to enjoy it." He ended with the nervous laugh which seemed habitual with him.

"He *does* laugh a good deal," thought Mrs. Pasmer, surveying him with smiling steadiness. "I suppose it tires Alice. Some of his teeth are filled at the sides. That vein in his forehead—they say that means genius." She said to him: "I hope you know when others are having a good time too, Mr. Maverick? You ought to have that reward."

They both looked at Alice. "Oh, I should be so happy to think you hadn't been bored with it all, Mrs. Pasmer," he returned, with deep feeling.

Alice was looking at one of the sketches which were pretty plentifully pinned about the wall, and apparently seeing it, and apparently listening to what Professor Saintsbury was saying; but her mother believed from a tremor of the ribbons on her hat that she was conscious of nothing but young Maverick's gaze and the sound of his voice.

"We've been delighted, simply enchanted," said Mrs. Pasmer. And she thought: "Now if Alice were to turn round just as she stands, he could see all the best points of her face. I wonder what she really thinks of him? What is it you have there, Alice?" she asked, aloud.

The girl turned her face over her shoulder so exactly in the way her mother wished that Mrs. Pasmer could scarcely repress a cry of joy. "A sketch of Mr. Maverick's."

"Oh, how very interesting!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "Do you sketch, Mr. Maverick? But of course." She pressed forward, and studied the sketch inattentively. "How very, very good!" she buzzed deep in her throat, while, with a glance at her daughter, she thought, "How impassive Alice is! But she behaves with great dignity. Yes. Perhaps that's best. And are you going to be an artist?" she asked of Maverick.

"Not if it can be prevented," he answered, laughing again.

"But his laugh is very pleasant," reflected Mrs. Pasmer. "Does Alice dislike it so much?" She repeated aloud, "If it can be prevented?"

"They think I might spoil a great lawyer in the attempt."

"Oh, I see. And are you going to be a lawyer? But to be a great *painter*! And America has so few of them." She knew quite well that she was talking nonsense, but she was aware through her own



indifference to the topic that he was not minding what she said, but was trying to bring himself into talk with Alice again. The girl persistently listened to Professor Saintsbury.

"Is she punishing him for something?" her mother asked herself. "What can it be for? Does she think he's a little too pushing? Perhaps he is a little pushing." She reflected, with an inward sigh, that she would know whether he was if she only knew more about him.

He did the honors of his room very simply and nicely, and he said it was pretty rough to think this was the last of it. After which he faltered, and something occurred to Mrs. Saintsbury.

"Why, we're keeping you! It's time for you to dress for the Tree. John"—she reproached her husband—"how could you let us do it?"

"Far be it from me to hurry ladies out of other people's houses—especially ladies who have put themselves in charge of other people."

"No, *don't* hurry," pleaded Mavering; "there's plenty of time."

"How much time?" asked Mrs. Saintsbury.

He looked at his watch. "Well, a good quarter of an hour."

"And I was to have taken Mrs. Pasmer and Alice home for a little rest before the Tree!" cried Mrs. Saintsbury. "And now we must go at once, or we shall get no sort of places."

In the civil and satirical parley which followed, no one answered another, but Mavering bore as full a part as the elder ladies, and only his father and Alice were silent; his guests got themselves out of his room. They met at the threshold a young fellow, short and dark and stout, in an old tennis suit. He fell back at sight of them, and took off his hat to Mrs. Saintsbury.

"Why, Mr. Boardman!"

"Don't be bashful, Boardman!" young Mavering called out. "Come in and show them how I shall look in five minutes."

Mr. Boardman took his introductions with a sort of main-force self-possession, and then said, "You'll have to look it in less than five minutes now, Mavering. You're come for."

"What? Are they ready?"

"We must fly," panted Mrs. Saintsbury, without waiting for the answer, which was lost in the incoherencies of all

sorts of *au revoirs* called after and called back.

Mrs. Pasmer was beginning to accuse herself of satiety, if not irritation, from this laugh. She wondered if Alice still noticed it very much, and prepared to judge it through her feelings.

## VII.

"That is one thing," said Mrs. Saintsbury, looking swiftly round to see that the elder Mavering was not within hearing, as she hurried ahead with Mrs. Pasmer, "that I can't stand in Dan Mavering. Why couldn't he have warned us that it was getting near the time? Why should he have gone on pretending that there was no hurry? It isn't insincerity exactly, but it isn't candor; no, it's uncandid. Oh, I suppose it's the artistic temperament—never coming straight to the point."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Pasmer, eagerly.

"I'll tell you some time." She looked round and halted a little for Alice, who was walking detached and neglected by the preoccupation of the two elderly men. "I'm afraid you're tired," she said to the girl.

"Oh no."

"Of course not, on Class Day. But I hope we shall get seats. What weather!"

The sun had not been oppressive at any time during the day, though the crowded buildings had been close and warm, and now it lay like a painted light on the grass and paths over which they passed to the entrance of the grounds around the Tree. Holden Chapel, which enclosed the space on the right as they went in, shed back the sun from its brick-red flank, rising unrelieved in its venerable ugliness by any touch of the festive preparations; but to their left and diagonally across from them high stagings supported tiers of seats along the equally unlovely red bulks of Hollis and of Harvard. These seats, and the windows in the stories above them, were densely packed with people, mostly young girls dressed in a thousand enchanting shades and colors, and bonneted and hatted to the last effect of fashion. They were like vast terraces of flowers to the swift glance, and here and there some brilliant parasol, spread to catch the sun on the higher ranks, was like a flaunting poppy, rising to the light and lolling out above the blooms of lower stature. But



the parasols were few, for the two halls flung wide curtains of shade over the greater part of the spectators, and across to the foot of the chapel, while a piece of the carpentry whose simplicity seems part of the Class Day tradition shut out the glare and the uninvited public, striving to penetrate the enclosure next the street. In front of this yellow pine wall, with its ranks of benches, stood the Class Day Tree, girded at ten or fifteen feet from the ground with a wide band of flowers.

Mrs. Pasmer and her friends found themselves so late that if some gentlemen who knew Professor Saintsbury had not given up their places they could have got no seats. But this happened, and the three ladies had harmoniously blended their hues with those of the others in that bank of bloom, and the gentlemen had somehow made away with their obstructiveness in different crouching and stooping postures at their feet, when the Junior Class filed into the green enclosure amidst the 'rahs of their friends, and sank in long ranks on the grass beside the chapel. Then the Sophomores appeared, and were received with cheers by the Juniors, with whom they joined, as soon as they were placed, in heaping ignominy upon the Freshmen. The Seniors came last, grotesque in the variety of their old clothes, and a fierce uproar of 'rahs and yells met them from the students squatted upon the grass, as they loosely grouped themselves in front of the Tree; the men of the younger classes formed in three rings, and began circling in different directions around them.

Mrs. Pasmer bent across Mrs. Saintsbury to her daughter: "Can you make out Mr. Maverick among them, Alice?"

"No. Hush, mamma!" pleaded the girl.

With the subsidence of the tumult in the other classes, the Seniors had broken from the stoical silence they kept through it, and were now with an equally serious clamor applauding the first of a long list of personages, beginning with the President, and ranging through their favorites in the faculty, down to Billy the Postman. The leader who invited them to this expression of good feeling exacted the full tale of nine cheers for each person he named, and before he reached the last the 'rahs came in gasps from their dry throats.

In the midst of the tumult the Marshal flung his hat at the elm; then the rush

upon the tree took place, and the scramble for the flowers. The first who swarmed up the trunk were promptly plucked down by the legs and flung upon the ground, as if to form a base there for the operations of the rest, who surged and built themselves up around the elm in an irregular mass. From time to time some one appeared clambering over heads and shoulders to make a desperate lunge and snatch at the flowers, and then fall back into the fluctuant heap again. Yells, cries, and clappings of hands came from the students on the ground and the spectators in the seats, involuntarily dying away almost to silence as some stronger or wilfuler aspirant held his own on the heads and shoulders of the others, or was stayed there by his friends among them till he could make sure of a handful of the flowers. A rush was made upon him when he reached the ground; if he could keep his flowers from the hands that snatched at them, he staggered away with the fragments. The wreath began to show wide patches of the bark under it; the surging and struggling crowd below grew less dense; here and there one struggled out of it and walked slowly about, panting pitifully.

"Oh, I wonder they don't kill each other!" cried Mrs. Pasmer. "Isn't it terrible?" She would not have missed it on any account; but she liked to get all she could out of her emotions.

"They never get hurt," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "Oh, look! There's Dan Maverick!"

The crowd at the foot of the tree had closed densely, and a wilder roar went up from all the students. A tall, slim young fellow, lifted on the shoulders of the mass below, and staying himself with one hand against the tree, rapidly stripped away the remnants of the wreath, and flung them into the crowd under him. A single tuft remained; the crowd was melting away under him in a scramble for the fallen flowers; he made a crooked leap, caught the tuft, and tumbled with it headlong.

"Oh!" breathed the ladies on the benches, with a general suspiration lost in the 'rahs and clappings, as Maverick reappeared with the bunch of flowers in his hand. He looked dizzily about, as if not sure of his course; then his face, flushed and heated, with the hair pulled over the eyes, brightened with recognition, and he ad-



vanced upon Mrs. Saintsbury's party with rapid paces, each of which Mrs. Pasmer commentated with inward conjecture.

"Is he bringing the flowers to Alice? Isn't it altogether too conspicuous? Has he really the right to do it? What will people think? Will he give them to me for her, or will he hand them directly to her? Which should I prefer him to do? I wonder if I know?"

When she looked up with the air of surprise mixed with deprecation and ironical disclaimer which she had prepared while these things were passing through her mind, young Maverick had reached them, and had paused in a moment's hesitation before his father. With a bow of affectionate burlesque, from which he lifted his face to break into laughter at the look in all their eyes, he handed the tattered nosegay to his father.

"Oh, how delightful! how delicate!

how perfect!" Mrs. Pasmer confided to herself.

"I think this must be for you, Mrs. Pasmer," said the elder Maverick, offering her the bouquet with a grave smile at his son's whim.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "For Mrs. Saintsbury, of course." She gave it to her, and Mrs. Saintsbury at once transferred it to Miss Pasmer.

"They wish me to pass this to you, Alice;" and at this consummation Dan Maverick broke into a happy laugh.

"Mrs. Saintsbury, you always do the right thing at once," he cried.

"That's more than I can say of *you*, Mr. Maverick," she retorted.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Maverick!" said the girl, receiving the flowers. It was as if she had been too intent upon them and him to have noticed the little comedy that had conveyed them to her.

## AN EMPTY NEST.

BY MARY A. BARR.

A GRAVE old man and a maiden fair  
Walked together at early morn;  
The thrushes up in the clear cool air  
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.  
And, oh, how sweet was the fresh-turned mould!  
And, oh, how fair were the budding trees!  
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold  
Were full of the happy honey-bees.

"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she said;  
"And I wonder where sing the last year's birds?"  
Then the old man quickly raised his head,  
Though scarcely he noted her musing words;  
He tore the nest from the swaying tree,  
He flung to the winds its moss and hay,  
And said, "When an empty nest you see,  
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing face—  
"Why may not the pretty home abide?"  
"Because," he answered, "'twill be a place  
In which the worm and the slug will hide.  
Last year 'twas fair enough in its way—  
It was full of love, and merry with song;  
But days that are gone must not spoil to-day,  
Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong."

The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—  
Her first false love had gone far away—  
And she thought, Is my heart become a place  
For anger and grief and hate to stay?  
Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!  
Fling far thy selfish and idle pain;  
The love that is ours is always the best:  
And she went with a smile to her work again.



## CAMPAIGNING WITH THE COSSACKS.

BY FRANK D. MILLET.

### II.—A WINTER CAMPAIGN.



MIDWINTER.

THE little nagajka which had often served as a passport to the acquaintanceship of Cossacks all through the early summer campaign proved no less efficacious as a talisman when the fortunes of the field obliged me to leave the major, and to watch the more serious operations of the main army in Bulgaria. It was by no means such a prominent object in my outfit that it would have attracted the eye of the casual observer. Like all the Cossack whips, it had a small straight handle about eighteen inches long, with a lash a few inches longer attached to one end. The peculiarity of the nagajka consists quite as much in its construction

as in its shape. The lash is made of rawhide closely braided into a flexible piece about as large as a lead-pencil, smooth and round, and almost as hard as iron. On one end of this is a flap of thick rawhide perhaps two inches in length, and on the other a similar bit which serves as a sort of hinge by which the lash is attached to the handle. This attachment is made by small thongs of rawhide, which are bound around with the skill of a sailor, and then are carried in a twist like the thread of a screw along the handle, both to ornament it and to add to its strength. There are as many qualities of nagajkas as there are of any other manufactured article, but the best varieties are rarely, if ever, to be bought in the shops. My own whip was of unusually fine workmanship, with a handle of some foreign cane like malacca joint, and a silver ferrule, which I have before described. To the practised Cossack eye it was evident at a glance that the whip was of home manufacture, and could have come into my possession only by theft or gift. To the uninitiated it represented only so much money value. The nagajka is such an indispensable part of the Cossack equipment that it is highly prized in active campaign, where there is little opportunity of replacing a lost one. But they often last for years, and when, as is frequently the case, they are the handiwork of some sweetheart or dear relative, they are preserved with great care, and never parted with for money. Naturally enough, I clung to my nagajka with the loyalty of a Cossack, both because it was a souvenir of the major and because it had served



THE NAGAJKA.



me a good turn in more ways than one. I steadily refused all offers to part with it, and guarded it jealously lest it should be stolen.

Weeks rolled by with great rapidity, and a dreary rainy season set in. About the middle of autumn we made a reconnaissance in the direction of Rasgrad, to endeavor to discover the strength of the enemy there. Three regiments of Cossacks made up the force, and we marched all day and part of the night be-

were riding a little ahead of the column could see the characteristic conical Turkish tents assembled in a little valley a short distance beyond. At the same instant our scouts engaged the enemy's pickets, and the column halted. The camp in sight was evidently only a large outpost, and the general immediately gave orders for one regiment to form and charge through the camp. We could see the men of the designated regiment uncover and cross themselves, and in a moment



CIRCASSIAN COSSACK AND PRISONER.

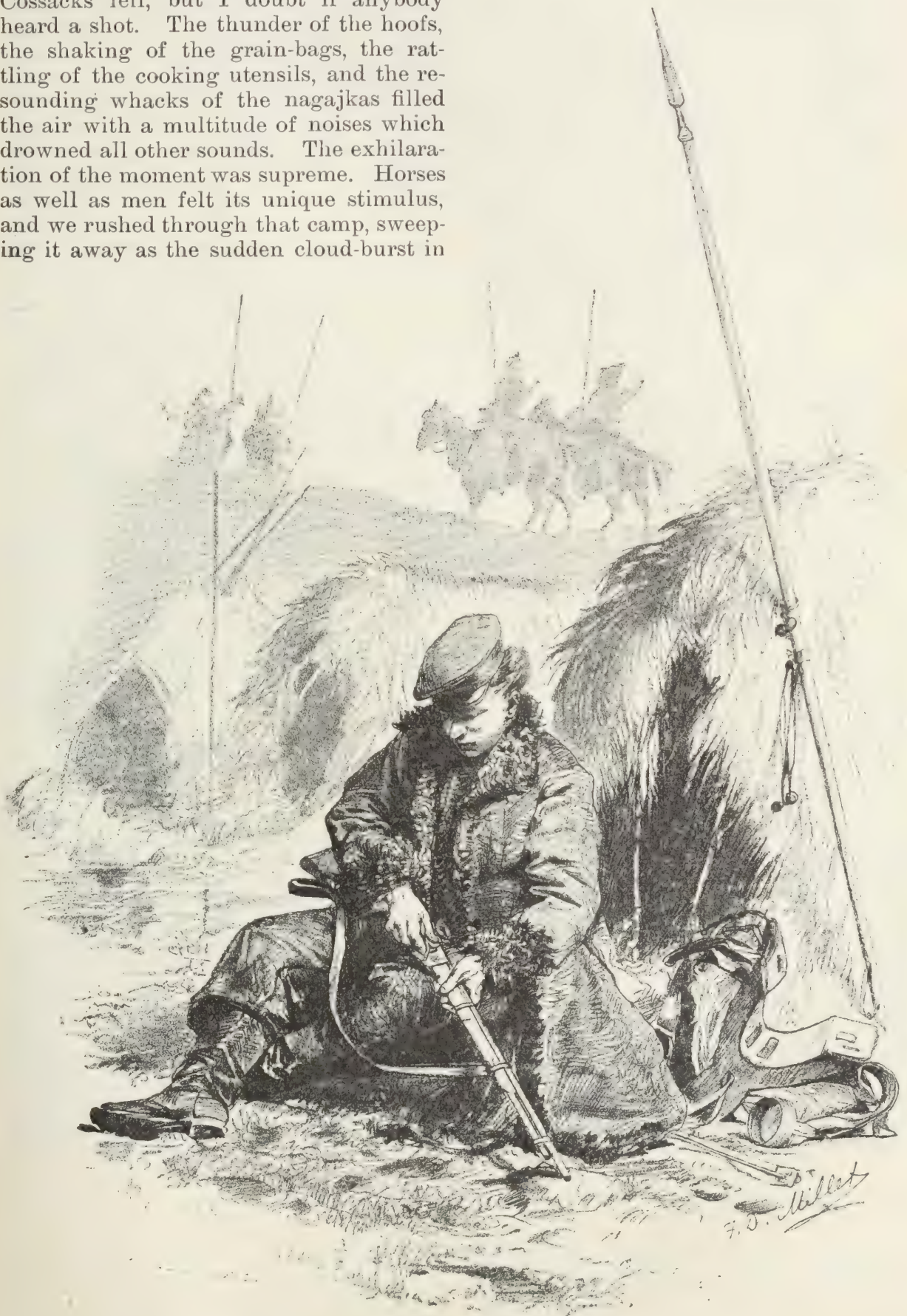
fore we came in the vicinity of the enemy. On the morning of the second day it was reported that a considerable detachment of Turkish irregulars was encamped a short distance in front of us. We had been moving during the night with as little noise as possible, and had bivouacked in the rain without building a fire, in order to give no notice of our approach to the enemy's pickets. It was only just daybreak when the orders to march were given, and the column proceeded cautiously with a few scouts in advance. In a half-hour or so we who

the head of the detachment was rapidly moving past us. Among the officers rode the major, my old friend of the Dobrudscha, who, unknown to me, had been promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and transferred to another regiment. As he dashed past he made a gesture of recognition and waved his hand for me to follow. I believe it was more the horse's fault than my own, for certainly I never had a deliberate intention of riding in a charge if I could help it, but before I knew it I was at the major's side. Off we went at a trot, changing our formation to regimen-



tal front. Then, in an irregular line, much broken by the inequalities of the ground, we swept down the slope at a gallop. There was some firing, and a few Cossacks fell, but I doubt if anybody heard a shot. The thunder of the hoofs, the shaking of the grain-bags, the rattling of the cooking utensils, and the resounding whacks of the nagajkas filled the air with a multitude of noises which drowned all other sounds. The exhilaration of the moment was supreme. Horses as well as men felt its unique stimulus, and we rushed through that camp, sweeping it away as the sudden cloud-burst in

the Rockies tears out the bed of the arroya. It was one of those rare moments of life when all sense of individuality is



AN AUTUMN BIVOUAC.



merged in that utterly overwhelming feeling of exaltation, in that intoxication of magnetism, which often possesses large masses of men moved by some grand and simultaneous impulse. It was, perhaps, after all, a very trivial affair from a military point of view, but the sensation I experienced was by no means insignificant or easily forgotten.

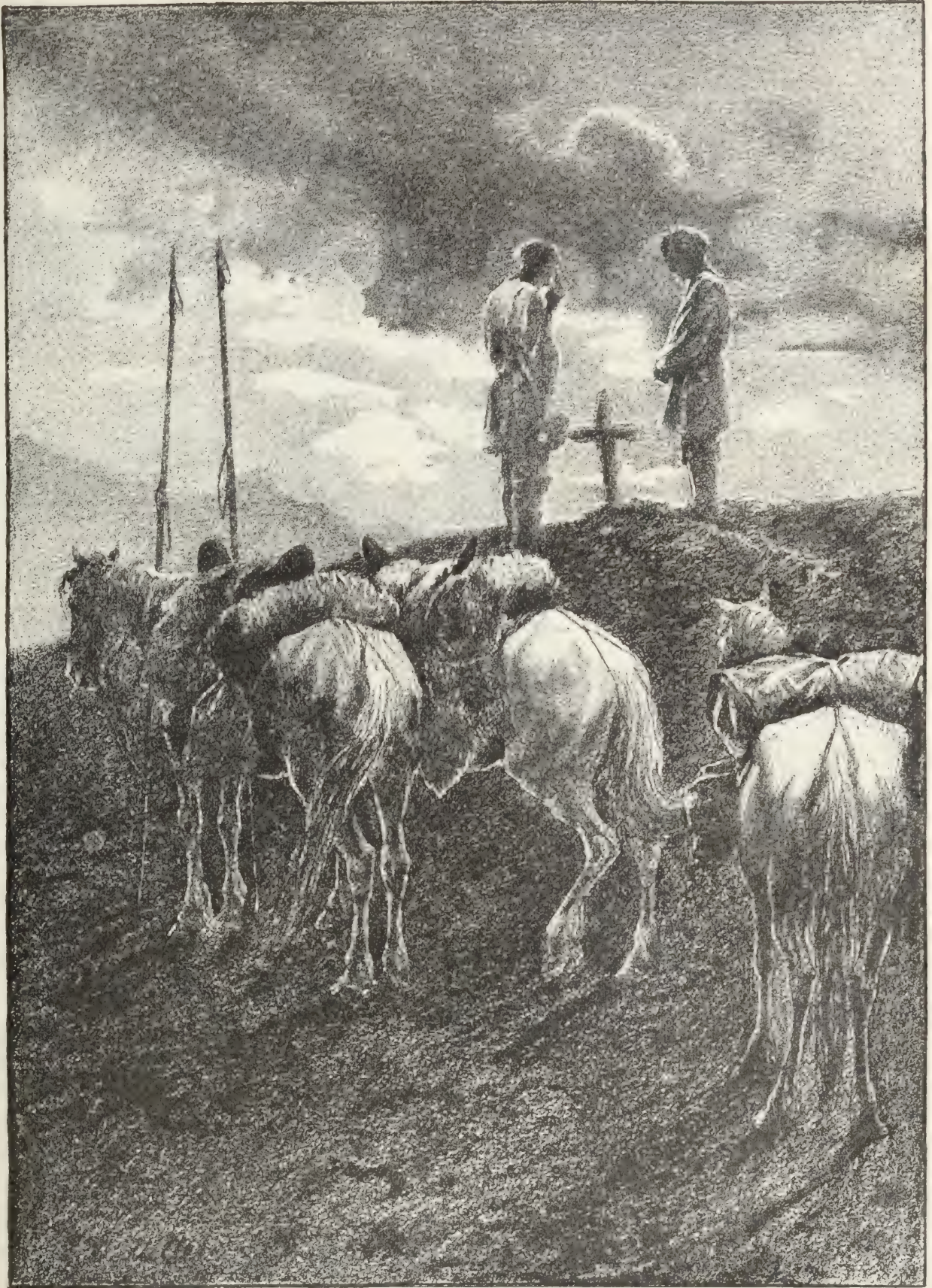
Part of the Turkish force took to flight in time and escaped; those who remained to defend their camp were sabred, spitted like fowl on the lances, or captured and led back to the main column at the end of a lariat. The *finale* of this little incident was fully as impressive as the charge itself, although in quite another way. After we made camp that night the men of the regiment which had engaged the enemy were drawn up in line with uncovered heads and sang a religious hymn in chorus. How different now were those faces which a few hours before had been distorted with the cruel expressions of hatred of the infidel, or glorified by the excitement of the charge or with the consciousness of victory! Uniforms apart, the men looked like a rank of devout, peaceful farmers, bronzed by the sun in the fields, and begrimed with the dust of agriculture. The hymn rolled forth in quaint, sad cadences tuned to a minor key, like most of the native melodies. Along the ranks a gap purposely left here and there showed where a comrade had stood the day before. Although I could not catch the words they sang, the significance of the hymn could not be mistaken. Many rough hands brushed tearful eyes before the last mournful note died away, and the regiment then dispersed about the camp with a quiet step, as if the least noise were an insult to the memory of the dead.

The approach of cold weather fully developed all the resources of the Cossack as a campaigner. During the summer months there had been little necessity of shelter, and, except during rainy weather, no tents or other coverings were used. The common Russian soldiers were slow to learn to dig ditches around their tents, or to provide themselves with comfortable shelters of any kind. But the Cossacks, with the *sang-froid* of experienced veterans, made the best of everything, and surrounded themselves with all the comforts the circumstances allowed. In the construction of winter-quarters they

displayed much the same ingenuity and fertility of resource which distinguished our volunteers in the civil war, except, perhaps, the devices were more primitive, and indicated a different if not a lower order of civilization. They are very skilful in thatching and in weaving together slender poles so as to make a rude basket-work serving as a foundation upon which to plaster clay or mud for the walls of a house. Most of the Bulgarian houses are so constructed, and the materials for Cossack huts were found readily enough. Conical thatched wigwams, built of a few sticks and hay or straw, sprang up like mushrooms in every camp. Accustomed to the use of the axe and spade, there was no contrivance of wood and earth and stone which they did not try their hand at. Grotesque but serviceable fireplaces; dining-tables with seats on four sides, all excavated out of the earth under the hut or tent; warm and cozy retreats in the side of a hill, or burrowed out of level ground, like rabbit holes—everywhere were found these ingenious constructions of the Cossacks, who seemed to be always building and always deserting their habitations.

Notwithstanding the strict discipline of the Russian army, it was quite impossible to keep the Cossacks within bounds as regarded appropriation of the Bulgarian live-stock. They could not be made to distinguish between the rights of property belonging to the enemy and the rights of property belonging to the Bulgarian allies. The poor Bulgarians suffered greatly in consequence. Incidents similar to the following were constantly occurring. The advance guard I was with halted one night after dark in a little deserted village among the foot-hills of the Balkans. As we were in the heart of the enemy's country, and some distance in advance of the main army, every precaution was taken against surprise, and we turned in, finding what shelter we could from the November storm in the half-ruined houses and stables. About midnight the rain ceased and the moon came out. Suddenly the quiet of the camp was interrupted by the sound of a rifle-shot close at hand, followed quickly by two others. The village was alive with men in an instant. Cossacks mounted and skurried off in every direction; the two companies of infantry fell in, and marched away in the direction of the firing. Teams were





BURIAL OF COMRADE.

hitched up, baggage thrown in the carts, and everything hastily prepared for retreat. The infantry disappeared, and the last tardy Cossack hurried off. The few

of us who were left in camp anxiously awaited the attack. Revolvers were looked to, saddle girths tightened, and the countless little details of preparation were



made which indicate uneasiness and nervous anxiety. Minutes dragged on slowly, but no further shots were heard. The excitement in the camp was still painfully intense, although visibly decreasing as the silence continued. After the lapse of half an hour everybody came back again, covered with mud and out of humor. A young Cossack, with two dead sheep he had shot, was brought in by the guard as the cause of the whole disturbance. I was present the next morning when the commanding officer interrogated the disturber of our night's rest. The culprit was a young recruit fresh from home, who had stolen out of camp, when the moon came out, to forage for his breakfast. In the excitement of chasing the sheep, which he could not catch, he thoughtlessly fired upon them.

"But," thundered the officer, "you knew, you scoundrel, that there are strict orders against killing sheep unless they are paid for. The orders were read to your sotnia only last night!"

"Yes, your excellency," sobbed the youth, who foresaw only a small chance of escape from the lash; "but—but—but I thought they were wild sheep!" He was turned over to the gendarmes to be flogged.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is none stronger than the belief that they will enter heaven in a better state of moral purity if they are personally clean at the time they are killed. Consequently before an expected battle they perform their toilets with scrupulous care, dress themselves in clean garments, and put on the best they have. This superstition is not confined to the Cossacks alone, but is widely prevalent in all branches of the Russian army. Skobelev, in common with many other officers, professed a similar faith, and did not fail to dress himself for a battle as he would for a soirée. The Cossack sotnias, being often composed of men who belong to the same community at home, have a harmony of interest among the members which extends further than the ordinary matters of discipline. Their sick and wounded are generally more sedulously cared for than in other corps, and even in the excitement of active service they appear to have a reverence for their dead uncommon with soldiers who are accustomed to the daily spectacle of a comrade's death. Many a touching little

burial-service have I witnessed among the Cossacks, but none more moving than one which I accidentally saw in the beginning of winter. We had been making a rapid forward movement, and had captured a pass in the Balkans. In the late afternoon, after the engagement was over, I was making my way by a short-cut across the hills to a point where I expected to find the head-quarters, when I came upon a singular scene. Near the top of a bare knoll, strongly relieved against the sunset sky, three riderless horses came out in sharp silhouette. A little to the right of them, and on the very summit of the knoll, two Cossacks were stooping over, busy with something, I could not see what. The landscape, desolate, sombre, and brown in the near foreground, deepened to intense purple in the middle distance, and beyond and on either side of the knoll, which was the dominant object in the scene, the jagged mountain-tops sharply cut the wintry sky. The glory of a rich sunset mystified the details of the masses, while it seemed to sharpen their contours and heighten their contrasts. It was one of those evenings when there steals into the mind a sense of the solemnity of the hour almost amounting to religious fervor, and when one contemplates the departure of the daylight with an inexplicable feeling of sadness, and a scarcely formed but still vivid realization of the fathomless mystery of the near future.

As I approached the group the two men rose to their feet, and, without looking in my direction, uncovered their heads and stood motionless. Between them a long low mound disturbed the rounded outline of the hill, and a rude cross made of an unhewn tree trunk added its unexpected silhouette to the shapes of the men, seen as irregular masses against the deep crimson of the western sky. I involuntarily paused, and waited cap in hand until their silent prayer was finished, and they had slowly turned away toward the three horses; then, skirting the knoll crowned by the mound and cross, kept on my way. All that friendly hands could do to honor the victim of the day's fight had been religiously done by his two comrades. In the midst of the turmoil of war he had been given a decent, dignified, Christian burial. And what more impressive funeral could there be than the one I saw in the twilight of the glorious Balkan sunset? The place, the hour, the simple





FIFTY LASHES.

ceremony, the symbol of Christian faith, and proof of comrades' love—it was the poetry of a soldier's burial.

During the winter campaign part of the army was obliged to subsist on quarter rations of bread alone, and for many days suffered the deprivation of various articles of food which, if not actual necessities, are at least important elements of diet. Sugar grew scarce, and at last the remaining grains of dust which was once

tea were shaken out of the corners of pockets and boiled. But the failure of both sugar and tea, two commodities dear to every Russian heart, was a trifling misfortune compared with the lack of common salt. Russians are proverbially improvident, and most of the men had neglected to lay in any store for the future, even after the total failure of the rations had been threatened. Gunpowder proved to be an unpalatable substitute as a sea-



soning article, and those who were fortunate enough to possess a small fragment of the crude rock-salt served to the army carefully concealed it, and only indulged in the taste of it on the sly. The Cossacks with their unflagging energy scoured the country for the needed supplies. Honey was found in considerable quantities, but only a little salt was obtainable by theft, capture, or purchase. About this

time the Bulgarians continually complained at head-quarters that they were plundered by the Cossacks, and the strictest orders were issued against this practice. In the height of the salt famine a squad of Cossacks, eight in number, were prowling about a Bulgarian village, ostensibly on the watch for the enemy, but really in search of salt. They observed a peasant woman with a lump of the precious stuff



A CUP OF TEA.



as large as a quart measure, and following her to her house, first tried to persuade her to part with it, and then undertook to compel her by threats to sell it to them. They were engaged in this unjustifiable mode of bargaining when they were surprised by a patrol of gendarmes, were arrested, and led to camp. The case was speedily brought before the commander, and they were condemned to fifty lashes apiece. I happened to be quartered with the captain of gendarmes at the time, and heard all about the case from him. It certainly seemed a severe punishment for such a misdemeanor, but the officers were determined to stop such lawlessness, and refused to take into consideration the arguments of the culprits that no actual violence was used.

We were discussing the case in the quarters one afternoon when an orderly entered and announced to the captain that the Cossacks were there to receive their punishment. We went out upon the porch of the house, and saw drawn up in single file eight sturdy, honest-looking fellows, standing without their overcoats under the guard of a number of gigantic gendarmes. A heavy fall of snow was on the ground, and the mercury was almost down to zero. There was a strange expression on their weather-beaten faces as they stood shivering in the cold in the attitude of "attention," with their freezing fingers stiffly extended along the seam of the trousers. Not one of them had ever been flogged before, and in their eyes was the frightened, nervous look of new offenders, not the sullen glance of the experienced victim of the lash. I could not determine from their bearing whether they fully realized that they were to be submitted to the indignity of the most cruel and degrading punishment in the list. One or two of them were of the ordinary type, but the majority were young men of particularly good appearance, quite above the average, and with the unmistakable tone of the better class of Cossacks. I was led to notice the third in the line because of his handsome type of face and fine figure, and also because he appeared to be superior to the rest either in blood or in education. He was a blond of medium height, and could scarcely have been out of his teens, for a straggling soft beard, full cheeks, and unwrinkled skin marked the period of youth or early manhood. I watched him under the gaze of the cap-

tain, and saw a painful flush of anger, shame, and wounded pride color his face for an instant. No other visible sign of emotion did he show, but stood stoically with the rest in unwavering line.

The captain walked along the file, said a few words which I could not hear, came up the steps again, and turning to me, said, "Lend me your nagajka."

I went in and returned with it, venturing to protest as I handed it to him, "For



DANCE.

Heaven's sake let it be used as tenderly as possible, for it is a cruel weapon to punish human flesh with."

Without replying, he gave it to the sergeant of the gendarmes, who in turn passed it to one of the men.

At a word from the sergeant four gendarmes advanced in front of the file of Cossacks, and took their position in the form of a rectangle, facing inward. They were all very powerfully built men, having been selected, like all the gendarmes, not less for their physical strength and immense size than for their military rec-



ord. The sergeant now read a name from a list he held in his hand, and the first Cossack stepped out of the file and stood between the gendarmes. At a second command he partially stripped and lay down in the untrodden snow, face downward. The three stalwart gendarmes immediately seized a limb apiece and held the culprit out flat, like a victim of the Inquisition strapped to the rack. The man who had my nagajka now advanced and raised it in the air, prepared to strike the exposed part of the prostrate Cossack.

"Ras!" shouted the sergeant.

Whack! went the cruel lash with a sound that made my flesh creep.

"Dva! Tri! Chetiri!" slowly counted the sergeant; and at each blow the Cossack seemed to shrink into half his natural size. Not a groan nor a sound escaped his lips until the fifty lashes were half spent, and then he moaned pitifully during the rest of his punishment. When the last blow fell, the gendarmes sprang to their feet, the Cossack scrambled up, his face distorted with suffering, arranged his uniform with trembling hands, and without stopping to shake the snow from his hair, hobbled off, under guard, out of sight among the horses. The seven comrades of the Cossack, enforced spectators of the brutal scene, were now very pale, and their hands nervously clutched their trousers while they still preserved the rigid attitude of "attention." A fresh hand took the nagajka, and the second name was called. A short, broad-shouldered fellow with a small head and a square face stepped briskly out, threw aside his cap with a careless flirt of the hand, jauntily removed his coat, as if preparing for a pleasant exercise, and lay down with a marked air of bravado. His courage did not hold out long, however, for at the very first blow he writhed and groaned and prayed and shouted, and after the third or fourth stroke wrenched one hand free and tried ineffectually to protect himself from the lash. But the gendarme quickly held the arm in place again, and the count was made with aggravating deliberation and precision. When the whole fifty had been put on he was led away shrieking and sobbing and dancing like a whipped school-boy, forgetful of cap and coat, snow and cold, and insensible, indeed, to everything but the pain of his punishment.

The third name was now called, and the young fellow whose appearance I

have described took his place in the snow, now partly packed by the struggles of the first victims. There was no show of emotion on his face except a quivering lip, and he gave no indications of bravado or of fear. He bore the first dozen lashes without a sign except an involuntary quivering of the flesh. Suddenly, about the fifteenth blow, he seemed possessed with the strength of a maniac. Flinging aside the muscular gendarmes as if they were no stronger than children, and ignominiously tumbling one of them in the snow, he sprang to his feet, the picture of rage and indignation. He made no attempt to escape, but shrieked: "You have no right to whip me! You have no right to whip me! I am the son of an officer! I am the son of an officer!"

But this astonishing spurt of mad strength did not avail him, for the imperturbable gendarmes seized him again, and stolidly forced him to the ground, when the remaining blows were counted.

The foolish fear of becoming the butt for the laughter of the officers kept me a spectator of the whole of this disgusting and degrading performance. After the last blow had sounded, I could restrain my indignation no longer, and turning to the captain, asked—having in mind, of course, the moral effect of the flogging—"What will become of these men?"

"Oh," said he, indifferently, "they'll be sent on picket duty now for two weeks without being relieved."

"Captain," I continued, "if I were one of them, the moment I got my rifle again I would shoot you through the heart."

"Oh, nonsense!" he replied. "You are an American; these men are Russians. I don't like this business any better than you do. I'm used to it, that's all. Come in, let's have some tea, and forget all about it."

The amusements of the Cossacks in camp are not numerous. They are fond of gambling, as all Russians are; and games of chance as simple and as uninteresting as those indulged in by the Chinese and by the American Indians will keep them absorbed for hours together. Dancing is their favorite pastime, day and evening. The company either squats on the ground like Indians, or else forms a circle, standing in close ranks around an open space a dozen feet across. Some leader of song strikes up an inspiring tune, and all begin to keep time with the





CIRCASSIAN COSSACKS.

measure, clapping their hands in the same way that the Southern negroes "pat juba." The song may rise to the dignity of a full chorus, or descend to the level of a medley of whistles, shouts, and uncouth noises. It usually takes some little time to work the company up into the proper state of excitement, but when the fever pitch is reached, two young men spring into the ring as actively as cats, and begin to dance like marionettes. The step can only be described as something between the Hungarian czardas and a negro breakdown. They patter with their feet with as rapid a succession of knocks as a skilful clog-dancer. They throw their heavily booted legs about with the agility if not the entire grace of a *maître de ballet*. They caper, they jump, and they whirl one another with giddy rapidity. Faster and faster goes the music, shorter and shorter are the measures forced by the hurried clapping of a hundred hands. At last, long after they have far surpassed the expectation of the uninitiated spectator, these marvels of endurance spring breathless out of the ring, and a fresh couple occupy their place almost before they have vacated it. Judging from the faces of the spectators, the dancers would be supposed to be performing solely for the entertainment of their comrades, for everybody is interested, exhilarated, and absorbed. If any argument may be drawn from the fact that the soloists are even more eager to follow one another than the company is to have them, there must be an intoxication in the motion which is at once irresistible and satisfying.

Another amusement, and one which is frequently enjoyed when there is a jollification of any kind, is tossing in the air. A crowd of sturdy young fellows seize the one selected for this honor, and throw him up bodily as high as they can, catching him as he falls, and repeating the operation as many times as their strength will allow. Speaking from experience of this game, I must say the honor should be very great to make up for the unpleasant sensation of the ceremony. Face or back upward, heels or head foremost, it makes little difference to the tossers which way the victim rises, provided he flies high. The catching is, too, a no more careful operation. Clothes are torn, pockets emptied, and the toilet sadly disarranged,



CIRCASSIAN SKIRMISHERS.



but the damage is inflicted with such a show of good-will and jollity that it is rarely objected to. The highest in rank may not be exempt from the honor of this horse-play. I have seen a general tossed for several minutes on the occasion of a festival in honor of his birthday, and I know from his own lips that he prized very highly this proof of his popularity. This game is but one of many examples of the peculiar democratic relations which exist between all classes in the Russian army. It is generally lost sight of in the pomp and display of authority and discipline, but it still remains a strong element in military life. This democratic forgetfulness of rank on some occasions, and almost servile obedience to the superior authority on others, is a strong characteristic of various Asiatic tribes with whom the Russians come in contact. I cannot imagine anything less likely to happen in the other European armies than tossing an officer of high rank like a rollicking school-boy.

Vodki is commonly introduced as an element of exhilaration at all festivities, and the fiery liquor rapidly increases the boisterous riot of the occasion. The Cossacks are often sad drunkards, and the vice is one for which they are most justly blamed. They brew a harmless sort of barley beer like all the Russians, but prefer to indulge in the doubtful delights of intoxication from vodki. This liquor is a high-proof spirit distilled from barley, is colorless, but makes up for the lack of tint by other less innocent qualities. It is served to the army in regular rations, increased according to circumstances. The officers drink it neat, although it is often above proof, but it is dealt out to the men in a slightly diluted form. The Cossacks being in a measure independent of rations, and continually bartering their forage and plunder both publicly for the common purse and privately for their own profit, are consequently exposed to more temptations than the infantry men. The custom of taking a dram before each meal with a bite of some appetizing delicacy is a prevalent one all over Russia and northern Europe, and is not neglected in the army. As long as there is a drop in the canteen it is passed around among the Cossacks as a second ceremony before each meal, the prayer, of course, being the first.

In winter the necessity of protection

from cold metamorphosed the Cossacks, in external aspect at least, into a cross between a moujik and a Bulgarian. Bundled up in great-coats made of goat-skins or of sheep-skins, wearing clumsy mittens on the hands, wisps of hay around the feet, and the characteristic bashlik or pointed hood on the head, they gained in startling picturesqueness what they lost in style and jauntiness. A troop of cavalry thus attired was indeed a wonderful affair. Insignia of rank were often entirely obliterated by this costume, and ridiculous mistakes were often made.

The Kuban and Terek Cossacks, with whom I chanced to be thrown at frequent intervals during the winter, proved to be quite as interesting to study as their cousins of the Don and the Ural, although much less numerous. Next to the Mexican *Rurales*, they are the most picturesque cavalry I have ever seen. They wear at all seasons of the year a high cylindrical hat of Astrakhan wool, usually black, and sometimes ridiculously thick and long. This has a top of cloth or velvet. The coat is similar in general pattern to the Russian Cossack coat, but the skirts are usually longer and fuller, and the sleeves broad at the bottom. The outside coat has no collar, but is cut low in front to disclose a red undercoat hooked high in the neck. Full trousers and boots complete the ordinary dress. In the place of the gray Russian overcoat they carry a bourka, or circular cloak, made of peculiar fabric, which is somewhat like thick, coarse felt, with a long nap like goat's hair on one side of it. This bourka is water-proof and wind-proof, and ample enough, when worn on horseback, to cover the rider entirely and part of the horse as well. It serves, of course, as a bed by night as well as a cloak by day. It is, by-the-way, an interesting fact that among the articles of dress found in the peat-bogs of Denmark there are caps and cloaks of the same textile as and approximate in shape to those worn by the Circassians to-day. The Circassian arms are quite as characteristic as their dress. A Berdan carbine is slung across the back in a case of shaggy goat-skin, or of felt like that of which the bourka is made. The sabre is a guardless one, like those carried by the Russian Cossacks, and is hung from the shoulder by a narrow strap. From the waist belt dangles in front a long, leaf-shaped, pointed dagger,





STRANGE BOOTY.

and behind, a quaint flintlock pistol altered to the percussion system, and with a large round knob on the butt. One of the most curious portions of the Circassian dress is the row of cylindrical cases which fit into cloth pockets on the breast of the coat, ten on either side. In the days of muzzle-loading guns these held a cartridge

apiece, and a tiny flask of priming powder hung around the neck. The cases are still preserved as a portion of the regulation dress, chiefly as an ornament, partly to hold charges for the pistol, which still remains of the antique pattern, but largely for the more prosaic purpose of holding salt, tea, and various



trifles. These cases are sometimes made of silver, but are usually of wood and ivory, with little stoppers ornamented with tufts of red wool. The saddle and bridle are similar to those in use among all Cossacks. The uniform gives great scope to the love of glitter and ornament, and it is a favorite dress in the Russian army.

General Skobelev, the father of the young Russian hero, was very proud of his silver-mounted equipments and richly decorated uniform. The son, whose position obliged him to confine his inherited love of display to the selection of pure white saddle-horses, had on his staff a number of Circassian Cossacks of distinguished bravery, one of them bearing the great red and yellow battle flag which always waved where the white horse was seen. The harness straps and sword-belt are often studded with silver, and the saddle loaded down with the same material beautifully worked. The cartridge cases and the stirrups are sometimes of the same precious metal, and cost enormous sums. As for the arms, they are marvels of workmanship, the Circassians having the strong Oriental pride in this regard, frequently going in rags, but always wearing an arsenal of expensive weapons. The dagger sheath and handle, the sword scabbard and hilt, are frequently covered with masses of intricately chased silver of native workmanship. The uniforms for the most part are quite plain, without buttons or braid, but occasionally is seen a man with silver braid all over his coat and around the top of his cap.

At all times, but particularly in winter, when the *bourkas* and the *bashliks* were worn, the Circassian Cossacks presented a decidedly savage and warlike appearance. They were very active in harassing the Turks, and were always raiding over the country in advance of the Russian army. In these expeditions they frequently captured military supply trains belonging to the enemy, but oftener they brought destruction to caravans of innocent fugitives or refugees who had left their homes at the advance of the Russians. Sometimes these caravans were turned back peacefully into the Russian lines, but on other occasions the fanatical resistance of the refugees brought upon themselves speedy destruction. All sorts of promiscuous plunder were brought into camp, and the Circassian quarters looked more like robbers' dens than soldiers' shelters. Copper uten-

sils of the strange and picturesque shapes common in Turkey became a drug in the market, and the wily Bulgarian camp-followers reaped a rich harvest. Books which nobody could read, rugs which nobody could carry, farming implements, carpenters' tools, even American air-tight stoves—every conceivable article of household use found favor in the eyes of these plunderers.

One cold afternoon at the end of December a young Circassian Cossack came to camp head-quarters with an article of booty which attracted more attention than any other object before exhibited as a relic of the war. He was dressed in a worn and shabby uniform, and rode an underfed, carelessly groomed, and overworked animal. There was a merry, kindly expression on his face, and but for his uniform he would never have been suspected of belonging to the race whose name is widely synonymous with ferocity and cruelty. He had gathered up the long mane of his horse in such a way that it made a primitive sort of hammock. The fingers of his left hand were twisted in the knotted horse-hair, and in this ingenious bed lay, or rather reclined, half seated, a little girl-baby perhaps a year and a half old. She was dressed in the peculiar antiquated costume made of figured calico which the poorer Turkish women use for their own and for their children's dresses. She was apparently happy enough in her strange cradle, delighted with the motion of the horse, and diverted by the multitude of strange sights and sounds. She sat there and rolled her great brown eyes unconcernedly and fearlessly about, contentedly sucking a crust of black bread. In reply to our questions the Cossack reported that he had been with his *sotnia* that morning in pursuit of a Turkish wagon train. They were unable to capture the train, but had gathered up a great quantity of booty thrown away by the fugitives to lighten their loads. On the side of the road he noticed a bundle of ragged counterpanes, and dismounted to examine it. To his surprise he discovered that a child's cries proceeded from the bundle, and unrolling it, he disclosed the baby lying quite warm and comfortable, just as it had rolled off one of the wagons. He said he couldn't leave the creature there to die, and couldn't take care of it himself, so he rigged a cradle out of his horse's mane, and came directly to head-quarters. I took



the child to hold it while the Cossack dismounted. When she saw a strange face bent over her she cried with a strength of lung which proved that her hardships had not yet undermined her physical health, and refused to be comforted by any one but her adopted Cossack nurse. Arrangements were easily made to have her carried over the mountains to the nearest Red Cross station, there to be given in charge of the women nurses, and the next morning we saw the waif depart on the shoulders of a stalwart Bulgarian.

The last excursion I made with my friend the major was noteworthy for only one incident. We spent the night in a large Bulgarian village, and had our quarters at some distance from that part of the town through which the great highway ran. The morning was so cold and the quarters so comfortable that we delayed some time after the detachment had gone on, a couple of men only remaining with us. When at last we mounted and set off, we rode through the village, and reached the highway at some distance from the irregular line of houses bordering it. Just as we came out upon this main street, the head of a great train of Turkish refugees which had been turned back homeward by the advance guard entered the village on their peaceful journey toward the farms in the Danube Valley which they had deserted the previous summer. A wretched set they were indeed. The lean and feeble oxen could scarcely draw the creaking carts laden with women, children, and what remain-

ed of the household goods. The men, exhausted by privation and by long marches, trudged painfully along, urging the beasts forward by voice and by blows. Near the head of the train an old woman, a shapeless mass of ragged quilts and dirty wraps, rode a miserable donkey. Quite a crowd of Bulgarians, both men and women, assembled as this sad caravan entered the village. Not perceiving our approach from the other direction, this band of poltroons attacked the defenceless refugees, pulled the old woman shrieking from the donkey, tumbled the terrified occupants of half a dozen wagons out upon the ground, and proceeded to make away with the animals and the household goods. The major rode up, closely followed by the two Cossacks, and ordered them to desist. At the sight of Russians and Cossacks the Bulgarians dropped their booty and took to their heels in all directions. In common with other human beings, Cossacks take an exaggerated dislike to seeing others do what they are forbidden themselves, and our two men began to lay about them on all sides with their nagajkas. The major and I immediately followed suit, and chased the rascals all over the village, thrashing them without mercy. For once I took pleasure in the pain inflicted by the nagajka. Leaving the Cossacks to escort the train to a safe distance from the village, we rode on, congratulating ourselves on our morning's work, and followed by the blessings of the refugees.



F. D. Millet





"HE WAS A MAN WHO KNEW HIS OWN MIND."—[SEE PAGE 418.]

## SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

#### CATAMARANS.

**N**APOLEON had shown no proper dread of the valiant British volunteers, but kept his festival in August, and carried on his sea-side plans, as if there were no

such fellows. Not content with that, he even flouted our blockading fleet by coming out to look at them. And if one of our frigates had shot straight, she might have saved millions of lives and billions of money, at the cost of one greatly bad life. But the poor ship knew not her op-



portunity, or she would rather have gone to the bottom than waste it.

Now the French made much of this affair, according to their nature; and histories of it, full of life and growth, ran swiftly along the shallow shore, and even to Paris, the navel of the earth. Frenchmen of letters—or rather of papers—declared that all England was smitten with dismay; and so she might have been, if she had heard of it. But as our neighbours went home again, as soon as the water was six fathoms deep, few Englishmen knew that they had tried to smell a little of the sea-breeze, outside the smell of their inshore powder. They were pleased to get ashore again, and talk it over, with vivid description of the things that did not happen.

“Such scenes as these tended much to agitate England,” writes a great French historian. “The British Press, arrogant and calumnious, as the Press always is in a free country, railed much at Napoleon and his preparations; but railed as one who trembles at that which he would fain exhibit as the object of his laughter.” It may have been so, but it is not to be seen in any serious journal of that time. He seems to have confounded coarse caricaturists with refined and thoughtful journalists, even as, in the account of that inshore skirmish, he turns a gun-brig into a British frigate. However, such matters are too large for us.

It was resolved at any rate to try some sort of a hit at all these very gallant Frenchmen, moored under their own batteries, and making horse-marines of themselves, whenever Neptune, the father of the horse, permitted. The jolly English tars, riding well upon the waves, sent many a broad grin through a spy-glass at Muncher Crappo tugging hard to get his nag into his gun-boat and then to get him out again, because his present set of shoes would not be worn out in England. Every sailor loves a horse, regarding him as a boat on legs, and therefore knowing more about him than any landlubber may feign to know.

But although they would have been loth to train a gun on the noble animal, who was duly kept beyond their range, all the British sailors longed to have a bout with the double tier of hostile craft moored off the shore within shelter of French batteries. Every day they could reckon at least two hundred sail of every

kind of rig invented since the time of Noah, but all prepared to destroy instead of succouring the godly. It was truly grievous to see them there and not be able to get at them, for no ship of the line or even frigate could get near enough to tackle them. Then the British Admiral, Lord Keith, resolved after much consultation to try what could be done with fire-ships.

Blyth Scudamore, now in command of the *Blonde*, had done much excellent service, in cutting off stragglers from the French flotilla, and driving ashore near Vimereux some prames and luggers coming from Ostend. He began to know the French coast and the run of the shoals like a native pilot; for the post of the *Blonde*, and some other light ships, was between the blockading fleet and the blockaded, where perpetual vigilance was needed. This sharp service was the very thing required to improve his character, to stamp it with decision and self-reliance, and to burnish his quiet, contemplative vein with the very frequent friction of the tricks of mankind. These he now was strictly bound not to study, but anticipate, taking it as first postulate that every one would cheat him, if permitted. To a scrumpy and screwy man, of the type most abundant, such a position would have done a deal of harm, shutting him up into his own shell harder, and flinting its muricated horns against the world. But with the gentle Scuddy, as the boys at school had called him, the process of hardening was beneficial, as it is with pure gold, which cannot stand the wear and tear of the human race until it has been reduced by them at least to the mark of their twenty carats.

And now it was a fine thing for Scudamore—even as a man too philanthropic was strengthened in his moral tone (as his wife found out) by being compelled to discharge the least pleasant of the duties of a county sheriff—or if not a fine thing, at least it was a wholesome and durable corrective to all excess of lenience, that duty to his country and mankind compelled the gentle Scuddy to conduct the western division of this night-attack.

At this time there was in the public mind, which is quite of full feminine agility, a strong prejudice against the use of fire-ships. Red-hot cannon-balls, and shrapnel, langrage, chain-shot, and Greek-fire—these and the like were all fair war-



fare, and France might use them freely. But England (which never is allowed to do, without hooting and execration, what every other country does with loud applause)—England must rather burn off her right hand than send a fire-ship against the ships full of fire for her houses, her cottages, and churches. Lord Keith had the sense to laugh at all that stuff, but he had not the grand mechanical powers which have now enabled the human race, not to go, but to send one another to the stars. A clumsy affair called a catamaran, the acephalous ancestor of the torpedo, was expected to relieve the sea of some thousands of people who had no business there. This catamaran was a water-proof box about twenty feet long, and four feet wide, narrowed at the ends, like a coffin for a giant. It was filled with gunpowder, and ballasted so that its lid, or deck, was almost awash; and near its stern was a box containing clock movements that would go for about ten minutes, upon the withdrawal of a peg outside, and then would draw a trigger and explode the charge. This wondrous creature had neither oar nor sail, but demanded to be towed to the tideward of the enemy, then have the death-watch set going, and be cast adrift within hail of the enemy's line. Then as soon as it came across their mooring cables, its duty was to slide for a little way along them in a friendly manner, lay hold of them kindly with its long tail, which consisted of a series of grappling-hooks buoyed with cork, and then bringing up smartly alongside of the gun-boats, blow itself up, and carry them up with it. How many there were of these catamarans is not quite certain, but perhaps about a score, the intention being to have ten times as many, on the next occasion, if these did well. And no doubt they would have done well, if permitted; but they failed of their purpose, like the great Guy Fawkes, because they were prevented.

For the French, by means of treacherous agents—of whom perhaps Caryl Carne was one, though his name does not appear in the despatches—knew all about this neat little scheme beforehand, and set their wits at work to defeat it. Moreover, they knew that there were four fire-ships, one of which was the *Peggy* of Springhaven, intended to add to the consternation and destruction wrought by the catamarans. But they did not know that, by some irony of fate, the least destruc-

tive and most gentle of mankind was ordered to take a leading part in shattering man, and horse, and even good dogs, into vapours.

Many quiet horses, and sweet-natured dogs, whose want of breeding had improved their manners, lived in this part of the great flotilla, and were satisfied to have their home where it pleased the Lord to feed them. The horses were led to feed out of the guns, that they might not be afraid of them; and they struggled against early prejudice, to like wood as well as grass, and to get sea-legs. Man put them here to suit his own ideas; of that they were quite aware, and took it kindly, accepting superior powers, and inferior use of them, without a shade of question in their eyes. To their innocent minds it was never brought home that they were tethered here, and cropping cloths instead of clover, for the purpose of inspiring in their timid friends ashore the confidence a horse reposes in a brother horse, but very wisely doubts about investing in mankind. For instance, whenever a wild young animal, a new recruit for the cavalry, was haled against his judgment by a man on either side to the hollow-sounding gangway over dancing depth of peril, these veteran salts of horses would assure him, with a neigh from the billowy distance, that they were not drowned yet, but were walking on a sort of gate, and got their victuals regular. On the other hand, as to the presence of the dogs, that requires no explanation. Was there ever a time or place in which a dog grudged his sprightly and disinterested service, or failed to do his best when called upon? These French dogs, whom the mildest English mastiff would have looked upon, or rather would have shut his eyes at, as a lot of curs below contempt, were as full of fine ardour for their cause and country as any noble hound that ever sate like a statue on a marble terrace.

On the first of October all was ready for this audacious squibbing of the hornet's nest, and the fleet of investment (which kept its distance according to the weather and the tides) stood in, not bodily so as to arouse excitement, but a ship at a time sidling in towards the coast, and traversing one another's track, as if they were simply exchanging stations. The French pretended to take no heed, and did not call in a single scouting craft, but showed every sign of having all eyes shut.



Nothing, however, was done that night, by reason perhaps of the weather; but the following night being favourable, and the British fleet brought as nigh as it durst come, the four fire-ships were despatched after dark, when the enemy was likely to be engaged with supper. The sky was conveniently overcast, with a faint light wandering here and there, from the lift of the horizon, just enough to show the rig of a vessel and her length, at a distance of about a hundred yards. Nothing could be better—thought the Englishmen; and the French were of that opinion too, especially as Nelson was not there.

Scudamore had nothing to do with the loose adventure of the fire-ships, the object of which was to huddle together this advanced part of the flotilla, so that the catamarans might sweep unseen into a goodly thicket of vessels, and shatter at least half a dozen at once.

But somehow the scheme was not well carried out, though it looked very nice upon paper. One very great drawback, to begin with, was that the enemy were quite aware of all our kind intentions; and another scarcely less fatal was the want of punctuality on our part. All the floating coffins should have come together, like a funeral of fifty from a colliery; but instead of that they dribbled in one by one, and were cast off by their tow-boats promiscuously. Scudamore did his part well enough, though the whole thing went against his grain, and the four catamarans under his direction were the only ones that did their duty. The boats of the *Blonde* had these in tow, and cast them off handsomely at the proper distance, and drew the plugs which set their clock-springs going. But even of these four only two exploded, although the clocks were not American, and those two made a tremendous noise, but only singed a few French beards off. Except, indeed, that a fine old horse, with a white Roman nose and a bright chestnut mane, who was living in a flat-bottomed boat, broke his halter, and rushed up to the bows, and gave vent to his amazement, as if he had been gifted with a trumpet.

Hereupon a dog, loth to be behind the times, scampered up to his side, and with his forefeet on the gunwale, contributed a howl of incalculable length and unfathomable sadness.

In the hurly of the combat and confusion of the night, with the dimness streak-

ed with tumult, and the water gashed with fire, that horse and this dog might have gone on for ever, bewailing the nature of the sons of men, unless a special fortune had put power into their mouths. One of the fire-ships, as scandal did declare, was that very ancient tub indeed—that could not float on its bottom—the *Peggy* of Springhaven, bought at thrice her value, through the influence of Admiral Darling. If one has to meet every calumny that arises, and deal with it before going further, the battle that lasted for a fortnight and then turned into an earthquake would be a quick affair compared with the one now in progress. Enough that the *Peggy* proved by the light she gave, and her grand style of burning to the water's edge before she blew up, that she was worth at least the hundred pounds Widow Shanks received for her. She startled the French more than any of the others, and the strong light she afforded in her last moments shone redly on the anguish of that poor horse and dog. There was no sign of any one to help them, and the flames in the background redoubled their woe.

Now this apparently deserted prame, near the centre of the line, was the *Ville de Mayence*; and the flag of Rear-Admiral Lacrosse was even now flying at her peak. "We must have her, my lads," cried Scudamore, who was wondering what to do next, until he descried the horse and dog and that fine flag; "let us board her, and make off with all of them."

The crew of his launch were delighted with that. To destroy is very good; but to capture is still better; and a dash into the midst of the enemy was the very thing they longed for. "Ay, ay, sir," they cried, set their backs to their oars, and through the broad light that still shone upon the waves, and among the thick crowd of weltering shadows, the launch shot like a dart to the side of the foe.

"Easy all! Throw a grapple on board," cried the young commander; and as the stern swung round he leaped from it, and over the shallow bulwarks, and stood all alone on the enemy's fore-deck. And alone he remained, for at that moment a loud crash was heard, and the launch filled and sank, with her crew of sixteen plunging wildly in the waves.

This came to pass through no fault of their own, but a clever device of the ene-



my. Admiral Lacrosse, being called away, had left his first officer to see to the safety of the flag-ship and her immediate neighbours, and this brave man had obtained permission to try a little plan of his own, if assailed by any adventurous British boats in charge of the vessels explosive. In the bows of some stout but handy boats he had rigged up a mast with a long spar attached, and by means of a guy at the end of that spar, a brace of heavy chain-shot could be swung up and pitched headlong into any boat alongside. While the crew of Scudamore's launch were intent upon boarding the prame, one of these boats came swiftly from under her stern, and with one fling swamped the enemy. Then the Frenchmen laughed heartily, and offered oars and buoys for the poor British seamen to come up as prisoners.

Scudamore saw that he was trapped beyond escape, for no other British boat was anywhere in hail. His first impulse was to jump overboard and help his own drowning men, but before he could do so an officer stood before him, and said, "Monsieur is my prisoner. His men will be safe, and I cannot permit him to risk his own life. Mon Dieu, it is my dear friend Captain Scudamore!"

"And you, my old friend, Captain Desportes! I see it is hopeless to resist"—for by this time a score of Frenchmen were round him—"I can only congratulate myself that if I must fall, it is into such good hands."

"My dear friend, how glad I am to see you!" replied the French captain, embracing him warmly; "to you I owe more than to any man of your nation. I will not take your sword. No, no, my friend. You shall not be a prisoner, except in word. And how much you have advanced in the knowledge of our language, chiefly, I fear, at the expense of France. And now you will grow perfect, at the expense of England."

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

### ENTER AND EXIT.

THE summer having been fine upon the whole, and a very fair quantity of fish brought in, Miss Twemlow had picked up a sweetheart, as the unromantic mothers of the place expressed it. And the circumstances were of such a nature that

very large interest was aroused at once, and not only so, but was fed well and grew fast.

The most complete of chronicles is no better than a sponge of inferior texture and with many mouths shut. Parts that are full of suctive power get no chance of sucking; other parts have a flood of juice bubbling at them, but are waterproof. This is the only excuse—except one—for the shameful neglect of the family of Blocks, in any little treatise pretending to give the dullest of glimpses at Springhaven.

The other excuse—if self-accusation does not poke a finger through it—is that the Blocks were mainly of the dry land, and never went to sea when they could help it. If they had lived beyond the two trees and the stile that marked the parish boundary upon the hill towards London, they might have been spotless, and grand, and even honest, yet must have been the depth of the hills below contempt. But they dwelt in the village for more generations than would go upon any woman's fingers, and they did a little business with the fish caught by the others, which enabled it to look after three days' journey as if it swam into town upon its own fins. The inventions for wronging mankind pay a great deal better than those for righting them.

Now the news came from John Prater's first, that a gentleman of great renown was coming down from London city to live on fish fresh out of the sea. His doctors had ordered him to leave off butcher's meat, and baker's bread, and tea-grocer's tea, and almost every kind of inland victuals, because of the state of his—something big, which even Springhaven could not pronounce. He must keep himself up, for at least three months, upon nothing but breezes of the sea, and malt-liquor, and farm-house bread and milk and new-laid eggs, and anything he fancied that came out of the sea, shelly, or scaly, or jellified, or weedy. News from a public-house grows fast—as seeds come up quicker for soaking—and a strong competition for this gentleman arose; but he knew what he was doing, and brought down his cook and house-maid, and disliking the noise at the Darling Arms, took no less than five rooms at the house of Matthew Blocks, on the rise of the hill, where he could see the fish come in.

He was called at once Sir Parsley Sug-



arloaf, for his name was Percival Shargeloes; and his cook rebuked his housemaid sternly, for meddling with matters beyond her sphere, when she told Mrs. Blocks that he was not Sir Percival, but only Percival Shargeloes, Esquire, very high up in the Corporation, but too young to be Lord Mayor of London for some years. He appeared to be well on the right side of forty; and every young lady on the wrong side of thirty possessing a pony, or even a donkey, with legs enough to come down the hill, immediately began to take a rose-coloured view of the many beauties of Springhaven.

If Mr. Shargeloes had any ambition for title, it lay rather in a military direction. He had joined a regiment of City Volunteers, and must have been a Captain, if he could have stood the drill. But this, though not arduous, had outgone his ambition, nature having gifted him with a remarkable power of extracting nourishment from food, which is now called assimilation. He was not a great feeder—people so blessed seldom are—but nothing short of painful starvation would keep him lean. He had consulted all the foremost physicians about this, and one said, “take acids,” another said, “walk twenty miles every day with two Witney blankets on,” a third said, “thank God for it, and drink before you eat,” and a fourth (a man of wide experience) bade him marry the worst-tempered woman he knew. Then they all gave him pills to upset his stomach; but such was its power that it assimilated them. Despairing of these, he consulted a Quack, and received the directions which brought him to Springhaven. And a lucky day for him it was, as he confessed for the rest of his life, whenever any ladies asked him.

Because Miss Twemlow was intended for him by the nicest adjustment of nature. How can two round things fit together, except superficially? And in that case one must be upper and the other under; which is not the proper thing in matrimony, though generally the prevailing one. But take a full-moon and a half-moon, or even a square and a tidy triangle—with manners enough to have one right angle—and when you have put them into one another’s arms, there they stick, all the firmer for friction. Jack Spratt and his wife are a case in point; and how much more pointed the case becomes when the question is not about what is

on the plate, but the gentleman is in his own body fat, and the lady in her elegant person lean!

Mr. Sugarloaf—which he could not bear to be called—being an ardent admirer of the Church, and aware that her ministers know what is good, returned with great speed the Rector’s call, having earnest hopes of some heart-felt words upon the difference between a right and left handed sole. One of these is ever so much better than the other—according to our evolutionists, because when he was a cod, a few milliards of years back, he chose the right side to begin lying down on, that his descendants in the thirty-millionth generation might get flat. His wife, from sheer perversity, lay down upon the other side, and this explains how some of their descendants pulled their eyes through their heads to one side, and some (though comparatively few) to the other. And the worst of it is that the fittest for the frying-pan did not survive this well-intended involution, except at a very long figure in the market.

As it fell out upon that day, Miss Twemlow was sitting in the drawing-room alone, waiting till her mother’s hair was quite done up, her own abundant locks being not done up at all, for she had lately taken to set her face against all foreign fashions. “I have not been introduced to the King,” she said, “nor even to the Queen, like those forward Darlings, and I shall do my hair to please myself.” When her father objected, she quenched him with St. Paul; and even her mother, though shocked, began to think that Eliza knew what she was about. The release of her fine hair, which fell in natural waves about her stately neck, made her look nearly ten years younger than she was, for by this time she must have been eight-and-twenty. The ladies of the Carne race, as their pictures showed (until they were sold to be the grandmothers of dry-salters), had always been endowed with shapely necks, fit columns for their small round heads. And this young lady’s hair, with no constraint but that of a narrow band across the forehead, clustered and gleamed like a bower of acanthus round that Parian column.

Mr. Shargeloes, having obeyed his orders always to dine early, was thrilled with a vision of poetry and romance, as he crossed the first square of the carpet.



The lady sat just where the light fell best from a filtered sunbeam to illumine her, without entering into the shady parts; and the poetry of her attitude was inspired by some very fine poetry upon her lap. "I don't care what the doctors say, I shall marry that girl," said Mr. Shargeloes to himself.

He was a man who knew his own mind, and a man with that gift makes others know it. Miss Twemlow clenched in the coat upon his back the nail she had driven through his heart, by calling him, at every other breath, "Colonel Shargeloes." He said he was not that; but she felt that he was, as indeed every patriotic man must be. Her contempt for every man who forsook his country in this bitter, bitter strait was at once so ruthless and so bewitching that he was quite surprised into confessing that he had given £10,000, all in solid gold, for the comfort of the Royal Volunteers, as soon as the autumnal damps came on. He could not tell such an elegant creature that what he had paid for was flannel drawers, though she had so much strength of mind that he was enabled to tell her before very long.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about ladies who are getting the better of their first youth, as if they then hung themselves out as old slates for any man to write his name on. The truth is that they have better judgment then, less trouble in their hearts about a gentleman's appearance, and more enquiry in their minds as to his temper, tastes, and principles, not to mention his prospects of supporting them. And even as concerns appearance, Mr. Shargeloes was very good. Nature had given him a fine stout frame, and a very pleasant countenance; and his life in the busy world had added that quickness of decision and immediate sense of right which a clever woman knows to be the very things she wants. Moreover, his dress, which goes a very long way into the heart of a lady, was most correct and particular. For his coat was of the latest Bond Street fashion, the "Jean de Brie," improved and beautified by suggestions from the Prince of Wales himself. Bright claret was the colour, and the buttons were of gold, bright enough to show the road before him as he walked. The shoulders were padded, as if a jam pot stood there, and the waist buttoned tight, too tight for any

happiness, to show the bright laticlave of brocaded waistcoat. Then followed breeches of rich purple padusoy, having white satin bows at the knee, among which the little silver bells of the Hessian boots jingled.

Miss Twemlow was superior to all small feeling, but had great breadth of sympathy with the sterling truth in fashion. The volume of love, like a pattern-book, fell open, and this well-dressed gentleman was engraved upon her heart. The most captious young chit, such as Dolly herself, could scarcely have called him either corpulent or old. Every day he could be seen to be growing younger, with the aid of fresh fish as a totally novel ingredient in his system; his muscle increased with the growth of brain-power, and the shoemaker was punching a fresh hole in his belt, an inch further back, every week he stopped there. After buckling up three holes, he proposed. Miss Twemlow referred him to her dear papa; and the Rector took a week to enquire and meditate. "Take a month, if you like," said Mr. Shargeloes.

This reply increased the speed. Mr. Twemlow had the deepest respect for the Corporation, and to live to be the father of a Lord Mayor of London became a new ambition to lead on his waning years. "Come and dine with us on Saturday, and we will tell you all about it," he said, with a pleasant smile, and warm shake of the hand; and Shargeloes knew that the neck and the curls would bend over the broad gold chain some day.

How grievous it is to throw a big stone into a pool which has plenty of depth and length and width for the rings to travel pleasantly, yet not to make one ring, because of wind upon the water! In the days that were not more than two years old, Springhaven could have taken all this news, with a swiftly expanding and smoothly fluent circle, with a lift of self-importance at the centre of the movement, and a heave of gentle interest in the far reflective corners. Even now, with a tumult of things to consider, and a tempest of judgment to do it in, people contrived to be positive about a quantity of things still pending. Sir Parsley Sugarloaf had bought Miss Twemlow for £50,000, they said, and he made her let her curls down so outrageous, because she was to be married at Guildhall, with a guinea at the end of every hair. Miss



Faith would be dirt-cheap at all that money; but as for Miss Eliza, they wished him better knowledge, which was sure to come, when it was no good to him.

"What a corner of the world this is for gossip!" Mr. Shargeloes said, pleasantly, to his Eliza, having heard from his cook, who desired no new mistress, some few of the things said about him. "I am not such a fool as to care what they say. But I am greatly surprised at one thing. You know that I am a thorough Englishman; may I tell you what I think, without offending you? It is a delicate matter, because it concerns a relative of your own, my dear."

"I know what you mean. You will not offend me. Percival, I know how straightforward you are, and how keen of perception. I have expected this."

"And yet it seems presumptuous of me to say that you are all blind here, from the highest to the lowest. Except indeed yourself, as I now perceive. I will tell you my suspicions, or more than suspicions—my firm belief—about your cousin, Mr. Carne. I can trust you to keep this even from your father. Caryl Carne is a spy, in the pay of the French."

"I have long thought something, though not quite so bad as that," Miss Twemlow answered, calmly; "because he has behaved to us so very strangely. My mother is his own father's sister, as you know, and yet he has never dined with us more than once, and then he scarcely said a word to any one. And he never yet has asked us to visit him at the castle; though for that we can make all allowance, of course, because of its sad condition. Then everybody thought he had taken to smuggling, and after all his losses, no one blamed him, especially as all the Carnes had done it, even when they were the owners of the land. But ever since poor Mr. Cheeseman, our church-warden, tried to destroy himself with his own rope, all the parish began to doubt about the smuggling, because it pays so well and makes the people very cheerful. But from something he had seen, my father felt quite certain that the true explanation was smuggling."

"Indeed! Do you know at all what it was he saw, and when, and under what circumstances?" Mr. Shargeloes put these questions with more urgency than Miss Twemlow liked.

"Really I cannot tell you all those things; they are scarcely of general inter-

est. My dear father said little about it: all knowledge is denied in this good world to women. But no doubt he would tell you, if you asked him, when there were no ladies present."

"I will," said Mr. Shargeloes. "He is most judicious; he knows when to speak, and when to hold his tongue. And I think that you combine with beauty one of those two gifts—which is the utmost to be expected."

"Percival, you put things very nicely, which is all that could be expected of a man. But do take my advice in this matter, and say no more about it."

Mr. Shargeloes feigned to comply, and perhaps at the moment meant to do so. But unluckily he was in an enterprising temper, proud of recovered activity, and determined to act up to the phosphate supplied by fish diet. Therefore when the Rector, rejoicing in an outlet for his long pent-up discoveries, and regarding this sage man as one of his family, repeated the whole of his adventure at Carne Castle, Mr. Shargeloes said, briefly, "It must be seen to."

"Stubbard has been there," replied Mr. Twemlow, repenting perhaps of his confidence; "Stubbard has made an official inspection, which relieves us of all concern with it."

"Captain Stubbard is an ass. It is a burning shame that important affairs should be entrusted to such fellows. The country is in peril, deadly peril; and every Englishman is bound to act as if he were an officer."

That very same evening Carne rode back to his ruins in a very grim state of mind. He had received from the Emperor a curt and haughty answer to his last appeal for immediate action, and the prospect of another gloomy winter here, with dangers thickening round him, and no motion to enliven them, was almost more than he could endure. The nights were drawing in, and a damp fog from the sea had drizzled the trees, and the ivy, and even his own moustache with cold misery.

"Bring me a lantern," he said to old Jerry, as he swung his stiff legs from the back of the jaded horse, "and the little flask of oil with the feather in it. It is high time to put the Inspector's step in order."

Jerry Bowles, whose back and knees were bent with rheumatism and dull service, trotted (like a horse who has become too stiff to walk) for the things command-



ed, and came back with them. Then his master, without a word, strode towards the passage giving entry to the vaults which Stubbard had not seen—the vaults containing all the powder, and the weapons for arming the peasantry of England, whom Napoleon fondly expected to rise in his favour at the sight of his eagles.

"How does it work? Quite stiff with rust. I thought so. Nothing is ever in order, unless I see to it myself. Give me the lantern. Now oil the bearings thoroughly. Put the feather into the socket, and work the pin in and out, that the oil may go all round. Now pour in some oil from the lip of the flask; but not upon the treadle, you old blockhead. Now do the other end the same. Ah, now it would go with the weight of a mouse! I have a great mind to make you try it."

"What would you do, sir, if my neck was broken? Who would do your work, as I do?"

They were under an arch of mouldy stone, opening into the deep dark vaults, where the faint light of the lantern glanced on burnished leather, brass, and steel, or fell without flash upon dull round bulk. The old man, kneeling on the round chalk-flints set in lime for the flooring of the passage, was handling the first step of narrow step-ladder leading to the cellar-depth. This top step had been taken out of the old oak mortice, and cut shorter, and then replaced in the frame, with an iron pin working in an iron collar, just as the gudgeon of a wheelbarrow revolves. Any one stepping upon it unawares would go down without the aid of any other step.

"Goes like spittle now, sir," said old Jerry; "but I don't want no more harm in this crick of life. The Lord be pleased to keep all them Examiners at home. Might have none to find their corpusses until next leap-year. I hope with all my heart they won't come poking their long noses here."

"Well, I rather hope they will. They want a lesson in this neighbourhood," muttered Carne, who was shivering, and hungry, and unsweetened.

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### MOTHER SCUDAMORE.

IF we want to know how a tree or flower has borne the gale that flogged last night, or the frost that stung the morn-

ing, the only sure plan is to go and see. And the only way to understand how a friend has taken affliction is to go—if it may be done without intrusion—and let him tell you, if he likes.

Admiral Darling was so much vexed when he heard of Blyth Scudamore's capture by the French, and duty compelled him to inform the mother, that he would rather have ridden a thousand miles upon barley-bread than face her. He knew how the whole of her life was now bound up with the fortunes of her son, and he longed to send Faith with the bad news, as he had sent her with the good before; but he feared that it might seem unkind. So he went himself, with the hope of putting the best complexion upon it, yet fully expecting sad distress, and perhaps a burst of weeping. But the lady received his tidings in a manner that surprised him. At first she indulged in a tear or two, but they only introduced a smile.

"In some ways it is a sad thing," she said, "and will be a terrible blow to him, just when he was rising so fast in the service. But we must not rebel more than we can help, against the will of the Lord, Sir Charles."

"How philosophical, and how commonplace!" thought the Admiral; but he only bowed, and paid her some compliment upon her common-sense.

"Perhaps you scarcely understand my views, and perhaps I am wrong in having them," Lady Scudamore continued, quietly. "My son's advancement is very dear to me, and this will of course retard it. But I care most of all for his life, and now that will be safe for a long while. They never kill their prisoners, do they?"

"No, ma'am, no. They behave very well to them; better, I'm afraid, than we do to ours. They treat them quite as guests, when they fall into good hands. Though Napoleon himself is not too mild in that way."

"My son has fallen into very good hands, as you yourself assure me—that Captain Desportes, a gallant officer and kind gentleman, as I know from your daughter's description. Blyth is quite equal to Lord Nelson in personal daring, and possibly not behind him in abilities. Consider how shockingly poor Nelson has been injured, and he feels convinced himself that they will have his life at last. No officer can be a hero without getting very sad wounds, and perhaps losing his



life. Every one who does his duty must at least be wounded."

The Admiral, who had never received a scratch, was not at all charmed with this view of naval duty; but he was too polite to enter protest, and only made one of his old-fashioned scrapes.

"I am sure every time I have heard a gun coming from the sea, and especially after dark," the lady resumed, without thinking of him, "it has made me miserable to know that probably Blyth was rushing into some deadly conflict. But now I shall feel that he cannot do that; and I hope they will keep him until the fighting grows milder. He used to send me all his money, poor dear boy! And now I shall try to send him some of mine, if it can be arranged about bank-notes. And now I can do it very easily, thanks to your kindness, Sir Charles, his father's best friend, and his own, and mine."

Lady Scudamore shed another tear or two, not of sorrow, but of pride, while she put her hand into her pocket, as if to begin the remittance at once. "You owe me no thanks, ma'am," said the Admiral, smiling; "if any thanks are due, they are due to the King, for remembering at last what he should have done before."

"Would he ever have thought of me, but for you? It is useless to talk in that way, Sir Charles; it only increases the obligation, which I must entreat you not to do. How I wish I could help you in anything!"

"Every day you are helping me," he replied, with truth; "although I am away too often to know all about it, or even to thank you. I hope my dear Faith has persuaded you not to leave us for the winter, as you threatened."

"Faith can persuade me to anything she pleases. She possesses the power of her name," replied the lady; "but the power is not called for, when the persuasion is so pleasant. For a month, I must be away to visit my dear mother, as I always have done at this time of year; and then, but for one thing, I would return most gladly. For I am very selfish, you must know, Sir Charles—I have a better chance of hearing of my dear son at these head-quarters of the defence of England, than I should have even in London."

"Certainly," cried the Admiral, who magnified his office; "such a number of despatches pass through my hands; and if I can't make them out, why, my daugh-

ter Dolly can. I don't suppose, Lady Scudamore, that even when you lived in the midst of the world you ever saw any girl half so clever as my Dolly. I don't let her know it—that would never do, of course—but she always gets the best of me, upon almost any question."

Sir Charles, for the moment, forgot his best manners, and spread his coat so that one might see between his legs. "I stand like this," he said, "and she stands there; and I take her to task for not paying her bills—for some of those fellows have had to come to me, which is not as it should be in a country place, where people don't understand the fashionable system. She stands there, ma'am, and I feel as sure as if I were an English twenty-four bearing down upon a Frenchman of fifty guns, that she can only haul her colours down and rig out gangway ladders—when, bless me and keep me! I am carried by surprise, and driven under hatchways, and if there is a guinea in my hold, it flies into the enemy's locker! If it happened only once, I should think nothing of it. But when I know exactly what is coming, and have double-shotted every gun, and set up hammock-nettings, and taken uncommon care to have the weather-gage, 'tis the Devil, Lady Scudamore—excuse me, madam—'tis the Devil to a ditty-bag that I have her at my mercy. And yet it always comes to money out of pocket, madam!"

"She certainly has a great power over gentlemen"—Blyth's mother smiled demurely, as if she were sorry to confess it; "but she is exceedingly young, Sir Charles, and every allowance must be made for her."

"And by the Lord Harry, she gets it, madam. She takes uncommonly good care of that. But what is the one thing you mentioned that would prevent you from coming back to us with pleasure?"

"I scarcely like to speak of it. But it is about that self-same Dolly. She is not fond of advice, and she knows how quick she is, and that makes her resent a word from slower people. She has taken it into her head, I fear, that I am here as a restraint upon her; a sort of lady spy, a duenna, a dictatress, all combined in one, and all unpleasant. This often makes me fancy that I have no right to be here. And then your sweet Faith comes, and all is smooth again."

"Dolly has the least little possible



touch of the vixen about her. I have found it out lately," said the Admiral, as if he were half doubtful still; "Nelson told me so, and I was angry with him. But I believe he was right, as he generally is. His one eye sees more than a score of mine would. But, my dear madam, if that is your only objection to coming back to us, or rather to my daughters, I beg you not to let it weigh a feather's weight with you. Or, at any rate, enhance the obligation to us, by putting it entirely on one side. Dolly has the very finest heart in all the world; not so steady perhaps as Faith's, nor quite so fair to other people, but wonderfully warm, ma'am, and as sound as—as a roach."

Lady Scudamore could not help laughing a little, and she hoped for her son's sake that this account was true. Her gratitude and good-will to the Admiral, as well as her duty to her son, made her give the promise sought for; and she began to prepare for her journey at once, that she might be back in good time for the winter. But she felt very doubtful, at leaving the Hall, whether she had done quite right in keeping her suspicions of Dolly from Dolly's father. For with eyes which were sharpened by jealousy for the interests, or at least the affections, of her son, she had long perceived that his lady-love was playing a dangerous game with Caryl Carne. Sometimes she believed that she ought to speak of this, for the good of the family; because she felt the deepest mistrust and dislike of Carne, who strictly avoided her whenever he could; but on the other hand she found the subject most delicate and difficult to handle. For she had taken good care at the outset not to be here upon any false pretences. At the very first interview with her host she had spoken of Blyth's attachment to his younger daughter, of which the Admiral had heard already from that youthful sailor. And the Admiral had simply said, as in Captain Twemlow's case: "Let us leave them to themselves. I admire the young man. If she likes him, I shall make no objection, when they are old enough, and things are favourable." And now if she told him of the other love-affair, it would look like jealousy of a rival. Perhaps a hundred times a day, as her love for gentle Faith grew faster than her liking for the sprightly Dolly, she would sigh that her son did not see things like herself;

but bitter affliction had taught her that the course of this life follows our own wishes about as much as another man's dog heeds our whistle. But, for all that, this good lady hoped some day to see things come round as she would like to bring them.

"No wonder that we like her son so much," said Faith when they had done waving handkerchiefs at the great yellow coach going slowly up the hill, with its vast wicker basket behind, and the guard perched over it with his blunderbus; "he takes after his mother in so many ways. They are both so simple and unsuspicious, and they make the best of every one."

"Including themselves, I suppose," answered Dolly. "Well I like people who have something on their minds, and make the worst of everybody. They have so much more to talk about."

"You should never try to be sarcastic, dear. And you know that you don't mean it. I am sure you don't like to have the worst made of yourself."

"Oh, I have long been used to that. And I never care about it, when I know it is not true. I am sure that Mother Scudamore runs me down, when I am out of hearing. I never did like those perfect people."

"Mother Scudamore, indeed! You are getting into a low way of talking, which is not at all pretty in a girl. And I never heard her say an unkind word about you. Though she may not have found you quite so perfect as she hoped."

"I tell you, Miss Darling," cried Dolly, with her bright colour deepened, and her grey eyes flashing, "that I don't care a—something that papa often says—what she thinks about me, or you either. I know that she has come here to spy out all my ways."

"You should not have any to be spied out, Dolly," Faith answered, with some sternness, and a keen look at her sister, whose eyes fell beneath her gaze. "You will be sorry, when you think of what you said to me, who have done nothing whatever to offend you. But that is a trifle compared with acting unfairly to our father. Father is the kindest man that ever lived; but he can be stern in great matters, I warn you. If he ever believes that you have deceived him, you will never be again to him what you have always been."

They had sent the carriage home that





"NOW DON'T BE IN A HURRY, DEAR, TO BEG MY PARDON."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

they might walk across the fields, and this little scene between the sisters took place upon a foot-path which led back to their grounds. Dolly knew that she was in the wrong, and that increased her anger.

"So you are another spy upon me, I suppose. 'Tis a pretty thing to have one's sister for an old duenna. Pray who gave you authority to lord it over me?"

"You know as well as I do"—Faith spoke with a smile of superior calmness, as Dolly tossed her head—"that I am about the last person in the world to be a spy. Neither do I ever lord it over you. If anything, that matter is very much the other way. But being so much

older, and your principal companion, it would be very odd of me, and as I think most unkind, if I did not take an interest in all your goings on."

"My goings on! What a lady-like expression! Who has got into a low way of talking now? Well, if you please, madam, what have you found out?"

"I have found out nothing, and made no attempt to do so. But I see that you are altered very much from what you used to be; and I am sure that there is something on your mind. Why not tell me all about it? I would promise to let it go no further, and I would not pretend to advise, unless you wished. I am your only sister, and we have always been to-



gether. It would make you so much more comfortable, I am certain of that, in your own mind, darling. And you know when we were little girls, dear mother on her death-bed put her hands upon our heads and said, 'Be loving sisters always, and never let anything come between you.' And for father's sake, too, you should try to do it. Put aside all nonsense about spies and domineering, and trust me as your sister, that's my own darling Dolly."

"How can I resist you? I will make a clean breast of it," Dolly sighed deeply, but a wicked smile lay ambushed in her bright eyes and upon her rosy lips. "The sad truth is that my heart has been quite sore since I heard the shocking tidings about poor old Daddy Stokes. He went to bed the other night with his best hat on, both his arms in an old muff he found in the ditch, and his leathern breeches turned inside out."

"Then the poor old man had a cleaner breast than yours," cried Faith, who had prepared her heart and eyes for tears of sympathy; "he goes upon his knees every night, stiff as they are, and his granddaughter has to help him up. But as for you, you are the most unfeeling, mocking, godless, unnatural creature that ever never cared what became of anybody. Here we are at the corner where the path divides. You go home that way, and I'll go home by this."

"Well, I'm so glad! I really did believe that it was quite impossible to put you in a rage. Now don't be in a hurry, dear, to beg my pardon."

"Of that you may be quite sure," cried Faith across the corner of the meadow where the paths diverged; "I never was less in a passion in my life; and it will be your place to apologise."

Dolly sent a merry laugh across the widening interval; and Faith, who was just beginning to fear that she had been in a passion, was convinced by that laugh that she had not. But the weight lifted from her conscience fell more heavily upon her heart.

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

### EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

ALTHOUGH she pretended to be so merry, and really was so self-confident (when ever anybody wanted to help her), Miss

Dolly Darling, when left to herself, was not like herself, as it used to be. Her nature was lively, and her spirit very high; every one had petted her, before she could have earned it by aught except childish beauty; and no one had left off doing it, when she was bound to show better claim to it. All this made doubt, and darkness, and the sense of not being her own mistress, very snappish things to her, and she gained relief—sweet-tempered as she was when pleased—by a snap at others. For although she was not given, any more than other young people are, to plague-some self-inspection, she could not help feeling that she was no longer the playful young Dolly that she loved so well. A stronger, and clearer, yet more mysterious will than her own had conquered hers; but she would not confess it, and yield entire obedience; neither could she cast it off. Her pride still existed, as strong as ever, whenever temper roused it; but there was too much of vanity in its composition, and too little of firm self-respect. Contempt from a woman she could not endure; neither from a man, if made manifest; but Carne so calmly took the upper hand, without any show of having it, that she fell more and more beneath his influence.

He, knowing thoroughly what he was about, did nothing to arouse resistance. So far as he was capable of loving any one, he was now in love with Dolly. He admired her quickness, and pretty girlish ways, and gaiety of nature (so unlike his own), and most of all her beauty. He had made up his mind that she should be his wife when fitted for that dignity; but he meant to make her useful first, and he saw his way to do so. He knew that she acted more and more as her father's secretary, for she wrote much faster than her sister Faith, and was quicker in catching up a meaning. Only it was needful to sap her little prejudices—candour, to wit, and the sense of trust, and above all, patriotic feeling. He rejoiced when he heard that Lady Scudamore was gone, and the Rector had taken his wife and daughter for change of air to Tunbridge Wells, Miss Twemlow being seriously out of health through anxiety about Mr. Shargeloes. For that gentleman had disappeared, without a line or message, just when Mr. Furrkettle, the chief lawyer in the neighbourhood, was beginning to prepare the marriage-settlement; and although his cook



and house-maid were furious at the story, Mrs. Blocks had said, and all the parish now believed, that Sir Parsley Sugarloaf had flown away to Scotland rather than be brought to book—that fatal part of the Prayer-book—by the Rector and three or four brother clergymen.

This being so, and Frank Darling absorbed in London with the publication of another batch of poems, dedicated to Napoleon, while Faith stood aloof with her feelings hurt, and the Admiral stood off and on in the wearisome cruise of duty, Carne had the coast unusually clear for the entry and arrangement of his contraband ideas. He met the fair Dolly almost every day, and their interviews did not grow shorter, although the days were doing so.

“You should have been born in France,” he said, one bright November morning, when they sat more comfortable than they had any right to be, upon the very same seat where the honest but hapless Captain Scuddy had tried to venture to lisp his love; “that is the land you belong to, darling, by beauty and manners and mind and taste, and most of all by your freedom from prejudice, and great liberality of sentiment.”

“But I thought we were quite as good-looking in England;” Dolly lifted her long black lashes, with a flash which might challenge the brilliance of any French eyes; “but of course you know best. I know nothing of French ladies.”

“Don’t be a fool, Dolly;” Carne spoke rudely, but made up for it in another way. “There never was a French girl to equal you in loveliness; but you must not suppose that you beat them all round. One point particularly you are far behind in. A French woman leaves all political questions, and national matters, and public affairs, entirely to her husband, or her lover, as the case may be. Whatever he wishes is the law for her. Thy gods shall be my gods.”

“But you said they had great liberality of sentiment, and now you say they have no opinions of their own! How can the two things go together?”

“Very easily,” said Carne, who was accustomed to be baffled by such little sallies; “they take their opinions from their husbands, who are always liberal. This produces happiness on both sides—a state of things unknown in England. Let me tell you of something important, mainly

as it concerns yourself, sweet Dolly. The French are certain to unite with England, and then we shall be the grandest nation in the world. No power in Europe can stand before us. All will be freedom, and civilization, and great ideas, and fine taste in dress. I shall recover the large estates, that would now be mine, but for usury and fraud. And you will be one of the first ladies in the world, as nature has always intended you to be.”

“That sounds very well; but how is it to be done? How can France unite with England, when they are bitter enemies? Is France to conquer England first? Or are we to conquer France, as we always used to do?”

“That would be a hard job now, when France is the mistress of the Continent. No, there need be no conquering, sweet Dolly, but only a little removal. The true interest of this country is—as that mighty party, the Whigs, perceive—to get rid of all the paltry forms and dry bones of a dynasty which is no more English than Napoleon is, and to join that great man in his warfare against all oppression. Your brother Frank is a leading spirit; he has long cast off that wretched insular prejudice which defeats all good. In the grand new scheme of universal right, which must prevail very shortly, Frank Darling will obtain that foremost place to which his noble views entitle him. You, as his sister, and my wife, will be adored almost as much as you could wish.”

“It sounds very grand,” answered Dolly, with a smile, though a little alarmed at this turn of it; “but what is to become of the King, and Queen, and all the royal family? And what is my father to do, and Faith? Although she has not behaved well to me.”

“Those details will be arranged to everybody’s satisfaction. Little prejudices will subside, when it is seen that they are useless. Every possible care will be taken not to injure any one.”

“But how is it all to be done?” asked Dolly, whose mind was practical, though romantic. “Are the French to land, and overrun the country? I am sure I never should agree to that. Are all our defenders to be thrown into prison?”

“Certainly not. There will be no prisons. The French might have to land, as a matter of form; but not to overrun the country, only to secure British liberties and justice. All sensible people would



hasten to join them, and any opposition would be quenched at once. Then such a glorious condition of mankind would ensue as has never been known in this world—peace, wealth, universal happiness, gaiety, dancing everywhere, no more shabby clothes, no more dreary Sundays. How do you like the thought of it?"

"Well, some of it sounds very nice; but I don't see the use of universal justice. Justice means having one's own rights; and it is impossible for everybody to do that, because of other people. And as for the French coming to put things right, they had better attend to their own affairs first. And as if any Englishman would permit it! Why, even Frank would mount his wig and gown (for he is a full-fledged barrister now, you know), and come and help to push them back into the sea. And I hope that you would do so too. I am not going to marry a Frenchman. You belong to an old English family, and you were born in England, and your name is English, and the property that ought to belong to you. I hope you don't consider yourself a Frenchman because your mother is a great French lady, after so many generations of Carnes, all English, every bit of them. I am an English girl, and I care very little for things that I don't see—such as justice, liberty, rights of people, and all that. But I do care about my relations, and our friends, and the people that live here, and the boats, and all the trees, and the land that belongs to my father. Very likely you would want to take that away, and give it to some miserable Frenchman."

"Dolly, my dear, you must not be excited," Carne answered, in the manner of a father; "powerful as your comprehension is, for the moment these things are beyond it. Your meaning is excellent, very good, very great; but to bring it to bear requires further information. We will sit by the side of the sea to-morrow, darling, if you grant me a view of your loveliness again; and there you will see things in a larger light than upon this narrow bench, with your father's trees around us, and your father's cows enquiring whether I am good to eat. Get away, cow! Do you take me for a calf?"

One of the cows best loved by Dolly, who was very fond of good animals, had come up to ask who this man was that had been sitting here so long with her. She was gifted with a white face and large

soft eyes—even beyond the common measure of a cow—short little horns, that she would scarcely think of pushing even at a dog (unless he made mouths at her infant), a flat broad nose ever genial to be rubbed, and a delicate fringe of finely pointed yellow hairs around her pleasant nostrils and above her cloverly lips. With single-hearted charity and enviable faith she was able to combine the hope that Dolly had obtained a lover as good as could be found upon a single pair of legs. Carne was attired with some bravery, of the French manner rather than the English, and he wanted no butter on his velvet and fine lace. So he swung round his cane of heavy snakewood at the cow, and struck her poor horns so sharply that her head went round.

"Is that universal peace, and gentleness, and justice?" cried Dolly, springing up and hastening to console her cow. "Is this the way the lofty French redress the wrongs of England? What had poor Dewlips done, I should like to know? Kiss me, my pretty, and tell me how you would like the French army to land, as a matter of form? The form you would take would be beef, I'm afraid; not even good roast beef, but bouillon, potage, fricandeau, friture—anything one cannot taste any meat in; and that is how your wrongs would be redressed, after having had both your horns knocked off. And about the same fate for John Bull, your master, unless he keeps his horns well sharpened. Do I not speak the truth, monsieur?"

When Carne did anything to vex Miss Dolly—which happened pretty often, for he could not stop to study much her little prejudices—she addressed him as if he were a Frenchman, never doubting that this must reduce him sadly in his self-esteem.

"Never mind matters political," he said, perceiving that his power must not be pressed until he had deepened its foundations; "what are all the politics in the world compared with your good opinion, Beauty?" Dolly liked to be called "Beauty," and the name always made her try to deserve it by looking sweet. "You must be quite certain that I would do nothing to injure a country which contains my Dolly. And as for Madam Cow, I will beg her pardon, though my cane is hurt a great deal more than her precious horns are. Behold me snap it in twain,



although it is the only handsome one I possess, because it has offended you!"

"Oh, what a pity! What a lovely piece of wood!" cried Dolly; and they parted on the best of terms, after a warm vow upon either side that no nasty politics should ever come between them.

But Carne was annoyed and discontented. He came to the edge of the cliff that evening below his ruined castle; for there are no cliffs at Springhaven, unless the headland deserves that name; and there he sat gloomily for some hours, revolving the chances of his enterprise. The weather had changed since the morning, and a chill November wind began to urge the waves ashore. The sky was not very dark, but shredded with loose grey vapours from the west, where a heavy bank of clouds lay under the pale crescent of a watery moon. In the distance two British cruisers shone, light ships of outlook, under easy sail, prepared to send the signal for a hundred leagues, from ship to ship and cliff to cliff, if any of England's foes appeared. They shone upon the dark sea, with canvas touched by moonlight, and seemed ready to spring against the lowering sky, if it held any menace to the land they watched, or the long reach of water they had made their own.

"A pest upon those watch-dogs!" muttered Carne. "They are always wide-awake, and forever at their stations. Instead of growing tired, they get sharper every day. Even Charron can scarcely run through them now. But I know who could do it, if he could only be trusted. With a pilot-boat—it is a fine idea—a pilot-boat entered as of Pebbleridge. The Pebbleridge people hate Springhaven, through a feud of centuries, and Springhaven despises Pebbleridge. It would answer well, although the landing is so bad, and no anchorage possible in rough weather. I must try if Dan Tugwell will undertake it. None of the rest know the coast as he does, and few of them have the bravery. But Dan is a very sulky fellow, very difficult to manage. He will never betray us; he is wonderfully grateful; and after that battle with the press-gang, when he knocked down the officer and broke his arm, he will keep pretty clear of the Union-jack. But he goes about moping, and wondering, and mooning, as if he were wretched about what he has to do. Bless my soul, where is my invention? I see the way

to have him under my thumb. Reason is an old coat hanging on a peg; passion is the fool who puts it on and runs away with it. Halloa! Who are you? And what do you want at such a time as this? Surely you can see that I am not at leisure now. Why, Tugwell, I thought that you were far away at sea!"

"So I was, sir; but she travels fast. I never would believe the old *London Trader* could be driven through the water so. Sam Polwhele knows how to pile it on a craft, as well as he do upon a man, sir. I won't serve under him no more, nor Captain Charcoal either. I have done my duty by you, Squire Carne, the same as you did by me, sir; and thanking you for finding me work so long, my meaning is to go upon the search to-morrow."

"What fools they must have been to let this fellow come ashore!" thought Carne, while he failed to see the wisest way to take it. "Tugwell, you cannot do this with any honour, after we have shown you all the secrets of our enterprise. You know that what we do is of the very highest honour, kind and humane and charitable, though strictly forbidden by a most inhuman government. How would you like, if you were a prisoner in France, to be debarred from all chance of getting any message from your family, your wife, your sweetheart, or your children, from year's end to year's end, and perhaps be dead for months without their knowing anything about it?"

"Well, sir, I should think it very hard indeed; though, if I was dead, I shouldn't know much more about it. But, without reproach to you, I cannot make out altogether that our only business is to carry letters for the prisoners, as now may be in England, from their loving friends to command in their native country. I won't say against you, sir, if you say it is—that is, to the outside of all your knowledge. And twenty thousand of them may need letters by the sack. But what use they could make, sir, of cannon as big as I be, and muskets that would kill a man a hundred yards of distance, and bayonets more larger and more sharper than ever I see before, even with the Royal Volunteers—this goes out of all my calculation."

"Daniel, you have expressed your views, which are remarkable—as indeed they always are—with your usual precision. But you have not observed things



with equal accuracy. Do you know when a gun is past service?"

"No, sir; I never was a poacher, no-how. Squire Darling, that is to say, Sir Charles Darling now, according to a chap on board, he was always so good upon his land that nobody durst go a-poaching."

"I mean a cannon, Dan. They don't poach with cannon yet, though they may come to do it, as the game-laws increase. Do you know when a cannon is unsafe to fire, though it may look as bright as ever, like a worn-out poker? All those things that have frightened you are only meant for ornament. You know that every ancient building ought to have its armoury, as this castle always had, until they were taken away and sold. My intention is to restore it, when I can afford to do so. And having a lot of worn-out weapons offered me for next to nothing, I seized the chance of bringing them. When times are better, and the war is over, I may find time to arrange them. But that is not of much importance. The great point is to secure the delivery of letters from their native land to the brave men here as prisoners. I cannot afford to do that for nothing, though I make no profit out of it. I have so many things to think about that I scarcely know which to consider first. And after all, what matters to us whether those poor men are allowed to die, and be buried like dogs, without knowledge of their friends? Why should we run the risk of being punished for them?"

"Well, sir, that seems hard doctrine, if I may be allowed to say so, and not like your kind-heartedness. Our Government have no right to stop them of their letters."

"It is a cruel thing. But how are we to help it? The *London Trader* is too large for the purpose, and she is under suspicion now. I tell you everything, Daniel, because I know that you are a true-hearted fellow, and far above all blabbing. I have thought once or twice of obtaining leave to purchase a stout and handy pilot-boat, with her licence and all that transferred to us, and so running to and fro when needful. The only risk then would be from perils of the sea; and even the pressmen dare not meddle with a pilot-boat. By-the-by, I have heard that you knocked some of them about. Tugwell, you might have got us all into sad trouble."

"Was I to think of what I was doing, Squire Carne, when they wanted to make a slave of me? I would serve King George with a good heart, in spite of all that father has said against it. But it must be with a free will, Squire Carne, and not to be tied hand and foot to it. How would you like that yourself, sir?"

"Well, I think I should have done as you did, Dan, if I had been a British sailor. But as to this pilot-boat, I must have a bold and good seaman to command it. A man who knows the coast, and is not afraid of weather. Of course we should expect to pay good wages; £3 a week, perhaps, and a guinea for every bag of letters landed safe. There are plenty of men who would jump at such a chance, Dan."

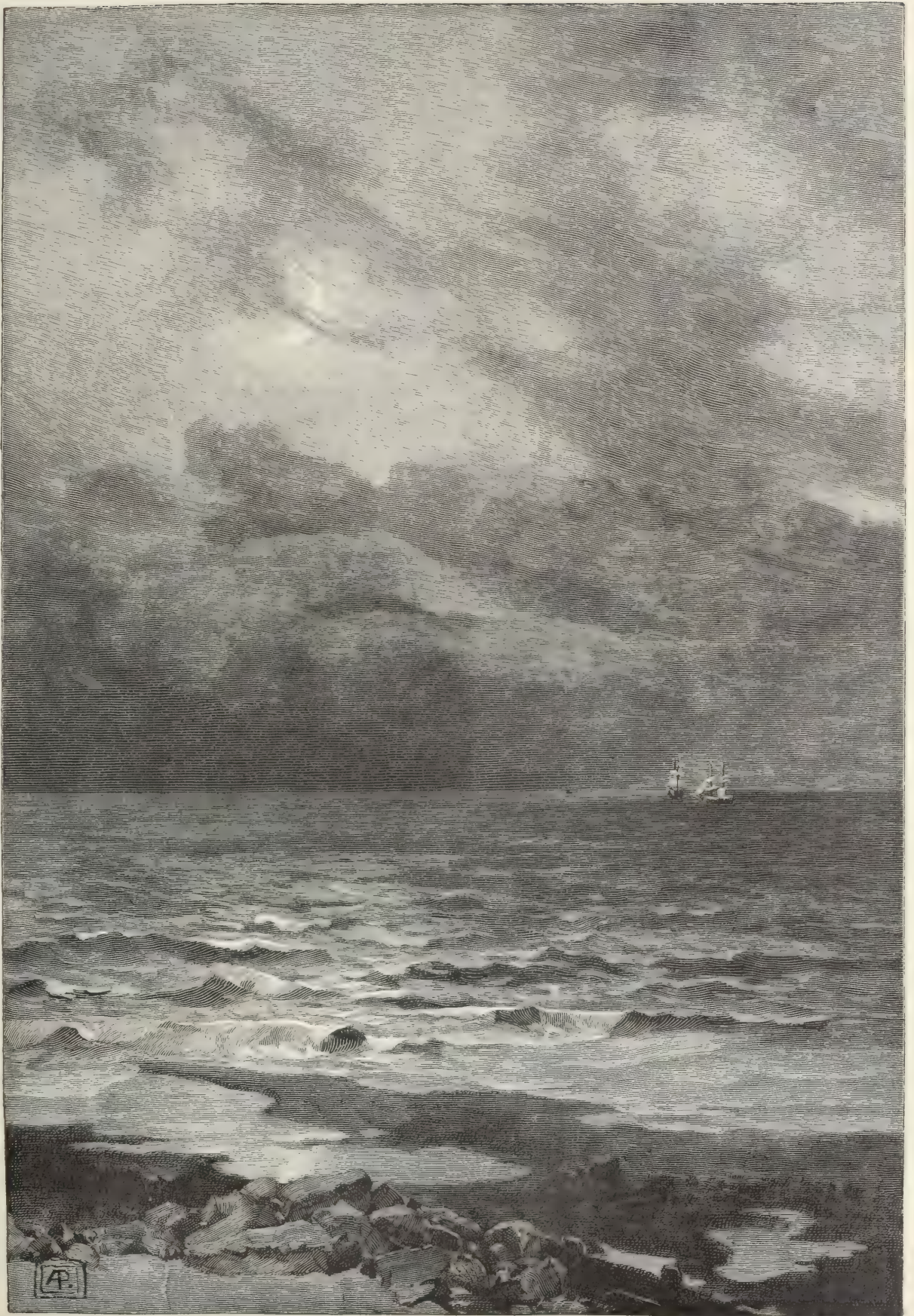
"I'll be bound there are, sir. And it is more than I am worth, if you mean offering the place to me. It would suit me wonderful, if I was certain that the job was honest."

"Daniel Tugwell"—Carne spoke with great severity—"I will not lose my temper, for I am sure you mean no insult. But you must be of a very low, suspicious nature, and quite unfit for any work of a lofty and unselfish order, if you can imagine that a man in my position, a man of my large sentiments—"

"Oh, no, sir, no; it was not at all that"—Dan scarcely knew how to tell what it was—"it was nothing at all of that manner of thinking. I heartily ask your pardon, sir, if it seemed to go in that way."

"Don't do that," replied Carne, "because I can make allowances. I know what a fine nature is, and how it takes alarm at shadows. I am always tender with honest scruples, because I find so many of them in myself. I should not have been pleased with you, if you had accepted my offer—although so advantageous, and full of romantic interest—until you were convinced of its honourable nature. I have no time for argument, and I am sorry that you must not come up to the castle for supper, because we have an old Springhaven man there, who would tell your father all about you, which you especially wish to avoid. But if you feel inclined for this berth—as you sailors seem to call it—and hesitate through some patriotic doubts, though I cannot understand what they are, I will bring you a document (if you meet me here to-morrow night) from Admiral Sir





"IN THE DISTANCE TWO BRITISH CRUISERS SHONE."—[SEE PAGE 427.]



Charles Darling, which I think will satisfy you."

"And shall I be allowed to keep it, sir, to show, in case of trouble?"

"Very likely. But I cannot say for certain. Some of those official forms must be returned, others not; all depends upon their rules. Now go and make yourself comfortable. How are you off for money?"

"Plenty, sir, plenty. I must not go where anybody knows me, or to-morrow half the talk at old Springhaven would be about me. Good-night, sir, and God bless you."

## CHAPTER L.

### HIS SAVAGE SPIRIT.

AT this time letters came very badly, not only to French prisoners in England, but even to the highest authorities, who had the very best means of getting them. Admiral Darling had often written to his old friend Nelson, but had long been without any tidings from him, through no default on the hero's part. Lord Nelson was almost as prompt with the pen as he was with the sword, but despatches were most irregular and uncertain.

"Here at last we have him!" cried Sir Charles one morning early in December; "and not more than five weeks old, I declare! Dolly, be ready, and call Faith down. Now read it, my dear, for our benefit. Your godfather writes a most excellent hand, considering that it is his left hand; but my eyes are sore from so much night-work. Put on my specs, Dolly; I should like to see you in them."

"Am I to read every word, papa, just as it comes? You know that he generally puts in words that are rather strong for me."

"Nelson never thought or wrote a single word unfit for the nicest young lady. But you may hold up your hand if you come to any strong expressions, and we shall understand them."

"Then I shall want both hands as soon as ever we come to the very first Frenchman. But this is what my godfather says:

"VICTORY, OFF TOULON, October 31st, 1804.

"MY DEAR LINGO,—It was only yesterday that I received your letter of July 21st; it went in a Spanish smuggling boat

to the coast of Italy and returned again to Spain, not having met any of our ships. And now I hope that you will see me before you see this letter. We are certain to be at war with Spain before another month is out, and I am heartily sorry for it, for I like those fellows better than the French, because they are not such liars. My successor has been appointed, I have reason to hope, and must be far on his way by this time; probably Keith, but I cannot say. Ministers cannot suppose that I want to fly the service; my whole life has proved the contrary; if they refuse, I shall most certainly leave in March or April, for a few months' rest I must have, or else die. My cough is very bad, and my side where I was struck off Cape St. Vincent is very much swelled, at times a lump as large as my fist is brought on by violent coughing, but I hope and believe my lungs are sound. I hope to do good service yet, or else I should not care so much. But if I am in my grave, how can I serve the Country?

"You will say, this is not at all like Nelson, to write about nothing but his own poor self; and thank God, Lingo, I can say that you are right; for if ever a man lived for the good of England and the destruction of those"—here Dolly held a hand up—"Frenchmen, it is the man in front of this ink-bottle. The Lord has appointed me to that duty, and I shall carry out my orders. Mons. La Touche, who was preached about in France as the man that was to extinguish me, and even in the scurvy English newspapers, but never dared to show his snivelly countenance outside of the inner buoys, is dead of his debosheries, for which I am deeply grieved, as I fully intended to send him to the devil.

"I have been most unlucky for some time now, and to tell the truth I may say always. But I am the last man in the world to grumble—as you, my dear Lingo, can testify. I always do the utmost, with a single mind, and leave the thought of miserable self to others, men perhaps who never saw a shotted cannon fired. You know who made eighty thousand pounds, without having to wipe his pig-tail—dirty things, I am glad they are gone out—but my business is to pay other people's debts, and receive all my credits in the shape of cannon-balls. This is always so, and I should let it pass as usual, except for a blacker trick than I have ever



known before. For fear of giving me a single chance of earning twopence, they knew that there was a million and a half of money coming into Cadiz from South America in four Spanish frigates, and instead of leaving me to catch them, they sent out Graham Moore—you know him very well—with orders to pocket everything. This will create a war with Spain, a war begun with robbery on our part, though it must have come soon in any case. For everywhere now, except where I am, that fiend of a Corsican is supreme.

“There is not a sick man in this fleet, unless it is the one inside my coat. That liar La Touche said *he chased me and I ran*. I keep a copy of his letter, which it would have been my duty to make him eat, if he had ventured out again. But he is gone to the lake of brimstone now, and I have the good feeling to forgive him. If my character is not fixed by this time, it is not worth my trouble to put the world right. Yesterday I took a look into the port within easy reach of their batteries. They lay like a lot of mice holed in a trap, but the weather was too thick to count them. They are certainly nearly twice our number; and if any one was here except poor little Nelson, I believe they would venture out. But my reputation deprives me always of any fair chance to increase it.

“And now, my dear Lingo, allow me to enquire how you are getting on with your Coast-defence. I never did attach much importance to their senseless invasion scheme. The only thing to make it formidable would be some infernal traitor on the coast, some devilish spy who would keep them well informed, and enable them to land where least expected. If there is such a scoundrel, may the Lord Almighty”—here both Dolly’s hands went up, with the letter in them, and her face turned as white as the paper.

“I have often told you, as you may remember, that Springhaven is the very place I should choose, if I were commander of the French flotilla. It would turn the flank of all the inland defences, and no British ship could attack their intrenchments, if once they were snug below the windows of the Hall. But they are not likely to know this, thank God; and if they did, they would have a job to get there. However, it is wise to keep a sharp lookout, for they know very well that I am far away.



“AM I TO READ EVERY WORD, PAPA?”

“And now that I have got to your own doors, which I heartily hope to do, perhaps before you see this, let me ask for yourself and all your dear family. Lingo, the longer I live the more I feel that all the true happiness of life is found at home. My glory is very great, and satisfies me, except when it scares the enemy; but I very often feel that I would give it all away for a quiet life among those who love me. Your daughter Faith is a sweet young woman, just what I should wish for a child of mine to be. And Horatia, my godchild, will turn out very well, if a sharp hand is kept over her. But she takes after me, she is daring and ambitious, and requires a firm hand at the helm. Read this to her, with my love, and I dare say she will only laugh at it. If she marries to my liking, she will be down for a good thing in my will, some day. God bless us all. Amen. Amen.

“Yours affectionately,  
“NELSON AND BRONTE.”

“Take it to heart, my dear; and so must I,” said the Admiral, laughing at the face his daughter made; “your godfather is a most excellent judge of everybody’s character except his own. But, bless me, my dear, why, you are crying! You silly lit-



tle thing! I was only in fun. You shall marry to his liking, and be down for the good thing. Look up, and laugh at everybody, my darling. No one laughs so merrily as my pretty Dolly. Why, Faith, what does she mean by this?"

To the coaxing voice of her father, and the playful glance that she used to play with, Dolly had not rushed up at all, either with mind, or, if that failed, with body, as she always used to do. She hurried towards the door, as if she longed to be away from them; and then, as if she would rather not make any stir about it, sat down and pretended to have caught her dress in something.

"The only thing is to let her go on as she likes," Faith said aloud, so that Dolly might hear all of it; "I have done all I can, but she believes herself superior. She cannot bear any sort of contradiction, and she expects one to know what she says, without her saying it. There is nothing to be done but to treat her the same way. If she is left to herself, she may come back to it."

"Well, my dear children," said the Admiral, much alarmed at the prospect of a broil between them, such as he remembered about three years back, "I make no pretence to understand your ways. If you were boys, it would be different altogether. But the Almighty has been pleased to make you girls, and very good ones too; in fact, there are none to be found better. You have always been bound up with one another and with me; and every one admires all the three of us. So that we must be content if a little thing arises, not to make too much of it, but bear with one another, and defy anybody to come in between us. Kiss one another, my dears, and be off; for I have much correspondence to attend to, besides the great Nelson's, though I took him first, hoping for something sensible. But I have not much to learn about Springhaven, even from his lordship. However, he is a man in ten thousand, and we must not be vexed about any of his crotchets, because he has never had children to talk about; and he gets out of soundings when he talks about mine. I wish Lady Scudamore was come back. She always agrees with me, and she takes a great load off my shoulders."

The girls laughed at this, as they were meant to do. And they hurried off together, to compare opinions. After all

these years of independence, no one should be set up over them. Upon that point Faith was quite as resolute as Dolly; and her ladyship would have refused to come back, if she had overheard their council. For even in the loftiest feminine nature lurks a small tincture of jealousy.

But Dolly was now in an evil frame of mind about many things which she could not explain even to herself, with any satisfaction. Even that harmless and pleasant letter from her great godfather went amiss with her; and instead of laughing at the words about herself, as with a sound conscience she must have done, she brooded over them, and turned them bitter. No man could have mixed up things as she did, but her mind was nimble. For the moment, she hated patriotism, because Nelson represented it; and feeling how wrong he had been about herself, she felt that he was wrong in everything. The French were fine fellows, and had quite as much right to come here as we had to go and harass them, and a little abatement of English conceit might be a good thing in the long-run. Not that she would let them stay here long; that was not to be thought of, and they would not wish it. But a little excitement would be delightful, and a great many things might be changed for the better, such as the treatment of women in this country, which was barbarous, compared to what it was in France. Caryl had told her a great deal about that; and the longer she knew him the more she was convinced of his wisdom and the largeness of his views, so different from the savage spirit of Lord Nelson.

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## CHAPTER LI.

### STRANGE CRAFT.

WHILE his love was lapsing from him thus, and from her own true self yet more, the gallant young sailor, whose last prize had been that useful one misfortune, was dwelling continually upon her image, because he had very little else to do. English prisoners in France were treated sometimes very badly, which they took good care to proclaim to Europe; but more often with pity, and good-will, and a pleasant study of their modes of thought. For an Englishman then was a strange



and ever fresh curiosity to a Frenchman, a specimen of another race of bipeds, with doubts whether marriage could make parentage between them. And a century of intercourse, good-will, and admiration has left us still inquisitive about each other.

Napoleon felt such confidence in his plans for the conquest of England that if any British officer belonging to the fleet in the narrow seas was taken (which did not happen largely), he sent for him, upon his arrival at Boulogne, and held a little talk with any one who could understand and answer. He was especially pleased at hearing of the capture of Blyth Scudamore (who had robbed him of his beloved *Blonde*), and at once restored Desportes to favour, which he had begun to do before, knowing as well as any man on earth the value of good officers. "Bring your prisoner here to-morrow at twelve o'clock," was his order; "you have turned the tables upon him well."

Scudamore felt a little nervous tingling as he passed through the sentries, with his friend before him, into the pavilion of the greatest man in Europe. But the Emperor, being in high good-humour, and pleased with the young man's modest face and gentle demeanour, soon set him at his ease, and spoke to him as affably as if he had been his equal. For this man of almost universal mind could win every heart, when he set himself to do it. Scudamore rubbed his eyes, which was a trick of his, as if he could scarcely believe them. Napoleon looked—not insignificant (that was impossible for a man with such a countenance), but mild, and pleasing, and benevolent, as he walked to and fro, for he never could stay still, in the place which was neither a tent nor a room, but a mixture of the two, and not a happy one. His hat, looped up with a diamond and quivering with an ostrich feather, was flung anyhow upon the table. But his wonderful eyes were the brightest thing there.

"Ha! ha!" said the Emperor, a very keen judge of faces; "you expected to find me a monster, as I am portrayed by your caricaturists. Your countrymen are not kind to me, except the foremost of them—the great poets. But they will understand me better by-and-by, when justice prevails, and the blessings of peace, for which I am striving perpetually. But the English nation, if it were allowed a voice, would proclaim me its only true

friend and ally. You know that, if you are one of the people, and not of the hateful House of Lords, which engrosses all the army and the navy. Are you in connection with the House of Lords?"

Scudamore shook his head and smiled. He was anxious to say that he had a cousin, not more than twice removed, now an entire viscount; but Napoleon never encouraged conversation, unless it was his own, or in answer to his questions.

"Very well. Then you can speak the truth. What do they think of all this grand army? Are they aware that, for their own good, it will very soon occupy London? Are they forming themselves to act as my allies, when I have reduced them to reason? Is it now made entirely familiar to their minds that resistance to me is as hopeless as it has been from the first unwise? If they would submit, without my crossing, it would save them some disturbance, and me a great expense. I have often hoped to hear of it."

"You will never do that, sire," Scudamore answered, looking calmly and firmly at the deep gray eyes, whose gaze could be met by none of the millions who dread passion; "England will not submit, even if you conquer her."

"It is well said, and doubtless you believe it," Napoleon continued, with a smile so slight that to smile in reply to it would have been impertinent; "but England is the same as other nations, although the most obstinate among them. When her capital is occupied, her credit ruined, her great lords unable to obtain a dinner, the government (which is not the country) will yield, and the country must follow it. I have heard that the King, and the Court, and the Parliament, talk of flying to the north, and there remaining, while the navy cuts off our communications, and the inferior classes starve us. Have you heard of any such romance as that?"

"No, sire:" Scudamore scarcely knew what to call him, but adopted this vocative for want of any better. "I have never heard of any such plan, and no one would think of packing up, until our fleet has been demolished."

"Your fleet? Yes, yes. How many ships are now parading to and fro, and getting very tired of it?"

"Your Majesty's officers know that best," Scudamore answered, with his pleasant open smile. "I have been a prison-



er for a month and more, and kept ten miles inland, out of sight of the sea."

"But you have been well treated, I hope. You have no complaint to make, Monsieur Scutamour? Your name is French, and you speak the language well. We set the fair example in the treatment of brave men."

"Sire, I have been treated," the young officer replied, with a low bow, and eyes full of gratitude, "as a gentleman amongst gentlemen. I might say as a friend among kind friends."

"That is as it should be. It is my wish always. Few of your English fabrications annoy me more than the falsehoods about that. It is most ungenerous, when I do my best, to charge me with strangling brave English captains. But Desportes fought well, before you took his vessel. Is it not so? Speak exactly as you think. I like to hear the enemy's account of every action."

"Captain Desportes, sire, fought like a hero, and so did all his crew. It was only his mishap in sticking fast upon a sand-bank that enabled us to overpower him."

"And now he has done the like to you. You speak with a brave man's candour. You shall be at liberty to see the sea, monsieur; for a sailor always pines for that. I will give full instructions to your friend Desportes about you. But one more question before you go—is there much anxiety in England?"

"Yes, sire, a great deal. But we hope not to allow your Majesty's armament to enter and increase it."

"Ah, we shall see, we shall see how that will be. Now farewell, Captain. Tell Desportes to come to me."

"Well, my dear friend, you have made a good impression," said the French sailor, when he rejoined Scudamore, after a few words with the Master of the State; "all you have to do is to give your word of honour to avoid our lines, and keep away from the beach, and of course to have no communication with your friends upon military subjects. I am allowed to place you for the present at Beutin, a pleasant little hamlet on the Canche, where lives an old relative of mine, a Monsieur Jalais, an ancient widower, with a large house and one servant. I shall be afloat, and shall see but little of you, which is the only sad part of the business. You will have to report your-

self to your landlord at eight every morning and at eight o'clock at night, and only to leave the house between those hours, and not to wander more than six miles from home. How do these conditions approve themselves to you?"

"I call them very liberal, and very handsome," Scudamore answered, as he well might do. "Two miles' range is all that we allow in England to French officers upon parole. These generous terms are due to your kind friendship."

Before very long the gentle Scuddy was as happy as a prisoner can expect to be, in his comfortable quarters at Beutin. Through friendly exchanges he had received a loving letter from his mother, with an amiable enclosure, and M. Jalais being far from wealthy, a pleasant arrangement was made between them. Scudamore took all his meals with his host, who could manage sound victuals like an Englishman, and the house-keeper, house-cleaner, and house-feeder (misdescribed by Desportes as a servant, according to our distinctions), being a widow of mark, sat down to consider her cookery upon choice occasions. Then for a long time would prevail a conscientious gravity, and reserve of judgment inwardly, everybody waiting for some other body's sentiments; until the author of the work, as a female, might no more abide the malignant silence of male reviewers.

Scudamore, being very easily amused, as any good-natured young man is, entered with zest into all these doings, and became an authority upon appeal; and being gifted with depth of simplicity as well as high courtesy of taste, was never known to pronounce a wrong decision. That is to say, he decided always in favour of the lady, which has been the majestic course of Justice for centuries, till the appearance of Mrs. —, the lady who should have married the great Home-Ruler.

Thus the wily Scudamore obtained a sitting-room, with the prettiest outlook in the house, or indeed in any house in that part of the world for many leagues of seeking. For the mansion of M. Jalais stood in an elbow of the little river, and one window of this room showed the curve of tidal water widening towards the sea, while the other pleasantly gave eye to the upper reaches of the stream, where an angler of rose-coloured mind might almost hope to hook a trout. The sun



glanced down the stream in the morning, and up it to see what he had done before he set; and although M. Jalais' trees were leafless now, they had sleeved their bent arms with green velvety of moss.

Scudamore brought his comfortable chair to the nook between these windows, and there, with a book or two belonging to his host, and the pipe whose silver clouds enthrone the gods of contemplation, many a pleasant hour was passed, seldom invaded by the sounds of war. For the course of the roads, and sands of the river, kept this happy spot aloof from bad communications. Like many other streams in northern France, the Canche had been deepened and its mouth improved, not for uses of commerce, but of warfare. Veteran soldier and raw recruit, bugler, baker, and farrier, man who came to fight and man who came to write about it, all had been turned into navvies, diggers, drivers of piles, or of horses, or wheelbarrows, by the man who turned everybody into his own teetotum. The Providence that guides the world showed mercy in sending that engine of destruction before there was a Railway for him to run upon.

Now Scudamore being of a different sort, and therefore having pleased Napoleon (who detested any one at all of his own pattern), might have been very well contented here, and certainly must have been so, if he had been without those two windows. Many a bird has lost his nest, and his eggs, and his mate, and even his own tail, by cocking his eyes to the right and left, when he should have drawn their shutters up. And why? Because the brilliance of his too projecting eyes has twinkled through the leaves upon the narrow oblong of the pupils of a spotty-eyed cat going stealthily under the comb of the hedge, with her stomach wired in, and her spinal column fluted, to look like a wrinkled blackthorn snag. But still worse is it for that poor thrush, or lintie, or robin, or warbler-wren, if he flutters in his bosom when he spies that cat, and sets up his feathers, and begins to hop about, making a sad little chirp to his mate, and appealing to the sky to protect him and his family.

Blyth Scudamore's case was a mixture of those two. It would have been better for his comfort if he had shut his eyes; but having opened them, he should have stayed where he was, without any flutter-

ing. However, he acted for the best; and when a man does that, can those who never do so find a word to say against him?

According to the best of his recollection, which was generally near the mark, it was upon Christmas Eve, A.D. 1804, that his curiosity was first aroused. He had made up his room to look a little bit like home, with a few sprigs of holly, and a sheaf of laurel, not placed daintily as a lady dresses them, but as sprightly as a man can make them look, and as bright as a captive Christmas could expect. The decorator shed a little sigh—if that expression may be pardoned by analogy, for he certainly neither fetched nor heaved it—and then he lit his pipe to reflect upon home blessings, and consider the free world outside, in which he had very little share at present.

Mild blue eyes, such as this young man possessed, are often short-sighted at a moderate range, and would be fitted up with glasses in these artificial times, and yet at long distance they are most efficient, and can make out objects that would puzzle keener organs. And so it was that Scudamore, with the sinking sun to help him, descried at a long distance down the tidal reach a peaceful-looking boat, which made his heart beat faster. For a sailor's glance assured him that she was English—English in her rig and the stiff cut of her canvas, and in all those points of character to a seaman so distinctive, which apprise him of his kindred through the length of air and water, as clearly as we landmen know a man from a woman at the measure of a furlong, or a quarter of a mile. He perceived that it was an English pilot-boat, and that she was standing towards him. At first his heart fluttered with a warm idea, that there must be good news for him on board that boat. Perhaps, without his knowledge, an exchange of prisoners might have been agreed upon; and what a grand Christmas-box for him, if the order for his release was there! But another thought showed him the absurdity of this hope, for orders of release do not come so. Nevertheless, he watched that boat with interest and wonder.

Presently, just as the sun was setting, and shadows crossed the water, the sail (which had been gleaming like a candle-flame against the haze and upon the glaze) flickered and fell, and the bows swung round, and her figure was drawn upon the tideway. She was now within half a



mile of M. Jalais' house, and Scudamore, though longing for a spy-glass, was able to make out a good deal without one. He saw that she was an English pilot-boat, undecked, but fitted with a cuddy forward, rigged luggerwise, and built for speed, yet fit to encounter almost any Channel surges. She was light in the water, and bore little except ballast. He could not be sure at that distance, but he thought that the sailors must be Englishmen, especially the man at the helm, who was beyond reasonable doubt the captain.

Then two long sweeps were manned amidship, with two sturdy fellows to tug at each; and the quiet evening air led through the soft rehearsal of the water to its banks the creak of tough ash thole-pins, and the groan of gunwale, and the splash of oars, and even a sound of human staple, such as is accepted by the civilized world as our national diapason.

The captive Scuddy, who observed all this, was thoroughly puzzled at that last turn. Though the craft was visibly English, the crew might still have been doubtful, if they had held their tongues, or kept them in submission. But that word stamped them, or at any rate the one who had been struck in the breast by the heavy timber, as of genuine British birth. Yet there was no sign that these men were prisoners, or acting by compulsion. No French boat was near them, no batteries there commanded their course, and the pilot-boat carried no prize-crew to direct reluctant labours. At the mouth of the river was a floating bridge, for the use of the forces on either side, and no boat could have passed it without permission. Therefore these could be no venturesome Britons, spying out the quarters of the enemy; either they must have been allowed to pass for some special purpose, under flag of truce, or else they were traitors, in league with the French, and despatched upon some dark errand.

In a few minutes, as the evening dusk began to deepen round her, the mysterious little craft disappeared in a hollow of the uplands on the other side of the water, where a narrow creek or inlet—such as is called a "pill" in some parts of England—formed a sheltered landing-place, overhung with clustering trees. Then Scudamore rose, and filled another pipe, to meditate upon this strange affair. "I am justly forbidden," he thought, as it

grew dark, "to visit the camp, or endeavour to learn anything done by the army of invasion. And I have pledged myself to that effect. But this is a different case altogether. When Englishmen come here as traitors to their country, and in a place well within my range, my duty is to learn the meaning of it; and if I find treachery of importance working, then I must consider about my parole, and probably withdraw it. That would be a terrible blow to me, because I should certainly be sent far inland, and kept in a French prison perhaps for years, with little chance of hearing from my friends again. And then she would give me up as lost, that faithful darling, who has put aside all her bright prospects for my sake. How I wish I had never seen that boat! and I thought it was coming to bring me such good news! I am bound to give them one day's grace, for they might not know where to find me at once, and to-night I could not get near them, without oversteaying my time to be in-doors. But if I hear nothing to-morrow, and see nothing, I must go round, so as not to be seen, and learn something about her the very next morning."

Hearing nothing and seeing no more, he spent an uncomfortable Christmas Day, disappointing his host and kind Madame Fropot, who had done all they knew to enliven him with a genuine English plum-pudding. And the next day, with a light foot but rather heavy heart, he made the long round by the bridge up-stream, and examined the creek which the English boat had entered. He approached the place very cautiously, knowing that if his suspicions were correct, they might be confirmed too decisively, and his countrymen, if they had fire-arms, would give him a warm reception. However, there was no living creature to be seen, except a poor terrified ox, who had escaped from the slaughter-houses of the distant camp, and hoped for a little rest in this dark thicket. He was worn out with his long flight and sadly wounded, for many men had shot at him, when he desired to save his life; and although his mouth was little more than the length of his tail from water, there he lay gasping with his lips stretched out, and his dry tongue quivering between his yellow teeth, and the only moisture he could get was running out instead of into his mouth.

Scudamore, seeing that the coast was clear, and no enemy in chase of this poor





"IN A FEW MINUTES THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE CRAFT DISAPPEARED."

creature, immediately filled his hat with fresh water—for the tide was out now, and the residue was sweet—and speaking very gently in the English language, for he saw that he must have been hard-shouted at in French, was allowed without any more disturbance of the system to supply a little glad refreshment. The sorely afflicted animal licked his lips, and looked up for another hatful.

Captain Scuddy deserved a new hat for this—though very few Englishmen would not have done the like—and in the end he got it, though he must have caught a bad cold if he had gone without a hat till then.

Pursuing his search, with grateful eyes pursuing him, he soon discovered where the boat had grounded, by the impress of her keel and forefoot on the stiff retentive

mud. He could even see where a hawser had been made fast to a staunch old trunk, and where the soil had been prodded with a pole in pushing her off at the turn of tide. Also deep tracks of some very large hound, or wolf, or unknown quadruped, in various places, scarred the bank. And these marks were so fresh and bright that they must have been made within the last few hours, probably when the last ebb began. If so, the mysterious craft had spent the whole of Christmas Day in that snug berth; and he blamed himself for permitting his host's festivities to detain him. Then he took a few bearings to mark the spot, and fed the poor crippled ox with all the herbage he could gather, resolving to come with a rope to-morrow, and lead him home, if possible, as a Christmas present to M. Jalais.

## LOVE'S NIGHT-WATCH.

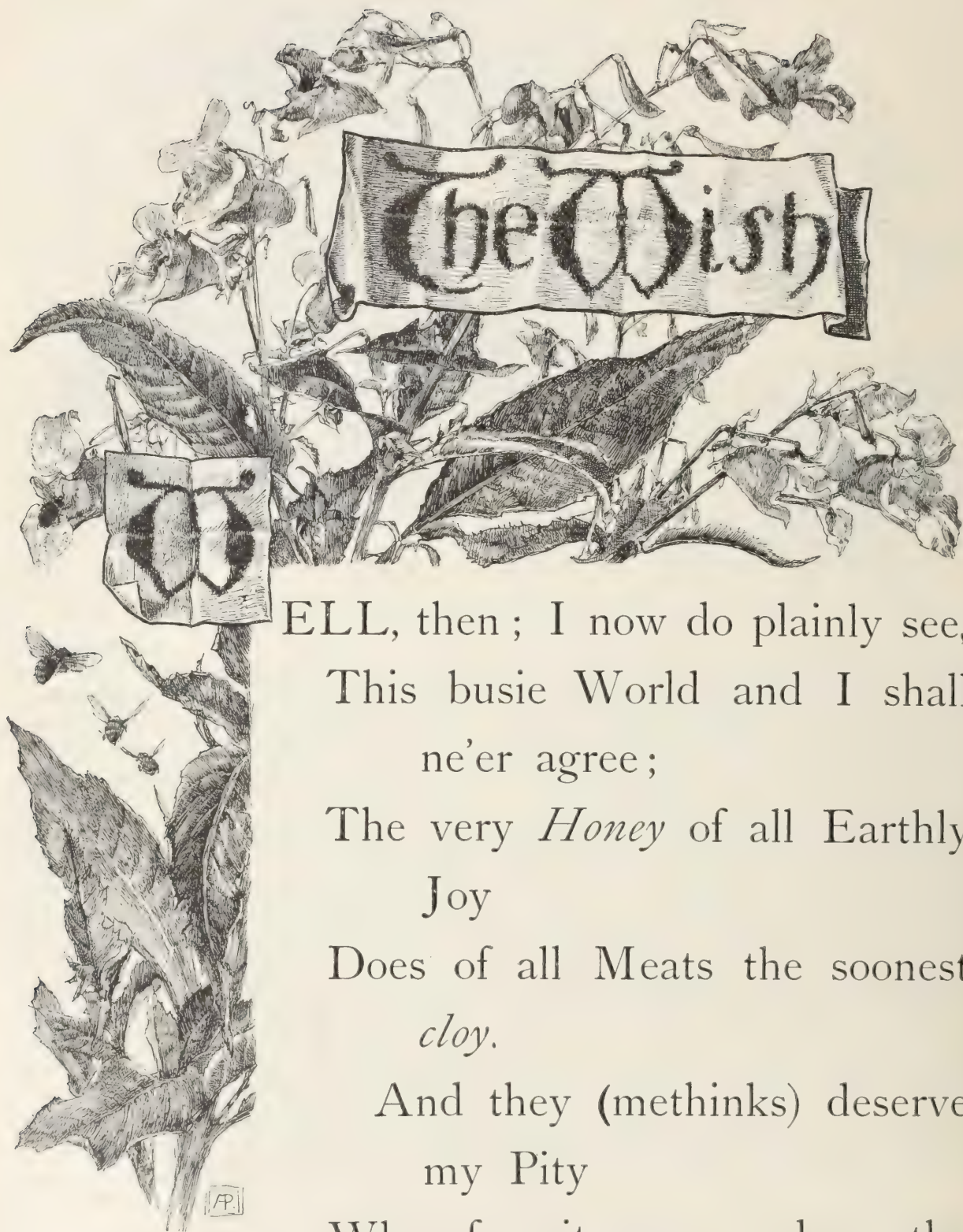
BY JOHN MUIR.

(Composed for Banjo or Guitar.)

LOVE, let me watch to-night  
Beneath thy bower here,  
Until the morning light  
Shall chase away thy fear.  
Then, heart, I'll sing to thee  
Of love's sweet mystic spell;  
But what thou art to me,  
How poorly words can tell!

My passion and my prayer  
I'll blend with music sweet,  
And bid the morning air  
To waft them to thy feet.  
Perchance from out thy bower  
Thou'lt look in love, and see  
Who dares the midnight hour  
To sing his song to thee.





ELL, then ; I now do plainly see,  
This busie World and I shall  
ne'er agree ;

The very *Honey* of all Earthly  
Joy

Does of all Meats the soonest  
*cloy*.

And they (methinks) deserve  
my Pity

Who for it can endure the  
Stings,

The *Croud*, and *Bus*, and *Murmurings*  
Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.





E. A. Abbey  
1885

WELL, THEN ; I NOW DO PLAINLY SEE  
THIS BUSIE WORLD AND I SHALL NE'ER AGREE.





H! yet, ere I descend  
to the Grave,

May I a *small House* and  
*large Garden* have!

And a *few Friends*, and  
*many Books*, both true,  
Both wise, and both delight-  
ful too!

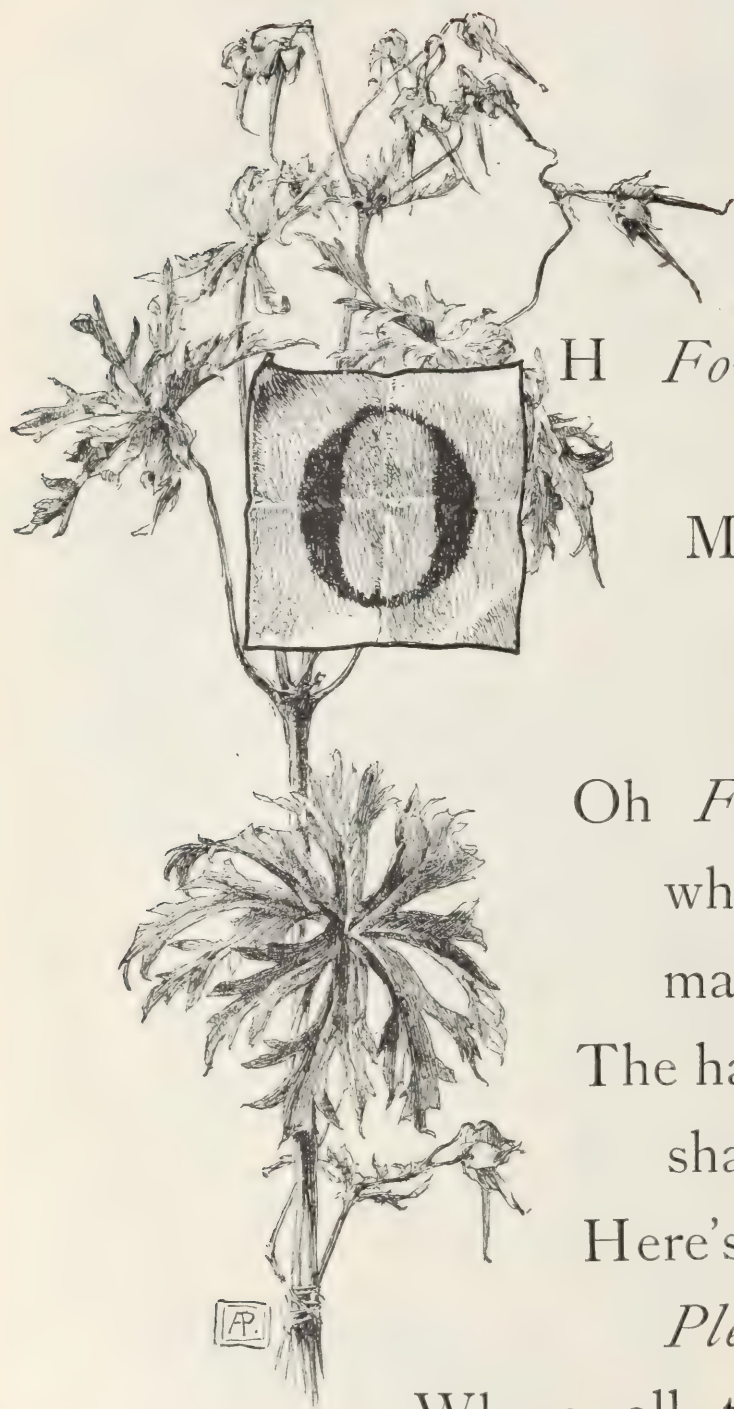
And since *Love* ne'er will  
from me flee,

A *Mistress* moderately fair,  
And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,  
Only belov'd, and loving me!









H *Fountains!* when in  
you shall I  
Myself, eas'd of un-  
peaceful Thoughts,  
espy?

Oh *Fields!* oh *Woods!*  
when, when shall I be  
made

The happy *Tenant* of your  
shade?

Here's the Spring-head of  
*Pleasure's* Flood,

Where all the *Riches* lye that  
she

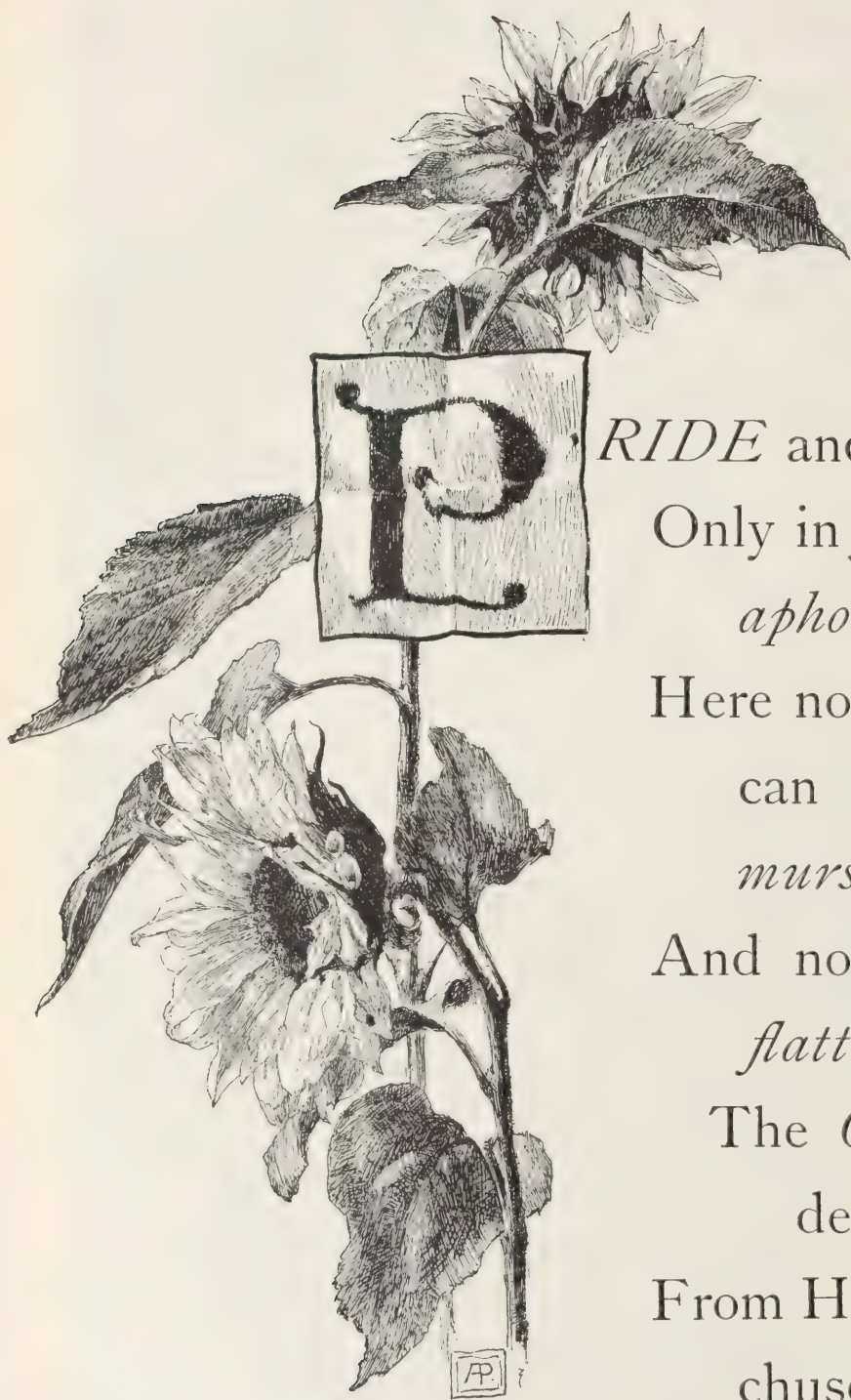
Has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.





OH *FOUNTAINS!* WHEN IN YOU SHALL I  
MYSELF, EAS'D OF UNPEACEFUL THOUGHTS, ESPY?





*RIDE* and *Ambition* here  
Only in *far-fetch'd Met-*  
*aphors* appear ;

Here nought but *Winds*  
can hurtful *Mur-*  
*murs* scatter,

And nought but *Eccho*  
*flatter.*

The *Gods*, when they  
descended hither  
From Heav'n, did always  
chuse their Way ;

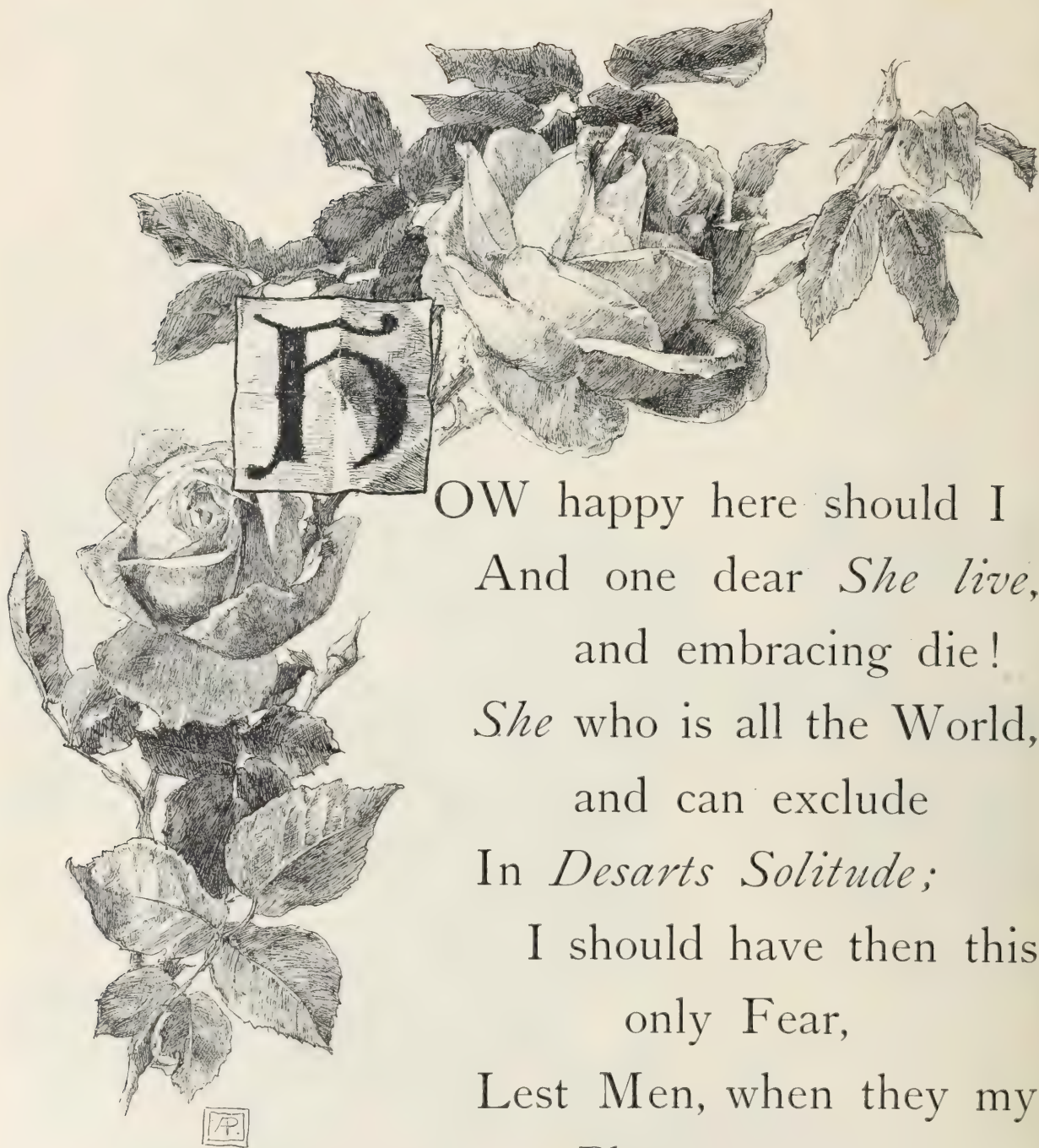
And therefore we may boldly say,  
That 'tis the *Way* too *thither.*





*PRIDE AND AMBITION HERE  
ONLY IN FAR-FETCHED METAPHORS APPEAR.*





OW happy here should I  
And one dear *She* live,  
and embracing die!  
*She* who is all the World,  
and can exclude  
In *Desarts Solitude*;  
I should have then this  
only Fear,  
Lest Men, when they my  
Pleasures see,  
Should hither throng to live like me,  
And so make a *City* here.

FROM "THE MISTRESS," BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.





HOW HAPPY HERE SHOULD I  
AND ONE DEAR *SHE* LIVE, AND EMBRACING DIE !  
*SHE* WHO IS ALL THE WORLD, AND CAN EXCLUDE  
IN *DESARTS SOLITUDE*.



## MOOSE HUNTING.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

**E**ITHER from pictorial representations or from an examination of the prepared specimens abounding in our museums, all are sufficiently familiar with the long legs of this animal, which, together with the short round body, the thick horizontal neck, rendered more disproportioned by its heavy coating of hair, the long wattle which hangs like an old-fashioned purse from underneath the angles of the jaw, the shovel-like antlers, the small sinister eyes, the enormous ears, the apology for a tail, and the prodigiously long and ugly head, finished with a nose resembling a half-inflated foot-ball, make the moose perhaps the most ill-favored of four-footed beasts. Therefore to view it with the eye of the naturalist in an article not technical in its character would be merely a work of supererogation.

While its best friends can but admit and deplore the utter absence of grace in its form and motion, they recognize in and claim for it the beauty of utility in a degree so pre-eminent as to sink all defects into comparative insignificance. Sometimes attaining a height of nearly seven feet at the fore-shoulder, and a weight of fourteen hundred pounds, no one can find fault with the quantity of food it may supply, while an attempt to compare the quality of this with that of any other four-footed creature, except to the disparagement of the latter, will but elicit a smile of mingled pity and contempt from those whose good fortune it has been to encounter and overcome it in its native wilds.

If, then, we view it with the hunter's eye, it must not be forgotten that though all animals, wherever found, bear the general impress stamped upon their species by the hand of Nature, they still retain some individuality of character, as well as adaptability to the surroundings in which they may be placed. Whenever, therefore, the habits or pursuit of any animal are under discussion, it would seem wise to restrict it to some specified locality; for though the main features will doubtless be everywhere alike, still the details may vary.

We therefore select the wilderness of which the boundary line dividing Canada

from Maine is the backbone, and confine ourselves exclusively to that region.

Not only does the quantity and quality of the food it affords endear the moose to the hunter, but that ungainly head is stuffed full of brains. Those prodigious ears are ever trimmed, like the wind-sails of an ocean steamer, to catch the lightest breath of the fickle wind, and to apprehend and determine the cause of the faintest sound which may be borne upon it. Though its eyesight is by no means of the keenest, its preposterous nose is acute beyond comparison to detect the least taint in the air, and to give warning that it would be prudent to be elsewhere.

Nor are these hints of danger ever unheeded. If the sense of hearing is offended, the animal steals away, even over the most encumbered ground, with a stillness little short of miraculous. Not the rustle of a branch or the cracking of the smallest twig attends its departure. Were it not that the departing track betrays the truth, it might well be thought it had vanished into thin air, and that the hunter had really pursued a fiction of his own imagination.

But if the sense of smell gives warning, particularly if the taint is that of man, all precaution is thrown to the winds. Those long, ungainly legs are then instantly galvanized into an awkward shambling trot, and crashing through the forest with a noise like a railroad train off the track, the startled animal fairly devours space with the speed of its flight. And the exhausted hunter who has followed the track hour after hour, perhaps even day after day, with every sense on the alert, shrinking from no personal effort or discomfort that every possible precaution may be taken, recognizes at once the signs that proclaim defeat to his practised eye; and in such terms as he deems appropriate to the occasion bewails that when hope had almost become fruition he stepped on that fatal twig, or allowed the stock of his rifle to rasp against that bush; or anathematizes the fickle wind which eddied at so inopportune a moment, and in a direction so fatal to his hopes.

In still hunting, of the nature of which the foregoing will give some intimation, it is essential that the hunter sees the game





HEAD OF BULL MOOSE.

before it suspects his presence. The region under consideration consists of one sea of forest-covered mountains, interspersed with valleys, also heavily timbered, which conduct the drainage of the country to the ocean. The annual rainfall is great, and so ponds, lakes, and riv-

ers are numerous. Other openings in the apparently endless forest are, however, rare, and when they occur, usually take the form of alder swamps, where the vegetation is even denser and concealment more perfect than in the forest itself. Therefore, until the November storms



have stripped all deciduous trees of their leaves and cushioned the ground with snow, the progress of the hunter through the woods is necessarily so slow and noisy, and the range of his vision is so limited, that this form of hunting affords little or no hope of success.

Presuming the reader to be one by whom, except when under the pressure of absolute necessity, a cow moose or her calves would be unmolested, let us turn our attention to the bulls—the only legitimate object of the hunter's ambition.

The velvet is rubbed from its horns, and they are hard and well polished, by the 1st of September; and since at no season is it in such perfect physical condition, let us then begin our hunt.

Unattractive as is the personal appearance of a bull moose, his moral nature and disposition are no less disreputable. Solitary and alone, with his big ears set like the spinnaker of a racing cutter, and his supersensitive nose ever on duty, he dozes away the day in some secluded spot high on a mountain-side. But two thoughts find room within his gigantic head—to keep his stomach full and his hide whole; and to these, especially the latter, every resource of his nature is devoted. He is the embodiment of pure and undiluted selfishness. As daylight wanes he rises and stretches himself; and always inquiring with nose and ear of the truant wind whether his precious skin is safe, he wanders slowly and with frequent pauses down the mountain-side, if not embodying it in words, still with the fixed intention of carrying out in practice the precepts of that immoral song,

"We won't go home till morning."

He prefers to adhere to one locality, until his pre-eminent regard for his own personal safety forces him elsewhere. He knows every stream and every patch of water for miles around; and to one of these, either where the long grass growing from the bottom of the stream waves with the current, or where the yellow water-lily dots the surface of some forest pond, he is bound. The hunter is also well informed as to the local topography; and judging about where moose would be most likely to spend the day, and knowing what food-bearing stream or pond is most accessible from that direction, he there seeks his game.

Should the moon be at or near the full,

he cruises the stream in his canoe, moving noiselessly in the shadow of the overhanging bushes, and stopping frequently to listen; for from the sense of hearing alone does he expect the first intimation that a successful issue is possible. If it is a pond, and a small one, he brings his canoe beside some part of the bank where the wind will be favorable and where concealment is possible, and there waits hour after hour, "hugging the delusive phantom of hope," the perfect silence unbroken, except by the beating of his own heart when he hears, or fancies he hears, the tread of some heavy animal. Amid the thousand imaginary noises which have assailed his ears so long, was that really the snap of some branch or twig? Yes, for there comes the sound again, this time clear, sharp, and unmistakable. Deliberately, with frequent pauses of greater or less duration, some animal is approaching with long low strides. Will he take to the water or not? Alas, no! He skirts the pond just within the edge of the woods, beyond the outermost leaves of which the moonlight penetrates not one single inch. Nearer and nearer comes the sound, varied by intervals of silence when the animal stops to feed, or, as is more probable, to listen. At last it is within forty feet of the ambush. Each leaf fringing the wood shines like silver in the moonlight, but beyond all is Egyptian darkness. In vain does the hunter, with rifle on the full cock, strain every sense to localize the animal. The tension of his nerves is far too great to determine within twenty feet where the sound really comes from; and unwilling to fire where there is not one chance in a hundred that the shot will be effective, he allows the game to depart as it came, unmolested.

Such is the result of this form of hunting at least nine times out of ten; and as it grows toward dawn the hunter returns to camp, tired and disgusted clear through.

Whether this or indeed any other method of moose hunting is contemplated, camp is made far from the hunting ground. Success is only possible on a night comparatively free from wind. Then no fire is built after noon, nor is a blow struck with the axe. The water is approached at a right angle, and far from where the game is likely to appear; for a fence forty feet high would not more surely bar the way of a moose than the



footsteps of a man tracking the margin of the hunting ground.

It has already been intimated that the moose may seek his food where the yellow water-lily is found. It is not, however, the leaves nor the blossoms which are sought, but the roots. These extend in a perfect net-work through the mud in which they grow, attaining a thickness exceeding a man's arm, and an indefinite length. In color they are a pale greenish or yellowish white, smooth on the exterior, except for a number of eyes like those on a pineapple, somewhat elastic to the touch, and pithy within. There is no disputing about tastes, and consequently we will not criticise the moose for being so fond of this vegetable. But to the human palate it is dry, insipid, and puckery. To obtain this he will wade out into the water, and submerge his head beneath the surface until even his ears are submerged. Then, having wrenched a chunk of greater or less length from its bed, he withdraws his head, and dripping water from each of the numerous angles which characterize his ugly physiognomy, he stands the picture of pure animal enjoyment, chewing away at one end of the root, while the other sticks out of his mouth like a cigar. To catch him in the middle of this performance is the constant burden of the hunter's prayers.

Should the night promise to be still, warm, and dark, the hunter scours the reflector of his jack until it shines like silver, and breathes upon and wipes its glass lens until it is speckless. The lamp within should emit a powerful light; but the casing must be so constructed that not the faintest glimmer can escape until its aid is required, and a hinged cover, which caps the glass, is dropped.

For though a deer will almost always tempt fate by standing stock-still, gaping at a light like a backwoodsman in a city, the moose is no such fool. If he has any curiosity, he recognizes the great general principle that there is a time for all things, and that the time to study an unusual phenomenon comes only after he has betaken himself to cover.

In this, as in most other forms of moose hunting, two form the company—one to do the work, while the other takes in the fun—and, as in many other things in this life, ultimate success depends more on the skill of the former than on that of the latter.

After the jack has been lit some twenty minutes, so that the maximum of light possible without smoke is assured, the pair betake themselves to the canoe. Blankets are spread on the bottom of the boat to deaden any motion of the feet. He who is to shoot seats himself in the bow, while his companion first wraps him in blankets, and then arranges the jack. This is best suspended from a frame behind the rifleman; but it should be so connected with his head that the beam of light will follow its every motion when the jack is open. With the glass uncovered, the rifle is thrown to the shoulder, and the connection of the jack with the head-gear is so adjusted that when the most convenient aim is taken, it will be directly in the centre of illumination. Thus both sights of the rifle are perfectly visible, and the difficulty is no longer to shoot with accuracy, but only to obtain a sufficiently distinct view of the object to be hit.

When this is complete, the other takes his place in the stern, folds his blanket over his lap, and grasping his paddle, pushes from the bank. The jack is then closed, and complete darkness and silence follow.

As noiseless as the shadow of a cloud, the canoe steals along, and hour after hour its occupants, relying solely on the sense of hearing, strain every nerve to detect an indication of the near neighborhood of the game they seek.

It is not so hard on the paddler, since the exercise keeps his blood in circulation and his nerves in some sort of condition. But the man in the bow fares differently. Aches and pains declare themselves in all sorts of places, together with the most insane desire to cough, or sneeze, or blow his nose, or do something else equally inopportune. He strains his ears till they almost crack; he thinks he hears all kinds of noises, until his confidence in his ability to distinguish the real from the imaginary is almost destroyed. He suffers, but he suffers in silence, and with patient resignation.

Should a sound be heard near, but not on or in the stream, the canoe pauses, and minute drags after minute; perhaps even an hour is passed without sound or motion, until it is certain that it was a false alarm, or that the animal has betaken itself elsewhere.

At last, when endurance seems no long-



er possible, through the midnight air comes a slow and measured sound—slosh, slosh, slosh; and then all is still again. The heart of the hunter shrivels within him to the size of a lemon, and flies into his throat, where it keeps up such a thumping that it seems impossible the noise should escape the quick ear of the game. With the utmost caution the rifle is brought to the full cock, and the left hand freed, ready to open the jack at the preconcerted signal, which it is the duty of the paddler to give.

Every ache and pain is at once forgotten in the all-absorbing question, Will he remain in the water, or take to the bank, and burying himself in the woods, escape? For he is still far beyond the range of the jack, and not till it will surely show him up must it be opened. If the motion of the canoe was slow before, it seems doubly so now, and minute after minute, each apparently an hour, drags on, and still the noise, repeated at intervals, seems no nearer. Are his suspicions aroused, and is he retreating? This and a thousand other thoughts alternately chill the hunter's heart with fear or fire it with hope.

At length, after a seemingly endless delay, comes the signal to open the jack, and the light streams forth. There he stands, midleg-deep in the water, dim, shadowy, and monstrous, his eyes glaring green in the light, with the malevolence of a demon. He will stay but for a second, and only to decide which way to retreat. Raise the rifle slowly, but lose no time. Draw as careful a bead as though shooting at a two-inch bull's-eye, and give it to him right through—not behind—the middle of the fore-shoulder. For a second the smoke obscures the result. Is he down or up? In either case, dose him again if you can; but if you cannot, close the jack at once. Now is no time to ask your companion, Do you think I hit him? If you were silent before, be doubly so now, and listen. Does he burst into and tear through the woods as though he had gone into the kindling-wood business and was laying in a winter's stock, and do you hear him crashing and smashing until the sound dies away on the distant mountain-side? It was a clear miss, or at best a graze. But no; the uproar dies away, and a silence you can almost feel ensues. What sound is that from the neighboring woods? There he is! You can hear him breathe, and wheeze at every

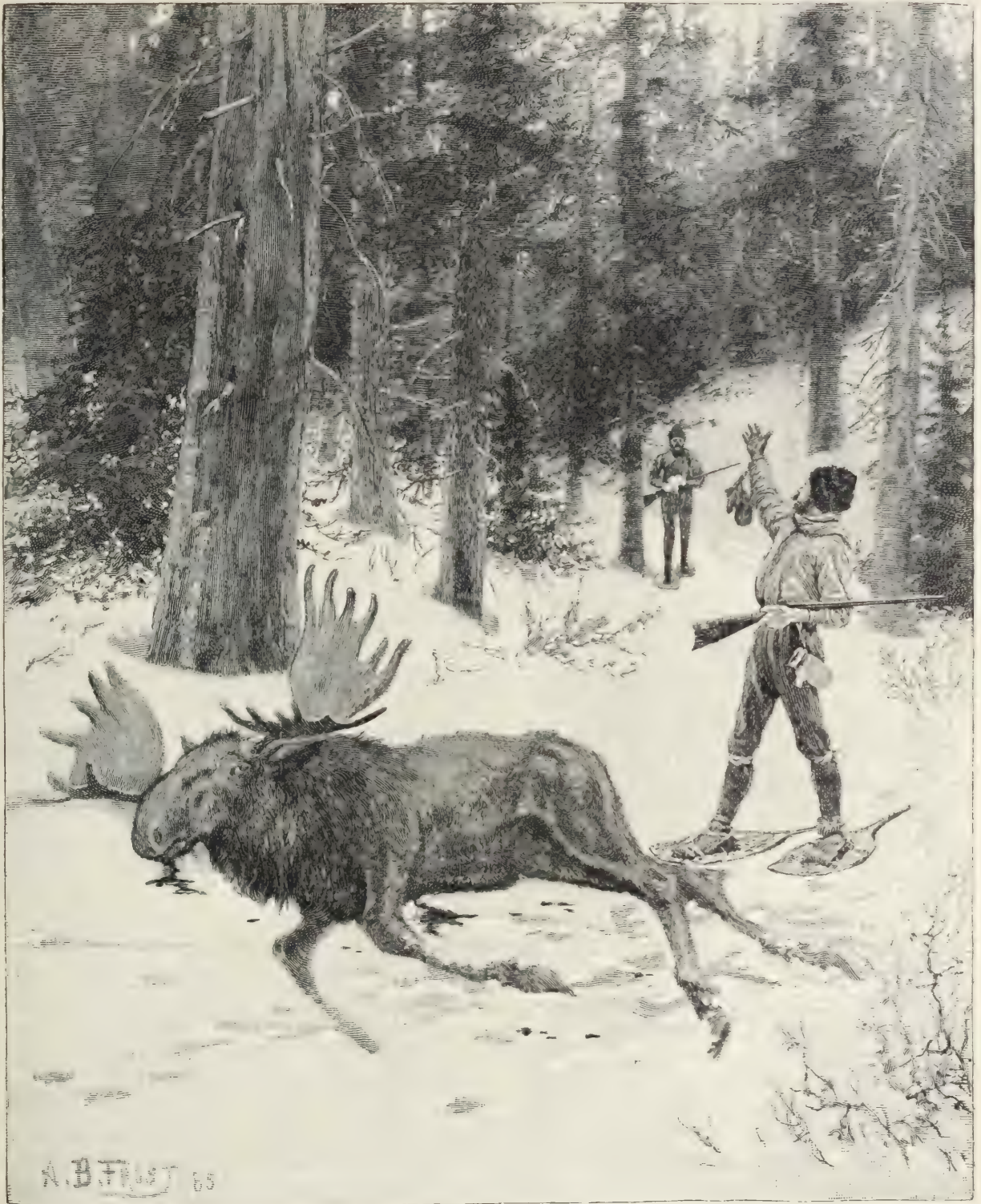
inspiration. It is well. The shot was a little too far back, but it was pretty well placed, all the same. Now withdraw with the stillness of death itself, and not until at least half a mile intervenes whisper to your companion, "Well, I guess that's our meat; what do you think?"

For if from any act of yours he discovers what has hurt him, particularly if you attempt to land, he will either attack at once, in which case you will be in desperate peril, or he will travel till he drops, perhaps miles and miles away, and the foxes and other marauders of the forest alone will profit by his death. Whereas, if you leave him to attribute his distress to a stroke of lightning or a fit of indigestion, or to any cause other than the agency of man, you will find him in the morning, if not lying dead where you last heard him, at all events so enfeebled that you may still-hunt him with the certainty of success.

That the hero of the dime novel, whose bullet never deviates from its destination by the thousandth part of a hair's-breadth, always aims *behind* the fore-shoulder, is not forgotten. Still, notwithstanding the pain inseparable from a difference with an authority so far superior to any the writer has ever met, he cannot help thinking this a mistaken practice on the part of that hero. It is no better than a lung shot, seldom instantly, sometimes not even ultimately, fatal. To reach the heart the ball must be driven through the centre of the fore-shoulder, and somewhere about ten inches above the bottom line of the body. To insure a satisfactory result, a solid ball impelled by plenty of powder is necessary. I have known a moose to be killed with a 32-calibre bullet as well as a 38, both from rim-fire cartridges, and a 44 bullet from a Ballard carbine, driven by only twenty-eight grains of powder, to go clean through the animal, cutting the aorta in its passage. But, notwithstanding, a 50-calibre bullet and ninety-five grains of powder are better adapted for this kind of work. Had I but the courage of my convictions, and were I but assured that I should shoot only at the short distances customary in night hunting, I should use a ten-gauge cylinder-bored shot-gun, and a hardened round ball before six drams of the best powder.

A head shot is always a poor shot, for the brain lies far back. If the animal is facing the hunter, the nose is so thrust





"OUR MEAT."

forward as almost to cover the vital point. Then where the neck joins the body is the surest place, a little into the neck doing no harm. A broadside shot right in the root of the ear is sure death, but it is a small mark where the light is uncertain, and not to be recommended. Through the neck, about five or six inches below its upper edge and a little back of the head, will drop a moose as though he was

struck by lightning. He will not even give a single kick, but wilt in his tracks like a wet rag. It is more instantaneous in effect than through the middle of the heart itself, and if the hunter is sure he can do it, is the best of all shots. But the preliminaries to moose shooting are not conducive to accurate marksmanship, so perhaps the centre of the fore-shoulder, or the root of the neck, according to the po-



sition of the animal, is the surest shot, all things considered.

Eight or ten inches back of the fore-shoulder is a stomach shot, and but little further back still will penetrate the bowels. The former is almost always and the latter is invariably a mortal wound. But neither will stop the animal or knock him off his legs. An animal so wounded should never be disturbed unless in an open country and in broad daylight. He will then go but a short distance before he lies down, never to rise again. But if once started, he will either attack or travel till overtaken by the very pangs of death itself.

Nor is his attack to be despised. Though he may not look it, he is really as quick as a cat. It must indeed be a cool hand which, despite the rapidity of his movements and the brevity of the interval within which this is practicable, can drop him before it is too late. The hunter must choose at once whether he will rely on the rifle or on his legs: no middle course will serve. If on the latter, he must stick to the friendly protection of the tree trunks. Then he will find that the animal, at this season of the year, will display a most disgusting pertinacity, and to lead him a dance that will tax every muscle to its utmost. Also it is either "make a spoon or spoil a horn"—either he will come off with a whole skin or with one without a whole bone in it. If the moose touches him but once, his time has come.

The 15th of September is past, and the harvest-moon shines like polished silver in the evening sky.

Who would wait upon the uncertain volition of the game, when an invitation can be issued that will charm him to throw every other plan to the winds, and hasten to his fate?

Those who have studied moose talk, at times almost believe it to be a regular language, replete with moods, tenses, genders, cases, and particularly with certain words of mysterious yet omnipotent grammatical power, which shake up and readjust all the component parts of a sentence with the efficiency of a lottery wheel.

As yet no Ollendorff of this form of speech has arisen. Hopeless as seems the task, yet an effort will be made to give what might at least serve for a preface to a treatise on this dialect.

The first requisite is some means to modify the human voice to the correct *timbre*, as the musicians call it. For this purpose a horn of birch bark, in the form of a speaking-trumpet without a mouth-piece, is usually employed. Unless in an emergency, the best procedure is to fashion a cone of wood about twenty-two inches long, and four and a half inches in diameter at the base. The apex is then cut off where the cone is about one inch through. Around this form sound white birch bark, first soaked to perfect flexibility in warm water, is wrapped to the thickness of about one-eighth of an inch, and tied in that position until it sets. It is then removed, and permanently fastened by sewing with a brad-awl and twine, the ends squared off, and set aside until perfectly dry. Not every specimen of birch bark will give the proper ring, and artists in moose calling are as particular in respect to their instrument as a violinist is as to his.

Moose language is a compound of sighs, grunts, groans, howls, and roars, running from one into the other, and so varying in order that, like the gender in German, it baffles generalization, and can only be acquired by pure effort of memory. To grunt when you ought to howl, or to displace the natural order and permit the roar to precede the groan when it should have followed, is fatal.

To call a moose up to within thirty or forty yards, if he can approach so near under cover, is not difficult, and many solecisms of grammar may be committed without affecting that result. But he answers the call with his ungainly head full of suspicion, and then to coax him out into the open, which is an absolute prerequisite to a shot, is next to hopeless.

This is difficult at all times. Here the real artist shows himself, grunting, groaning, howling, and roaring, rasping the birch-bark horn against the neighboring branches like a bull moose polishing his antlers, even giving the bull's challenge as a last resort—all these and many other demonstrations, each in its proper order, and with the proper tinge of pathos (an essential quality of some species of groan), not too loud, yet still loud enough, and no two of the same loudness—and all without the slightest accent which would betray that the sound was foreign to the lips which utter it—all these to be alternated with the proper intervals of silence, make



this an art not to be fully mastered without time, patient study, and considerable natural aptitude.

To describe any sound so as to convey a clear idea of its nature to one who has never heard the like is almost impossible. We will, however, endeavor to describe the call, which may be considered the primer part of moose talk, omitting the rest as altogether hopeless.

The sound is made in the hunter's throat, and when it is begun, and when its character is not modified by the horn, it sounds as though a foreigner were groaning out the word "err." It requires capacious lungs, for the call is long drawn out, passing gradually into a roar and a howl, and dying away again. Though the call is thrice repeated, the inflection must be varied each time, as well as the force. The rest, as far as it is possible in print, will appear incidentally.

The individuality of the response of the bull is quite marked. He may answer in words, emitting a single short, sharp sound, not unlike a dog's bark, but singularly feeble for so large an animal; or he may say nothing. In any event, he will come, as straight as the crow flies, to the spot from whence the call issued. However dark the woods, he never seems to lose his reckoning. If his practised ear detect nothing amiss in the call, he will probably come crashing through the woods without thought of concealment. But if his suspicions are aroused, no sound will indicate his approach until he is within a few feet of the hunter. If he has the folly and ardor of youth, and the call has been all right, he will bounce right out of the woods into the open without a moment's hesitation; but if experienced, he always hesitates to leave cover, cruising up and down within the edge of the forest, circling around the spot from whence the call came, stamping and pawing up the earth, and swinging his huge head from side to side, while he snuffs the air in the futile endeavor to ascertain what has become of the siren whose honeyed voice so recently called him to her side.

It must be borne in mind that as long as the animal remains within the fringe of the woods the keenest eye cannot see him, nor the most acute ear locate him with sufficient accuracy to justify a shot, no matter how much noise he may make. He must be induced to come out into the open, or the result will be abortive.

But it is useless to continue this description further. Every approach has something peculiar to itself. It is the office of the artist who bears the horn to judge of the humor of the animal from his conduct, and to decide whether a sigh, a grunt, a groan, a howl, a roar, or any mixture of these sounds, or any other demonstration, or absolute silence, will best serve to seduce him from the shelter of the forest where he is safe, into the open ground where he is not. Rarely is the issue decided at once, while it may be protracted, the animal advancing, hesitating, and retreating but to advance again, perhaps for an hour or more, hope and fear alternating in the mean time in the hunter's mind as regularly and unceasingly as the oscillations of the pendulum of a clock.

Since the first gray of the morning we have backed our heavy packs through the trackless forests of Canada, until in the twilight we approach one of the comparatively few spots in that wilderness suitable for moose calling. A timber-covered mountain slopes down to a bog covered with moss, open except for a few islands of stunted spruce and tamarack trees. The forest forms one and a pond of some size the other margin of this bog.

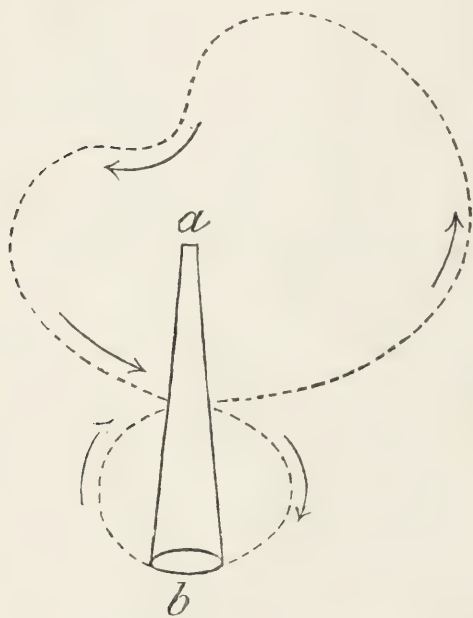
All day we have examined the sky at every opportunity, hoping and praying for a still, clear night—for on no other is there a chance of success—and we have it. A cold and hasty supper is eaten; and taking our blankets, the horn, and the rifle, we cross the pond on an extemporized raft (or in any other way possible to avoid tracking its margin), to a clump of trees on the bog near the water, in the immediate vicinity of which there is no other cover. With special care we look to it that our trail to the stand cannot be approached at any point, by anything, without exposing it to view.

Night has fallen, though the full-moon lights up every object in the open so that it seems almost as bright as day. The caller takes his horn, and applying it to his lips, silently breathes through it a few times to dampen its interior, on the same principle that the rustic flutist pours water through his flute to facilitate the production of the tone. He then inflates his lungs to their fullest capacity two or three times; and taking in the last cubic inch of air he can find room for, applies the horn to his lips, its mouth pointing



directly to the ground. A weird, unearthly sound rises on the still night air, not loud at first, but gradually gaining strength and rising in pitch, it at last dies away in a strain so wild, so plaintive, it would almost move a heart of stone. During the call, which may have been protracted some thirty seconds, the mouth of the horn has gradually described a figure something like the number 8 in the air, the highest elevation coinciding with the middle of the crescendo; and the movement is completed with the mouth of the horn again pointing nearly at the ground.

The following illustration will perhaps give a clearer idea of this than any mere verbal description: *a* indicating the mouth of the caller, and *b* the mouth of the horn pointing to the ground; the arrows show the direction of the motion.



THE MOVEMENT OF THE HORN IN THE MOOSE CALL.

The head of the caller conforms to the movement by bending the neck, and the result is a peculiar quavering inflection, difficult to obtain otherwise, and essential to success.

A pause of two or three seconds, and again the cry rings out. It is pitched this time a little higher in the scale, and the greatest volume of sound is nearer the beginning; the pitch again rising with the intensity of the tone, quavering, and dying away again as before. Into this call all the pathos and longing must be thrown of which the caller is master—at all events it must exceed the

first effort in this respect, as it should in loudness.

Another pause, briefer than before, and again it breaks the oppressive stillness of the night. It starts with every accent of impatience, and as loud as is consistent with an increase of force at the finish. The intensity of the tone is varied, as is the motion of the horn, until, with its mouth pointed directly at the mountain, the call ends in a wild roar delivered with all the power of the caller's lungs, terminating in silence as abruptly as possible when at the very loudest.

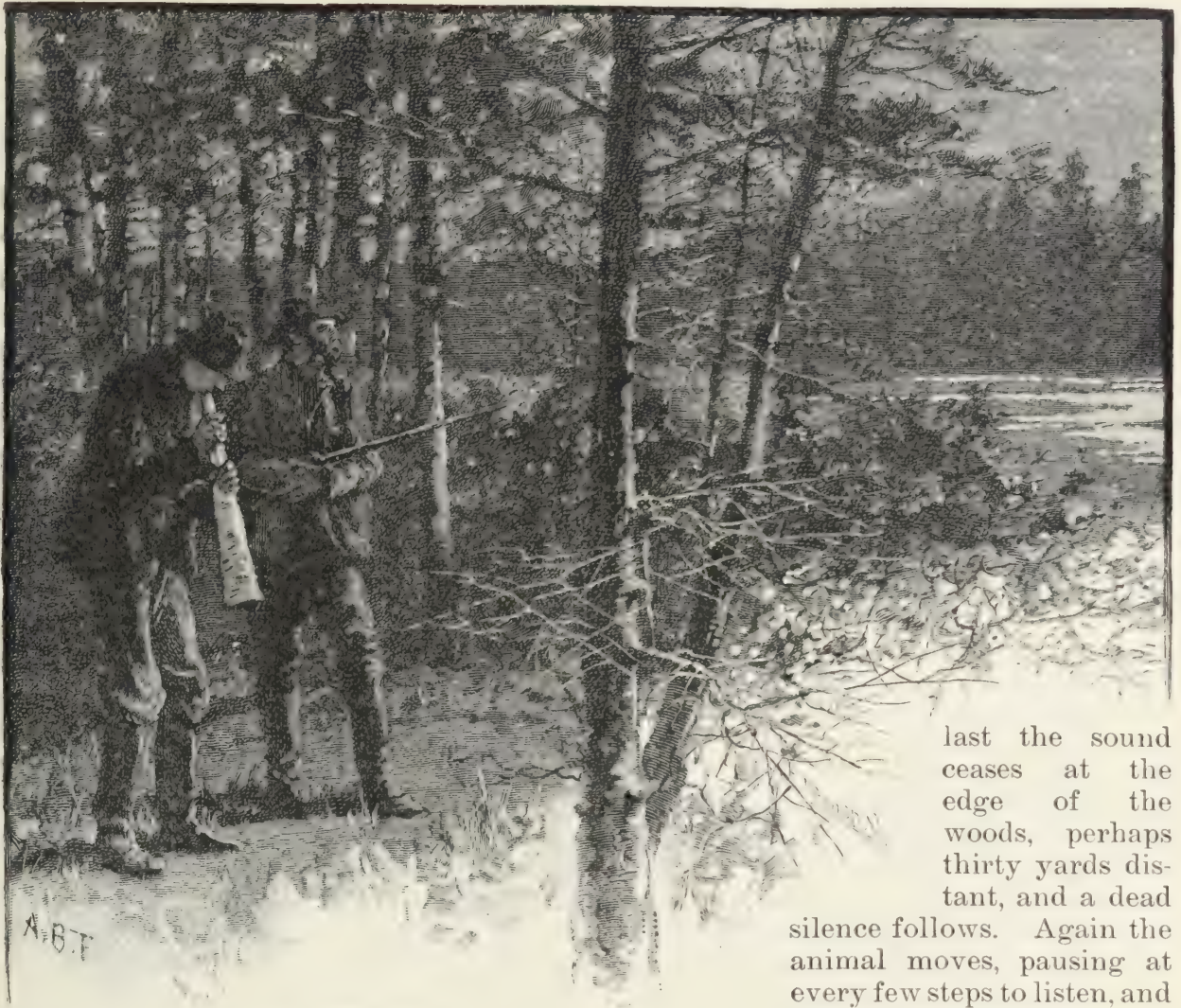
Anxiety, impatience, and terror struggle for the mastery in this call. Then, for three-quarters of an hour by the watch, and three-quarters of a month judged without that useful monitor, not a sound must be made.

No greater mistake is possible than to call too frequently. Few, if any, can imitate it throughout with absolute faultlessness; and if so protracted an effort be submitted to the more than acute criticism of a moose at close quarters, he may regard it as a warning to be gone rather than an invitation to come. Therefore full three-quarters of an hour is usually allowed as sufficient to enable any animal that is approaching on the first invitation to make his presence known.

Both caller and hunter must attend strictly to their ears and nothing else. No smoking, no conversation, no moving about—nothing but listening with the utmost intensity. On a good night, and with a good horn and man to use it, the call may be distinguished by the quick ear of a moose at a distance of perhaps two miles or more. His reply, if he make any, is far too feeble to be heard one-quarter of that distance. That the caller should hear the approach of the animal at the earliest moment, that he may judge of the temper he is in, and to what form of coaxing he will be most amenable, is of the utmost importance.

Often—yes, generally—even when the night is suitable, nothing will be heard. The call is then repeated a second time, followed by a second wait. If this fails, a third trial may be made, but it is advisable, if there is any other suitable place within reach, to change the locality. If none such is known, and the third call is fruitless, the hunter may conclude that either no bull moose is within hearing distance, or if there is, that he already





THE CALL.

has a companion, and consequently is "deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

But let us assume a case of better fortune.

The first thing that strikes the novice is how cold it is growing. It insinuates itself into every crevice in his clothes, finding defects of the existence of which he never dreamed before. It seems to chill the very marrow of his bones. He has thought he has heard all kinds of things since the call. He looks at his watch, sure that the appointed time has fully elapsed, and finds that its hands indicate only fifteen minutes. What was that? A sound half between a grunt and a bark, yet so brief in duration that its exact character is difficult to determine. The caller whispers, "He's coming." The blood which seemed like ice in the hunter's veins but a moment before, now burns like fire. Now a crash is heard in the woods, followed by the breaking of twigs. At

last the sound ceases at the edge of the woods, perhaps thirty yards distant, and a dead silence follows. Again the animal moves, pausing at every few steps to listen, and gradually working around the edge of the forest nearer and nearer to the ambush.

The excitement is now at fever heat; but when it seems the next step must bring him into the moonlight, he turns on his tracks and retraces his path, halting at frequent intervals as before, and stamping and thrashing his antlers about among the bushes. He is now further off than when he first came in; it may be he is leaving altogether!

Now is the time for the caller to show his skill. It is kill or cure now, for a mistake in either moose idiom, grammar, or pronunciation will be fatal. Whispering to the hunter to remain as still as death till he is ready to shoot, and not to fire till he can see the animal plainly, and is sure it will come no nearer, the caller steals out from the trees, and judging how the moose is travelling, and carefully keeping them between him and it, he hastens out about a hundred yards to a convenient shelter. Then raising his horn to his lips, he gives the bull's challenge. A crash answers the call, and all prudence



routed by jealousy, the moose rushes for his supposed rival. The caller has taken his new station so that a straight line from there to where he supposes the moose to be will run over the open ground, and near the concealed hunter. As the animal passes, without a thought other than to rout and drive away the supposed intruder, the rifle is discharged, and staggering forward, he falls, shot through the heart.

By the end of November the bulls forsake the cows, and move for high land. As the snows of winter deepen, their wanderings become more and more restricted, and they locate on the north or north-west faces of the highest mountains the country affords. This is "yarding."

A moose yard is not, as is generally supposed, a place where the snow is trodden down as level and hard as a threshing-floor, but simply numbers of tracks wandering hither and thither, often where but a single animal has passed. The bulls yard apart from the cows, sometimes alone, but usually in company. Here they exhibit some little sociability, feeding and lying down within hearing distance of one another, and moving about just as the same number of persons would be likely to do when gathering berries. When one locality is fed out, they gradually wander off to fresh ground.

Crust hunting is based on this characteristic.

Were the selfishness of man influenced a little more by regard for the future rather than for the immediate present, this form of hunting might have something to commend it. The cows and young yard by themselves, and their inferior strength and endurance render them a far less dangerous and much more easy capture than the bulls. Consequently the slaughter falls chiefly on those that should never be disturbed at all. Again, as might be expected from such as kill the female or young of any game animal, except where food is actually necessary, frequently no moderation whatever is shown, the number killed depending solely on the ability of the hunter, uninfluenced by his necessities, or any other consideration except the few dollars he may be able to get for a hide. Therefore this form of hunting is usually and properly prohibited by law; and to it, more than to any other one cause, is due the disappearance of this animal from localities where it once abounded.

The hunter has located the yard for a month or more; and when in March a cold clear night promises no thaw on the following day, the time for crust hunting has come.

The snow has then settled by its own weight until it is about five feet deep and quite hard. An actual crust is quite unnecessary; indeed, in these woods it is of rare occurrence, since the snow is in great measure protected from the direct rays of the sun by the density of the evergreen forest. About an inch of superficial light snow is also desirable, since it cushions the snow-shoes, and thus favors speed and endurance.

Before daybreak the hunter clothes himself in two heavy flannel shirts, and thick drawers and trousers, but no coat. He covers his feet with four pairs of the heaviest of yarn stockings, one over the other, and places outside of all a pair of moose or caribou shanks, with the hair outside. "Moose shanks" are made by peeling the skin from the hind-legs of the animal, from about six inches above the gambrel joint to a distance below equal to the length of the hunter's foot. The smaller end is then sewn up to form the toe; and thus a moose-hide stocking is formed, of which the gambrel joint is the heel. No boots or shoes are worn while snow-shoeing.

At the first gray of dawn he binds on his snow-shoes and slings his pack, in which has been placed a frying-pan, a tea pail, a tin cup, knife, fork, and spoon, flour, pork, tea, salt, and pepper. His inseparable companion, an axe, is fastened on the outside. He may either take a single blanket, or trust to luck to get a fresh moose-hide to sleep on. His pipe, tobacco, and matches are not forgotten, nor a good-sized single-bladed jack-knife, which is the only hunting knife he ever carries. Sheath-knives are considered a mere encumbrance, and the carrying of one at any season in these woods, particularly if large, is considered the badge of a greenhorn.

Reaching the yard, he first circles it completely, to find the freshest tracks, and thus locate the animals. This is not as easy as it sounds, since the snow falls back into and almost fills the track as soon as made, so that they all, of whatever age, look pretty much alike. Here, in case of doubt, the touch aids the vision, the old snow being hard, and the fresh



soft, the degree of induration indicating when the surface was broken. By the time he has completed the circuit he has also made up his mind in what part of the yard they are, and goes directly for them, still working on the freshest trail.

Long before he is in sight or hearing the moose have discovered his presence, and are off. The hunter continues on till he finds where they have ceased wandering about, and have moved away in a straight line. At the first alarm each animal looks out for its own interests, so that, though all take the same general direction, they move in skirmishing order, adhering to their old tracks, and crossing from one trail to another. But soon they strike the snow-shoe track. It bears the unmistakable taint of man, and if they were alarmed before, they are frantic now. Then they "break yard," as it is called, and falling in one behind the other, start down the mountain in close column, never to face rising ground again as long as they are pressed.

They move on a square trot, raising each leg clear of the snow at every stride, those in the rear stepping in the track of their leader, so that it looks pretty much the same whether there are half a dozen animals or but one.

The hunter is after them at his best speed, that he may overtake them at the earliest possible moment, and thus prevent them from stopping to rest. He receives his first encouragement when he sees where one or more of them have snatched a mouthful of snow in their course. They are beginning to be heated and distressed. Next it is noticed that the holes made by their legs in the snow are more broken, and it is clear they are not raising them with the same vigor as at the outset. Then he sees where the leader has slackened his pace, and another from the rear has crowded by him, thus showing for the moment two trails instead of one. Then the steps shorten, the snow is more scraped at every stride, the marks of eating the snow become more frequent, and the track begins to bear some resemblance to a trench. Before, they followed a straight line through thick and thin; now, they deviate toward the thicker growths, either hoping to find less snow and better travelling there, or for concealment. Next the hunter notices flakes of froth lying on the snow, and the trail begins to look as though made by a

plough. At last specks of blood appear in the froth, and the hunter knows the race is about run, and that soon he will see his game for the first time. He comes in sight at last. Before, he has followed close beside the trail; now, he edges off to the right.

The game pause for a moment to study their pursuer, their coats flecked with foam, and their tongues hanging almost a foot out of their mouths, from the fearful exertion they have made. Then, spurred by a new impulse of fear, they are off again as though perfectly fresh. At once the hunter throws his pack upon the snow, and discarding everything which can impede his movements in the slightest degree, except his rifle, pushes them with all the vigor that hope can inspire. But the almost exhausted animals cannot hold their spurt more than a quarter of a mile at the outside. Soon the hunter closes with them, again edging off to the right.

As he swings toward the right, they edge off to the left, always trying to keep him behind. He watches the course made with care, and should it so change as to render it possible that they may gain their old trail, he drops behind and ranges up on the other side, and thus drives them in the opposite direction. For the pursuer is now almost as tired as the pursued, and should the latter once enter the beaten track, encouraged by the comparatively easy travelling they will find, they will seem so to gain fresh vigor that he cannot hold them in sight for an instant. They will then go right back to and through the yard, and off to a new locality, and the hunter may as well give it up for a bad job. This, however, is not likely to occur, unless he loses his reckoning of the direction which the chase has taken.

At this stage the effort of the hunter is to get a broadside shot, and after some trials he succeeds in reaching the desired position.

But he must not approach too near—not closer than twenty-five or thirty yards—or he will see the hair along the spine of one of the animals begin to erect itself and curl forward, its ears to lie straight back, and its eyes grow green and glassy. Then, quicker than a flash, it swings on its hind-legs like a pivot, and is at him.

Woe betide the hunter if he trusts to speed to escape. Even in that heavy snow the moose, now goaded to absolute mad-



ness, is for the time more than his match. Nothing is to be apprehended from his antlers. But those terrible forefeet can strike with the quickness of a prize-fighter and with the force of a sledge-hammer. Should he once strike the hunter down, or should the latter trip and fall, his friends, when they find him, will have

judgment in timing this—not a second too soon, not a hair's-breadth too late—or he will never hunt moose more.

The assault having failed, it is not resumed, but this animal continues to retreat in the direction he is headed, without rejoining the others. But he is now fighting mad, and unless he is the best of



HEAD OF COW MOOSE.

trouble to tell which was formerly the head and which the heels of the mangled mass that will remain.

If he has foolishly provoked the attack, he stands his ground, facing the animal, till he is almost on him, and then springs to one side, and runs at his best pace at a right angle to the direction of the onset. And it well behooves him to use good

the lot, it is well to let him go, and make after the others, which have kept right on, remaining, however, at a respectful distance hereafter.

But let us assume the hunter has had his shot, and downed his animal. If he is not a butcher he is satisfied, and allows the rest to go without further molestation.



Without a moment's pause, the perspiration dripping from every pore, notwithstanding the bitter cold, he hastens back to his pack and axe, for a fire is now a matter almost of life and death. Returning, he builds a regular conflagration near his prize, and cuts a large quantity of wood that it may be maintained while he is skinning it. This accomplished, he cuts a forked tree, the butt two or three inches in diameter, and the prongs about four feet long, and trims the butt to an angle on one side. He then binds a third prong in the middle with a thong of the animal's hide, thus forming a three-tined fork with deflecting prongs. He now packs the snow hard, spreads the moose-hide upon it, lays the fork on the hide, the butt toward the neck, folds the hide over it, places his meat on it, flattening the bottom perfectly smooth, and allows the whole to freeze. Thus he has made a sled on which to draw his meat home, the sloping butt of the fork forming the forward end. By the time his sled is made

and packed, the fire has melted a hole clear to the ground. The day is now nearly gone, and he is far from home, he hardly knows where. He must camp on the spot, and be quick about it too, lest darkness come before his preparations are complete. So he picks a lot of evergreen boughs for his bed, cuts his night's fire-wood in sticks about six feet long, so he can have a long thin fire, digs with his snow-shoes another hole beside that melted through the snow, moves his fire over on to the newly cleared space, and spreads his boughs on the heated ground, eats his supper, not forgetting a liberal portion of moose tenderloin, and lying down lengthwise of the fire in the bottom of his well, as it were, sleeps the sleep of exhaustion, except when the cold admonishes him that fresh fuel is required.

In the morning he breakfasts, puzzles out where he is, and starts for home, towing the hard-earned reward of his skill and toil behind him.

## NARKA.

### A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THEY were now assembled in the drawing-room, Sibyl busy at her tapestry, Narka sitting, with her long white hands in her lap, waiting to pour out the tea, Marguerite turning over the leaves of a book of old engravings with an air of excited interest, M. de Beaucrillon deep in his newspapers, and Basil measuring the long length of the room, slowly pacing up and down, his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his mouth, his handsome face clouded by an air of abstraction, almost of sadness, as his thoughts were far away from the company grouped round the lamp. Presently, passing near the table, he looked up, and his eyes rested on his cousin. It was a picture on which any man's eyes must have rested complacently. Marguerite's face had little claim to admiration beside Sibyl's blond loveliness and Narka's rich beauty of line and coloring, and yet there was a charm about its irregular features that made it no contemptible rival to either. It was the very

personification of youthful brightness and health; the small spirited nose was more piquant than if it had been classical, and the whole face sparkled with happiness and curiosity. This evening all her prettiness and brightness were further enhanced by an irresistible little demi-toilet of a white gauzy material, rose-colored ribbons in bows and loops sprouting out of the white foam as naturally as the rose-colored flower sprouted out of the curls and coils of her glossy brown hair. Marguerite was intent on the engravings. Suddenly, with an exclamation of dismay, "Sibyl," she cried, "I have made a dreadful mistake!"

They all looked up, interested and attentive. Basil stopped in his walk to hear.

"That head-dress that I sketched and sent to Paris for will be out of keeping. I now remember it was in a portrait of Velasquez that I saw it; so fancy how it will clash with that Florentine thirteenth-century costume! What shall I do?"

"What were we all thinking about?"



said Sibyl. Then, after a moment's reflection: "Really, *ma chérie*," she added, "I don't think you need worry about it. No one here is likely to find out the anachronism. If it were in Paris, now—"

"That is a pretty character you are giving us," said Basil, who had been listening with intense amusement to Marguerite's distressing confession. "You want to make out that in Russia we are a set of barbarians and dunces."

"Dear, I would not worry about it," Sibyl continued, addressing herself with sympathetic earnestness to Marguerite. "As a head-dress it will suit you beautifully, and that is the great point. Not that I *fully* approved of your choice of the costume; you know I said I thought a Greuze would suit you better."

"A Greuze!" exclaimed Basil, contemptuously, and he threw his hands up to the ceiling. "Trust one pretty woman for advising another to her ruin! You ought to have consulted a man, cousin; you ought to have consulted me; I would have advised you *honestly*, to your advantage. Since you won't be Red Riding-hood, and let me play Wolf to you, why shouldn't you go as Jezebel or Judith?—Jezebel with a hatchet, or Judith with a drawn sword? I'll lend you one as big as yourself, and show you how to carry it. You would look superbly tragic in a Jewish turban. Or, if you like something more modern, there is Charlotte Corday—"

Marguerite seized one of Sibyl's balls of wool, took aim, and hit the scoffer right on the nose.

"Bravo! What a capital shot! If this had been a bullet aimed at my heart, I was a dead man," said Basil, catching the ball and weighing it in his hand. "By-the-way, as you are such a shot, little cousin, why should not you go as Diana the huntress? I will teach you how to draw the bow if you like."

"Cousin Basil," said Marguerite, slapping the engraving of Anne of Austria with a heavy paper-knife, and facing her tormentor, "I can't think why I don't hate and detest you, for you aggravate me more than anybody I know."

"That is precisely why," said Basil.

"Why what?"

"Why you are so fond of me. It's because I aggravate you."

"Oh!—is it? Well, just leave off aggravating, and see if I don't grow fonder and fonder of you."

"You might grow too fond of me!" surveying her with a comical air of alarm.

She glanced up at him with a flash of mirth and mischief in her brown eyes. "Well," she said, slowly, as if weighing consequences, "I might; but I'll risk it, if you don't mind."

He sat down opposite to her, leaned forward, and began stroking his silken beard meditatively; this skirmishing with his pretty cousin was delightful. "It is a desperate risk for me to run," he remarked, solemnly.

"Run it!" said Sibyl, entering merrily into the fray; "don't be a coward!"

"I'll tell you what," said Marguerite, slapping Anne of Austria again with the paper-knife, "here are three competent judges: there is Narka, an artist and a mystic; Sibyl, a superior and cultivated woman; Gaston, a philanthropist and a politician."

"Heavens! what names you are giving us all!" protested M. de Beaucrillon, laying down his newspaper and looking up in surprised expectation.

Something in her brother's astonished face, or perhaps a twinkle in Basil's eye, recalled Marguerite to the fact that she was on slippery ground, and cut short the appeal she was about to make to the three judges. "I wish Gaston would tell you not to be so disagreeable," she said, turning away like a naughty child, and blushing as red as the flower in her hair.

"For goodness' sake don't set them fighting, or there will be no living in the house!" protested Sibyl, coming to the rescue with her subtle tact, for she saw Marguerite's embarrassment; "and we shall want peace amongst ourselves if we are to keep any kind of order amongst our friends and relations."

"How many are we going to be, all told—do you know?" asked Basil.

"About three hundred."

"All staying in the house!" exclaimed Marguerite. "Oh! how many guest-rooms have you?"

"Seventy-five. But then there is the armory; about a hundred manage to sleep there; they did at my marriage."

"But there are no beds in the armory," said Marguerite, more and more amazed.

"We don't put up beds," said Basil. "People bring their own beds and pillows; that is our barbarian mode of proceeding."

"What fun!" said Marguerite. "It



must be like camping out, with all the warriors and coats of mail mounting guard over one. I dare say they enjoy it very much."

"They seemed to do so last time, if one might judge from the noise they made," remarked Narka, who had been silent for a long time, and watching Marguerite with a coldly critical expression that would have frightened the girl if she had noticed it. "They kept it up till all hours of the morning, and I got very little sleep, for my room was over the encampment."

"They did make a most infernal racket one night," said Basil, with a boyish laugh, as if the recollection of the racket were very pleasant. "Some youngster proposed that they should all get into the coats of mail and march out into the park like a phantom procession, and frighten the wits out of everybody. The joke was at once adopted, and they were buckling themselves into the armor, when Larchoff, who was too drunk to know what he was about, pulled off his boot and began to hammer at some warrior's helmet. They had to fall on him, half a dozen of them, and strap him into a big suit of mail, and then bind his legs so that he had to lie quiet. He bellowed under the operation like a bull. It was awful. No wonder Narka could not sleep. I hope you won't put Larchoff in the armory this time, Sibyl."

"You don't mean to say that that dreadful man is invited!" Marguerite exclaimed, in a tone of incredulity.

"He was not invited then," said Sibyl; "but he thought it would be pleasant, so he came without being asked. Larchoff *ne se gêne pas*."

"I can't understand your letting him into the house at all," said Marguerite.

"My cousin, there are many things in this country that you can't understand," remarked Basil, with a peculiar laugh.

There were indeed very few things in Russian life, it seemed to Marguerite, that she could understand. The mixture of Oriental magnificence and barbarous discomfort, of lavish expenditure and shabby makeshift—letting guests bring their bedding and encamp on floors, and setting them gold plate to eat off—these things were in their way as puzzling to her as that Prince Zorokoff should tolerate under his roof and admit to his table such a wretch as Larchoff.

M. de Beaucrillon had not been joining

in the conversation; he had been deep in his newspapers; but he had now finished them, and got up and drew a chair to the tea-table. "Mademoiselle, I should like a cup of tea," he said.

Narka took the teapot from the samovar, and was proceeding to pour out the tea, when the door opened, and Vasili, Basil's valet, pale and scared, stood on the threshold, and said something in Russian. It was answered by an exclamation of horror from the three who understood.

"What is the matter?" asked M. de Beaucrillon.

The man, who spoke French freely, replied, "Count Larchoff has been murdered!"

For a moment horror seemed to have rendered every one speechless; then they plied Vasili with questions. His story was short. Two peasants had found the count lying in the forest with a gunshot wound in his chest. They thought he was dead, and carried him to the nearest cottage. He regained consciousness, and tried hard to say something, but no one could understand. At last they distinguished the words "Forgive! forgive! Father Christopher." They thought he wanted to confess, and some one ran for Father Christopher, while two others fetched the doctor and the pope. Father Christopher was nearest; he was in the confessional when the message came, and rushed out as he was. When he got to the cottage, Larchoff was still breathing. By the time the pope arrived it was all over.

"Who brought this news?" Basil inquired.

"Paul the cobbler."

"And at what time is it supposed the murder was committed?"

"About sundown. The count was found at eight o'clock, and the doctor said the wound must have bled for three or four hours."

"Oh, Narka!" cried Marguerite, turning a shade paler, "that must have been the shot we heard." She stopped short, terrified by the expression on Narka's face; and glancing involuntarily toward Basil, she read an answering horror in his eyes.

Sibyl and Gaston, who were trying to elicit further details from Vasili, had noticed nothing. A sudden noise made them look quickly round.

Marguerite had fainted. She fell forward, and must have fallen to the ground if Basil had not caught her in his arms.



"Poor child! No wonder she is overcome!" Sibyl exclaimed, rushing to assist.

Basil carried the fainting girl to a divan, and laid her gently down.

"You had better go away, both of you, and leave her to us," Sibyl said. "It will be nothing."

The two gentlemen saw they could be of no use, and went away, Gaston too much excited by the awful event which had caused Marguerite's swoon to attach much importance to so natural an accident.

The swoon lasted nearly an hour, in spite of Sibyl's incessant application of restoratives and Narka's constant friction of Marguerite's hands and feet. When at last Marguerite opened her eyes and gave signs of returning consciousness, Narka said:

"We had better let her sit up now. Bring a cushion from the red sofa—a big one." Then, Sibyl having moved away, she bent over Marguerite, and said, in a whisper: "Don't let idle fears disturb you, dear. Keep perfect silence for a while."

She raised her to a sitting position, Sibyl propped her up tenderly, and then, at Narka's suggestion, they left her to recover herself a little.

Meantime Basil and Gaston had gone round to the servants' hall to see Paul the cobbler, and hear the ghastly story over again.

"Let us go down to the village and see Father Christopher," said Gaston, when Paul had confirmed the few details given by Vasili. "We shall hear if any one is suspected of the murder, and if Larchoff was really conscious when the father saw him."

Basil seemed reluctant; he urged that the father could not possibly have any more to tell than they had already heard; but Gaston was bent on it; so they went. It was a beautiful starlight night, but as a matter of course a number of servants lighted lanterns as if it had been pitch-dark, and accompanied the two gentlemen. M. de Beaucrillon would have liked to talk with them, to hear what they thought about the crime, whether their instinct or information pointed with any suspicion to the murderer; but he could not speak Russian, and none of them spoke French, and Basil seemed too stunned to be willing to play the interpreter. He let his companion keep up a monologue without uttering a word.

"I suppose these crimes are not frequent in the rural districts in Russia."

"The people in their hearts cannot be sorry to be rid of such a devil, and yet I dare say they will not try to screen the murderer from the police." "The Russian police are wonderfully clever, I believe, but one only hears of them as political agents," etc.

Basil never opened his lips to any of these obviously interrogative remarks, but when Gaston said something about the probable difficulty of finding direct evidence to bring the criminal to justice, he retorted, with sudden vehemence:

"Justice! They will call the bullet that struck down Larchoff justice. The man who fired it will not be a criminal in the eyes of any man, or woman either, in the country for a hundred miles round. They won't call the deed murder; they will call it God's justice overtaking the wicked."

M. de Beaucrillon had not expected to see Basil moved by any feeling of pity for the wretched man whose hands had been a scourge and a sword dealing pain and death unmercifully to his people, but it shocked him a little to hear Sibyl's brother speak in a tone of almost triumphant approval of the bloody deed itself. He made no further comment, and they walked on in silence to Father Christopher's door.

The old priest had just returned from the dead man's house; he was the only person who had accompanied the body thither from the peasant's cottage where it had first been carried. No one else was willing to pay that tribute of respect to Larchoff.

"You have heard the news?" said the father.

"Was he conscious when you got there, father?" inquired M. de Beaucrillon.

"I think he was; I hope he was. I questioned him, and made an act of faith and contrition, and he pressed my hand very distinctly, and made convulsive efforts to speak. It was awful to see. I pronounced the absolution over him conditionally."

Basil gave a short, explosive laugh, that sounded horrible in Gaston's ears. Father Christopher winced perceptibly; he pulled his beretta forward, then pushed it back.

"Is any one suspected of the murder?" inquired Gaston.



"They are saying it was accidental. The forest has been full of men on the lookout for the wolf, and they think that Larchoff may have been shot by one of them in mistake."

"Is that likely?" asked M. de Beaucrillon.

"It is possible."

There was a pause. "Only this morning," said Father Christopher, breaking it, "the unfortunate man met me, and threatened to send me to Siberia for proselytizing. He had begun by telling me of the escape he had had of being killed by the wolf, riding home last night—how he had fired and hit him just in time. I didn't believe him. Perhaps he was speaking the truth."

"If so, it was the first time it ever happened him," said Basil.

"Well, he has gone before the judgment-seat," said the father. "May God have mercy on him!"

"Mercy on Larchoff! The devil owes him some, for he did his work well."

Basil's handsome features were positively ugly with the expression of hatred that passed over them. Father Christopher had never seen such an expression on his face before. It suddenly occurred to him that Sibyl had more than once expressed uneasy suspicions about her brother having been lured into associations of some sort with men who made crime and vengeance a part of their political creed. Father Christopher had never attached much importance to these fears; he believed that Basil was incapable of practically committing himself to such dark theories, though he might, partly from instinctive hatred of the cruelties that had provoked them, partly from a spirit of opposition, talk as if he sympathized with them. If the father had been alone with Basil he would have challenged him then and there, and insisted on knowing the truth; for though his old pupil was now a man of four-and-twenty, Father Christopher still looked upon him as a boy, and spoke to him with the frank boldness of a master.

"The village is in a state of great excitement," he remarked, wishing to divert M. de Beaucrillon's attention from Basil's strange demeanor; "there will be little sleep in it to-night."

"I will go down and see Ivan Gorff," said Basil.

"You won't find him," said Father Christopher; "he rode into X. this after-

noon, and he had not returned an hour ago; that zealous gossip Paul went there to tell of the murder, and he heard that Mlle. Sophie was ill; the shock of the news brought on a nervous attack."

"No wonder," said M. de Beaucrillon. "My sister fainted when she heard of it. We left her insensible when we came away."

They wished Father Christopher good-night, and went back to the castle.

## CHAPTER V.

MARGUERITE was very ill during the night. In the morning she sent to say she would not come down to breakfast. Sibyl went at once to her room.

"My poor darling," she said, laying her cool cheek against Marguerite's hot face, "to think of our bringing you all this way to frighten you into illness with wolves and murders!"

Marguerite answered with a faint smile, and Sibyl, seeing that the girl was very nervous, and best left quiet and alone, kissed her and came away, and sent for the doctor.

Narka had gone out early to see her mother, who was sure to have heard of the murder, and likely, in her weak state of health, to be seriously affected by the shock.

Mrs. Larik was in truth greatly excited. "So God's vengeance has overtaken the man who murdered my husband and my boy!" she exclaimed, her face quivering. "Ah! the Lord God swore to avenge the widow and the orphan; the Lord God has kept His word!"

"The vengeance can't help us, or give back the dead," replied Narka. "Don't rejoice in it, mother; it can't help us."

But Mrs. Larik was not magnanimous enough to take this negative view of the event. She was a kindly soul; she would not have crushed a worm; but she was an injured woman, made a widow and sonless by Larchoff and his father, and it was not in human nature that she should not feel a thrill of satisfaction at this deed of vengeance wrought upon the enemy who had crushed the joy out of her life.

Narka let her talk on awhile, but seeing that she was exciting herself overmuch, she said, irrelevantly, "Marguerite wanted to come and see you yesterday; do you think you would be able to see her to-day?"



"No, no; not to-day. My pains are sure to be very bad to-day. You know they are always worse when my mind is worried."

"I thought it might help you to forget the pains and the worry a minute. She is very merry and pleasant, and very nice to me."

"In a few days, when I have got over it a bit, but not to-day, not to-day. I can't think how you could ask me such an unreasonable thing, Narka, as to see a stranger to-day."

"Then I shall make her wait, little mother; there is no hurry," said Narka, soothingly; and she arranged the pillows, and fussed about the nervous, irritable invalid, and talked of household matters, and did what she could to cheer her and turn her mind to practical interests. Narka was not the same being with her mother and with the rest of the world; every tone, every touch, was full of deprecating tenderness; her strength became as the weakness of a little child when she was nursing and caressing and humoring the peevish, loving, broken-spirited widow who had only her left to care for. When M. de Beaucrillon said to Sibyl, "Your Narka is too grand and cold for me; she is not human enough; she is like a goddess made out of marble and gold," Sibyl replied, "If you saw her with her mother you would not say that."

They were at breakfast when Narka got back to the castle. She had scarcely sat down when a servant came in to say that Pakol Pasgoiroiwitch, the Stanovoï's clerk, was outside, wanting to speak to Prince Basil.

"Let the dog wait," was Basil's contemptuous reply. "Does he think I am going to get up from my breakfast to attend to him?"

The servant looked as if he had something he wished to say—something that would explain; but after a second's hesitation he decided not to say it, and withdrew. He had hardly closed the door when Basil rose impulsively and went out after him. Pakol Pasgoiroiwitch was standing in the hall; the door was ajar, and the voices were audible in the breakfast-room. Some words reached Sibyl and Narka which made them change color and start. Before they had time to exchange a word, Basil flung the door open and came back, followed by Pakol Pasgoiroiwitch.

Basil looked at the man as if ordering him to speak.

"The murderer has been discovered," said Pakol Pasgoiroiwitch, with a stolid, neutral face, like a mask.

An exclamation of impatient curiosity came from the two ladies.

"Father Christopher is the man who committed it!"

Sibyl almost screamed, and after staring blankly at the messenger, dropped into her seat. Narka stood as if turned to stone.

"What is it?" inquired M. de Beaucrillon, curious and impatient.

Basil explained. The man went on to deliver his message, looking all the while as unmoved as a wooden figure might have done. Information had reached the authorities that morning; the father's gun was found loaded in the sacristy, with one chamber empty; the father had been seen hurrying from the forest at the time of the murder: all this evidence was substantiated.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed M. de Beaucrillon, when it had been translated to him; "but you could not hang a dog on such evidence."

"Not in France," retorted Basil; "but we are in Russia, and the Stanovoï thinks Father Christopher is guilty."

"He thinks nothing of the sort. It's his business to think everybody guilty till he finds out who is. Why doesn't he suspect you and me? He would find both our rifles with a couple of chambers empty. Bon Dieu! The thing is beyond belief; it is monstrous."

"Father Christopher!" Sibyl repeated, in a tone of stupefied amazement.

"Have they arrested him?" asked Narka, who had remained rooted to the spot where she heard the news.

"Yes; about an hour ago."

"You can go," said Basil, with haughty abruptness.

The man bowed to his knees, and withdrew.

Everybody seemed struck dumb for a moment after the door had closed. Then Basil exploded in a muttered curse, and walked to the window.

"What motive can any one have had in getting up such a preposterous story?" asked M. de Beaucrillon.

"Oh! the motive is not far to seek," said Sibyl. "The father is hated by the Stanovoï, as he was by Larchoff; both have been pursuing him unrelentingly



ever since my mother's death, trying to entrap him into something that would give them a hold upon him; they have plotted late and early to convict him of proselytizing, of being connected with the revolutionists. It was only the fear of my father's influence at St. Petersburg that held them at all in check, or they would have sent him to Siberia or the gallows long since. The Stanovoï has seized on Larchoff's murder now to serve his hate of the father, and they will buy witnesses to swear to his guilt."

"We will outbid them; we will do it if it costs every ruble in our possession and every acre of our land," cried Basil, coming up to her, both his hands clinched, his countenance set.

"If papa were at home!" exclaimed Sibyl, excitedly.

"Thank Heaven he is not!" retorted Basil. "He will serve us infinitely better at St. Petersburg. I must go to him immediately. We will do what is to be done there, and then my father will come home and deal with the business here."

"Dear Basil, that is the best plan. But meantime they will have carried Father Christopher to prison at X. Do you think the Stanovoï will let you see him at the guard-house before he goes? It would be everything if you could see him and tell him to be of good cheer."

"He is sure to be that, whatever befalls. I don't think they would let me see him."

"Oh, try, Basil, try!" said Narka, in a tone of entreaty that was full of anguish. "Or if I went? Perhaps they would make less difficulty about letting me in?"

Basil seemed pulled in different directions; but after a moment's hesitation he said, "I will go myself," and went out of the room.

"Would my going help?" asked M. de Beaucrillon.

"No; it would hinder, more likely," said Sibyl. "Oh, Narka," she cried, moving rapidly to and fro and wringing her hands, "if they should find witnesses to swear away his life!" She burst into tears.

"They are sure to find them," Narka replied, in a level undertone.

Sibyl knew what a strength of passionate feeling there was beneath the tense, calm manner, but M. de Beaucrillon did not, and the girl's apparent insensibility revolted him.

The Stanovoï politely but positively re-

fused to let Basil see the father. He was profuse in his expressions of regret at not being able to obey his Excellency's desire, but he had himself received the strictest orders not to let any one near the prisoner, who was to be conveyed next day to X.

"And who has invented this precious lie against him?"

"Prince, I am here again under orders of secrecy, and dare not reveal the names of the witnesses."

"There are several, then? I should not have thought there was one man in the entire district who would have lied against Father Christopher."

"There is not a man in the district, Excellency, who does not know that Father Christopher hated Count Larchoff."

"There is not a man, woman, or child in the district who did not hate Larchoff. If that be a proof, you can convict every muzhik on the land of the murder."

"We can't convict them of a more heinous crime still, that of poisoning the souls of the Czar's subjects by drawing them away from the orthodox faith, as Father Christopher has been of late years repeatedly charged with doing."

"By whom was he charged with it? By Larchoff, who never could prove it in a single instance."

"It will be proved now."

"What! Is Larchoff coming back from hell to do it? Mind what you are about. I warn you the devil may overshoot his mark."

With this threat, emphasized by his uplifted stick, Basil turned his back on the Stanovoï and walked out.

Ivan Gorff had seen him in the distance, and was waiting outside the Mayor's house. They clasped hands.

"This is a pretty business," said Ivan.

"Whose doing can it be?" said Basil, as if questioning himself.

"You don't believe it can have been accidental?"

"I mean this arrest of Father Christopher."

"The Stanovoï's, of course. Who else had any interest in getting him out of the way? But the Prince will be too strong for him. There is no likelihood of their prevailing against the Prince?"

"There's always a likelihood of lies prevailing."

They went on some way without further speech. Ivan saw that Basil was desperately alarmed, and though he thought



he overestimated the danger to Father Christopher, he knew his friend too well to say so, at this crisis at least. Basil was by nature and habit masterful and impatient of opposition; to contradict him would only serve to exasperate his imperious temper, and provoke one of those outbursts of violence which betrayed the weak point in his character, the lack of that strength which controls self, and is the surest test of power in controlling others.

So Ivan walked on, his loose, shuffling step keeping pace irregularly with the vigorous stride of his companion. When they reached the park gate, he stood. "I won't go in with you," he said; "I have to go on to X. this afternoon. Sophie is very ill."

"Oh! I'm very sorry to hear that," said Basil, cordially. "I hope it's only the effect of the shock to her nerves?"

"The doctor says so; but he says she is on the brink of a nervous fever. I must take her for a change as soon as possible. I think I shall carry her off to Odessa in a day or two. We have an old aunt there who will take care of her. She wants to be taken care of."

"She does," replied Basil. "They all do, those young girls; they ought all to have mothers to look after them. Well, present my best respects to Mademoiselle Sophie. She may have left before I return. By-the-way, I did not tell you: I am going to start off to St. Petersburg. Nobody must know; I will say I am going to the dentist at X., and that I may be obliged to stay the night there. This will give me forty-eight hours' start of these blood-hounds. A good deal depends on our being first in the field at St. Petersburg. It is a mercy my father has kept his footing at court. We have grumbled because he squandered so much money there, but now we are thankful for it."

"Yes, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," replied Ivan.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE doctor found Marguerite alarmingly feverish; she seemed on the brink of a serious illness; for some days he could not say how it would turn. Narka longed to take possession of her, to be quite alone with her. If delirium came on, there was the danger of revelations which

both she and Marguerite dreaded. The consciousness of a secret between them—a terrible fear, which, for being unexpressed, was none the less distinctly understood by both—had suddenly drawn the two girls together in a bond of no common sympathy, and Marguerite would have been happier to feel herself in Narka's safe-keeping; but Sibyl had at once entered on the duties of nurse as hers by right, and was constantly by her bedside.

Narka had not been alone with Basil for a moment since the announcement of the murder, and she had not even seen him since the news of Father Christopher's arrest. Of late her relationship with Basil had been undergoing a change. Imperceptibly the old free unconsciousness had been slipping from her, and she had felt creeping over her that kind of embarrassing sensitiveness that manifests itself in shyness; she felt, or she fancied, that her manner was not the same—free, direct, and simple—and the dread that Basil should notice the change made her shrink from being alone with him. But Basil noticed nothing. He was as unrestrained as ever in his brotherly familiarity. It had long been his habit to make a confidante—to a certain point—of Narka. He talked to her more unreservedly than to any one else. He could denounce things to Narka, he could swear at the Czar, he could complain of his father's extravagance and absenteeism, more freely to her than to Sibyl; he had been thrown more entirely on Narka for this kind of sympathy since Sibyl's marriage, and he had been annoyed lately at the difficulty he found in getting hold of her for confidential talks; she seemed to be always taken up with Sibyl, busy about something; but it never occurred to him that she was fighting shy of him.

This morning Narka had been wanting to meet him; she dreaded the interview, but some force was impelling her to seek it; she felt that she and Basil were in closer affinity at this moment than they had ever been before—drawn into closer confidence than they had ever been in childhood, when every little joy and sorrow was common, when they bent over the same lesson, and conned the same story, and wandered together through the forest birdnesting; whatever spell might come between them, it was to her that Basil was looking now for sympathy, and that silent understanding which was as



necessary to his morbid sensitiveness as food to his body. She had been up and down stairs a dozen times within an hour, now fancying that she heard his steps ringing across the hall, then that she heard the door of his room close or open; her heart leaped every time she thought he was going to appear, and sank again when the hope, or the dread, she could hardly say which, died away. She was crossing the broad landing at the head of the wide oak-stairs when Basil did finally appear in the hall below, and, seeing her, turned from his purpose of entering the drawing-room, and bounded up the stairs.

"It was just you that I wanted to see," he said. "Come in here a minute." He opened the door of his room, the room he was pleased to call his study, and Narka went in with him. He closed the door, and then turned to her. "What is the matter with Marguerite?" he said.

Narka could hardly believe her ears: the question was like a glass of cold water dashed into her face.

"The doctor says her nerves have received a shock."

"We did not want him to tell us that," Basil retorted, impatiently. "Does he say it is likely to be serious?"

"He hopes not; but she must be kept very quiet. Sibyl is with her."

Basil turned brusquely away and walked to the window.

So this was what was uppermost in *his* thoughts, this was *his* paramount preoccupation when they were all waiting with bated breath to know the fate of Father Christopher, charged with a crime that was punishable by death!

Basil came back as brusquely as he had turned away.

"Narka, there is no time to be lost. I am going to start at once for St. Petersburg. No one must know it except ourselves. Ivan is the only person I have told."

"Ah! . . . Ivan is sure to be discreet," said Narka, with an imperceptible note of interrogation in her voice.

"Ivan discreet? Where I am concerned? Ivan would be flayed alive to save me from a toothache. You and Sibyl don't do Ivan justice; he is the best fellow living. I wish you would both try and like him better."

"We do like him," said Narka; "and I know he is devoted to you; but when secrecy is such a matter of life and death

one dreads the very grass hearing. . . . I didn't mean to doubt his loyalty. What hour do you leave? Have you ordered the britzka?"

"No. I will make Vasili pack up what I want to take with me, and then order it." He put out his hand to the bell.

"Don't ring," said Narka, arresting him; "I will put up your things."

The door of his bedroom adjoined his study, and stood open; she passed in, and proceeded with sisterly indiscretion to open the drawers and fill the travelling valise that was always ready to hand for these sudden emergencies. Departures for distant journeys at a moment's notice were so common an incident in Basil's practice that his present expedition would probably have excited no surprise either in the castle or the village; it was conscience that was making a coward of him. He made no demur to Narka's offer, but went to his writing-table and began putting away and destroying some letters and papers.

Presently he came into the bedroom, and standing over Narka, who was on her knees laboring at the valise, he said: "You were down in the village this morning; what do they say? Do they think it was an accident?"

"No, they don't," she answered, without looking up.

"Do they suspect who did it?"

"I did not hear; but if they knew, the secret would be safe with them."

"What! even if they believed it to have been deliberate murder?"

"They don't call it murder, I imagine. They had come to look on Larchoff as more dangerous than any wild beast; his death is no more a murder to them than the killing of a wolf or a man-eating bear."

After a silence Basil said, "And you agree with them?"

Narka did not answer at once; she finished what she was doing, and then stood up. "And if I did agree with them?" she said, her blue-black eyes flashing with the passion that vibrated in her voice—"if I did agree with them? Do you expect *me* to call down vengeance on the man who rid the world of Larchoff? If you do, you expect more than God in heaven expects of me."

Basil positively quailed before the strength of the passion that was making her tremble; yet he could not look away, or even drop his lids: her eyes held him



with an irresistible fascination, and compelled him to meet them.

"You would acquit the man who committed that murder?" he asked.

"I would; I do. It is no murder in the sight of God."

"Would you—can you fancy a woman marrying the man who did it?" His voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"If she had loved him before, why not?"

"You think he might marry her, then, without confessing he had done it?"

"That would be harder to forgive, but if he loved her he would trust her love, and not fear to tell her the truth beforehand." Her voice had grown tremulous and soft as a caress.

Both were silent. There was a troubled consciousness in his eyes; in hers a wistful questioning. Basil was going to speak, but he checked himself and turned away. A few minutes later he was on the road to X.

Narka contrived to get possession of Marguerite next day. She owed this as much to M. de Beaucrillon as to her own manœuvring. He was bored to such an extent that it took all Sibyl's tact and ability to keep him quiet. She was almost sorry that Marguerite was not ill enough to frighten him a little. This would have been a stimulant, and kept him at least from yawning all day long. But unfortunately for Sibyl he shrewdly suspected, what the doctor had said, that the best thing for Marguerite would be to carry her back at once to France. Poor Sibyl, with her hands full, had no time to spare in diverting him, but she contrived to make her many occupations help a little in that direction. There were scores of letters to be written, invited guests had to be put off, and all the preparations for the intended festivities to be countermanded, not temporarily, as she had thought when the murder had thrown a bombshell into the gay programme, but definitely. She begged Gaston to help her whenever French would do instead of Russian, and he was too well bred not to oblige a lady, though she was his wife. But these little services were as pebbles thrown into the water: they stirred its surface for a moment, but the ripples passed away, and left it as dead a calm as before.

"Ma chère amie," he protested, "the dulness of your native land is sublime. In no other country under heaven do

people yawn as they do in Russia. The ennui is beyond any name in any language. I feel as if I were being chloroformed."

"Dear! oh dear! what an unreasonable being a man is!" Sibyl replied, with a sigh of despair. "In three weeks you have had a wolf come down and howl for you, then a murder, and you complain of being chloroformed!"

"These shocks wake one up with a start, but they don't keep one awake. There is absolutely nothing to do. If there were even a neighbor with a pretty wife to make love to, that would be wrong? Well, at any rate, it would be amusing; but I can't even try to make you jealous. *Seigneur Dieu!* what a country!"

Sibyl admitted it was a hard case, but she appealed to his generosity, his kindness, to all his virtues in turn, and adjured him to be patient.

"I wish Basil had thought of taking Gaston with him," she said to Narka the third morning after her brother's departure. "It would have amused him to see St. Petersburg, and what a relief it would have been to us!"

"I should not care to give M. de Beaucrillon such an opportunity of comparing our criminal law with that of his own country," said Narka; "but now that you are a French woman you are not so sensitive in that respect as when you were a Russian."

"I wish, Narka, you would call Gaston by his Christian name," said Sibyl, with clever irrelevance; "it sounds ridiculous to hear you saying 'Monsieur de Beaucrillon.' If you had a husband I should call him by his name, and expect him to call me by mine."

Narka's face beamed with one of her rare beautiful smiles. She looked at Sibyl with a glance of adoring admiration.

"Yes," continued Sibyl, with a pretty pout, "you are a disappointment to me, both of you—a most unsatisfactory pair of brother and sister."

The grace of the reproach was one of those delicate touches with which Sibyl was continually thrilling Narka's tenderness to the heart. Yet these touches in some indescribable way brought home to her, as no external conditions of rank could do, the wide gulf which the accident of birth and race had sunk between them, and which Sibyl, with instinctive delicacy, bridged over, always seeming unconscious



of any social difference between herself and her low-born sister.

During these days of dreary ennui to Gaston and breathless anxiety to the other members of the family, Narka was on the watch to avoid being alone with Sibyl. Her own constant attendance on Marguerite and Sibyl's multitude of occupations made this comparatively easy, but occasionally they were thrown together *en tête-à-tête* for a little while, and then, let Narka do what she would, the conversation fell on the murder.

Sibyl would not admit for a moment that the crime could be fastened on Father Christopher.

"I wonder what Ivan Gorff thinks about it?" she said one morning when M. de Beaucrillon had left the breakfast table.

"He ought to be back now. I wonder how Sophie is. I am sorry he carried her off in such a hurry, without letting us know she was so ill. I should have liked to see her; but I fancy they have been both a little shy with us all here since that kind of overture of my father's about Sophie which Basil did not follow up. It was a mistake his speaking so soon. Not that I think there was really much likelihood of Basil ever making up his mind to ask Sophie. What a mercy my father is on the spot to work against the people here! We shall never complain again of his being such an absentee. It is everything now his being well at court."

"Yes; if that obtains justice for Father Christopher, we need never complain," assented Narka; "but, Sibyl, what a heinous thing it is that the life of an innocent man should hang on such a chance!"

"It is never a chance when we can reach the Emperor," Sibyl replied; "that is the happiness of being under one whose authority is supreme; there is no twisting of the law, no plotting or bribing, that can overrule his will."

"But if one can't reach him in time, there is no redress against the plotting and the bribing."

Sibyl remembered how bitterly Narka had learned this evil side of the Emperor's paternal government, and regretted her inconsiderate remark. M. de Beaucrillon's entrance was opportune to them both. Narka left him to Sibyl, and went up to Marguerite. The feverish symptoms had entirely disappeared, but bright little Marguerite was as weak as a child, and looked more wan and worn than so

short an illness seemed to justify. The few days' suffering had beautified her, as such accidents are apt to do in early youth; her complexion was as clear as wax, and her brown eyes had borrowed a soft lustre that was more fascinating in its way than their usual saucy brightness. Poor child! no wonder the brightness was veiled! those innocent eyes had been gazing through wide-open summer windows at the joyous pageant of life, and lo! there suddenly passed before her a spectacle of horror, a vision of sin and murder. Narka continued to devote herself to Marguerite, though there was now no necessity for constant attendance. No confidences had passed between them, but she felt that Marguerite was clinging to her as the sinking man clings to the swimmer.

"Sibyl was saying she thought you might venture on a little drive to-day, dear?" remarked Narka.

"Oh no; I don't feel up to it," Marguerite replied; "my head swims still when I walk across the room; to-morrow perhaps I shall feel inclined, but not to-day."

Narka stood looking down at the small figure reclining on the couch; it looked half as small again, swallowed up under an enormous fur rug.

"I will let you have your way about it this once more," she said; "but it is the last time. To-morrow, if you won't come of your own sweet will, I will get M. de Beaucrillon to carry you. You will never get a bit of strength, or a patch of color into your cheeks, until you get some fresh air."

"The color will come back soon enough, don't be afraid," Marguerite said, with a little pretence at merriment. "Are you going to drive?"

"No; I am going to walk; I am going down to my mother for an hour."

"That dear Tante Nathalie; when shall I see her?" said Marguerite, taking Narka's hand that hung down by her side. "How good it is of her to spare you to us so long! You have been nursing me when you ought to have been with her. How she must miss you!"

"Dear mother"—Narka's eyes grew tender in an instant—"but she is glad to let me be with Sibyl."

"You do love Sibyl."

"Yes, I do love Sibyl," Narka answered, with hearty emphasis.

Marguerite felt at that moment that she loved Narka. Something in the ex-



pression of her uplifted face, perhaps, expressed this avowal, for Narka bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

At the park gate Narka met Ivan Gorff. "I thought you were gone to Odessa?" she said, in surprise.

"I have come back on purpose to see you. I have something of importance to tell you."

"Ah! about the father?"

"No; about Basil. He must escape across the frontier as quickly as possible."

Narka stood, partly from sheer inability to go on walking, and partly that she might look at Ivan, and read in his face what she had not the courage to ask.

Ivan stood also, but he only repeated: "He must escape at once. I have sent a messenger on the chance of meeting him at St. Petersburg, but I expect he is on his way home by this, and the messenger will miss him. Perhaps it is as well; there will be less hurry in arresting him here. They will have to be cautious, and catch him quietly."

"What has happened?" Narka said, when she had recovered her self-command sufficiently to speak and walk on.

"Something has been found amongst Larchoff's papers that compromises him; he is denounced as implicated in a plot to assassinate the Emperor."

Narka uttered something inarticulate. "I must not ask how you came by this knowledge?" she said.

"You may ask, but I may not tell," he replied, curtly.

"The warrant is not yet here for his arrest?"

"No; but it will probably be here to-night. When do you expect Basil?"

"At any moment. He has not announced the day, but I have an idea he will be back to-morrow."

They went on a little without speaking. Then Narka said: "And Father Christopher? Have you heard anything? Is there any chance of Basil bringing back the order for his release?"

Ivan was shuffling on with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his furred overcoat. At this question of Narka's he lifted his head, held it skyward a moment, and then dropped it heavily on his breast; the gesture expressed absolute hopelessness.

"Yet the Prince has great influence? Sibyl seems certain he will prevail."

But Ivan remained stolidly unrespon-

sive, while a look as of impatient contempt crossed his face.

"Oh, surely, something may be done!" Narka cried. "Is there nothing to be attempted here? Would not the people come with us in a body to X., and petition the Isprawnic? Sibyl would come at our head. Or perhaps M. de Beau-crillon, as a foreigner, might have a chance of being heard if he interfered. To think that we should stand by and not lift a finger to rescue the dear old father is too horrible!"

Ivan walked on, his eyes still staring before him. At last he said, "There is only one thing that could be of the least use—if we could find the man who committed the murder, and give him up to justice."

Narka felt as if some one had clutched her by the throat. The ground seemed to be moving under her feet. She kept walking on as if urged by some mechanical force. For her life she could not have stopped; if she had stopped, she must have screamed. Neither of them spoke another word until they came to a point where the roads crossed. Then Narka said, "I am going this way."

Ivan took the remark for a dismissal, and without further ceremony parted from her, going on to the village, while she took the road to X.

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## CHAPTER VII.

NARKA was no longer in a mood to go to her mother after this. It would have been impossible to keep the absolute secrecy that was necessary; she could command the silence of her tongue—that was always easy to her; but she could not insure the silence of her face, nor prevent the keen eyes of the mother from reading on its troubled features the fact that something was agitating her. Many a time within the last few days Narka had felt thankful that she was staying at the castle, and that Marguerite's illness gave her a plausible excuse for not going home to be with Madame Larik during her little attack of rheumatism. It would have been almost beyond her powers of self-control to sit all day with a calm countenance, cheering up her mother, reassuring her perpetual apprehensions, answering her endless conjectures, contradicting her prophecies, and belying in words the ter-



rors that filled her own heart. It would often have been a relief at this moment—an unspeakable relief—if she could have spoken out to anybody, to an idiot, to a dumb dog, to any living thing; it would have been a relief if she could have shrieked out to the trees; but she might not indulge even in this solace; there were peasants about in the fields; they would hear her, and think she had gone suddenly mad.

She walked on at a quick pace, and had gone some way on the road, when there broke on the stillness the sound of bells tinkling in the distance. Narka stood still and listened till she heard them nearing distinctly. Could it be Basil returning? She held her breath in expectation; but the suspense did not last long. There came quickly in sight a britzka, in which she recognized the Prince's notary, M. Perrow. He pulled up the moment he saw her, and jumping out, advanced with a low bow. The bow was so low that it set Narka wondering.

"This is a lucky chance for me, mademoiselle," said the notary, again bowing. "I came in to seek the honor of an interview with you. May I join you now, or shall I accompany you to Madame Larik's house?"

"My mother is not very well; I prefer to talk with you here," replied Narka, her surprise increasing to amazement.

"It is not often one has the good fortune to be the bearer of good news," began M. Perrow, facetiously, "and I congratulate myself on being so privileged."

"Good news! Oh, thank God!" cried Narka; "he is out? he is free?"

"Excuse me: my news has nothing to do with that sad business. I come to announce the death of your mother's respected relative Dr. Schwartzel, and to inform you that he has bequeathed to you, to you personally and solely, a legacy of fifty thousand rubles. The money has been paid into our hands."

Narka said, "Oh!" and walked on.

"We are so full of this dreadful business," she observed, presently, "that it seems as if nothing important could happen except in connection with it."

"That's natural. Still, life goes on, and it is a good thing to inherit. The money was paid in only this morning by the banker of the late Dr. Schwartzel: you see, I have lost no time in letting you know."

"I thank you."

"It is desirable that the money should be invested without delay. The sooner it is placed, the sooner it will bring in interest. I wait your orders on this head." And he forthwith launched into a statement of the various kinds of stock, home and foreign, that he ventured to recommend as safe and profitable.

Narka let him run on, but she hardly heard what he was saying; she was not in a frame of mind to enter on the subject of railways that paid high with risk, and government bonds that paid low without risk. She requested M. Perrow to let the money remain in his safe for a few days, until she should have considered the matter and taken advice, when she would communicate with him. The notary was a trifle disappointed, but he felt that Mademoiselle Narka Larik was a person who knew how to assume at once the new position in which her suddenly acquired fortune placed her, and this inspired him with additional respect for her. He took his dismissal with politeness, got into his britzka, and drove away.

Narka watched the britzka out of sight, and it almost seemed as if its coming and going had been a dream. A week ago this legacy would have been the realization of the cherished dream of her life; it would have represented the fulfilment of all that her poor mother had longed for— independence for her child, and comfort and ease for them both. They had wanted for nothing, thanks to Prince Zorokoff's generosity and Sibyl's loving-kindness, but both mother and daughter had a spirit that chafed under the burden of such obligations, and to be free from these, to be independent of pecuniary help, was their greatest desire. Then Narka longed to take her mother to those healing springs in her native Germany, and after that to travel and see some of the beautiful places that Basil told her about, and that her own imagination had pictured to her out of books. The tragedy of her father's and her brother's death had fallen like a deadly blight on her youth, and crushed the natural desire of her age for amusement. She had never shared the common delight of girlhood in innocent gayety and dress and dancing; those springs were broken; but perhaps on that very account her desire for other enjoyments had developed more strongly.



She longed to escape from the scenes of her life's great sorrow, as if this flight of the body must in some degree carry her spirit away from its pain; while the intellectual hunger of a healthy mind incited her curiosity to visit new places and see new phases of life. The long winter evenings had many and many a time been shortened to herself and her mother by dreams and plans that were to be carried out when old Cousin Schwartzel died and left them the independence he had promised on hearing of Larik's exile and their consequent destitution. And now the promise had been fulfilled, the fairy had come to their door with the purse and the seven-leagued boots, and Narka could not even feel glad. If the money could serve to rescue Father Christopher and get Basil safe out of Russia, how joyfully would she have paid it away, and renounced her day-dreams forever!

She had walked a long way—so long that even her elastic young limbs recalled her to the fact that they had to carry her back. She made up her mind not to announce the news to Madame Larik to-day. She was not sufficiently mistress of herself to play the rejoicing part that would be expected of her; moreover, in her mother's weak condition of health, another sudden shock, even a pleasant one, might be hurtful; and there was no hurry; the good news would be as good to-morrow. She was debating whether she would go in to her mother now or come down later in the afternoon, when the sight of Sibyl's pony-carriage at the cottage gate settled the question, and she went in.

In Narka's eyes there was no lovelier thing in nature than the picture of Sibyl with Tante Nathalie, as Madame Larik was called in the family. When she entered the room now the young Princess was administering to the widow some little dainty that she had brought from the castle, and insisted on making her eat. Madame Larik yielded under protest, querulously declaring between every spoonful that she had no appetite, and that there was no reason why she should force herself to eat, or to live at all. Sibyl petted her as if she had been a child; her manner was as full of gentle deference toward the peevish, forlorn widow as if she had been a Czarina. Madame Larik had been pretty in her youth, with that soft round German comeliness that wears

better than more regular beauty; she was a soft, fair, fat, round little woman, with nothing to remind you of Narka's grand lines or delicate splendor of coloring; but there was no lack of intelligence in her features, and the majesty of a great sorrow had set its seal upon her.

"Tante Nathalie is a great deal better to-day," said Sibyl, when Narka came in. "She won't own it; but that is sheer perversity, I tell her. Now, ma tante, you must let me put you lying down," she continued, seeing that Madame Larik had eaten the last spoonful of her little dainty meal.

"I am well enough sitting so, my dear," said the widow.

But Sibyl insisted. She had a notion that to make people lie down *must* be good for them.

Madame Larik gave in, as she always did with Princess Sibyl.

"We must get her out for a drive to-morrow," said Sibyl, fussing fondly about her, and putting a quilted silk eider-down—her own gift—over Tante Nathalie's feet.

"No, no," protested Madame Larik, shaking her head. "No driving about for me while Father Christopher is in prison. Wait till he is out."

"Your moping and worrying won't help him to get out," said Sibyl.

"That is what I tell her," said Narka, standing at the end of the sofa.

"Why does not Basil write? It is a bad sign that he does not write," said Madame Larik. "It must mean bad news."

"It means more likely no news," said Sibyl. "But in any case he would not have trusted the news to the post; he said so."

"If he had good news he would have managed to send it somehow," persisted Madame Larik, in her little soft, obstinate way, shaking her head. "Good news is sure to come."

"I thought it was bad news that always travelled fast," Sibyl said, laughing at her. "Why will you croak so, Tante Nathalie?"

She took a vase off the table, and began to arrange some hot-house flowers in it, talking in her pleasant, sympathetic way all the time. Then she said she must be going, and Narka had better come with her. Narka made no difficulty. She was thankful to escape the strain of a *tête-à-tête* with her mother.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE decline and fall of the Italian opera in New York is even more evident this year than it was a year ago. The American opera has taken the field again with the air of an assured conqueror, and the only apprehension is that some difference like that between Mr. Thomas and Madame Fursch-Madi may lead to trouble. The musical temperament is very sensitive, and a combination of musicians is like a Prince Rupert's drop. It is very beautiful and brilliant, but a touch will shiver it into a thousand bits. There must have been great anxiety during the days of suspense that followed the prima donna's collision with the table. The acorn was small, indeed, but the possible oak—! That a great and promising and admirable and sober enterprise should be in danger of falling under the table! In a quiet bay, at her moorings, suddenly

"The *Royal George* went down,  
With twice four hundred men."

It would be no less a public calamity if as suddenly, by as wretched causes, the noble opera enterprise should end.

Italian opera before the holidays consisted of the swift failure and disappearance of a troupe of not very famous singers, and two or three operatic concerts by Madame Patti and Madame Scalchi. They were given at the same time that Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* was produced amid an enthusiasm which continued during the four hours of the representation. The performance was followed by prolonged and elaborate reviews in the newspapers, which treated the occasion as a public event of high importance, if indeed the estimate of public importance could be correctly based upon the space devoted to it in the newspapers. While Patti and Scalchi were warbling at a concert the rippling melodies of Rossini's *Semiramide*, the *Tristan and Isolde* was hailed as the greatest of operas, and its production the finest operatic performance ever known in the country. The charming and tinkling roulades of *Semiramide*, which recall the gay court of the Restoration, and the relaxation of minds strained by the Napoleonic excitement, seemed as quaint and antiquated in the moment when Wagner fills the ear as the pretty pastorals of Watteau beside the earnest "Décadence" of Couture or the sentimental fervor of Ary Scheffer.

But if the pictures of Watteau, although he was not Couture or Scheffer, and although his pictorial conceits are artificial and show a world that never was, are still charming for that very reason, why should the eager and delighted listener to Wagner assume that Rossini is silenced, and that his melodies will never be tolerated again? In wandering through the French galleries, and marking the Horace Vernets and Delaroches and Tro-

yons and Diazes and Millets and Collets and Gérômes and Frères, and all their brethren of a modern day, the loiterer pauses before the Watteaus as in the Dresden gallery he lingers by the breezy Wouvermans. Those groups of an impossible French Barataria are no more unreal than the pretty Arcadia of Claude Lorraine:

"Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss:  
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

The date of Horace Vernet will not obscure that of Watteau. The Rossinian melody, like those evening bells of Moore, will still sound on, whatever fresher chimes may peal from new cathedral towers.

The other evening, as the Easy Chair listened to the music of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, it could not but wonder what Mozart would think of *Tristan and Isolde* and the whole Wagnerian strain. How would Greuze have enjoyed Holman Hunt's pictures, or Raphael, Rossetti, or Correggio, Burne-Jones's? Surely the difference of form would not have deceived them, and the essential beauty of each would have been apparent to every other. Byron was the fashion when Keats sang. It was only sixty or seventy years ago that the world would hear only Byron. But the night-ingale does not silence the lark nor the wood-thrush. To-day Keats's song is quite as audible as Byron's, and the music of both is sweet to hear. There is daylight enough for the Alps and the Andes, and for little Mount Hope in Rhode Island. The young mother lavishes all her love upon her first-born, but she has as much for the second, and when there are six, all are loved as one. Last night a new comet, or a fixed star, or a planet, or even a constellation, swam into the ken of the watchful astronomer. The heavens are richer; there is a new light; but the north-star and Arcturus and the Pleiades and Cassiopeia still shine undimmed.

The fervor of the Wagner pleasure is exhilarating, but it is in a little danger of diminishing itself by exclusion and narrowing. When a new knight receives the garter he is admitted, not to a solitary chair, but to a select company. The Walhalla is the hall of heroes, and every latest comer is welcomed by his peers. Beethoven's crown and Mozart's laurel are not disturbed by the bays of Wagner. It is his distinction that he is admitted to their society, if indeed it be so. The generous optimist opens the volume of each new poet, eager and ready to find another singer of more



than a day. But although he comes, the others remain. When Wordsworth came, Gray and Goldsmith did not go; and in the high noon of Shakespeare, still Homer and Dante shine.

In one of the most beautiful and musical of the poems in his recent volume, Cranch says to Ione what the heart of the young man says to every psalmist, old or new; to all the true poets and painters and musicians of every strain and every age:

"Yet through the night and through the day  
The notes and chords are ringing;  
Their echo will not pass away—  
I hear you singing, singing."

WHEN Curiosus lately accosted the Easy Chair with the question, "What is the news?" the Easy Chair made the usual reply, "Nothing." The answer is certainly as common as the question, and it is singular that there should seem to be a universal and instinctive disposition in modern society to put a question which is generally received with so baffling an answer. But Curiosus is not easily baffled, and he persisted in his inquiry, explaining, however, that he did not mean the current gossip of the moment, but generally what is news—or strictly what is the news which justifies the name of the newspaper.

"You mean to ask, then," returned the Easy Chair, "what is the news which we may properly expect to learn from the morning paper?"

"Precisely, Socrates," said Curiosus.

The young friend had asked the Easy Chair what the divines call a large question. But it is one which has been forcibly suggested by recent publications and comments in the press. If a newspaper is directly challenged to declare why it publishes certain things, its reply, *ex officio*, is that it is obliged to supply its readers with all the news, and that it is a reporter and not an inventor; consequently that it must publish whatever happens, however disagreeable it may be. But this is a sophistry, like the other theory of many newspapers that corrections of editorial statements must not be made. "Sir," said an indignant man to Omniscientius, the editor, "your paper states that I have committed suicide by hanging myself. It is false, sir. I am not dead by hanging, and I demand a full and apologetic retraction of the calumny." "My dear sir," answered Omniscientius, "you must not demand impossibilities. The *Tongue of Truth* never retracts. But we will perhaps consent to state that you were cut down before life was wholly extinct."

The sophistry lies in this, that all that happens is not news, and that, if it were, no paper could publish it all, and consequently that every paper must choose. Thus the whole category of crimes and accidents includes innumerable incidents that by the limitations of space cannot be, and by considerations of morality ought not to be, published. Of all that occurs, therefore, every newspaper must choose

what it will print; and then, having chosen, it must decide how it will print it. The newspaper, therefore, has the whole responsibility, and cannot throw it upon fate or the necessity of the case. Fate does not compel it to print even a very small proportion of the incidents of a day, nor the necessity of the case force it to print what it selects in a way to demoralize the public mind. The newspaper may select any spot in the city of New York five hundred feet square, and while in every such space there occur every day and night incidents whose mere publication would create an uproar, the newspaper does not publish them. It is prevented by two reasons: one is the law of the State; the other is the law of public propriety.

It is untrue, therefore, that a newspaper must publish whatever happens. It does not and it cannot. Consequently it must choose from the vast mass of incident that which may be considered to be of public importance. This includes what may be called general political information; facts in all the departments of human activity, and as illustrative of the actual condition of society, local crimes and casualties. This is all news, or incidents and facts in which the general public is interested. But the manner in which all this shall be published, the proper proportion and detail of circumstance, is wholly at the discretion of the newspaper, and for this the newspaper alone is justly accountable.

The execution of a noted criminal, for instance, is a matter of news. But description of the execution is a matter of choice. If two or three columns be given to it, and every ghastly detail of the event be laid bare, it is plain that the object of the publication is not the communication of news, but the gratification of a morbid appetite and a demoralizing curiosity. So the reports of crimes of various kinds are news; and the trials of criminals like Tweed or the Boodle Aldermen may be properly reported in detail, because in that way the public learns how the crimes were made possible, and how they may be baffled hereafter. But the publication of the details of trials of other criminals, whose crimes have no other public bearing than every violation of human and divine laws, and which pander only to the worst appetites and passions, is in itself a gross offence against the community. It is not the necessity of the case, and the duty of a newspaper, and the condition of the enterprise, and the right of the public, and the improvement of society; it is the choice of the newspaper to pander to foul tastes, because, for whatever reasons, it believes such pandering to be pecuniarily profitable.

"The high mission of the press," and "the press a great engine of public morality," and all similar phrases, do not conceal the disreputable fact. A newspaper which would publish such things as have been published, under the plea of exposing social classes and the hollowness of the fashionable world, would



go farther in the same way, if it did not fear that it would be unprofitable, by causing the paper to fall into the hands of the law. Such a paper is in no sense a champion of public morals. It is a pander to immorality, and goes just as far as it dares to go with selfish regard to its own safety. Such a newspaper supplies a precise measure of its estimate of its readers. "This is what you like, ladies and gentlemen; fall to, then, in Heaven's name, and *bon appétit!*"

Curiosus will perhaps gather from these remarks that while a sudden insurrection and the dethronement of a Bulgarian Prince is a matter of public news, the incidents of the interior life of his harem, if he have one, is not; and that if the Sultan is murdered in his seraglio, the newspaper which tells the news by an elaborate account of the private conduct of the Sultanas is not publishing news, nor "discharging the often painful duty of a news purveyor."

A QUERULOUS disposition, either in private or public life, is exceedingly disagreeable. But it is necessary to discriminate between mere petulant scolding and the fair criticism which is indispensable to progress. The pleasant declaration that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds would be rather absurd for a man adrift in a boat just over the brink of the plunge of Niagara. That phrase expresses either a very profound faith, which inspires constant activity in the effort to make the world better, or the hopeless fatalism which exhorts us to eat and drink because to-morrow we die. The most earnest and devoted and eloquent reformers are often called common scolds because they point out steadily the wrong that ought to be righted.

Less than fifty years ago in England one person out of every eleven was not only poor, but a pauper; that is, a person receiving relief. The official reports of the condition of the English poor from 1837 to 1842 contain the most appalling statements. Of the poor of Little Bolton it was said that "chopped dirt, the sweepings of a hen-house mingled with a proportion of sparrows' nests, would be the best representatives of what they huddle upon in corners." Macaulay was drawing vivid comparisons between the salubrity of the London of the seventeenth and the London of the nineteenth centuries. But Spencer Walpole says that if Macaulay had inquired into facts disclosed by official reports at the time he was writing, he would have learned that the difference in salubrity between the London of the rich and the London of the poor in his own time was greater than the difference in salubrity between the Londons of the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries.

That everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds hardly means that no-

body need be troubled by the startling revelations of human suffering, or feel that nothing is to be done. Yet the duty of pointing out the necessity of doing something is not agreeable, and to deride the man who does point it out as a common scold is to become morally responsible for the wrong by obstructing a remedy. If the exposure and censure of private or public wrongs be scolding, the pulpit and the press are both common scolds. It is said reproachfully or indignantly of a preacher or an editor: "Nothing is good enough for him; nothing suits him. In his view we are all miserable sinners, and everything is going to the bow-wows. He is forever scolding." So were the official reports. So were Cobden and Bright when every eleventh Englishman was a pauper. They were common scolds. But they scolded to some purpose.

In political debates the orator who remorselessly analyzes conduct and character and tells the truth cannot escape the taunt of scolding. Yet such scolding is the very life of a popular government. What is party but organized scrutiny of the other side, and relentless publication of the deeds of majorities and of men for the purpose of alienating the sympathy and support of the people? Naturally such damaging plain speech is denounced as scolding when no reply is practicable. Now scolding truly means captious fault-finding. But we have never heard the word applied to the discourse of a public man in the pulpit or elsewhere when it did not describe a timely setting forth of wrong-doing that ought to be corrected, and the denunciation came from those who were either interested in upholding the wrong or who were too lazy to undertake its correction.

Scolding in the strict sense of captious fault-finding is contemptible, and argues a surly disposition, a disordered stomach, or a bad heart. But the conduct which earns that reproach for a public man springs generally from the truest public spirit. It implies a certain heroism and independence, because it is always very much easier to swim with the current than to stem it, and to join in the general chorus rather than sing alone. The older clergyman whom we have mentioned, who, asking his younger brother how long he had been settled in his parish, and hearing that he had been there a year, said, cheerfully, "Ah! then you have had plenty of time to make enemies," assumed that the young man had scolded properly, and had therefore alienated that part of the parish which had been scolded. If, however, the young man had acquiesced in practices that he ought to have condemned, and had preached only "smooth things," he might have made no enemies, and he would not have been censured as a scold, but neither would he have done his duty.

Happily to a man who is in earnest the incessant vituperation which attends his course from those whom it disturbs is often very comical. It gives that course spice and refresh-



ment. If his object be to ventilate the close and fetid houses of the poor, and to promote the general welfare by banishing typhus, to hear his effort reviled as an endeavor to invade sacred privacy and to introduce new-fangled notions of health in place of the time-honored traditions of disease is so ludicrous as to be amusing. The amusement is still greater if the fetid air that he would purify is some form of equally time-hallowed wrong in public affairs. Then to be branded as a moon-struck innovator because he would exchange facility for inconvenience, and ease for difficulty, and good sense for elaborate sophistry, is a comedy of which he cannot but enjoy the humor. If a man has any sense of fun whatever, to be posted as a common scold because he raises his voice in favor of scraping the revered barnacles from the bottom of the ship of state is a jest which is delightful.

One of the most resolute and eloquent reformers in this country was habitually called a common scold because his keen invective pierced to the very marrow of evil-doing, which could only wince and scream that he was a scolding old woman. The ecclesiastical dons at Rome doubtless smiled at the monk of Wittenberg as a common scold, whom, however, it might be necessary to silence in the interests of good order and true religion. Father Mathew was a sad scold in the eye of the saloon. But such scolding, such persistent, uncompromising exposure and denunciation of wrong-doing, keeps the world rolling forward. Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds if we take care that it shall be so. The condition of that adequate care is vigorous scolding or unsparing censure of the things that would set awry the best of all possible worlds.

Censure is not always tasteful, or measured, or elegant. It may be rough, immoderate, and passionate. But if you hear that a man is only a common scold, remember the old prophets, and go and see whether it is a mere prickly husk and nothing more of which you have heard, or a burr holding a sweet, sound nut within.

THE Woman question is irrepressible. When the demand for higher education, or co-education, or that dreadful claim of the suffrage, is silenced for a moment, it is but for a moment:

"The roar that for a space did fail  
Now trebly thundering fills the gale,"

and larger opportunities is the cry. It is a logical and inevitable cry. When it was conceded that the revered "sphere of women" permitted them to hold property, and to be taxed, and to make bargains and wills, without the benignant and salutary interference of men, who, as men, know so much better how to dispose of women's property than wo-

men themselves, the only safe ground was abandoned, the floodgates were opened, and a cataclysm was distinctly invited.

Mayor Hewitt, just before his inauguration, said to a reporter that "there are comparatively few avenues open to women for employment, and all but one of them are overcrowded." But it was immediately answered that there are about one hundred selected occupations mentioned in the census, and that in four-fifths of these women are employed. They are excluded from those that demand especial muscular vigor, they are not blacksmiths, masons, or car drivers, but in twenty of the mechanical and manufacturing industries of New York more women than men are employed. Moreover, the modern inventions, the telegraph, the telephone, the type-writer, open occupations for which women are especially fitted, and in which they are very generally employed. They do not, however, generally receive the same wages for the same work. This irregularity is explained by the political economists by saying that women are not in general so strong as men, and that by their own constitutions, and by the constitution of society, equal continuity and permanence of labor cannot be expected from them.

There is no reason to doubt, however, that the course of events which has so greatly enlarged their industrial opportunity will gradually and even speedily introduce them into all employments for which they are not unfitted. The fond idolaters of "woman's sphere" must console themselves as they can. They will naturally lament the vanishing vision of the last best gift to man sitting forever in a rosy light upon a satin cushion and sewing up a seam, but they will perhaps take heart when they discover that man, her natural protector, can no longer sequester her fortune to his own support, and that the oak around which the vine with tender tendrils is designed by nature to cling so closely can no longer compel the clinging if the vine finds the trunk too gnarled and sharp. There are those, indeed, who think that the sphere of woman is in no greater peril from enlarged opportunities of labor than the sphere of man, and who see with composure the end of a great deal of nonsense.

But there is one employment open to women which Mr. Hewitt thinks is not overcrowded. This is domestic service, and women whom the conditions of demand and supply exclude from other occupations are exhorted upon all sides to find in the kitchen a haven of rest. It is evident, indeed, that a great many of them need no exhortation to this end, for there is no kitchen in the land in which women are not found. But this is not denied. The trouble is that capable women prefer any other employment than domestic service, and resort to it only when other ways are closed. Mr. Hewitt says truly that there is nothing humiliating in domestic service. So thought George Herbert:



"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine."

That, indeed, is the spirit which makes all drudgery divine. But in dealing practically with the question we are compelled to recall the remark of the wise father to his married daughter, who was pouring out the familiar complaint of the kitchen, "My dear, you cannot expect all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month."

Mr. Hewitt not only justly says that there is nothing essentially humiliating in domestic service, but he says that in the home of his youth "the servant-girl always sat at the same table with the family," and did not regard herself in a position of social inferiority. This is still the custom and the feeling in many of the more secluded parts of New England. The word which aptly describes "the hired girl" in the house or "the hired man" in the field is "help." The same sentiment of the relation leads to the use of the word "hands" to describe the workmen in a factory. To hire the labor of others is merely to multiply your own power, your own hands. The sense of equality remains. There is no feeling of abasement or humiliation. Mr. Hewitt proceeds to say that it would be very fortunate and greatly aid the solution of the problem if the old relation between the servant and the family could be restored. It was, in fact, that of the master and the apprentice who lived in the master's family as a member of it.

But Mr. Hewitt says that "of course what is known as fashionable society could not undertake to establish a basis of equality between master and servant, or employer and employed, within the social circle. That is not to be expected where ordinary common-sense prevails." Mr. Hewitt here states one of the reasons why domestic service is peculiarly distasteful to great numbers of women. The main reasons, indeed, are two: one is the total surrender of the whole life to the commands of others, and the other is the sense of inferiority which is made to accompany it. These, indeed, are the characteristics of slavery. Many women naturally prefer lower wages for work and obedience to others during a certain number of hours every day, and complete freedom during the remainder, than the unintermitting service of the kitchen all the time. This, however, might be alleviated by the family fellowship. But since many causes prevent that fellowship, it is idle to wonder that women prefer harder work and smaller wages elsewhere to domestic service.

But the responsibility for the situation lies very largely with the heads of households. The servant is separated from the mistress as by a fiery sword of Hindoo caste. A timely witness to this fact is the passage in Mrs. Kirby's lately published autobiography, describing her experience as a nursery-maid in the refined family of a clergyman. Every close observer sees that in hosts of households not only is the whole body of cardinal virtues ex-

pected for thirteen dollars a month, but that the first virtue expected is the most patient and polite endurance of insulting arrogance and ill-breeding from the mistress. It is the employer in this case who is most responsible for the prejudice against the employment. The air of too many a house-keeper toward her handmaiden implies that the maiden should feel profoundly grateful for the favor done her by the employment. But, good madam, are you in turn profoundly grateful to the peddler who buys your old paper and rags? It is a simple bargain. Madam—if you will regard it in no other light—you and Cinderella each trade for what each believes to be her advantage, and beyond that you are as much bound to be profoundly grateful to her for her service as she to you for your money.

Happily by all the discussion it is the woman who gains, and the Easy Chair cannot agree with those who think that the more clearly and legally her rights are defined, and the more self-respecting because the more self-relying she becomes, the more the true womanly charm vanishes. The women of the old dramas and the old novels are not more womanly women than the tax-paying, self-supporting women of modern life.

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MR. JEFFERSON has been playing Rip Van Winkle again, and the exquisite performance has a newer pathos derived from the reflection that he cannot go on playing it forever. It is the charm of works of high art that they seem to have the same date as natural scenes, and to think of their disappearance is to feel a sense of loss as painful as in the possible vanishing of a lovely landscape or the extinction of a star in the Pleiades. But individual singing and acting are works of art which when once gone are irreparable. In your youth you saw the lovely Sicilian vale of Enna. It is for you but a soft picture in memory. But when your son departs upon the grand tour he also can pass over to Palermo or Catania, and go on to behold the famous valley. Enna remains although the traveller returns no more. There is the Nile, too—Thebes, Philæ, Aboo-Simbel—

"And men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

You heard Jenny Lind also, and you remember that singing with a kindred delight to that of recalling the view from Fiesole, the Campagna from Tivoli. In Dresden you read in the papers that for two evenings Jenny Lind would sing at the Opera in Berlin, and seeing Saxon Switzerland and Prague and the Danube were postponed that you might hasten to Berlin and hear Jenny Lind. Your son, too, may see the *Bastei* and the *Hradschin* and the historic river, but Jenny Lind he cannot hear, nor the mournful funeral music as Mendelssohn was borne to his grave. Even you who saw London did not see Mrs. Siddons or Gar-



rick. You heard Sivori and Ernst, but not Paganini. You touched the hand of Dickens, but not of Walter Scott. You have seen Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, but your posterity cannot see it.

This is one of the vague forms of your musing as the morning air murmurs with the half-heard melody of the Lorelei, and Rip, tattered and bewildered, awakes upon the mountain. What is the secret of the fascination of the old legend? And how closely the heart embraces the affectionate, simple, guileless man! In our day the stage has given us no more memorable figure, no more poetic play. It is a misuse of power, did somebody say, to invest the figure of a tipsy vagabond with such soft enchantment? It is an offence against morals, did somebody echo, and deserves a fulminating *whereas* and denunciatory resolutions from the W. C. T. U.? But the question and the echo are lost in the pleading cadences of the Lorelei and the strange sadness of that awakening voice.

Is it quite true, that allegation of tipsy vagabond? That is to say, is the impression of the Rip Van Winkle that we see and hear, the friend of the children, the exile from his home, that of a tipsy vagabond? Yes, we know the legend; we see the easy shiftlessness of the good-natured loiterer; there is an undoubted, unmistakable something implied in the weariness of the jaded wife; even the edge of her tongue has been set by an abused patience, by a disappointed love. But is that all? Is the guest of the high-hatted comrades of Hudson a mere tipsy vagabond subject to the just censure of the moral judgment, and properly to be consigned by the next justice as a common vagrant to the county jail for thirty days? Not so, O wise young judge; not so. The imagination and poetry have their rights as well as the vagrant laws. In this play we are wandering beyond the diocese of the legal conscience. It is not a mere tipsy vagabond; it is the simple-hearted wanderer in woods and fields that we behold; not a denizen of Esopus, but of Weissnichtwo. To bring the moral batteries to bear upon him is to open a broadside upon a butterfly, a blossom of the air. He does not kindle moral indignation. He does not invite the anathema of Boanerges, nor the curse of Rome, or of Geneva, or of the W. C. T. U.

It is not as a tipsy vagabond that he affects us, but as a child, an estray from a sphere not quite comprehended, which simulates our own, but which does not acknowledge its standards. It fills us with pity and sympathy and generous forbearance. Surely there is no spectacle more humanizing, more mollifying, none which dissolves harsh judgments and selfish impulses more certainly than this poem, this picture, this strain of music. A man would hardly be bettered by a sermon who would not go out from seeing this play more kindly and thoughtful and patient. If a tipsy vagabond preaches so, is there not

some mistake? Is he not, perhaps, not altogether a tipsy vagabond? Shall we, like Lincoln for his generals, order that liquor to be sent to the bishops?

For what gives him the hold upon us, the spell, the charm, but his goodness, that is, his guilelessness? There is nothing bad, surely, ungenerous, selfish, calculating, in his simple nature. He is shiftless, idle, careless, and he pains his wife. But why the resentment, since he lures nobody directly or indirectly to his own courses? He is, in good truth, a chartered libertine. If such a man could be, such ways would be permitted and condoned for the gentle sweetness which his loitering life distils into the heart of the spectator.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten  
Dass ich so traurig bin."

There is the refrain again, the melancholy wind sighing in the mountains, the mystery, the pity of it, which no man can explain, but which, with Undine, eludes entirely the moral censure.

This creation of the imagination we have all seen and felt, and our children will be the poorer for not seeing it. What would Charles Lamb have thought of it? It is hard to associate it with the stage that he knew and loved and fondly described. His theatre knew the older drama, and the pantomimes, and Munden and Liston. But this delicate poetic world, what did it know of that? If Lamb could tolerate Wycherley and Congreve as beyond the range of serious censure, it was a whimsical doctrine which for a truer reason would embrace Rip Van Winkle. It is a glimpse of a fairy-land not too remote to be familiar, of a realm "in which it seemed always afternoon," of a romantic "idlesse," in which the chief figure is one that the children would meet gladly by the stream and in the wood, who would teach them the arts of the blameless loiterer, and who could be trusted wholly to be their day-long comrade.

Yet he is a little enchanted, a little not of the actual world, with all his gentleness and simplicity a little weird. There is a touch of strangeness in him that makes him naturally the guest of the mystic hosts of the mountains, a strangeness like that of Donatello, suspected rather than perceived. And if after all he be a graceless vagabond, yet surely he is a vagabond that we are all the better for having seen.

Is it true that self-conceit is a fault which we all agree to condemn? On the contrary, do we not owe a certain debt to conceited people which every sensitive person acknowledges with pleasure? There is always a great expenditure of what may be called negative or minor sympathy for others which may well be spared if possible. The apprehension that Eugenio will make a foolish or tactless remark, and the discomfort when he does so;



the pity which attends the awkwardness of Blunderbore; the pain with which we listen to Shrilla, who sings with her thin little piping voice the songs of Nilsson and Patti, merely because she is not plucky enough to decline—the constant concern for others in all the infinite details of conduct is instantly dissipated by a vigorous self-conceit. It is the solvent of a thousand difficult situations. It is also the secret of the most unexpected entertainment.

The complacent smile of Pomposo, which assures you that he is not only your superior in every way, but that he is aware of it, and the bland patronage of manner which results from this consciousness, put us all at our ease. Here is a man whom we need not prop and stay with our sympathy, and incessantly try to soothe and save from himself or from others. Far from it. He can take care of himself, and of us if we desire. We need not rack our brains for conversation in the effort to shield him. Good heaven! If Charlemagne, if Frederick the Great, or Plato, or Pericles, should come in, Pomposo would patronize them as he does us, and show his profound consciousness that they were honored by his smile and attention. This is an enormous relief and a delightful comedy. For what is more amusing than *Æsop's* frog emulating the ox? None of us know much, but Pomposo has the air and the conviction of knowing all.

The essence of the comedy is that for all the pretension there is no ground whatever. Pomposo, indeed, may know Greek, or Sanscrit, or the integral calculus, or literature and art and science in general, very much better than the rest of us. But then we know very much better than he that all his knowledge, in comparison with what is really knowable, is like the grain of sand and the boundless Sahara. His air of omniscience, therefore, which is the natural aspect of self-conceit, is inexpressibly comical. It is a dainty elegance of manner in a man who is out at elbows or down at the heel. Perhaps on April-fool Day you have seen a man, unconscious of a ridiculous tag hanging at his skirt, smiling serenely at another man in the same predicament. This is always the effect of self-conceit. Pomposo is unconsciously fooled while pitying his fooled neighbor.

But there is still another and a very different reason for the satisfaction with which we regard self-conceit. The pearl, we are told, is but a disease of the oyster. Self-conceit is but the caricature of a noble quality. It is at bottom the persuasion that your own view is sounder than that of others. To be wise in your own conceit is to value your own wisdom beyond that of your neighbors. It is to plant yourself upon your own conviction. It is to stand by your own mind and conscience. And where, pray, can a man stand surely and safely, if not there? How other-

wise can he escape from being blown about by every wind of doctrine? Where else was Luther when he defied the Emperor, and though the devils were as many as the tiles upon the house-tops, must hold, God helping, by his own opinion? Columbus, too, must have had what we are pleased to call a pretty good conceit of himself to hold out against the wise and the mighty, and insist that he could reach the Indies by sailing due west. He was wrong, indeed, in the literal view. But he was right in the essence of the matter. He sailed due west, and reached an India rich beyond imagination, an Atlantis more marvellous than that which had been lost.

It is the men who have this conceit of the value of their opinion who dare all the great voyages both in the physical and the moral world. Vast enterprises of discovery and exploration, radical movements of reform in morals and politics, advances in science and the humane arts, spring from individual perception and the most heroic fidelity to individual conviction. The individuals have so strong a conceit of their own opinion that they will go to the stake or the rack, but they will not yield. They assert themselves against the world. Fanaticism is called morbid self-conceit, self-conceit run mad. But Emerson states it more accurately: nature overloads the tendency in order to secure the result. Self-conceited men are often men who have accomplished much, or who have a regnant force of character. Perhaps it is the instinctive consciousness of this truth which relieves all our apprehension in their presence. We have no fear, because we are sure that they are equal to the occasion.

On the other hand, every obstinate man is not Columbus, and everything is not wrong which is generally approved. Mere dogmatism is not proof of superior wisdom, and superciliousness is always laughable. There is no surer evidence of extreme mental and moral youth than the supposition that mere difference of opinion or absolute protest against a common practice elevates a man into the ranks of the solitary great, the lonely pioneers of truth. But let Eugenio remember that to wear his hair long is not to be Milton, and to sit in the dress of Adam and swear at the passers-by does not make him a hero. True greatness, indeed, is often touchingly modest, and yet greatness is the ability not only to see correctly, but to hold fast your view and to carry it into effect. If by conceit we mean a pretentious and patronizing manner, it must be delivered to the tormentors without benefit of clergy. If we mean by it an exaggerated or disproportionate sense of self-importance founded upon real achievement, it is a spot upon the sun which harms neither its light nor its heat. But if we mean by it inflexible fidelity to one's own honest conviction, it is the saving virtue of the world.



## Editor's Study.

### I.

THE reader of Miss C. F. Woolson's short stories, lately reprinted in two volumes, must have felt the mastery which she shows in them; and perhaps, pausing from the pathos of "Solomon" or "Wilhelmina," or from the fascination of "The South Devil," he may have let his thoughts run to the vast amount of work which other Americans have done in that kind. This work, indeed, is so great in quantity and so excellent in quality that we are tempted to claim a national primacy in short-story writing; and we do not easily content ourselves with the belief that we have merely done better in writing short stories than in writing long ones. The rest of mankind might dispute our claim, and our novelists, but for the modesty native in novelists, might refuse our conclusion as injurious. We will not insist upon either; perhaps neither is true; and if this is the case, we should like to hold Miss Woolson's charming volumes responsible for both. One of her books groups under the title of *Castle Nowhere* nine stories of the great lake country, from the southern shores of Erie to the further coasts of Superior; the other, called *Rodman the Keeper*, is a series of studies and brief romances of the South, from Florida northward to the Carolina mountains. The collections are different and alike in their fidelity to the physical and social conditions of these diverse regions; these are sometimes involved in romantic mists, and sometimes they are unsparingly distinct, but the sensitive and sympathetic spirit of the author, her humanity, her passion for nature, her love of beauty, and her delight in color, characterize all. Several of the stories in time past have given us very great pleasure, especially the "Solomon" and the "Wilhelmina," which we have mentioned, and which are pictures of life in the community of the Separatists at Zoar, in Ohio, and "The Lady of Little Fishing," a romance placed beyond the reach of the gazetteer on an island of Lake Superior; and we have been reading them over again with a satisfaction not diminished by the greater intelligence which the ten or fifteen years passed since their first publication may be supposed to have brought even to a critic. In fact, their assemblage under one cover somehow throws a new light on all the stories, and one sees, or seems to see—it is best not to be positive—that their final value, or the merit that they have in supreme degree, is to have caught and recorded in very clear and impressive terms the finest poetry which stirs in the heart of wild, new countries. This poetry is a religious aspiration or possession, often grotesque and delusive, but always touched with sublimity and sanctified by impulses of unselfish sincerity. The reader will feel it most in the study of "St. Clair Flats" and in

the pathetic romance of "The Lady of Little Fishing"; but a sense of it imbues and qualifies nearly the whole book, which assumes a historical importance from it, as "Rodman the Keeper" and the companion pieces achieve vastly more than their æsthetic interest by eternizing that moment of heart-break and irreconciliation in the South when its women began to realize all their woe and loss through the defeat of their section in the war. Something more and something better than the literary instinct helped our author to the perception of things which give both of these books their uncommon claim to remembrance; she has made them necessary to any one who would understand the whole meaning of Americanism, or would know some of its most recondite phases by virtue of qualities which are felt in all her work, and at which we have hinted. These qualities, which are above artistry, to our thinking, need not make one indifferent to that; one would lose a great deal that is beautiful and valuable if they did. Miss Woolson deals with nature and with human nature in a fresh way, or at least a way of her own, which is at once simple in its kindliness and conscious of the limitations of all human judgment, where it ceases to be a question of suffering, sin, love, and hate, and becomes a question of sufferer, sinner, lover, and hater, with their relation to the frame of things, and to that material aspect of the universe, which now seems so deaf and blind to humanity, and now so full of poignant sympathy. The landscape is apt to grow sentient under her touch, which in the portrayal of that beautiful and deadly Florida swamp in "The South Devil" is really life-giving: the wicked, brilliant thing becomes animate. In this a writer who has since evolved for herself one of the most interesting phases of realism is romantic, but her epoch is distinctly marked by her forbearance in another respect: she does not extort an allegory from the malign morass, as Hawthorne must have done in obedience to the expectation of his time, nor suggest a psychical significance in it, as the romance of a little later period would have done. It is a merely animal life which "The South Devil" lives.

### II.

Another group of short stories, called *Poverty Grass*, by Mrs. Lillie Chace Wyman, a writer not otherwise known, but destined to be less and less unknown if she keeps on writing, seems in its absolute and unswerving realism like the effect of a vow not to take from the truth one jot or tittle, or add to it any shadow of fancy in character or condition. The "Child of the State," though not the first in order in the book, is first in importance for its revelation of the author's power to deal faithfully yet not repulsively, pathet-



ically yet not sentimentally, with one of the most awful problems of civilization. No one who read it, when first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* some years ago, can have forgotten it: the thing has a kind of monumental strength and quiet, and stands arraigning creed and law for their helplessness or hurtfulness with unsparing insistence. The other stories in the volume are mostly like it: simple, grim, true to misery, toil, pain, vulgarity, savagery, and the tenderness and beauty co-existing with these in the barest, bleakest, commonest lives. It is surely not a book for those who would like fiction to make out that life is a pretty play or an amusing game, and would have all sorrows end well, that their sensibilities may be tickled and pampered. But men and women who wish to meet other men and women in literature, and to hear them speak out the heart of human passion in the language of life, need not be afraid of these powerful sketches. They cannot help being better men and women for reading them, if only in awakened pity and good-will.

A gentler pathos, a pensiveness lit with the humor which is absent from Mrs. Wyman's work, breathes from Miss Jewett's latest book. *A White Heron, and Other Stories*, is not the volume which we would praise as showing the author at her best, and yet some of the pieces could hardly be better. One may say that certain of them are slight and tame to the point of fragility and the temper of the cosset, but others are exquisitely good. "The Dulham Ladies," whose final and most thrilling adventure is buying two frizzes of a deceiving French hair-dresser; "Martha and Mary," to whom the god appears in a reconciled cousin with the gift of a sewing-machine, are masterpieces of a kind that one would simply like to go on reading forever in that quiet, restful, humorously appreciative style of Miss Jewett. They are as satisfying at once and as appetizing as "March Rosemary," where the material of a much longer tale is wildly flung away in the story of the poor old maid who marries the worthless young sailor, and who makes a long journey to expose him to the second wife after he abandons her, and then seeing their happy home through the window, with its promise of usefulness for the man, returns to her desolation without taking her revenge.

### III.

It is this occasional lavishness in the writers of short stories which gives one question whether a branch of the art of fiction tempting to such profusion ought to be encouraged. The motives which are both great and simple are not so many that the profession can afford to waste them in the narrow limits of a tale or sketch, and we conjure the writer of short stories to make sure that he has not one of these in hand before he casts his plot irrevocably in that miniature mould. We think a little ques-

tion will usually enable him to decide whether he has hold of a short-story motive or a long-story motive. We believe the two are readily distinguishable, though not so easily definable. The short story should perhaps involve merely an episode, a phase; what is more, and especially what contains the germ of much conditioning or characterization, belongs to the novel.

Commonly, however, the matter will decide itself through the age of the writer. The novelette, like the poem or the romance, may come from youth and the first acquaintance with life, but the novel is of years and experience. There are, of course, exceptions, in which what is or seems a novel is the work of a youthful hand; and if any one were to think that women, by reason of their more restricted lives and necessarily narrower outlook into the world, were more successful with the novelette than the novel, he had better not say it, because it might displease a whole sex, and it might not be true. Better reserve such a thought, we should say, for further meditation in secret. What is certain is that almost all novelists who begin early begin by writing short stories or novelettes, and that some of the most brilliant achievements in that sort have been the work of women. The sort seems immemorial, but not to go further back than Boccaccio and the other Italian novelists, we find it the form which prose fiction took. These novelists, and their imitators in France and Spain, gave prose an ease and grace and naturalness which it did not show till very much later in English, when the essayists of the *Spectator* began to tell their little stories with a finer characterization of the personages than had yet been employed; for the Latin novelists, with all their delightful literary skill, dealt mainly with types well known and generally accepted. It became and remained in most countries the receptacle of the marvellous and the typical, though Zschokke in Germany deepened the lines of the short story, and found more room in it for character than had perhaps found place there before him. The Germans of the romantic school infused in it a mysticism which still often qualifies the English and American short story.

The great English novelists of the period just before ours served their apprenticeship in the short story, but the work of Dickens and Thackeray in that way is apprenticeship-work, and does not bear the relation to their novels which the stories of George Eliot bear to hers. The first of these masters continually recurred to the minor form with varying success; but Thackeray did not go back to it from the room and greater freedom of the novel. Mr. Black, we believe, does not write short stories at all; Mr. Hardy writes them, and always charmingly; Mr. Anstie writes them, and always amusingly. In France, Zola has not reverted even to the comparatively long short stories of his first period; Daudet



almost as rarely does them; and in Italy, Verga, in some respects a greater master than either, has made powerful studies and sketches, rather than told tales, in his short stories. Tourguénieff's are studies and sketches too, rather than tales, and striking as they are, they are distinctly inferior to his novels. In Auerbach's village tales one has the sense of being among pigmy folk; the traits and conditions are all well ascertained, but the scale is small, and the persons seem not related to human nature at large. That colossus of the north, Björnstjerne Björnson, knows in supreme degree how to fill the little limits of the short story with powerful figures and the great motives of universal experience; some of his briefest tales, three or four pages long, have an immeasurable depth and distance in them.

#### IV.

But we are not sure, after all, as we hinted in the beginning, that the Americans have not brought the short story nearer perfection in the all-round sense than almost any other people, and for reasons very simple and near at hand. It might be argued from the national hurry and impatience that it was a literary form peculiarly adapted to the American temperament, but we suspect that its extraordinary development among us is owing much more to more tangible facts. The success of American magazines, which is nothing less than prodigious, is only commensurate with their excellence. There can be no question that it is one effect of the highest editorial skill, when each of the two great illustrated American periodicals attains a currency as large as that of the *Family Herald* in England, or the *Petit Journal* in France. This sort of success is not only from the courage to decide what ought to please, but from the knowledge of what does please; and it is probable that, aside from the pictures, it is the short stories which please the readers of our best magazines. The serial novels they must have, of course; but rather more of course they must have short stories, and by operation of the law of supply and demand, the short stories, abundant in quantity and excellent in quality, are forth-coming because they are wanted. By another operation of the same law, which political economists have more recently taken account of, the demand follows the supply, and short stories are sought for because there is a proven ability to furnish them, and people read them willingly because they are usually very good. The art of writing them is now so disciplined and diffused with us that there is no lack either for the magazines or for the newspaper "syndicates" which deal in them almost to the exclusion of the serials. In other countries the *feuilleton* of the journals is a novel continued from day to day, but with us the papers, whether daily or weekly, now more rarely print novels, whether they get them at first hand from the writers, as a great many do, or through the syndicates, which pur-

vey a vast variety of literary wares, chiefly for the Sunday editions of the city journals. In the country papers the short story takes the place of the chapters of a serial which used to be given.

This demand, so great that it is not easily calculable, accounts for the quantity of our short stories, but it is to the taste with which our magazines are made that we mainly owe their quality; and in establishing and elevating this taste we must recognize as very eminent the influence, now as always sane and good, of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *Galaxy* did much to the same end in its time; *Lippincott's Magazine* much also; and we expect nothing but good in this way from our neighbor, the new *Scribner's*.

It would not be easy to name all the novelists among us who have first made themselves known in this sort, and the enterprise would not be altogether safe, for we should be sure to forget some of them. It is not easy, either, to think of their admirable performance and not wish to recognize it. In some cases they have surpassed it in their novels; in others their short stories remain their best work. To take them alphabetically, in the right democratic fashion, we suppose it must be an open question whether Mr. Aldrich has "broken his record" in any of the novels he has written since *Marjorie Daw*, and the other short stories only less admirable than that because in its way that is unique. Another novelist of what may be called the *Atlantic* school, Mr. W. H. Bishop, has proved himself of the longer breath requisite for the novel, but his *Detmold*, his *House of a Merchant Prince*, and his *Golden Justice* can not make us forget how good *One of the Twenty Pieces* was, how delicious *The Battle of Bunkerloo*. Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's stories have, we believe, the competition of no novel from her hand; *Freedom Wheeler's Controversy with Providence* is a masterpiece, and we think that the best of her stories are destined to a recognition which will not finally be affected by the inequality of her work. The novels of Charles Egbert Craddock (if we are to spell Miss Murfree's name with a C, as she prefers) have not yet outrivalled her first short stories in boldness and strength of outline, nor in value of detail uncheapered by its excess. Caroline Chesebro' was the author of short stories of original quality and most honest workmanship. *The Great Doctor*, by Alice Cary, is one of the best stories of life in the middle West ever written. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis has written stories which, if of an effect too nearly immediate, are very intense. J. W. De Forest, a novelist whose work has in some respects not only not been surpassed, but not approached, among us—a realist before realism was named, and an admirably equipped artist—is the author of a score or so of short stories, among which the veteran magazine reader will recall *My Neighbor the Prophet*, *The Taillefer Bell Ringers*, *The Drummer Ghost*, *The Lauson Tragedy*,



and others of a force now mystical and now grimly satirical, but always true to human nature. Mr. P. Deming in his Adirondack studies and stories impresses, again, with his absolute faithfulness, with a most conscientious simplicity, and touching tenderness; he unites to much of Auerbach's charm and minor truth much of the virtue of Björnson's universality. He is not known at all as a novelist; but in a literature less rich in short stories than ours he would have achieved a repute indefinitely greater than the modest recognition which he now enjoys. Mr. Bret Harte's novels are of course inferior to his short stories, written in the spirit of expiring romance, and profoundly moving the reader with the types of that school transplanted into novel circumstance and seen through a new atmosphere. Mr. E. E. Hale's short stories, again, are better than his larger work, and have a charm which is altogether their own, and a singular vitality; their power of establishing in the reader's consciousness any given impossibility as a fact is an extraordinary triumph of the delightful fancy with which they are written. Mr. Edward H. House has written stories of Japanese life full of novelty and humorous sympathy. Mr. James's short stories, especially *A Passionate Pilgrim* and *The Romance of Certain Old Clothes*, are of the highest quality in the highest sort; we should hardly know how to match them for effects at once imaginative and realistic, and for a sympathy all the deeper for the self-control in which they are written; one also feels in them the unjaded youthful joy of doing a new kind of thing vigorously. Of Miss Jewett's exquisite sketches we need hardly speak; they are as clearly a find as anything else in our literature, and entirely her own. Ralph Keeler's *Confessions of a Patent Medicine Man* was of a sort which, if he had lived, he might have won lasting repute from. Mr. Lathrop, who has done so much so respectably in so many ways, is at his best, we think, in a short story of his called *Left Out*—the simple study of a man whom the whole world has passed by; and his apparently slight sketch *In a Market Wagon* has a tenderness and delicate naturalness which leave the impression of far more spacious work. *The Case of John Dedlock* and *The Autobiography of a Quack*, among the short stories of Dr. Weir Mitchell, are of equal masterliness in their several ways. Mrs. Prescott Spofford, in the earlier and perhaps easier days, made a national reputation with her *In a Cellar* and *The Amber Gods*, and yet we are not sure that the achievement was less difficult than it would be now, when we recollect that Fitz-James O'Brien wrote *The Diamond Lens* at the same period. This was a sort of last refinement upon the manner and material of Poe, whose stories evolved a fantastic effect from a highly elaborated mechanism, still more subtly contrived and adjusted by the

later artist. Another famous story of O'Brien's was that of the grewsome goblin which could be felt but not seen; and in proper scientific evolution from this appeared, not many years ago, one of the most striking achievements of fantasy which we can recall, namely, Mr. C. De Kay's *Manmatha*, a study of the survival of the most transparent. We mention him here out of his order in the almanac and the alphabet lest we might otherwise fail to pay a just tribute to his ingenious work. Of Miss E. S. Phelps's short stories we like most *In the Gray Gosh*, an incident of life among the lumbermen of the Maine woods, very simple, powerful, and affecting, and of an unstrained human quality which the gifted author too seldom consents to give us. Of Mr. F. R. Stockton's stories what is there to say but that they are an unmixed blessing and delight? He is surely one of the most inventive of talents, discovering not only a new kind in humor and fancy, but accumulating an inexhaustible wealth of details in each fresh achievement, the least of which would be riches from another hand. *The Man who Stole the Meeting-House* is the best of all of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's short stories, among which we remember few poor ones. Both of these charming writers seem at their most charming in their stories, and less successful in their novels, as was also the case with Bayard Taylor. It is not a question with regard to Uncle Remus, for Mr. Harris writes no novels, and as yet Mr. Thomas N. Page, who is one of the writers advancing the name of the new South in literature, has not attempted anything but short stories. *Our Phil* and *Marty's Various Marcies*, by Mrs. Olive A. Wadsworth, are delicious pieces of colored character; and Mrs. S. B. Wister's *Carnival of Rome* and *Carnival of Venice* are uncommon realizations of uncommon people: the apparently insipid, passionately romantic English woman who chiefly figures in the latter is a personage whom one remembers like few heroines of novels.

## V.

No doubt we have failed to mention writers whose names will occur to the reader, but we have mentioned enough to show that our claim for American excellence in short stories is not founded solely in our patriotism. An interesting fact in regard to the different varieties of the short story among us is that the sketches and studies by the women seem faithful and more realistic than those of the men, in proportion to their number. Their tendency is more distinctly in that direction, and there is a solidity, an honest report of observation, in the work of such women as Mrs. Cooke, Miss Murfree, Miss Jewett, and Miss Woolson which often leaves little to be desired. We should, upon the whole, be disposed to rank American short stories only below those of such Russian writers as we have read. These perhaps seem fresher because they are stranger, but we think that Tolstoi



has deepened and widened the possibilities of achievement within narrow limits beyond any other writer. We have heretofore spoken of his Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol, of their powerful characterization and their absolute verity. Lately the French have translated *Deux Générations*, the study of an abominable father, and a son differently abominable through the change from earlier to later customs and ideals; and *La Mort d'Ivan Illitch*, which cannot fail to leave the profoundest impression with every reader. This last is an account of the mortal sickness of Ivan Illitch, in which the man almost sensibly suffers and dies before you. Its unsparing force searches the heart, and humbles it with such a sense of mortality as rarely penetrates to it through the world and its manifold vanities and the habit of

life. It is full of touches of the truest pathos, and the master and teacher who speaks to us in it shrinks from no fact of the situation that can verify it to the imagination and the conscience. You go down into the valley of the shadow with Ivan, and you know him and all his household as if you had dwelt with them. We can hardly say how this intimacy is established; perhaps through the sincerity of the writer, who does not once strike an erring note, and who wastes no stroke in ornament or literary prettiness. The effects in this simple study are as deep and broad, as far-reaching, as in a tragedy of Shakespeare, which it about equals in length. It is a prodigious lesson in life and in letters, and the best of our short-story writers might conceive from it possibilities for his art undreamt of before.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of December.—The final session of the Forty-ninth Congress began December 6. Both Houses listened to the reading of President Cleveland's Message, and then adjourned.

The President in his Message reprobated the cruel treatment of the Chinese in this country, and promised a comprehensive remedy through a convention with the Chinese government; expressed the hope that pending negotiations would settle the Canadian fishery question; laid down the American doctrine, in relation to the Cutting case, that no foreign authority can be permitted to punish Americans for offences committed on our soil; strongly commended the operation of the civil service law; advised our adhesion to the Berne copyright convention; repeated his recommendation of last year for the suspension of the compulsory coinage of silver; urged appropriations for coast and harbor defences and the new navy; called for the vote of additional money, and the appointment of a commission to hasten the process of transforming the Indians into farmers settled on their own land in severalty; protested in behalf of both laborer and farmer against the levying of more taxation than is necessary to meet the just obligations of the government, and called for a revision of the revenue laws in the direction of reduction by a lowering of duties on the necessities of life and on raw materials; advised the repeal of the pre-emption, timber culture, and desert land acts, and legislation to carry into effect the commercial treaty with Mexico.

The chief points of the Department reports are as follows: The army consists of 2103 officers and 23,946 enlisted men. Indians are making progress in civilization; during the past year less than 100 of the 260,000 in this coun-

try have been in open opposition to the government. If taxes are not reduced we shall soon have an annual surplus of \$125,000,000; the receipts of the government for the year were \$336,439,727, and the net expenditures \$242,483,138; there are now in circulation 61,761,448 silver dollars. The life-saving service note disasters within their observation during the year to 322 vessels; of the 2726 lives imperilled all but 27 were saved.

The following bills passed the House: Senate bill to regulate the counting of the Electoral vote for President, with amendments, December 9; bill to provide for allotment of lands in severalty to Indians, December 16.

The House of the Fiftieth Congress, as classified by the Clerk, will stand as follows: Democrats, 168; Republicans, 152; Independents, 4, with one vacancy (Rhode Island) to be filled.

Ex-Governor Person C. Cheney was appointed, November 24, United States Senator from New Hampshire, in place of Austin F. Pike, deceased.

The public debt of the United States was reduced \$3,005,249 during November. The total debt, December 1, less cash in the Treasury, was \$1,351,342,698.

London advices, December 13, from Mandalay, of an engagement between British troops and natives, near Pakoka, in which 200 insurgents were killed.

The French Chamber of Deputies, December 3, by a majority of 13, defeated the government by the total abolition of the offices of sub-prefects. Thereupon the Freycinet ministry resigned, and a new cabinet was formed, as follows: M. Goblet, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior; M. Flourens, Foreign Affairs; M. Dauphin, Finance; M. Berthelot, Instruction; M. Sarrien, Justice;



General Boulanger, War; Admiral Aube, Marine; M. Granet, Posts and Telegraphs; M. Lockroy, Commerce; M. Millaud, Public Works; M. Deville, Agriculture.

The German Reichstag was opened November 25. The Emperor in his speech announced that a bill would be introduced to raise the effective strength of the army, as indispensable to German security.

The Spanish Cortes, December 1, unanimously voted the extra credit of \$45,000,000 to improve the navy. The principal part of this sum is to be devoted to the purchase of torpedo-boats and cruisers.

#### DISASTERS.

*November 16.*—Village of Frimstein, Switzerland, burned. Several lives lost.

*November 17, 18.*—Great storm on Lakes Michigan and Superior. Many vessels wrecked and crews lost.

*November 19.*—News in London of foundering in the Pacific Ocean of a ship crowded with native laborers returning from Queensland plantations. One hundred and forty lives lost.

*December 2.*—Thirty men killed by an explosion in the Lomore Colliery, Durham, England.

*December 9.*—News in London of the drowning of forty-two persons by the collision of the steamers *Keilawarra* and *Helen Nicholl*, off Queensland.

*December 14.*—Steamer *J. M. White* burned at Blue Store Landing, six miles above Bayou Sara, on the Mississippi River. Forty-five lives lost.

#### OBITUARY.

*November 18.*—In New York city, General Chester A. Arthur, ex-President of the United States, aged fifty-six years.

*November 21.*—In Boston, Massachusetts, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, aged seventy-nine years.

*November 23.*—In Vienna, Leopold Kompert, the Austrian novelist, aged sixty-four years.—In New York city, Herbert M. Hoxie, railroad manager, aged fifty-six years.

*November 25.*—At West New Brighton, New York, Hon. Erastus Brooks, in his seventy-second year.

*November 29.*—In Utica, New York, Dr. John P. Gray, aged sixty-one years.

*December 3.*—At Sans Souci, near Greenville, South Carolina, ex-Governor Benjamin F. Perry, aged eighty years.

*December 6.*—In Berlin, Meyer von Bremen, genre painter, aged seventy-three years.

*December 7.*—In Brooklyn, New York, Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, aged sixty-two years.—In Baltimore, Maryland, John E. Owens, comedian, aged sixty-four years.

*December 8.*—In Munich, Germany, Joseph W. Harper, United States Consul at the place, in his sixtieth year.

*December 9.*—In Philadelphia, Isaac Lee, scientist, aged ninety-four years.

*December 10.*—In Rome, Marco Minghetti, Italian statesman and diplomatist, aged sixty-eight years.

*December 13.*—In Adrian, Michigan, ex-Governor Charles M. Croswell, aged sixty-one years.

## Editor's Drawer.

THE month of February in all latitudes in the United States is uncertain. The birth of George Washington in it has not raised it in public esteem. In the North, it is a month to flee from; in the South, at best it is a waiting month—a month of rain and fickle skies. A good deal has been done for it. It is the month of St. Valentine, it is distinguished by the leap-year addition of a day, and ought to be a favorite of the gentle sex; but it remains a sort of off period in the year. Its brevity recommends it, but the Drawer would take no notice of it were it not for its effect upon character. A month of rigid weather is supposed to brace up the moral nature, and a month of gentleness is supposed to soften the asperities of the disposition, but February contributes to neither of these ends. It is neither a tonic nor a soother; that is, in most parts of our inexplicable land. We make no complaint of this. It is probably well to have a period in the year that tests character to the utmost, and the person who can enter spring through the gate of February a better man or

woman is likely to adorn society the rest of the year.

February, however, is merely an illustration of the effect of weather upon the disposition. Persons differ in regard to their sensitiveness to cloudy, rainy, and gloomy days. We recognize this in a general way, but the relation of temper and disposition to the weather has never been scientifically studied. Our observation of the influence of climate is mostly with regard to physical infirmities. We know the effect of damp weather upon rheumatics, and of the east wind upon gouty subjects, but too little allowance is made for the influence of weather upon the spirits and the conduct of men. We know that a long period of gloomy weather leads to suicides, and we observe that long-continued clouds and rain beget "crossness" and ill-temper, and we are all familiar with the universal exhilaration of sunshine and clear air upon any company of men and women. But the point the Drawer wishes to make is that neither society nor the law makes any allowance for the aberrations of human



nature caused by dull and unpleasant weather. And this is very singular in this humanitarian age, when excuse is found for nearly every moral delinquency in heredity or environment, that the greatest factor of discontent and crookedness, the weather, should be left out of consideration altogether. The relation of crime to the temperature and the humidity of the atmosphere is not taken into account. Yet crime and eccentricity of conduct are very much the result of atmospheric conditions, since they depend upon the temper and the spirit of the community. Many people are habitually blue and down-hearted in sour weather; a long spell of cloudy, damp, cold weather depresses everybody, lowers hope, tends to melancholy; and people when they are not cheerful are more apt to fall into evil ways, as a rule, than when they are in a normal state of good-humor. And aside from crimes, the vexation, the friction, the domestic discontent in life, are provoked by bad weather. We should like to have some statistics as to incompatibility between married couples produced by damp and raw days, and to know whether divorces are more numerous in the States that suffer from a fickle climate than in those where the climate is more equable. It is true that in the Sandwich Islands and in Egypt there is greater mental serenity, less perturbation of spirit, less worry, than in the changeable United States. Something of this placidity and resignation to the ills inevitable in human life is due to an even climate, to the constant sun and the dry air. We cannot hope to prevent crime and suffering by statistics, any more than we have been able to improve our climate (which is rather worse now than before the scientists took it in charge) by observations and telegraphic reports; but we can, by careful tabulation of the effect of bad weather upon the spirits of a community, learn what places in the Union are favorable to the production of cheerfulness and an equal mind. And we should lift a load of reprobation from some places which now have a reputation for surliness and unamiability. We find the people of one place hospitable, light-hearted, and agreeable; the people of another place, cold and morose and unpleasant. It would be a satisfaction to know that the weather is responsible for the difference. Observation of this sort would also teach us doubtless what places are most conducive to literary production, what to happy homes and agreeing wives and husbands. All our territory is mapped out as to its sanitary conditions; why not have it colored as to its effect upon the spirits and the enjoyment of life? The suggestion opens a vast field of investigation.

IN the early days of Chicago, before its enterprise had raised it out of the mud, and at a time when it was not an unusual thing to see a board nailed to a stick driven into the mire

at some street crossing bearing the inscription "No bottom here," John Brougham, the genial Irish actor, had a benefit at McVicker's Theatre. It was in the spring of the year, and during a week when Chicago was enjoying a wet spell. The day and evening of his benefit was an unusually rainy one. Still, his friends managed to make their appearance, and eagerly awaited his always welcome little speech before the curtain. After the first act he came to the front, and all was still to listen to his expected humor. The silence was so great that the pattering rain-drops on the roof could be plainly heard. With his genial smile lighting up his face, he commenced, "Ladies and gentlemen, I presume I am addressing the floating population of Chicago."

The balance of his speech was lost among the roars of laughter, for he had sustained his character for wit and humor.

CAPTAIN KING, author of *The Colonel's Daughter*, in his brochure entitled "Campaigning with Crook," tells an amusing and characteristic anecdote of Colonel Royall, now commanding the Fourth Cavalry, but then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third. He says:

"A story is going the rounds of the camp which does us all good even in this dismal weather. Colonel Royall ordered one of his battalion commanders to 'put that battalion in camp on the other side of the river, facing east.'

"A prominent and well-known habit of the subordinate officer was a tendency to split hairs, discuss orders, and, in fine, to make trouble where there was a ghost of a chance of so doing unpunished.

"Presently the colonel saw that his instructions were not being carried out, and not being in a mood for indirect action, he put spurs to his horse, dashed through the stream, and reined up alongside the victim, with, 'Didn't I order you, sir, to put your battalion in camp along the river, facing east?'

"'Yes, sir. But this isn't a river; it's only a creek.'

"'Creek, sir! Creek, sir! What do you mean, sir? It's a river—a river from this time forth, *by order*, sir. Now do as I tell you.'

"There was no further delay."

"DAD" WHEELER is a character of note about town. He is an old-time Southern negro, polite and obliging to all whom he considers belong to the "fust families," scornful to all who, in his opinion, are outside of this, in these democratic days, mysterious number. Dad gained his notoriety by an ability, perhaps not peculiar to himself, to tell stories in which truth is most noticeable by its absence. Meeting Dad one morning, he hailed me with, "Mawnin', sar." Knowing his prolixity, I attempted to pass him with simply a greeting in return; but it would not do: he stopped me. Throwing his head on one side, shutting his right eye, and looking



hard at me with his left, he said: "Mr. —, doz you 'member, sah, dat pow'ful hard rain we had las' Mondy en Chusdy a week?" I replied that I did. "Well, sar," said Dad, "somethin' mity queery-like happen ober to my house 'long o' dat rain."

"Indeed, Dad, what was it?" I replied.

"Well, sar, you knows dat Honey Creek runs rite frue my backyard; well, sar, on dat Chusdy night, jes' a'ter supper, I was a-settin' by de kitchen fiar a-warmin' myse'f en studyin', when de ole ooman speaks up en sezes, sezes she, 'Wheeler, you bettah go en move dat bar'l what de ole duck ez settin' in out of dat shed; rainin' so hard en long, fus ting you know de watah come up en float dat bar'l clean 'way.' I hearn de ole ooman, but 'pears like I didn't pay much 'tention to her, caze I sot dar a-warmin' myse'f en studyin' twell 'long 'bout nine 'clock, en den I tinks 'bout what de ole ooman say, en I gets up to go out en move dat bar'l. Well, sar, you perhaps 'members dat my kitchen do' stan's up 'bout two or tree feet from de yard, en de berry fustus step I takes outen dat do' I goes into watah clean up to dar" (placing his hands just below his waist). "But, sar, I didn't min' dat, en I wades out to dat shed, en looks in dat ar bar'l. Well, sar, sure ez you is stan'-in' dar, dat duck was a-settin' dar in dat ar bar'l, wiv nothin' 'ceptin' her head a-stickin' outen de watah. I makes a grab a'ter her, but she took en div under. I makes 'nother grab a'ter, but she den div under agin; den somethin' sezes to me, 'Wheeler, let her sot,' en I jes up en goes right back into de kitchen. Well, sar, sure ez you is born, dat duck bin a-settin' dar on dem eggs in dat watah eber since; en dis mawnin', sar, when I goes outen to look at her, dar she wab a-swimmin' roun' in dat bar'l wiv nine little ducks a-swimmin' a'ter her, ebry one ob dem eggs hatchin' out; en if you doubts, sar, what I's tellin' you, jes come down to my house, en I done show you de ducks."

THREE American Presbyterian ministers were looking at the curiosities of the Vatican Museum in Rome. Standing before the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, one of them remarked, "How interesting to look upon the coffin of the grandfather of Scipio Africanus!"

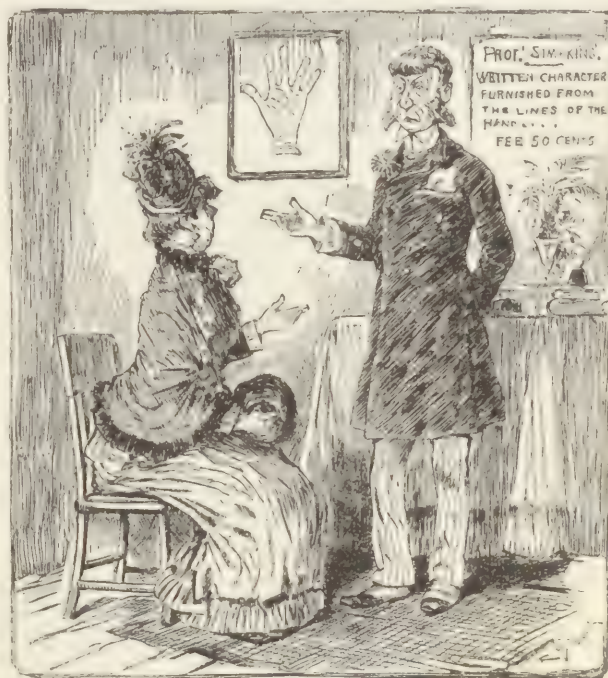
Just then a New York gentleman, whom the three had met in their hotel, came by, and overhearing the remark, said, "Yes, it must be particularly interesting to you, gentlemen, who are so familiar with *Bible history*."

THIS is one of the anecdotes that are always new:

In one of the crack British regiments there was a young officer, Chambers by name, who held the opinion that any one connected with trade could not possibly be a gentleman. A clever young fellow named Nesbit, whose father had made a fortune in the confectionery business, having obtained a commission in the same regiment, the "high-toned" young man

resolved to take him down. Meeting Nesbit in the mess-room one evening, Chambers asked, after a little conversation, "Ah, Nesbit, er—what is your father?" "Oh, my father," was the reply, "is a confectioner." "Well," said Chambers, "I think er—it's a very great pity he didn't make you one." Without a shade of annoyance crossing his face, Nesbit said, "Really; and may I ask what your father is?" "My father," was the pompous reply, "is a gentleman." "Then, sir," replied Nesbit, turning on his heel, "I think it's a great pity that he didn't make you one."

A. M. B.



#### PALMISTRY.

(A NEW USE OF IT.)

"Is it a verbal or a written character you wish, mum?"

"A written wan, of coorse. The missus in me last place wouldn't give me wan, as I lint a paice of butter an' a few groceries to me cousin. I'd loike to thry giniral housework this toime, plaze."

#### THEATRICAL NUISANCES.

THE principal reason why there is such a large attendance at the theatres is that on the stage villany is punished and virtue is adequately rewarded, which is seldom the case in real life. Most people are lovers of justice, and are willing to pay money to see it carried out, even if it is only on the stage.

One day last week, being desirous of seeing a villain punished, I went early to the theatre, and got a very nice seat in the orchestra. I had an unobstructed view of the stage. Then the orchestra, like a candidate on election day, began gradually to fill up. Then my trouble began, and, as is usually the case, there was a woman at the bottom of it. My trouble was a big tall hat, the ostrich feather on the top of which seemed to tickle the big chandelier. There was a woman at the bottom of this hat,



and she sat right in front of me, and obstructed my view of the middle of the stage, where the villain, as a general thing, gives up the ghost.

I was congratulating myself with the hope that the villain might possibly perish miserably on the side of the stage, and I'd have a chance to gloat over him, when another female came in and sat alongside of the one already mentioned. She had on a hat that had a flower-garden on the roof; it closed out entirely the view on the left. Unless the villain was kind enough to perish on the extreme right, my chances of seeing him draw his last breath were very slim.

I saw very little of what was happening during the first act. There was a man sitting next to me. I think he was from the West. When the curtain went down, he went out, suffering with rage, the hats having obstructed his view too. He must have been a medium, for he had a spirit call between each act. As he passed out, he almost knocked the tall woman's hat off with his elbow, and he trod on my toes besides. When he came back, he almost knocked the other hat off, and walked about some more on my corns. The ladies looked around at him, but he never quailed: such is the stimulating effect of a clove.

He was in a talkative mood, and turning to me, he said, in a whiskey-laden whisper, "I wish the men in the theatres would put on their tall hats, just to see how the women would like it."

"I have read," I replied, "that some genius has invented a theatre hat that shuts up, the same to be worn by ladies."

"A tall ladies' theatre hat that shuts down would answer the purpose better," said he. "I was reading a piece in the paper the other day that in Corea women wear hats, in and out of doors, which vary in height from three to six feet, and that there has not been a theatrical performance in Corea for the last four years. I don't wonder at it," continued the inebriate, winking at me.

I think the ladies in front of us must have overheard our conversation, for one said to the other, evidently talking at us, "It's a pity some genius can't invent something that will hold a man in his seat between the acts."

"Yes," replied the other lady; "but instead of a hat that can be shut up in the theatre, a man who could be shut up would be very desirable."

The inebriate winced a little, and said to me, "An eminent scientist attributes the extraordinary longevity of a woman who died in Boston at the age of a hundred and fourteen to the fact that she never wore a high hat in a theatre."

One of the tall hats bobbed about indignantly as the owner remarked, "The vigorous health of a Philadelphia man, now in his one-hundredth year, is due to the fact that he never went out between the acts to make as-

tronomical observations through a glass, and came back with a breath strong enough to draw a full house."

"There is a consolation," remarked the man from the West, "in case there is a fire; the woman with a big hat will have it jammed down over her eyes, and she will never get out alive."

The woman with the flower garden on the dome of her hat was silent for a moment, and then she said, "The man who keeps his mouth shut never lets the public know what an ignominy he is."

She had the last word, for the Western man had temporarily exhausted his ammunition. He made no reply. There were several people in our immediate vicinity who made complimentary remarks about other people who talk too much in the theatre. One suggested that some people who brought their mouths with them to the theatre should be compelled to leave them outside and get a check for them, as is done with umbrellas at the art gallery.

I left the theatre before the performance was over. I didn't get to see the stage at all. I was dazed by the conversation of the Western man, and I limp yet from the injuries my toes sustained by his walking about on them.

Is there no way to suppress the three great theatrical nuisances, viz., tall hats, irrelevant conversation, and going out between the acts?

ALEX SWEET.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN Atalanta, as the fables say,

Hard pressed in race the young Hippomenes,  
To stay her swift pursuit he cast away

Apples of gold from the Hesperides.

Not so do young men of the present day

In whose possession golden fruit one sees:

They keep their apples—nice decoys these make  
them—

And let their Atalantas overtake them!

MANLEY H. PIKE.

#### A LAWYER'S RUSE EXPOSED.

JOHN R. GRIMES was in his day one of the most distinguished lawyers in New Orleans. Though not as learned as some of his associates at the bar, he possessed qualities of mind which rendered him a formidable antagonist. His personal appearance was much in his favor, and the gravity of his manner and his perfect self-possession contributed a great deal toward his standing as an advocate. His chief characteristic was audacity, which never failed him in any emergency. He was also a lawyer of very fertile resources, and if engaged in arguing a very weak case, he was not above resorting to trick or artifice to accomplish his purpose, which the following anecdote will illustrate:

In a case of appeal before the Supreme Court he pretended to quote from time to time from certain authorities, and was for a while permitted to do so without interruption, the bar being accustomed to such breach-



es of professional propriety on his part. But on this occasion a recently appointed judge was on the bench, and when Mr. Grimes spoke of a particular law he asked where it could be found. The old judges present smiled when they heard the question, for they were familiar with the ruses practised by Mr. Grimes, but that gentleman, not at all disconcerted, responded that he thought it was in Story, giving volume, page, etc.

The imperturbable lawyer proceeded with his appeal, and in the interim a copy of Story was procured by the doubting judge, who was soon in earnest search of the authority in question. Failing, of course, to find it, he took advantage of the first pause in the speech of Mr. Grimes to tell that gentleman he had been unable to meet with the law quoted. Whereupon Mr. Grimes exclaimed:

"Is that so, your honor? Have I made so great a mistake?"

"You have indeed," said the judge. "Neither I nor my associates have ever heard of a law like it."

"Well, may it please the Court," remarked Mr. Grimes, very coolly, "if there is no such law in the books, *there ought to be!* for it would be founded alike in equity and common-sense, which do not always govern the rulings of our courts of justice."

And he concluded his argument as if nothing unusual had occurred. The sarcasm with which he sought to cover up his exposure was not lost on those to whom it was addressed, but the incident which elicited it was related to his detriment for many years afterward.

C. K. B.

#### THE LOCK-PICKER.

WITH stealthy hand he strove to clip  
One golden ringlet from her head.  
"Ah, don't!" Then, with a smiling lip,  
"They are my *sister Jane's*," she said.

JOHN B. TABB.

#### A NEW ENGLAND TRAIT.

ABOUT fifty years ago there lived on a New Hampshire farm a man by the name of Severence, rather poorly off in this world's goods, and commonly set down by his neighbors as rather unsocial and disobliging. His nearest neighbor, a Mr. Davis, who lived about a mile beyond, was a man "well-to-do," and in every way quite the opposite of Severence. It often happened that Davis would be going to the village a few miles distant, and Severence frequently shared a seat with him, having no good team of his own. After getting through with their "trading" and getting their weekly papers, they would start for home, and Davis always found Neighbor Severence very uncommunicative, and rather a poor companion for a cold winter's night drive, never entering into conversation, and usually answering in monosyllables when spoken to. More than this, Davis always noticed that upon

leaving Severence for the night, he would never respond in any manner upon his bidding him good-night. One cold winter's night, as Severence tumbled out into the drifts opposite the lane which led to his house, Mr. Davis bade him good-night as usual, and as he received no reply as he drove along, thought possibly he did not make himself heard, so he shouted again, at the top of his voice, "*Good-night, Mr. Severence!*" and in impatient tones there came floating back on the winter's blast, "I hear ye; I hear ye."

F. E. G.

#### A LEGEND OF GOOD ST. VALENTINE.

ST. VALENTINE at Peter's gate  
Did knock with might and main,  
"Let me out for once, ere 'tis too late;  
My time has come again."

Then Peter slowly turned the key,  
And let the good saint go.  
It was the fourteenth of February,  
And the ground was white with snow.

The saint he smiled as he paced Broadway,  
His teeth gleamed clear and pearly,  
For he actually hadn't been out in broad day  
Since in the third century—early.

"But love," thought he, "and life and youth  
Are surely the same as of yore.  
I'll just go around and discover the truth,  
And make things as nice, if not more."

He really expected to be amused  
When he paid his first morning call;  
But the ladies "begged to be excused,"  
They'd been all night at a ball.

So the saint in wonder turned away,  
And bravely tried once more;  
But here they all had visits to pay,  
And the footman showed him the door.

But he still kept on, and tried all kinds—  
The good, the grave, the busy;  
He saw all sorts of brains and minds,  
Till they fairly turned him dizzy.

For one was practising Mendelssohn  
Alone in her maiden bower;  
Another was carving an old dry bone,  
While a third read Schopenhauer.

A fourth in water and oils could paint  
All things beneath and above;  
A fifth in good works was a perfect saint;  
But they'd none of 'em *time* to love.

Sadly St. Valentine floated back  
To the gate of good St. Peter.  
"Alas!" cried he, "of girls there's no lack,  
And I must say I seldom saw sweeter.

"They're good and pretty, gay and wise;  
They're nothing if not pedantic;  
They know what they like and what they despise,  
But they *don't* seem to be *romantic*."

Then St. Peter clanged the brazen gate,  
And let in the dear old sinner,  
Who'd been up early and staid out late,  
And probably wanted his dinner.

#### MORAL.

I pray, sweet maids and youths, beware,  
And mind what you're about;  
For now the saint's around, take care,  
Don't let him "find you out."

K. M.





A CUP OF TEA AND A QUIET CIGARETTE AFTER LUNCH.—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.









THE DAY OF REST.  
From a drawing by Edwin A. Abbey.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

NEW-YORKERS religiously believe that they have the best police system and the finest police force in existence. As represented by the Board of Aldermen—August 11, 1886—they hold that “the Police Department has reached a standard of efficiency hitherto unattained, and superior to that of any force in the world.” This opinion, expressed after the funeral of ex-President Grant, may only be that of a majority; but, nevertheless, exceptions prove the rule.

What is the number of the metropolitan police force? what are its duties? how is it organized? and in what manner are its duties performed? are questions whose answers determine the soundness or unsoundness of the popular faith.

The number of the police force, of all ranks and grades, on the last day of A.D. 1885, was 2933, including 35 probationers. The Legislature of the State of New York, on May 12, 1886, unanimously authorized the addition of 500, in deference to the general conviction that it was numerically too small to cope with the possible emergencies of the times. The city of New York, estimating its population at 1,650,000, then had, exclusive of the Central Park force, one police-officer to every 562 of the inhabitants. This, in view of the heterogeneous character of the people, and the peculiar relation of the city to the continent, was really an insufficient supply. In 1883 Philadelphia had one policeman to every 636 of its citizens; Baltimore, one to 525; Boston, one to 487; the metropolitan district of London, one to 342; and the ancient city of London, one to every 100.

The Police Department of New York, established and organized under the law of 1870, consists of the Board of Police—which is composed of four Commissioners, appointed by the Mayor—of the police

force, and of officials appointed by the Commissioners. The term of each Commissioner extends over six years, during which his labors are lightened by the aid of a secretary. His salary is fixed at \$5000 per annum. Stephen B. French, President of the Board of Police, is of French and Dutch ancestry, and is a native of Long Island. Fitness for his post was largely received through the early discipline of a sperm-whaler's adventurous experience, followed by nearly five years of changeful fortune in California. Mercantile life next sharpened his faculties, and prepared him for the conspicuous career in politics and public affairs upon which he entered in 1865. Appointed Police Commissioner in May, 1879, he was elected to the presidency of the Board in 1880, and still retains that office.

Fitz-John Porter, appointed October 28, 1884, is a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and a distinguished officer of the Mexican and civil wars.

John McClave, appointed November 24, 1884, was born in New York, graduated at the College of the City of New York, is a lumber merchant by occupation, and a successful politician.

John R. Voorhis, appointed May 9, 1885, was born in New Jersey, is a builder by trade, and is now serving for the third time as Commissioner of Police. Like all his colleagues, he is credited with rare intuition, quick perception, concentrated thought, remarkable tact, endurance, and executive ability. Courteous, prompt, positive, and efficient, the members of the Board of Police exemplify some of the best qualities of the American body-politic.

Each member of the Board of Police has specific duties. The President must examine and approve charges against officers of all grades before they are tried,

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THE NEW YORK POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET.

and also answer communications on police subjects from all parts of the world. Commissioner Voorhis, as chairman of the Committee on Repairs and Supplies, is the purchaser of all required materials, and carefully scrutinizes the bills therefor rendered. He also visits all station-houses, and inspects their conditions and requirements. Commissioner Porter is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Police Pension Fund, and as such spends much time in examining the applications of widows for pensions, petitions for retirement by old members of the force, and other matters of similar nature. Commissioner McClave is treasurer of the Police Board and also of the Pension Fund. In the first capacity he disbursed, during the year 1886, the sum of \$3,853,272, appropriated by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for the maintenance of the Police Department, and in the second, more than \$250,000, collected from different sources, and paid over to pension-

ing, entered in the department records, and notice thereof read to the force of the precinct to which the inculpatated member belongs. During the year 1885 no less than 2570 charges were preferred against officers of all grades for violation of the rules. Some were accused of being off their posts, some of talking while on duty, and others of weightier offences. Sixteen dismissals, mainly for intoxication, followed, 1620 were fined to the amount of \$9487 86, 317 reprimanded, and 517 exculpated. The remaining cases were still pending at the close of the year. All orders to the Superintendent of Police issue from the Board, and all expenditures of the Secret Service Fund for procuring useful information and for the arrest of criminals and suspects are at their discretion. Experience, observation, and inquiry combined have thus organized the Board of Police. They have also dictated the Superintendent's practice of frequently summoning each of the thirty-four cap-

ers. The office of Commissioner is not a sinecure, and when worthily filled absorbs most of the business time and energy of the incumbent.

Every Wednesday at 10 A.M. one of the number must preside at the trial of members of the force against whom written specific charges have been preferred. Pertinent testimony, sometimes given under subpoena, for or against the accused, is reduced to writing by an official stenographer, and must be examined by three at least of the Commissioners. Their proceedings are subject to review in the civil courts. All judgments must be in writ-



tains to head-quarters, instructing them in the wishes of the Commissioners, and thus infusing fresh vigor and effectiveness into the entire force. The lax enforcement of excise laws, of the statutes in relation to gambling-houses and prostitutes, and the imminence of riot in labor strikes, are among the occasions of these personal interviews. Through this administration New York may justly claim that it affords as much of safety to life, liberty, and property as any city on the globe. Pugnacious ruffians, "sp'ilin' for a fight," can always be accommodated. The elements of violence and crime are never absent, but every outbreak is tolerably certain to leave the transgressor in the iron hands of justice. Political "pulls" have lost much of their ancient power, and should be totally paralyzed.

Under the instructions of the Board of Police, the members of the force exercise all the common-law and statutory powers of constables, except for the service of civil process; execute warrants for search or arrest issued by magistrates of the State in any part of it, and convey prisoners to the districts where they are made returnable; summarily arrest persons reasonably suspected of felony when found in the streets at night, or when visibly guilty of felony or misdemeanor; and may enter any house or building to suppress an affray or to execute plain duty. But they are prohibited from doing more than is necessary to the safe custody of prisoners in charge, from the use of pro-



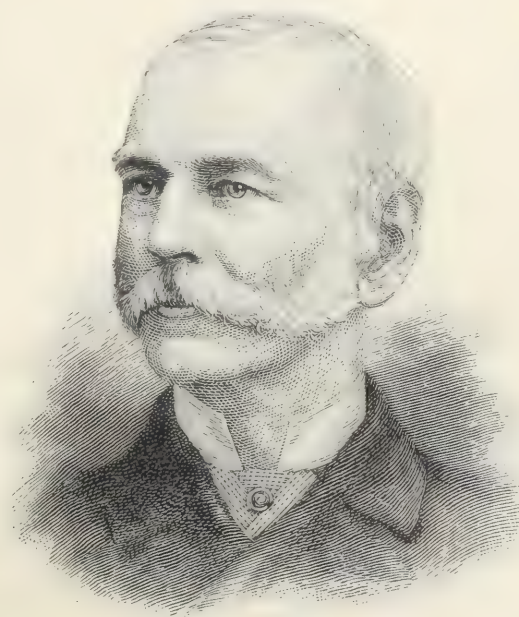
STEPHEN B. FRENCH.

voking language, taking offence at harsh or abusive talk, or making arrests in personal quarrels, unless justified by the necessity of self-defence.

Ranking in the following order, 1, Superintendent, 2, Inspector, 3, Captain, 4, Sergeant, 5, Roundsman, 6, Patrolman, 7, Doorman, each division of the police force is charged with definite duties.

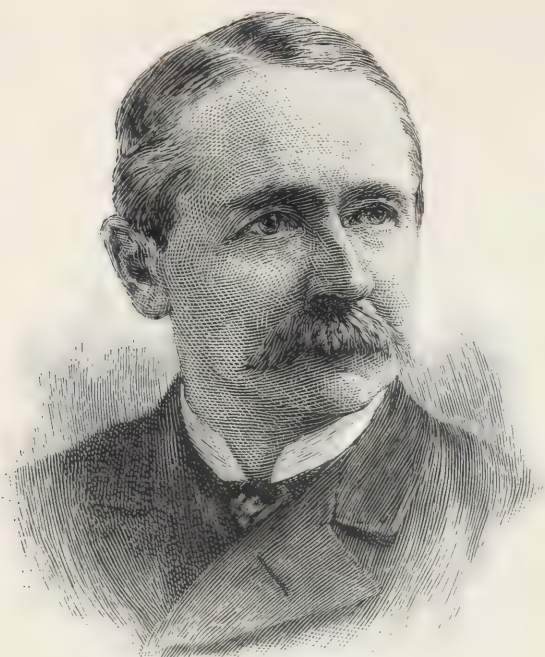


JOHN McCLAVE.



FITZ-JOHN PORTER.





JOHN R. VOORHIS.

William Murray, appointed Superintendent of Police on the 9th of June, 1885, is the chief executive officer. For the occupancy of this arduous and responsible position he has been qualified by long years of excellent service. Born in New York, wounded at Bull Run while serving in the Ellsworth Zouaves, and joining the police force in 1866, he signalized himself by some very skilful arrests. To thieves, burglars, and gamblers his name is one of terror. A thousand-dollar watch and chain, presented by forty prominent

watch-makers and jewellers, shows the estimation in which he is held by the mercantile community. The Socialists, whom he dispersed during the labor riots of 1877, respect his vigorous bravery. He divides with Inspector Byrnes the credit of unmasking more crime and convicting more criminals than any other man in the department. When raised from the rank of Inspector to that of Superintendent, he at once centralized the management, diminished the cost, and increased the efficiency of the force. He assigns the Inspectors in rotation to duty, issues orders received from the Board of Police, and supplements them with others in harmony with the originals and with the laws of the



WILLIAM MURRAY.



THOMAS BYRNES.

commonwealth. Exercising direct authority over detached companies, making and reporting details, inspecting prisons and station-houses, and the books and business of the latter; enforcing the laws against gambling-houses, lotteries, lewd resorts, and racing in the streets; assuming command at riots and great fires, reporting to the Board all diseases and nuisances that threaten the health or comfort of the citizens, providing for emergencies by suggestion, as in the establishment of the Bellevue Hospital ward for sick prisoners; keeping record of all orders, expenses, suspicious persons and places, reported crimes and misdemeanors for which no arrests have been made, houses of pros-



titution, assignation, and gambling—his life is necessarily a busy one. Office-work is abundant. The daily returns from the various precincts must be examined and noted, grievances and complaints of visitors disposed of, Inspectors' reports scrutinized and the Inspectors instructed, the daily consolidated report to the Board of Police prepared, and the names of those arrested and detained, and the reasons therefor, reported. Duty does not cease with daylight, but requires frequent nocturnal visitation of precincts and station-houses, in order to certainty that the condition of all is agreeable to law. The Superintendent is also obliged to report quarterly upon the state of the force, and to incorporate such statistics and suggestions for its improvement as to him may seem advisable. Besides this, his duty is to forward all sworn and formal charges against subordinates to the Committee on Rules and Discipline for action. His salary of \$6000 appears to be well earned.

The four Inspectors are no less busily employed. At present there are only three, viz., Thomas Byrnes, George W. Dilks, and Henry V. Steers. The last joined the force in 1857, rose through all the grades to his present position, while patrolman saved seven persons from drowning, and distinguished himself by singly thrashing a desperate bully who led a gang of desperadoes in their nightly depredations. His knowledge of "crooks" is exhaustive, and his respect for their courage exceedingly small. Driven to desperation, they often fight like cornered rats, but will not add murder to lesser crime unless certain of escape. To effect the latter the most dangerous chances are recklessly accepted. On the approach of every storm Inspector Steers's barometric ankle painfully recalls the memory of a leap that nearly shook the teeth out of his head, from the top of a high house to that of one much lower, while in hot pursuit of a burglar, whom he triumphantly captured.

George W. Dilks, who entered the force as assistant captain in 1848, was made Inspector in 1860. In the tragic Astor Place riot, incited by jealousy between the actors Forrest and Macready, he judiciously commanded a body of police; and in the terrible longshoremen's riots of 1857 conquered the disturbers, who fought with



GEORGE W. DILKS.

hay-sticks, cart-rungs, clubs, etc., after a four days' conflict. In the draft riots of 1863 his gallantry was no less manifest.

Each Inspector is responsible for the preservation of the peace and protection of life and limb in his own district. His daily and quarterly reports of duty, discipline, and police circumstance, together with his books of record, contain much of the matter on which the action of his official superiors is based. The long experience and excellent judgment of the three Inspectors induced the Commissioners to



HENRY V. STEERS.





ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS.

constitute them a Board of Examiners, whose duty it is to examine all applicants for promotion in the force before permitting them to appear before the Civil Service Examining Board.

The Board of Police Surgeons, which consists of eighteen professional men, including the president and secretary, is a constituent part of the force. Its members are not allowed to receive compensation for medical services to police-officers, nor to prefer private practice to the performance of official duty. It is also part of their task to take medical and surgical charge, gratuitously, of pensioners upon the Police Life-Insurance Fund and of their families whenever requested.

During the year 1885 the number of visits made by surgeons to police-officers was 22,863, and of visits to station-houses 816. More than 175 different diseases or injuries received treatment, and 2.48 per cent. of the corps were perpetually sick. Seven hundred and thirty-four applicants for appointment as patrolmen were examined, and 460 passed. Only three were found to be men of bad character and reputation.

Each of the thirty-four captains is vested with the power, subject to regulations, of posting the men under his command in such portions of his precinct, and of assigning to them such duties, as he may

think expedient. He must further make known the special merit or demerit of his inferiors, divide them into two platoons of two sections each, assign a sergeant to the command of each section, and one to the charge of the station-house.

The police captain is held strictly responsible for the preservation of the public peace in his own precinct, the safe custody of prisoners, the order and hygienic condition of his official quarters, and the due preservation of the library. Civility and due attention to all who call upon business affairs are to be exhibited, and all discussions of party politics by the men rigidly suppressed. He is required to journalize the times of his entering and leaving the building, to make requisitions for needful supplies, keep special record of all arrests and for what crimes, of the results of judicial proceedings, of the term of sentence and place of imprisonment of the convicted, and to report quarterly in detail. Every item of police duty, and of civil or criminal occurrence, is inscribed on the "blotter," which thus becomes a photographic exhibit of daily events affecting the peace and welfare of the city.

Many of the captains richly merit description of their services to the community. Space permits but the briefest allusions. Captain J. J. Mount and other officers of the same rank covered themselves with credit and renown by efficient gallantry in the draft and other riots. Captain Alexander S. Williams is one of the most prominent of his class. Perfectly fearless and resolute, he has made himself the dread and scourge of the worst criminals coming within reach of his arm. The Florence saloon and "Mulligan's Hell" were closed by his prowess. Very large amounts of property have been recovered by his ingenuity. His precinct is known as the "Tenderloin," because of its social characteristics. But none of its celebrities are allowed to infract the laws with impunity. One of the most eminent of newspaper proprietors is said to have been arrested and locked up on two different occasions for furious driving in the streets. Captain Williams's club enjoys the reputation among the roughs of being as hard, ready, and rough as themselves, and is certainly a notable instrument. Its owner is one of the most venomously hated, frequently tried, and most valuable of police-officers.

Should any captaincy be vacant, or the



incumbent be absent, a sergeant of the precinct is selected by the Superintendent or by the Board of Police to possess and exercise all his powers. Sergeants in rotation daily inspect the beds, bedding, clothes, and habits of policemen in their respective districts, and give to prisoners or lodgers memoranda of articles taken from them. One of the number goes on patrol with his section or platoon, vigilantly attends to duty throughout the tour, and returns with his men at its close. All of the 152 sergeants are required to have something of the military martinet in their composition, but not more than good taste and discipline justify. As such they report all derelictions from duty and all violations of order.

Sergeant T. V. Holbrow is keeper of the House of Detention, at 203 Mulberry Street, and returns daily to the Chief Clerk the number and names of committed and discharged witnesses who are unable to furnish security for appearance in criminal proceedings, and the number of those who remain in custody. He also reports weekly on the sanitary and dietary condition of his unique mansion. All letters addressed to the inmates must be open, submitted to his inspection, and also to delivery or

retention as he may judge best. All conversations with the imprisoned are held in his presence, noted by him, and reported to the district Inspector. He himself is inhibited from converse with them, except in so far as their safe-keeping, comfort, or convenience is concerned.

Personal examination (April, 1886) of this dubious residence discovers that it consists of two buildings on the same lot, of which the one fronting on the street is allotted to women, who may go up and down its five stories at pleasure, but cannot leave it by front or rear. The back building is occupied by males, whose lavatory and bath-room are on the ground-floor; six bedrooms, with five beds in each, on the second, third, and fourth stories, and room for exercise in the fifth. The dining-room on the front lower floor displays the plain, wholesome food provided at so much per meal by the lady purveyor at the cost of the city. Six hundred volumes of light literature, history, biography, and travel beguile the tedium of captivity. Three women and fourteen men are held in durance questionable. One of the latter is deftly braiding horse-hair chains; the rest are vegetating in uncanny seclusion. All have been brought



PATROL WAGON.



hither since the 12th of the month. Unfortunates have occasionally been detained as long as four months, or even longer. Foreign residence, lack of fixed abode, probable purchasability, unwillingness to testify—as in the case of complainant strangers despoiled in houses of ill fame—and inability to give bail are held by many to warrant this forcible detention of witnesses to homicide or felonious assault. Here their board is free, remuneration by District Attorney or Judge probable, safety from bribery or intimidation assured, and presence, when needed to satisfy justice, secured. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children sometimes causes commitments to this establishment.

Opinions about the House of Detention are variant. It is a prison, and a gloomy one, although fare and lodging may be better than what the majority of miserable inmates ordinarily enjoy. Humanitarians, such as Mr. William Delamater, wish to see it abolished. The Police Report for 1885 regards it as “not only a blot upon the fair fame of this community, but a standing rebuke to the proper administration of justice in this great city.” It is true that the wealthy criminal is often liberated on bail, while the poor friendless witness of his guilt is confined in jail. Here justice and liberty are at manifest odds. In 1885 the number of committals was 307; of discharges, 314; the average number of days’ confinement to each prisoner, about 17; and the average price of meals for each person detained, \$12 56. Add to the cost of food and maintenance the salaries of officers in charge, and the expenses of an institution “not demanded by justice or humanity” are seen to be considerable.

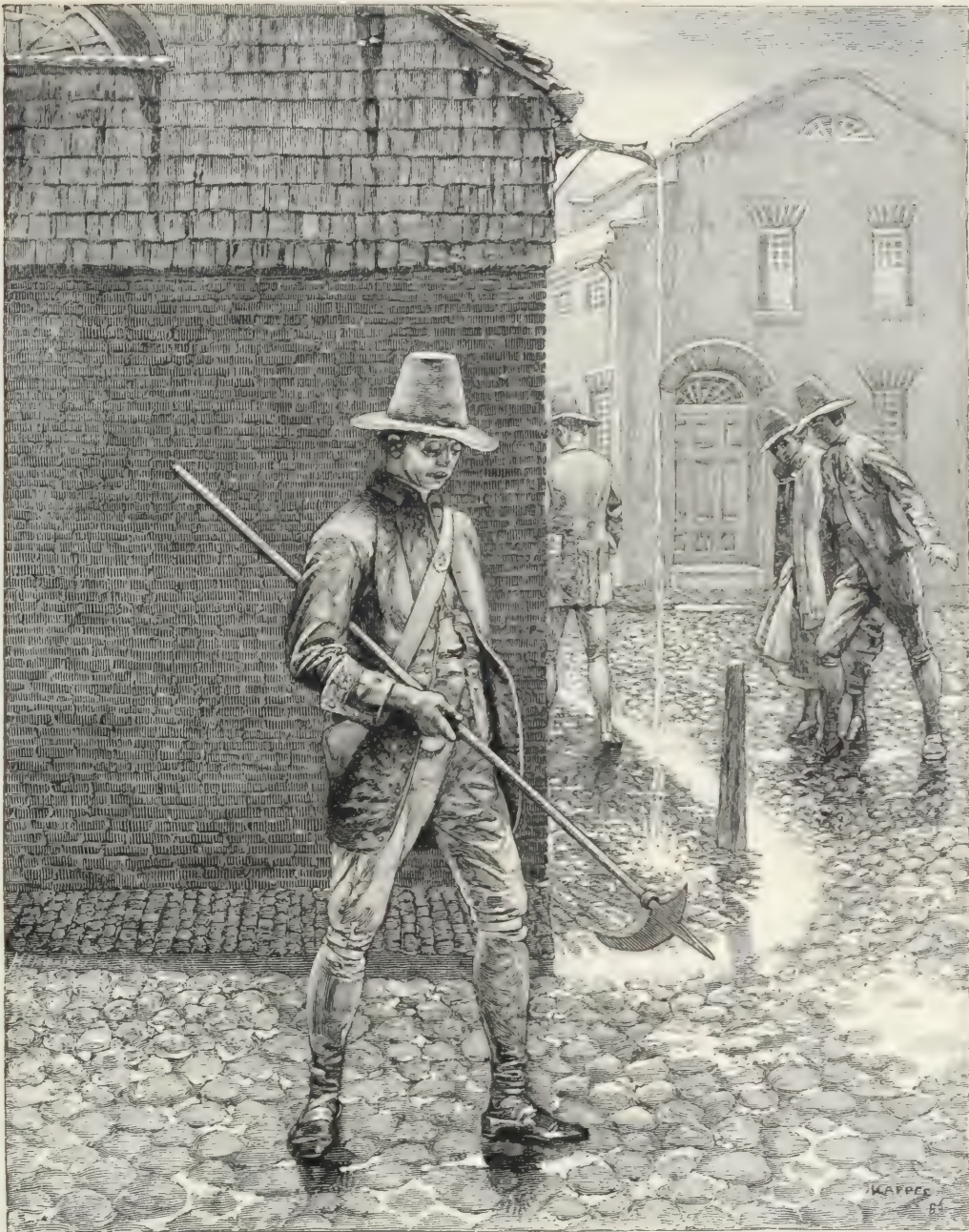
The duties of the 177 roundsmen—two to each platoon—include constant patrol, wise action in exigent cases, and exemplary conduct. Clerical offices and telegraphic operation when in-doors, behind the desk, are exacted of them.

The bulk of the police force, corresponding to the privates or enlisted men of the regular army, consisted on the 1st of January, 1886, of the 2396 patrolmen. On the 15th of June, according to the return of Deputy Chief Clerk Delamater, the native nationality of the 2936 men of all ranks and grades then constituting the police force was as follows: United States, 1745; Ireland, 974; Germany, 136; Aus-

tria, 4; Italy, 5; Switzerland, 1; Canada, 13; England, 30; Finland, 1; Scotland, 14; France, 6; Bavaria, 1; Nova Scotia, 2; Denmark, 1; Sweden, 2; West Indies, 1. Thus the United States have contributed 59.46, Ireland 33.17, and all other countries 7.37 per cent. of the whole. The Hibernian element, including those born in this country, is decidedly predominant. Naturally enough, those in whose constitution habits of subordination to authority have been ingrained by generations of servitude are most watchful and resolute when the enforcement of law is intrusted to their hands. Whatever their ancestral antecedents, the New York police have invariably illustrated the virtues of implicit obedience, self-control, manly courage, and intelligent fidelity. The club is at times quite freely used. The ideal policeman is only an ideal. The actual is but an approximation to the imaginary archetype, because he is only a man under all the limitations of the commonplace American citizen. Still, we are fain to believe he is a decided improvement upon the first uniformed policeman (July 8, 1693), who was invested by order of the Mayor with “a coat of ye citty livery, with a badge of ye citty arms, shoes, and stockings,” charged to “ye account of the citty.” He certainly is a vastly emended edition of the star-labelled functionary of 1850, whose favorite roosting-place was the barrels of a corner grocery, and who was commonly conspicuous for absence when his presence was most grievously needed. Out of the 700 or 800 more or less applicants for appointment every year, it is matter of congratulation that so few unfit men are successful.

Every candidate is duly examined as to his fitness for the service. This fitness must be of perfect physical health and superior muscular and physical development. Stature should not be under 5 feet 7½ inches on the bare feet, avoirdupois, without clothing, of 138 pounds, and naked chest measurement of 33½ inches. Any disease bars acceptance, and is ground of dismissal. He must also be neat and cleanly in person, and free from the use of private medicine at the epoch of appointment. Intellectual qualification must be equal to the due discharge of police duty. Besides the ability to read and write the English language understandingly, he must be sufficiently ac-





THE NEW YORK POLICEMAN OF 1693.

quainted with municipal, State, and national law to comprehend the nature and extent of his functions. This, together with expert professional knowledge, is acquired in the School of Instruction under the officer in charge and his assistants.

The School of Instruction has two departments, one for drill in the school of the soldier and of the company, and the other for instruction at Police Headquarters. In the latter, Sergeant Henry O. Corbett instructs neophytes in about two hundred rules of patrol duty.

The undergraduates are further instructed as to the authority of policemen under the Code of Criminal Procedure. Police powers under the Sanitary Code

are also made clear. No curriculum of instruction in pastoral theology, clinical surgery, or legal procedure is more exhaustive. Not one is so thorough. A surgeon sent by the Society on First Aid to the Injured adds the finishing touches by a course of five lectures. Examination follows, and if the examined pass the ordeal, each receives a certificate from the society. Familiarity with rules and duties is to be subsequently kept alive by comprehensive study of the Police Manual.

The moral character of every applicant must have the voucher of five petitioners for his appointment—all of whom certify from personal knowledge to his sobriety, industry, and good conduct—and also the



corroborative testimony of independent official investigation. He must also endure the test of civil service examination by Inspector Byrnes, Hugh Bonner, the chief of the Fire Department, and the secretary of the Board. This puts his memory, knowledge of localities, and aptitude for business to the proof. Vacancies are filled by those who have passed highest in open competitive examinations, and have borne the athletic trials of Wood's Gymnasium and of preliminary drill. Promotions are regulated by the same standard. Preference in appointment is given to such as have been honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States in the civil war. One month of satisfactory probation is followed by certified appointment, but does not exempt from triennial inquiry into general fitness for continuance in service. Neither political nor religious opinion or affiliation can legally affect appointment or promotion. Both are professedly based upon positive merit. The Board of Police is equally divided between the two great political parties; a majority of the captains is said to belong to one, and a majority of the sergeants to the other; the inferior officers and men are equally divided between both. Religion and politics—the two things about which ordinary men care most—are supposedly ignored in presence of known and sworn duty. The persistence with which both intrude themselves into all human arrangements may, notwithstanding, lend some color of justification to the boastful assertion of power to “get a man on the police.”

Investiture with all the rights and responsibilities of the baton is, according to the Police Manual, to be justified by the subsequent course of the appointee. He is required to be truthful and respectful, not meddlesome, prompt to quell disturbance, not to maltreat or use unnecessary violence toward citizen or criminal, to fill the measure of police regulations, not to drink nor to accept rewards, free passes, or tickets. He is expected to illustrate the golden virtue of silence, and to abstain from indulgence in some games, while permitted to play in others. The use of slang is forbidden to him; nevertheless, what he doesn't know of this peculiar form of language is not worth acquaintance. He is not allowed to borrow money of fellow-officers. On election days he must exercise due vigilance

in removing all ballot booths from within 150 feet of the polling-places. Fire-telegraph keys are to be faithfully kept, complaints and violations of city ordinances reported.

The privileges of police-officers are of such obvious value as to invest their position with the attribute of desirability. Unlike their brethren in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, they may vote for all elective officers, but may not be active or offensive partisans. They may, with consent of the Board of Police, receive rewards for extraordinary and meritorious services. While actually on duty they are not liable to military or jury duty, nor to arrest on civil process, nor to service of subpoenas from civil courts. Each class of officers has a distinctive uniform; all are under impartial rules of transfer and promotion, and are paid monthly. Salaries range as follows: Door-man, \$1000; Patrolman, \$1000 for the first year, \$1100 the second, and \$1200 subsequently; Roundsman, \$1200; Sergeant, \$1600; Police Surgeon, \$2200, Captain, \$2750; and Inspector, \$3500. After twenty years of service each member is entitled to retirement from active duty, and to an annual pension of \$600. He may be in the full health and vigor of manhood, but the authorities have no power to refuse his legal rights. Steps that ought to be successful have been taken to remedy this defect in the pension laws.

Limitation is commensurate with privilege. The knights of the club are debarred from membership in fire or military organizations, from soliciting contributions for political purposes, asking any citizen to interfere in their relations to the force, conferring presents or testimonials upon other members, and from circulating subscriptions for charities without permission of the Board. All the time of every policeman must be bestowed on duty; his post is to be perpetually perambulated, his residence established in the city and known to his superior, his bed and bedding in the station-house, his presence at the roll-call, and his energies at command until his resignation—if he should resign—is accepted by the Board of Police.

Reprimand, delay or forfeiture of pay, or dismissal from further employment, follows upon intoxication, disrespect or insubordination to superiors, neglect of duty, disobedience to orders, incapacity, immoral or injurious behavior. The Corporation





PRISONERS BROUGHT INTO ESSEX MARKET COURT.

Counsel is employed to defend them when charged as members of the force, if there be apparent grounds of defense. Dismissals are announced to the entire corps. Court squads, organized for the service of criminal processes and the execution of Police Court orders in criminal cases, are subject to the same disciplinary provisions. Appeal to the civil courts is allowed. Whether the proceedings in the trial before the Police Commissioners have been in harmony with the forms of law is then the subject of inquiry. If not, the dismissed officer is reinstated. Chancellor Howard Crosby, in the first number of *The Forum*, strongly objects to this, and says: "As it is at present, the Police Commissioners of New York know the abominable character of some men on the force, but cannot dismiss them, because the civil courts with their abounding technicalities will at once reinstate them. The thing has been tried, and with this result. Thus the police captain may defy the Board of Commissioners, for they dare not remove him. The Legislature should make the Board's power final." Men of large and long experience differ from the energetic reformer in respect of this matter, and

maintain that the review of police trials by the civil courts is necessary to justice; that it preserves officers from the pique of politicians, imparts independence to police action, and strengthens fidelity by probability of redress from the higher constituted authorities. The Police Department prefers primary trial of an officer accused of felony or misdemeanor by a criminal court. If conviction follow, vacation of office is simultaneous, and clerical action alone is necessary. Superintendent Murray speaks of a policeman who on his "day off" left the station-house at 6.20 A.M., was convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct at 11, reported to the Superintendent and thence to the Police Board, and by 1 P.M. had ceased to be a member of the force. This course of action was certainly "short, sharp, decisive." In the Bureau of Records and Complaints, at the Central Office, the records of all complaints, civic or official, are preserved; papers are made out, subpoenas issued, and notes of procedure in all cases kept.

Doormen—77 in all—are the uniformed officers who exercise the functions of general house-keepers, maids-of-all-work, jailers, etc., at the several station-houses.



Changes in *personnel* of the police force in 1885 were such as indicate faithfulness, aspiration, efficiency, and healthy movement: 44 of the members died, and 77 were retired; only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of all the days of service were those of sickness, and most of the sickness was clearly traceable to the unhealthiness, discomfort, and defective plumbing of barrack accommodation.

Clerks and employ  s belong to the Police Department, but not to the police force, although subject to many of the same regulations.

Each of the higher officers is held to the faithful performance of duty by a bond executed by himself and by two resident freeholders as sureties. That of the Property Clerk is for \$25,000; of the Superintendent, for \$20,000; of the Inspectors, for \$15,000; and of the Captains, for \$10,000.

How and to what extent the objects of the police system are accomplished by the metropolitan organization is of vital interest to the public. The *prevention of crime* is the most important object in view. To this end the patrolman devotes himself, or ought to devote himself. He acquires a sight acquaintance with residents, scrutinizes strangers, and suppresses criminal energies. The security of dwellings and other buildings, the surveillance of suspects and disorderly houses, the arrest of criminals, and the irregularities of servants, are within the scope of his action. In 1885 no less than 1190 buildings were found open, and were secured by the police. Among them were banks, churches, factories, 61 shops, and 765 stores. Suspicion of complicity with thieves is suggested by these figures. The patrolman is expected to search suspicious characters and parcels abroad at unseasonable hours, and thus to prevent the crime of house-breaking. Under section 1, chapter 747, Laws of 1872, he arrests sellers or possessors of obscene books, pictures, model casts, articles of indecent or immoral use, and thus prevents the corruption of society and the ruin of numerous lives. Repression, not cure, is the work of the police.

Gambling implements, lottery tickets, or lottery policies—all occasions of theft and embezzlement—the police aim to seize and destroy. In 1885, 122 persons were arrested for gambling, and 30 for keeping gambling-houses. Publicity of this vice has ceased, but those who wish to indulge

in it will always find opportunity. Perverted ingenuity tasks its powers to create the means. Magisterial and judicial dignity is sometimes fascinated by “poker,” and declares it to be a social and defensible amusement. Nevertheless the police have secured the conviction of some poker-players. “Pool-selling,” “book-making,” or the registration of bets on sporting events, is an annoying and pernicious form of gambling to many citizens, but not to all police-magistrates. Some of them have held that the gambler should see the event on which he stakes his money before he can be held for infraction of the law. Fortunately the opinion of the Counsel to the Corporation overruled that of these unwise Solons, and offenders were driven from the city to follow their nefarious trade in other localities. The number of arrests for all forms of gambling was 303; of these 152 were discharged, 115 convicted, and 36 left in suspense. The lottery and policy business is so nearly broken up that only 33 arrests were made, and these mainly of peripatetic venders who travel from one customer to another to book their ventures.

The sale and use of intoxicating liquors are well known to be the most prolific source of pauperism, intemperance, and crime. Public sentiment is not sufficiently educated to insist upon total prohibition. It consents to license, and the closure of saloons and bars on Sundays, prohibits sale to minors and drunkards, and endorses the Civil Damages Act. But it fails to speak with legislative precision. Legists and jurists, who may or may not love alcoholic stimulants, hamper and restrain the police by conflicting opinions as to their powers and duties. Failure to enforce the Sunday law is more frequently the fault of the police judiciary—whose trustworthiest supporters are liquor-sellers,—than of police-officers. The latter indignantly speak of notorious cases where the plainest evidence has been ignored by judicial Dogberries, and the flagrant offenders dismissed to prosecute their injurious business unpunished. Whatever of improvement is visible on Sundays is mainly due to the police, who in 1885 made 2144 arrests for violation of the Excise Law, of which 1715 were for transgressions of the Sunday clauses: 255 convictions, 735 discharges, and 1154 cases undecided do not afford too much encouragement to zealous fidelity in the future,





ONE OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.



whatever their influence upon the official status of the eleven police justices—of whom three at a time are assigned to preside in the Court of Special Sessions—may be. Publicity should be given to the disposition of every case brought into court. If this were done through one or more reputable newspapers, it is not at all probable that so many as six thousand bailable cases would at any time in the future, as at one epoch in the past (Chancellor Crosby being the authority), be found pigeon-holed in the District Attorney's office in New York. It is assuredly not the fault of the Police Department that judicial courts are taxed beyond their powers of administration, and that district attorneys are, as alleged, so occupied with the management of unbailable cases as to find no time for the prosecution of bailable ones. Many thousand cases of felony and misdemeanor are now pending in the criminal courts. Some of these have been waiting for trial for several years. The Grand Jury of the city has recommended the establishment of an additional criminal court for the special trial of excise cases.

On election days the office of the police is to protect the ballot-boxes. Much of the elective machinery is under the control of the Bureau of Elections, which consists of Chief J. J. O'Brien—who holds office for three years at an annual salary of \$5000—aided by three patrolmen, who act as clerks. This Bureau endeavors to obtain unobstructed expression of the popular will by sending out in the months of July and August the requisite blanks on which applicants inscribe their own names for appointment as inspectors of election and poll-clerks. Captains of precincts inquire into the fitness of the candidates. Republicans are usually appointed first, then the Tammany, County, and Irving Hall Democrats, in proportions determined by the Board of Police, and are sworn into office by the Chief. Neglect of duty by those thus sworn in is a State-prison offence. Lists of voters in each house, maps of election districts, and posters are sent to inspectors on registration days. A copy of each register is filed with the Bureau of Elections within forty-eight hours of the close of registry, and the possible insertion of fictitious names hindered, if not prevented. The registry in possession of the Bureau becomes the final authority on voting qualification. On election days the in-

spectors again receive an ample supply of stationery, including statements of canvass, poll lists, and tallies. One statement of the canvass is sent to the Bureau of Elections, one to the County Clerk, and another to the Board of Supervisors; one of the tallies is forwarded to the Bureau and one to the Mayor within twenty-four hours of the close of the canvass, to prevent tampering with the returns. This has been attempted. In 1879 two men were sentenced to the State-prison for two and a half years in punishment of this offence, which was betrayed by the scratching on the bank-paper return. On the evening of election days statements certified by inspectors of votes cast for candidates are carried by police-officers to the station-houses as soon as the contents of each box have been counted. Thence they are sent by special messengers to the Bureau of Elections, where all returns are collated and filed away for reference. Election nights cause busy scenes in the bureaucratic office. All the police clerks lend a helping hand. The returns of Assembly districts, footed up by sergeants behind their desks, are reported in the room of the Police Board.

This Bureau also preserves record of the death of all males over twenty-one years of age, and of all convicted of felony, or sentenced to penitentiary or State-prison, in order to the correctness of the registry lists. Maps of Judicial, Assembly, Senate, and Congressional districts as arranged—really by the Bureau, but responsibly by the Board of Police—are drawn up in this office. Two large rooms, bursting with huge volumes and assorted documents, illustrate the painstaking care with which the elective franchise is guarded.

Situated as New York is, upon an island and whose encircling waters are crowded by the shipping of all maritime peoples, it needs the energies of a special body of police to quell mutinies, arrest quarrelsome or insubordinate sailors, preserve order among the vessels, prevent smuggling, and check depredations upon marine property. This body it has in the Harbor Police, under the command of Captain E. O. Smith. Its duties are chiefly performed upon the water, and are invaluable to shipping interests. The steamboat *Patrol* is the dread of predaceous watermen, and is manned by a thoroughly efficient crew.

Special patrolmen are appointed to par-





FOOTING UP ELECTION RETURNS.

particular duties on the application of firms and corporations, and are paid by them. A system of raps with the club on the sidewalk calls up wanted policemen, brings the assistance of more than one officer at fires, riots, or other emergencies, and indicates the route of a policeman in pursuit of any person in the night-time.

Arrested persons are conducted to the

station-house, and thence, after longer or shorter detention, to a District Police Court. Of these there are six, in different parts of the city. There the prisoners are charged with specified offences, and committed, bailed, or discharged by the sitting magistrate, according to the evidence adduced. The "Record of Arrests," kept by the Chief Clerk in the Central



Office, is alphabetically arranged, and contains the name, age, color, sex, nationality, occupation, state in life—whether married or single—of each person arrested; also the complaint, name of complainant, name of officer making the arrest, date of arrest, and disposal of the case. The number of apprehensions in 1885 was 74,315—an increase of 4061 over that of 1884; 54,898 were males, 19,417 females; 29.33 per cent. of the whole were arrested in the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, and Fourteenth precincts, which adjoin each other, and contain as miscellaneous a population as can be found on any spot of equal size on the globe. Assault and battery, disorderly conduct, intoxication, larceny, vagrancy, violation of Corporation, Health, and Excise laws, constitute the majority of offences. 34,374 whites and 1897 blacks were natives of the United States, 20,115 of Ireland, 8288 of Germany, 2458 of England, 3151 of Italy, 791 of Poland, 88 of China, and the rest of many different countries. More than half were of foreign birth, and of the native-born very many were of foreign extraction; 8041 were under twenty years of age, 26,673 from twenty to thirty years, 18,483 from thirty to forty, 11,927 from forty to fifty, and 7191 over fifty years old; 24,172 were married, and 50,143 single. The percentage of single persons arrested was 67.47, against 61.60 in 1872—an increase accounted for by general disinclination to marry. 71,120 were able to read and write; 3195 had not any literary education; 7 were, or professed to be, clergymen, 3 authors, 25 teachers, 16 students, 66 editors and reporters, 1457 bar-tenders, 2391 clerks, 3087 drivers, 1272 house-keepers, 3393 house-workers, 13,466 laborers, 1517 prostitutes, 1707 peddlers, 1065 printers, 1182 rag-pickers, and 20,108 of no occupation.

Conspicuous among the several divisions of the police force is that of the Nineteenth Sub-Precinct, with quarters under the Grand Central Depot. In addition to limited patrol duty, the members maintain creditable order among the pushing hackmen who crowd the entrances to that vast edifice. They also protect the incoming and outgoing passengers who, to the number of over five millions annually, patronize the New York Central, Harlem, and New Haven railroads, which terminate here. So effective is their activity and skill that no confidence man, sharper, or pickpocket cares to come within their

reach. Runaway boys are frequently apprehended on telegraphic notice from parents or guardians, and sent back to their friends. Telegraphic orders from police authorities and sheriffs in every part of the country to arrest fugitive criminals receive prompt attention. One of those gentry who had escaped from Adrian, Michigan, with \$20,000 worth of seal-skins, was caught at the window of the ticket office while demanding the rebate due on his ticket. The whole of the missing property was recovered.

The Broadway Squad, composed of 44 officers and men, is as famous in the police world as the gigantic grenadiers of Frederick the Great in the military. All are over six feet in height, and are far more commanding in presence and symmetrical in person than the unfortunate Prussians. From Thirty-fourth Street to the Battery they render highly appreciated assistance to pedestrians compelled to cross Broadway, and also regulate the endless procession of vehicles passing up and down that magnificent thoroughfare.

The Mounted Squad consists of 106 men, attached to five distinct precincts between One-hundred-and-tenth Street and the northern limit of police jurisdiction. The distances to be covered necessitate equestrian locomotion. On the several drives, such as St. Nicholas and other avenues north of the Central Park, nine policemen are specially assigned for duty during the day. Bestriding spirited steeds, trained to stop runaways by galloping alongside, the sturdy riders often incur great risks, but seldom fail to accomplish their object, or to save the lives and limbs of affrighted carriage occupants.

The *detection of crime* is a secondary function of the police force, but is one of such romantic and morbidly fascinating character that it possesses absorbing interest for the great majority of readers. The Detective Bureau, with apartments and records at Police Head-quarters, includes forty detective sergeants, under the orders of Inspector Thomas Byrnes. This officer, whose celebrity vies with that of Fouché and Vidocq, has been in command since 1880.

On May 25, 1882, the Detective Bureau as now constituted was created, at the urgent solicitation of Inspector Byrnes, by the State Legislature, and the salary of each detective sergeant raised to \$1600.



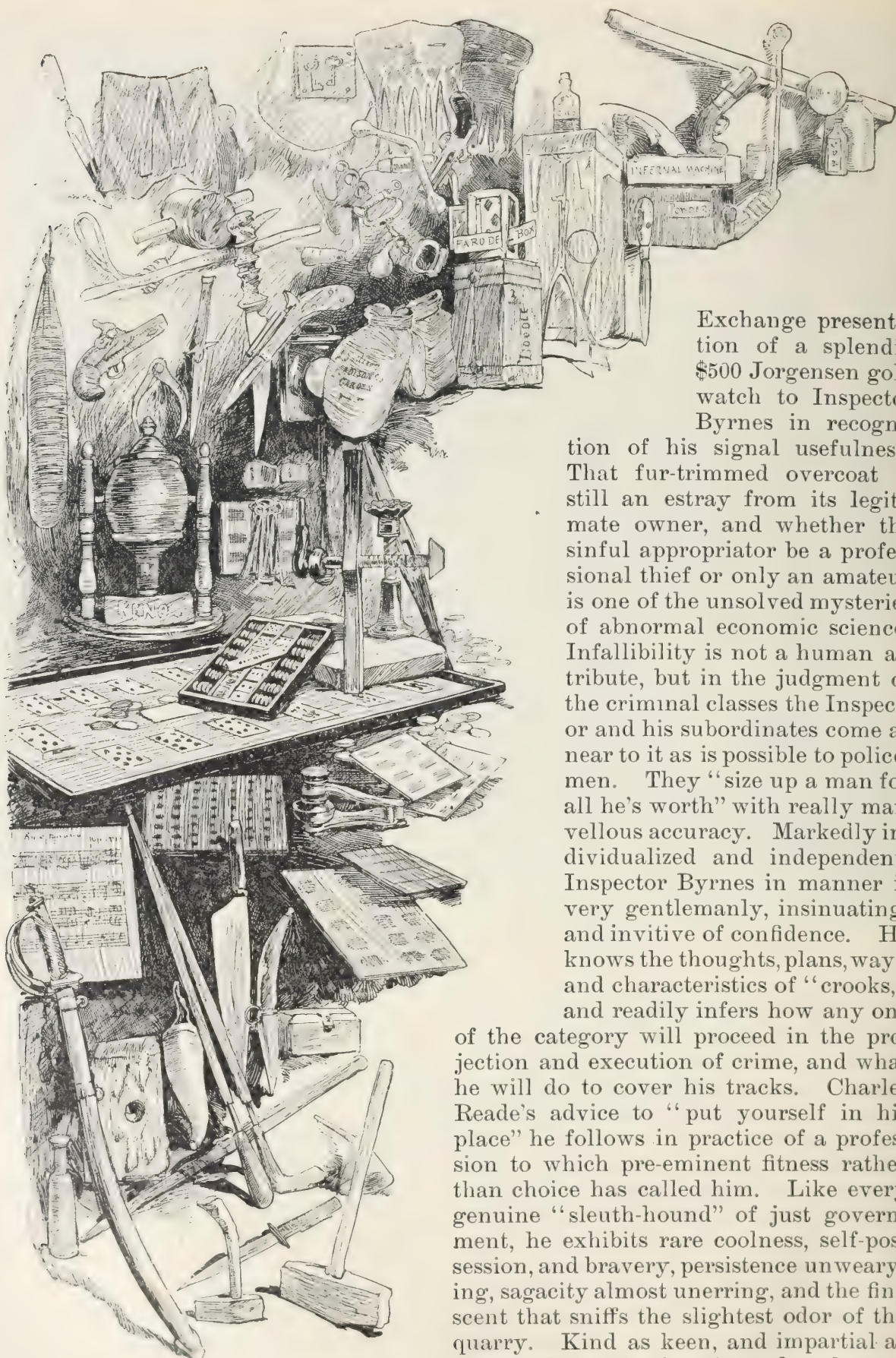


ARRESTING A THIEF AT THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

Ward detectives serving under the captains of their respective precincts are not included in this particular branch of the force. Inspector Byrnes is a native of Ireland, but is of American training. Entering the force in 1863, he rose through its several grades to his present office. Weeding out all the worthless and inefficient, and supplying their places with young, active, and intelligent men, he instructed and organized the latter on his own plans. The Detective Bureau soon attained to national importance. Special attention was paid to Wall Street. Skilled thieves, the "best men" of their nefarious occupation, prized it as the richest of their hunting grounds. Fat purses were abstracted, tin boxes containing money, bonds, and valuable papers fell into their hands, and knavery was jubi-

lant. Now that district is to them as paradise to the lost spirit in Moslem legend. They may view afar, but may not enter. Any thief found below a line drawn across the city through Fulton Street is seized at once and compelled to account for himself. If the explanation be not satisfactory, the grip of the law tightens around the culprit, and the familiar jail again becomes his home. Ten or twelve detectives are always on duty at a room in the Stock-Exchange. On call, one or more can be sent to any place in the lower section of the city within two or three minutes. "From the 12th of March, 1880, until to-day, they have not lost a ten-cent stamp in Wall Street by a professional thief—not a penny, not a cent," is not an empty boast. It is sober truth. Somebody did steal President Simmons's over-





RELICS IN THE MUSEUM OF CRIME.

Exchange presentation of a splendid \$500 Jorgensen gold watch to Inspector

Byrnes in recognition of his signal usefulness. That fur-trimmed overcoat is still an estray from its legitimate owner, and whether the sinful appropriator be a professional thief or only an amateur is one of the unsolved mysteries of abnormal economic science. Infallibility is not a human attribute, but in the judgment of the criminal classes the Inspector and his subordinates come as near to it as is possible to policemen. They "size up a man for all he's worth" with really marvellous accuracy. Markedly individualized and independent, Inspector Byrnes in manner is very gentlemanly, insinuating, and invitive of confidence. He knows the thoughts, plans, ways, and characteristics of "crooks," and readily infers how any one

of the category will proceed in the projection and execution of crime, and what he will do to cover his tracks. Charles Reade's advice to "put yourself in his place" he follows in practice of a profession to which pre-eminent fitness rather than choice has called him. Like every genuine "sleuth-hound" of just government, he exhibits rare coolness, self-possession, and bravery, persistence unwearying, sagacity almost unerring, and the fine scent that sniffs the slightest odor of the quarry. Kind as keen, and impartial as imperturbable, he has formed a class of police-officers equal to the needs of a municipality so free to ingress and regress that it is the most difficult of all to guard against criminals. "Honor among thieves" is one of the time-worn lies that

coat while that gentleman was busied with matters connected with the Stock-





THE MUSEUM OF CRIME.

he denounces with emphatic scorn. He says: "I never met a thief in my life, provided he could benefit by peaching on his confederates, from whom I could not find out anything I was desirous to know. There is no such thing as honor among thieves."

Interviews with the Inspector are had by special request. His private office is adorned by photographs and crayon drawings, whose subjects are associated with police affairs. Some of the men reporting to him are said to be college-bred, and can pass muster in the best society. All are chosen in view of individual aptitude for certain kinds of work. The stamp of officialism is about the last of which there is any trace. Keeping *incognito* as much as possible, the chances of prompt detection are multiplied. "Crooks" are now afraid of their shadows; great robberies have ceased, and minor crime been reduced over eighty per cent. Detectives more or less closely imitate the example of their chief, who says: "Every evening I make it a point to meet some of these men in their resorts, and learn from them the whereabouts of their friends, and what they are doing. One crook of consequence generally knows what other good men are doing. In this way I keep posted, and

know in what part of the country all the sharp men are. As experts are liberated from the State-prison I follow their tracks in this way." For the secret police of European countries, and for the private detectives in this, Inspector Byrnes entertains undisguised contempt. Crime, in his opinion, is a fine art, and criminal detection a science. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is a hoary mendacity. "In the long-run the honest officer is a match for the smartest thief." Detective opinion of the morality of American life, private or official, is not of roseate hue. The bribe-taking Aldermen of 1884 have not improved its complexion. Of Henry W. Jaehne, their former Vice-President, but now in Sing Sing through the Inspector's



remarkable power of making rogues talk, he is represented as saying: "Jaehne thought I had more proof against him in regard to Mrs. Hamilton's stolen silver than I really did have, and I was careful not to undeceive him. As it was, I knew that he was a rascal, without having proof of the fact, until I had gained his confidence to such an extent that he admitted his guilt as to the bribery."

In the Photograph and Record Department, in charge of Sergeant Thomas H. Adams, are preserved about 60,000 portraits of between 6000 and 7000 criminals. Many of them have been received from other cities, and are not included in the Rogues' Gallery, which contains the busts of the "best people" arrested in New York. When a professional is photographed, fifty copies of the negative are taken, and the "pedigree" of the person printed on the back of each copy. One copy is then despatched to each precinct, where the pedigree is entered on the record-book, and the picture placed in the Rogues' Gallery, as at Head-quarters. The remainder are retained for the use of officers, and for exchange with the police authorities of other cities. Gallery and record-book are the patented inventions of Sergeant Adams. Portraits of deceased criminals are removed from their infamous companionship, as are those of the four per cent., more or less, of living ones who turn from their evil ways when young, and by years of well-doing entitle themselves to this favor, which is granted at their own request, seconded by that of reputable business men. Should they relapse, their portraits are returned to the case. The record of each of the 1700 originals in the Rogues' Gallery comprises full physical description and biography. One of them is, or pretends to be, a graduate of Corpus Christi College, in Cambridge, England. "Hungry Joe," ex-Governor Franklin J. Moses, of South Carolina, Bertha Heymann, "queen of the confidence women," "Whiskey" Short, who distilled whiskey from swill in Sing Sing State-prison, Annie Riley, who speaks five or six languages, "Ike" Vail, "king of the confidence men," bank burglars, forgers, and counterfeiterers of strikingly intellectual countenance, are conspicuous among them. Basing his estimate on the reliable data at command, Sergeant Adams concludes that one-third of the "best people" are liberally educated, one-third fairly educated, and

the remaining third, with the exception of a very small number, so far educated as to be able to read and write. The youngest and most inexperienced are also the most reckless of criminals. These run all risks. Laziness is the cause of half the criminality in the land; temptation by successful thieves and by immoral reading, of the other half. Want has but little to do with it, except as it makes small thieves. These, by contact with hardened men in prisons, which are often schools of crime, develop into professionals.

The Museum of Crime, opposite the private office of Inspector Byrnes, is a shuddering horror; not so much from what is seen as from what is suggested. Speaking likenesses of shop-lifters, pick-pockets, burglars, and eminent "crooks" glare from the walls upon visitors. Sledge-hammers whose heads are filled with lead, drags, drills, sectional jimmies, masks, powder-flasks, etc., that were used in the Manhattan Bank robbery of October 27, 1878, challenge inspection in their glass cases. The rascals made away with \$2,749,400 in bonds and securities, and about \$15,000 in money, on that occasion; but, thanks to our unequalled detective system, did not retain all their booty. Here are samples of the mechanical skill of Gustave Kindt, alias "French Gus," a professional burglar and maker of burglars' tools, which he let out to impecunious thieves on definite percentages of their robberies. The assortment of burglarious kits, tools, keys, wax impressions, etc., is complete. The genius of Kindt and Klein, so wofully perverted, ought to have made their fortunes in legitimate fields of operation. Nat White's bogus gold brick; Mike Shanahan's eighteen-chambered pistol; counterfeit Reading Railroad scrip; the lithographic stone on which ten or twenty thousand spurious tickets of the elevated railroad were printed; stones for printing fractional currency; bogus railroad bonds used by confidence operators; the black caps and ropes of murderers; the pistols wherewith various persons were slain; the lock curiosities of Langdon W. Moore, who knew how to open combination locks through studying their emitted sounds; the box in which the same thief, known as "Charley Adams," put \$216,000 in government bonds, stolen from the Concord Bank, Massachusetts, in February, 1866, and which he first buried four feet below the surface of the Delaware River,





THE SANITARY SQUAD.

and then dug up and surrendered when under arrest; the pipes, pea-nut oil, lamps, liquid raw opium, and pills used for smoking in opium joints—are all here.

Instinct and experience unite to awaken profound dread of the Detective Bureau in the breasts of the criminal classes who understand police statistics. In 1885, Inspector Byrnes reported that 1080 males and females, including 7 detained as witnesses, were arrested for felonies and misdemeanors by his branch of the police force: 1 was hung, 98 were sent to State-prison, 88 to the Penitentiary, 12 to the City Prison, 23 to the Elmira Reformatory, 2 to the Workhouse, 4 to the House of Refuge, and 1 to the State Insane Asylum; judgment was suspended in 10 cases, 31 were fined (and \$1612 collected), 103 delivered to other authorities, 318 discharged, 228 disposed of in other ways, and 161 left pending. The sentences involved 620 years' imprisonment, and the property recovered amounted to \$121,202.

In the *prevention of calamities* the police force is not less efficient. To see that the street lamps are duly lighted and burning, that leakages or breaks of water pipes are quickly repaired, that rabid animals are killed, that diseases, noxious or inflammable substances, or explosives perilous to the public are reported, and that steam-boilers are legally inspected, is part of police duty. The presence of about six thousand steam-boilers—stationary, used for rock-drilling, pile-driving, barges, scows, elevators, etc.—in the city would be a constant element of danger were it not neutralized by the Steam-boiler Inspection Squad of 21 men under the Bureau of Steam-boiler Inspection and Engineers.

The *prevention of endemic diseases* is another important function of the Police Department. Disease frequently originates in and is propagated by the uncleanliness and filthy habits of ignorant and reckless people. Ashes, garbage, rub-



bish, dirt, and vile fluids, accumulating about the premises or in the streets, have bred the pestilences before which prayer has been powerless, and which have swept out the citizens with the besom of destruction. The Sanitary Code forbids all such practices, and police activity is employed to squelch them. Instruction is provided for the uninformed, and certain punishment for the wilful offender. Whatever malignant, infectious, contagious, or epidemic sickness may break out is reported forthwith. Pawn shops—so often the “fences” for concealing stolen goods—liquor and beer saloons, cheap lodging-houses or dormitories that are frequently mere fetid, crowded, human sties, abound most in the precincts infamous for poverty and crime, and cause plentiful toil for the Tenement-house Squad of the Sanitary Company. This includes thirty officers detailed by the Police Commissioners to assist the Board of Health, under whose orders they act, while reporting to and being paid by Sergeant Washington Mullen. They furnish protection, but not labor, when assisting the Sanitary Superintendent to vacate premises by order of the Board of Health. Sewerage, drainage, ventilation, and whatever pertains to the safety of life or health, is thus brought into relation to the Police Department. The 32,597 violations, including all grades of nastiness or negligence, of the Sanitary Code, reported by them in 1885, disclose the need of such a force, 125,045 inspections attest its activity, and 16,705 complaints its fidelity.

*Charity and equity* are elements of police duty, for the due observance of which the members of the force are held responsible. Lost children are necessarily numerous in tenement-house districts. Many of the small waifs know little of English, but all find favor in the eyes of the big, burly, warm-hearted protectors, who think of the cribs in their own homes. “I’d rather tackle a man twice my size than that chap,” said a perspiring policeman as he deposited a dirty, tearful, kicking juvenile on the floor of Matron Webb’s room at Police Head-quarters. The telegraph alarm sends description of person and clothing to all stations. Most of the estrays are soon reclaimed. Children rescued from inhuman parents or guardians by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are also placed in care of Matron Webb until disposed of by the

courts. 4308 lost children were cared for in 1885, 4087 restored to friends in New York, 7 to friends in other cities, and 214 unclaimed or rescued ones committed to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, or to that of corporate or denominational institutions. The 112 foundlings received during the year met with care that should have been bestowed by despairing or unnatural parents, in homes, asylums, and private families. Many were adopted. All particulars that might lead to the discovery of parents are preserved. Truant children come under the supervision of the police; but the laws in connection with compulsory attendance at school are not rigidly enforced.

The Bureau of General Information, established in June, 1885, on the recommendation of Superintendent Murray, has charge of the records of all missing persons, lost children, foundlings, persons found dead in the streets, etc., etc. Letters, averaging about one hundred monthly, from all parts of the country and of the world, requesting information about relatives or friends not heard of for a long time, arrive at the Central Office. The utmost pains is taken to acquire the desired information, and due answer is returned to the anxious inquirers. One young man, inquired about by friends in Algiers, North Africa, was found at the Hotel Brunswick, and the questioning letter put into his hands. Of the 203 males and 59 females inquired about as missing in 1885, 196 males and 55 females were found and placed in communication with their friends; 11 only were unaccounted for. Very mysterious circumstances surround some of these cases. Of 154 runaways from home, 143 were returned; of 87 persons found dead, 43 were subsequently identified at the Morgue, and the 44 unidentified—homeless, friendless, alone—laid to rest in obscure graves.

Stranded strangers applying for help are assisted. Immigrants lost on arrival are sought and restored to acquaintances. Utter indigence is relieved by nocturnal lodging in clean cells at the station-houses, and that without too strict regard to the morals of the lodgers: 72,832 males and 61,513 females thus found shelter in 1885. Petty thieves, beggars, tramps, drones, and a small remnant of worthy folk eagerly seek these temporary refuges. 6803 persons who were sick and destitute, insane,



or injured in various ways, were conveyed to station-houses and hospitals by ambulances, and 141 sent to their homes. Dead bodies of unknown persons, found in the waters and public places of the city, are conveyed to the Morgue, at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River: 143 persons, committing suicide in one way or other, as well as the bodies of those who met with accidental death, afforded this repulsive employment to the police in 1885. Stray swine or cattle are delivered to the keeper of the public pound; beggars apprehended and sent to institutions or dealt with as vagrants; children dancing in the streets for gain arrested; and lost or stolen property restored to claimant owners. This last is ordinarily done through the Property Clerk, whose office at Police Head-quarters embraces the most miscellaneous variety of pistols, watches, jewelry, silver-ware, forged bonds, male and female clothing, horse-blankets, cigars, sides of beef, chests of tea, sacks of coffee, boots and shoes, etc., to be found on the continent. His store comprises everything except a piano—and Mr. John Harriott has had a piano lid—from a coffin to a diamond pin. Diamonds and jewelry valued at \$200,000 have been in custody at one time. These articles are all held for evidence against prisoners, and are not handed over to claimants without regular orders from judicial courts. The unclaim-

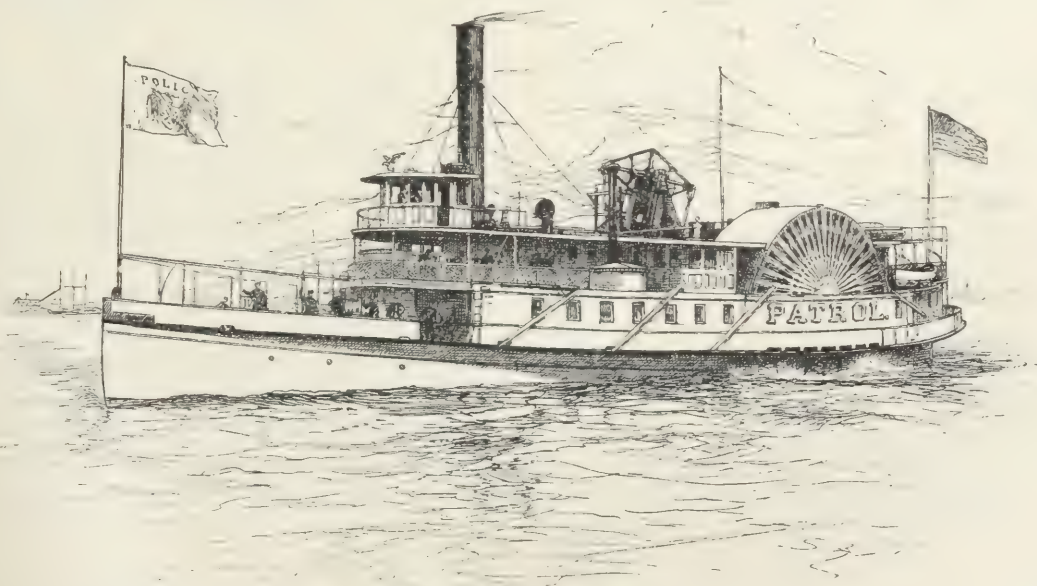
ed and unawarded are sold every six months, and the proceeds paid into the Police Pension Fund. During the year 1885, 1711 different lots, valued at \$755,356 73, came into the hands of the Property Clerk, and 650 lots, valued at \$44,126 32, were delivered by him.

The *protection of interior communications* is an important part of police duty in the populous city of New York. The force is called upon to disperse crowds, to regulate processions and parades, to prevent racing in the streets, to supervise the driving of private and public vehicles, and to remove all obstacles to free locomotion to the Corporation Yard.

The Ordinance Squad, in command of Sergeant Joseph Stewart, investigates the facts and circumstances of applications for licenses issued under direction of the Mayor. Nearly 30,000 investigations were thus made by its 63 members in 1885.

The *protection of interior marine communications* is intrusted to the Steam-boat Squad and to the Harbor Police. The first, also called the Third Precinct, under Captain Gastlin, includes 109 men, among whom are six detectives. These guard the docks from Jackson Street, East River, to Fourteenth Street, North River.

The *supervision of public amusements*, under the provisions of State law, and the apprehension of all offenders, enter into society's requisitions upon its police pro-



PATROL BOAT.





RIVER AND HARBOR POLICE.

tectors. Masked balls, with their special opportunities of indecency, immorality, and crime, entail the obligation of alert vigilance. The \$4465 for 263 masked ball permits, and the \$1940 for 776 pistol permits, received in 1885, were paid over, as the law directs, to the Police Pension Fund. Prize-fights or slugging matches, under the hypocritical pretence of scientific play for "points," they are now instructed to prohibit.

In *the communication of recent intelligence and information* the metropolis lags behind some of her more enterprising Western sisters. Telegraphic boxes that responsible citizens might use ought to be judiciously scattered over the whole area of police jurisdiction.

The Police Telegraph system, under Superintendent James Crowley, is, so far as it goes, an admirably effective one. Notice of arrests, fires, lost children, riots, and multitudinous matters is promptly diffused. Inquiries or searches ordered through it are posted in the sitting-room of each station-house. Its record of transactions is perfect, and throbs with excitement. In 1885 the number of messages

sent over the wires of this bureau was 82,383. Of these, 57,334 related to coroners, sick cases, accidents, elections, etc.; 20,129 to dead animals; 1656 to general orders, arrests, and missing persons; 993 to property lost, stolen, or found; 648 to lost children; and 1713 to fire locations. At the Central Office the police lines are divided into five sections. By means of switching, two sections are connected, and general alarms sent to all stations. The office itself is connected, directly or indirectly, with the head-quarters of the Fire and other departments, with the police head-quarters of other cities, with railroad stations, prisons, banks, hospitals, asylums, factories, public schools, etc. The blotter, kept by three clerks, is a perfect diary of police experience since 1856.

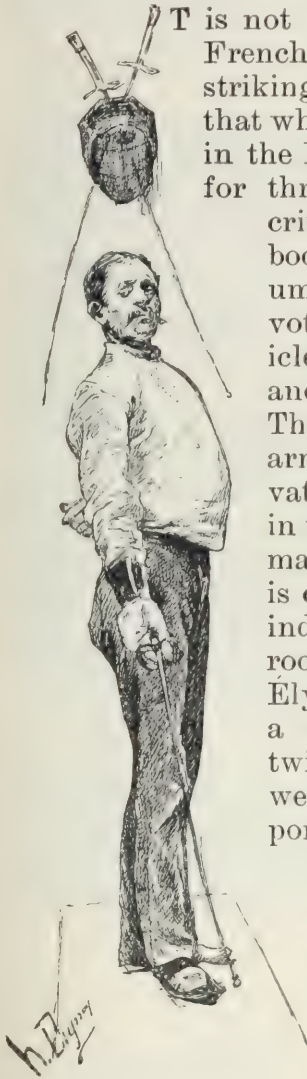
The entire cost of the Police Department in 1885, as indicated by the report of the treasurer, was \$3,679,421 78. The Police Pension Fund has an invested capital of \$94,000; disbursed for pensions, etc., in 1885, the sum of \$267,935 93; and received from various sources, \$309,181 27. 662 men, women, and orphans are its beneficiaries.



## DUELLING IN PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

"Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word?...Air....Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No....Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."—*Falstaff, in Henry IV.*



It is not to the credit of the French press, but it is a striking sign of the times, that while you seek in vain in the Parisian newspapers for three lines of honest criticism on a new book, you will find columns of letter-press devoted to the daily chronicle of the race-courses and the *salles d'armes*. There are assaults at arms, public and private, all over the town; in the modern Parisian mansion a *salle d'armes* is considered almost as indispensable as a bath-room; even at the Elysée Palace there is a *salle d'armes*, and twice or three times a week the erudite reporters find it their duty to record the thrusts, extensions, parades, counter-parades, feints, disengagements, and *ripostes du tac-au-tac*, which have been made under

the benevolent and paternal eye of the President of the French republic. Never has the rapier been held in higher honor in France than at the present day; never has the art of fencing been taught with more science, and learnt with greater avidity; and perhaps never since the times of Richelieu and the Fronde has duelling been more common in France than it is at the present day. Doubtless the light shafts of satire have an easy butt in many a Parisian duel. But when we come to think that, in spite of the successive and severe edicts of Henry IV., Cardinal Richelieu, and Louis XIV., in spite of the eloquent condemnation of Rousseau and Voltaire, in spite of the prohibition of law and

of religion, duelling has remained, since the sixteenth century, not only tolerated but often approved of by public opinion, we may find it interesting to examine the matter seriously to seek the explanation of this curious survival of the practices of chivalry in this prosaic nineteenth century, and to define precisely the rôle which duelling plays in modern French society.

Old Montaigne says in his *Essais*, "Put three Frenchmen together in the deserts of Libya, and before a month has passed they will be tearing each other's eyes out." One of the chapters of Vital d'Audiguier's *Vrai et ancien Usage des Duels* (Paris, 1617) is headed "Pourquoi les seuls Français se battent en duel." In fact, France always has been the great country for duels, and although the French are not the only people who fight duels, they are certainly far more ready to draw their swords than the Italians, the Austrians, the Germans, or the Russians, who are likewise under the tyranny of the institution of duelling. As Buckle has pointed out, duelling is a special development of chivalry, and chivalry is one of the most striking phases of the protective spirit which was predominant in France up to the time of the Revolution. The French, too, have always been proverbial for their keen sense of honor, their susceptibility, and their pugnacity. In seeking the explanation of the survival of duelling these points must not be forgotten.

To treat of duelling historically would require volumes; the bibliography of the subject, including the art of fencing, comprises some two hundred and fifty volumes, nearly all in French, from the *Trattato di Scienza d'Arme*, published in 1553, and immediately translated into French, down to the various treatises which have appeared in Paris within the past twelve months. Our purpose in this article will be rather to consider only the modern French duel. The reader who wishes to trace the origin of duels from the feudal institution of the judicial duel, or trial by



arms, and to read the opinion of the thinkers and juriconsults of the past, will find all the information he needs in the usual dictionaries and encyclopædias. The duels of the sixteenth century, of the minions of Henry III., of the Fronde, and of

by Châteauvillard or by Du Verger de Saint-Thomas. Brantôme says in a curious passage: "The combatants ought to be carefully searched and examined in order to find out whether they have any drugs, enchantments, or spells on their person.



FENCING-ROOM.

the eighteenth century will be found recorded with much wealth of detail in the memoirs of Brantôme, Audiguier, Pierre de l'Estoile, Tallemant des Réaux, Bussy Rabutin, and the innumerable writers of memoirs who succeeded them. In the following pages we shall deal only with nineteenth-century duelling, examining the practice from the theoretical, the social, and the practical points of view, and supporting as far as possible our statements by native and contemporary testimony.

The main-spring and basis of duelling is the "point of honor," the conception of which varies, not only with circumstances, but with the times. Compare, for instance, Brantôme's recommendations with the modern code of duelling as laid down

Relics of Nôtre Dame de Lorette and other holy things may be worn.\* Now-

\* In his duel with M. Paul de Cassagnac, who had challenged him on account of an article which he had written insulting the memory of Queen Marie Antoinette, M. Rochefort owed his life to the interposition of a medal which a female friend had attached to his waistband without his knowledge. The duel was fought with pistols, and M. De Cassagnac said to one of his seconds, "You will see I will lodge my bullet in his waist; his coat floating in the wind gives me a mark." M. De Cassagnac aimed as he said; Rochefort fell, struck at the point indicated. The doctor rushed up, thinking him dead, and drew out from behind the waistband the medal of the Virgin. The ball had gone through the medal, but the resistance had caused it to deviate and merely graze the loins instead of transpiercing the body. M. Rochefort had escaped miraculously. In the *Univers* of the next day, Louis Veuillot, alluding to a sonnet to the Virgin with which M. Rochefort had won the prize at some *jeux floraux*, or poetical



adays there is no end to the talk about the loyalty and courtesy of the combat. "There must be no talk of courtesy," says Brantôme; "he who enters the lists ought to be determined to conquer or to die, and above all not to surrender; for the victor disposes of the vanquished as he pleases: for example, he may drag him round the lists, hang him, *burn him*, hold him prisoner, or dispose of him as a slave." Horrible barbarity! Rules of a savage epoch, the moderns will say. What will people two centuries hence say of the modern code of honor?

What is the modern French code of honor? What is the point of honor? In practice we find that Frenchmen fight on account of a contradiction, a giving of the lie, a word, a look even, as well as for graver reasons. A duel has come to be the almost obligatory termination of literary and political polemics, and, to tell the truth, honor and the point of honor have had little or nothing to do with many a rencounter of recent years. There has been an abuse of duelling; the practice has been distorted from its primitive and solemn significance; it has become a fashion, almost a sport, a means for tarnished or tarnishing reputations to get whitewashed, and above all a manœuvre for obtaining notoriety, especially amongst journalists and politicians.

Indeed, duels between journalists and politicians are so entirely special in their nature and meaning that we may as well speak of them separately. First of all, let us thoroughly comprehend that the traditional point of honor of ancient or modern chivalry has little or nothing to do with them: they are simply the result of professional necessities or prejudices, and in nine cases out of ten the adversa-

tournament, in his younger days, wrote these lines: "The Virgin owed you that, Monsieur Rochefort; but take care in future, for you are now quits."



GAMBETTA SHOOTING SPARROWS.

ries fight for the gallery—*pour la galerie*—and for the sake of public opinion. The journalists and politicians are in a measure the gladiators of Paris, and if they do not prove themselves good gladiators, they are liable to be hissed, howled at, harried, and worried until life becomes unendurable. In the career of a French politician or journalist a duel is obligatory. Even Gambetta had to fight. The reader may remember the duel with pistols which took place at Plessis-Piquet, on the plain of Châtillon, in November, 1878, between Gambetta and the Bonapartist minister M. De Fourtou. The adversaries exchanged pistol shots without effect, and an American humorist wrote a comic account of the lethal meeting for the amusement of his countrymen. However, in spite of Mr. Mark Twain's droll



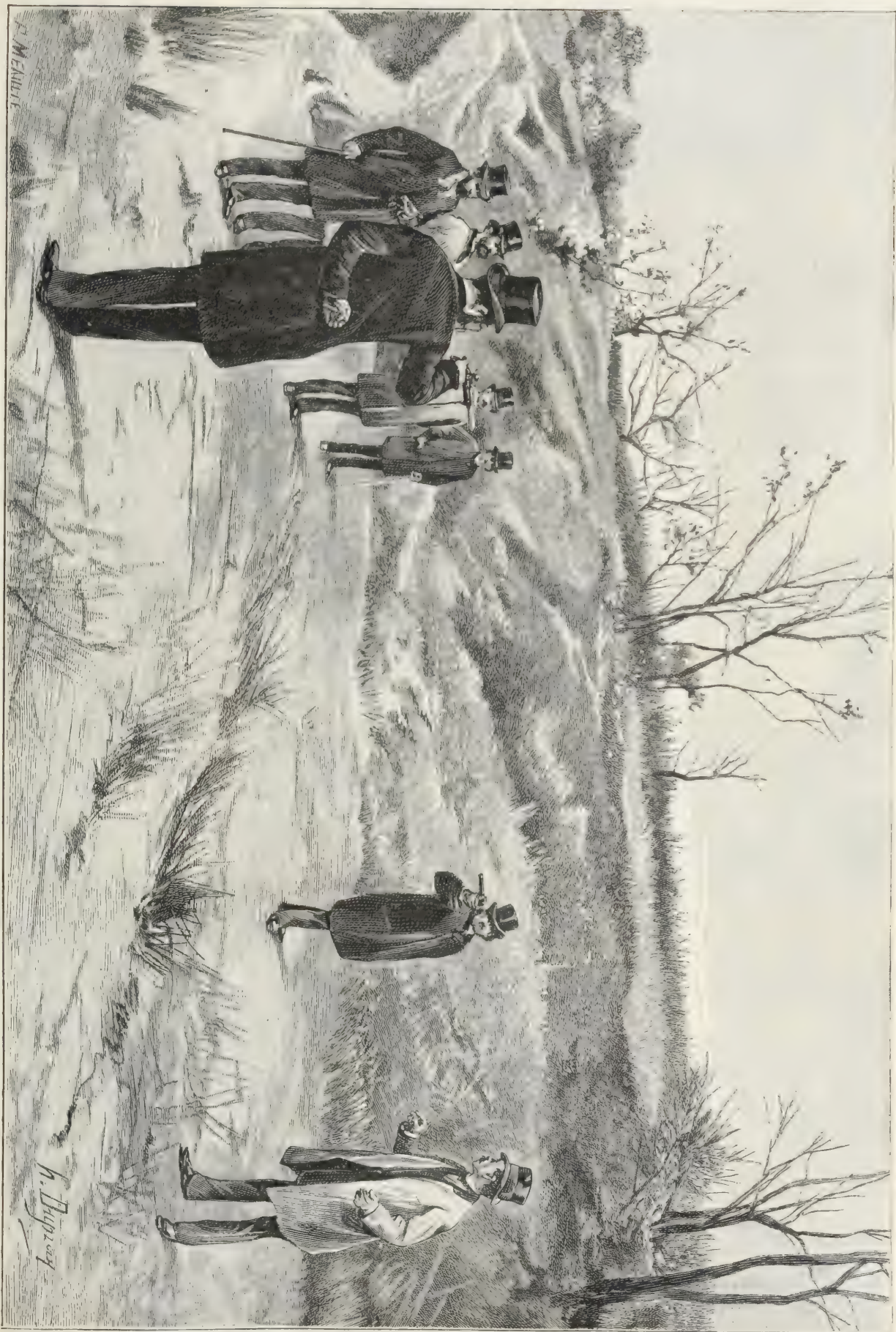
satire, this duel was perfectly serious. The testimony of M. Clemenceau and M. Allain-Targé, who were the seconds of Gambetta, of M. Robert Mitchell and M. Blin de Bourdon, who were the seconds of M. De Fourtou, and the testimony of M. Ranc, of Dr. Lannelongue, and of all the friends of Gambetta, is sufficient to establish that fact.

The cause of the duel was an exclamation of Gambetta during the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on November 18, 1878—"It is a lie!" ("C'est un mensonge, M. le Ministre!") These words were addressed to M. De Fourtou, who was making a speech to the Chamber. To say that this exclamation was premeditated would perhaps be going too far; it would be truer to say that Gambetta seized the opportunity of uttering it with joy; he was only waiting for an occasion to pick a quarrel. For some time past the violence of the Bonapartists had been increasing; their insults in the press had been growing more and more virulent; and during one of his speeches Gambetta had been interrupted by M. Paul de Casagnac nearly a hundred times. It was in order to put a stop to this abuse and interruption that Gambetta determined to fight a duel with a prominent member of the Bonapartist party. It was necessary to secure his political position, as Gambetta himself said, when his friends reproached him with thus risking his life. And in point of fact the duel had the desired effect; it gained the respect of the Bonapartists.

Thanks to the courtesy of M. Clemenceau, I am able to give for the first time the true and faithful history of this duel. After having given the lie to M. De Fourtou, Gambetta left the sitting, and went to look for M. Clemenceau in the lobbies of the Chamber. Gambetta asked M. Clemenceau to act as his second, but the latter refused, not caring to accept the responsibility of such an affair, for, naturally, had anything serious happened to Gambetta, the seconds would have had to bear the brunt of public blame. However, Gambetta insisted. "If you refuse," he said to M. Clemenceau, "I shall not be able to find a single man to serve as my second. Thiers fought a duel. I must fight too." Finally M. Clemenceau accepted, and it was he who arranged the whole affair, charged the pistols, and gave the word of command—"Feu! un, deux,

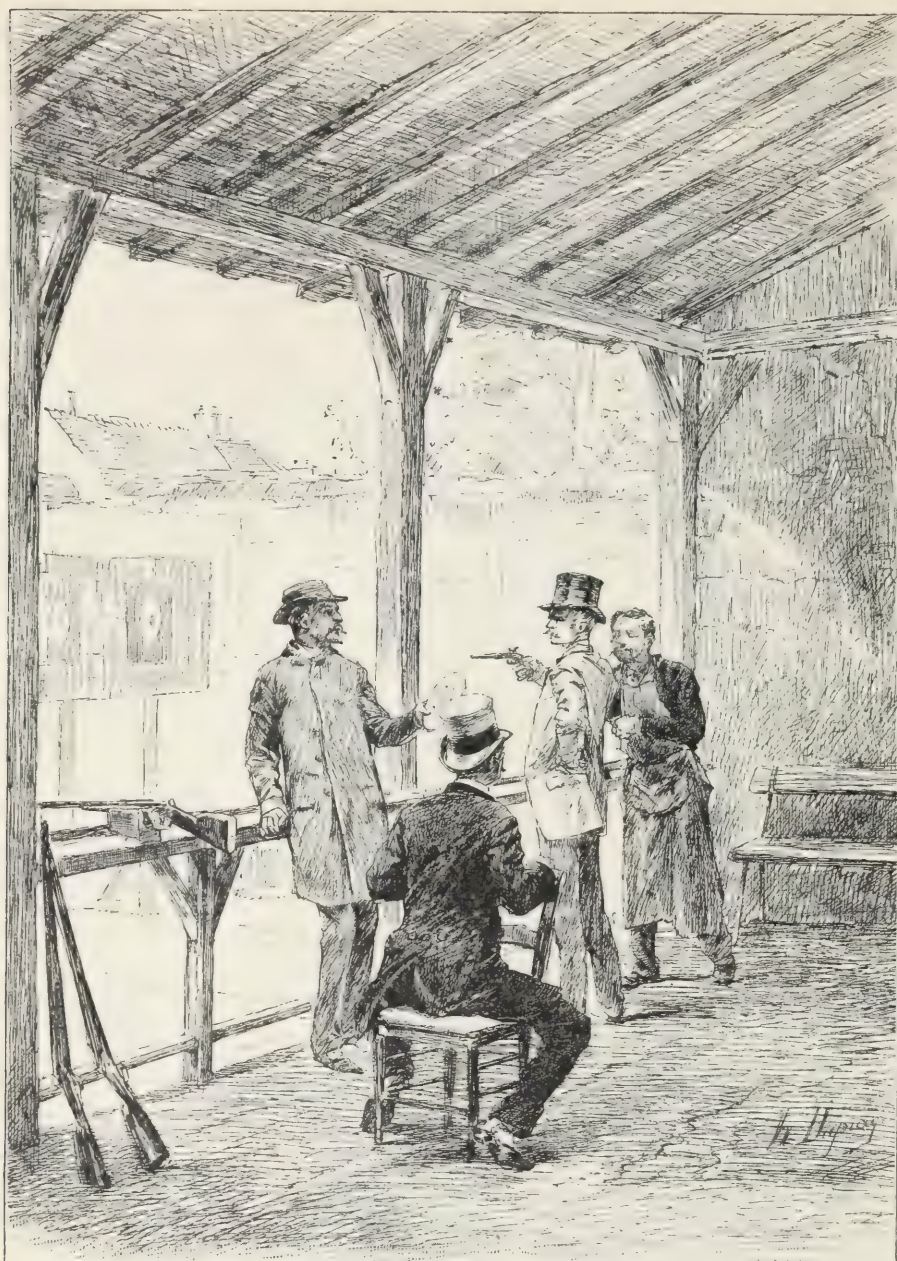
trois!" The adversaries were placed at a distance of thirty paces in an open space on the plain of Châtillon, where there was neither tree nor house nor any object in sight of importance enough to guide the aim; the silhouettes of the combatants stood out against a perfectly clear sky, for the report that the duel was fought in a fog is untrue; the pistols were charged with the regular quantity of powder and with regular bullets by M. Clemenceau himself. M. Clemenceau chose pistols as the arms of his principal, for the simple reason that he did not consider Gambetta to have sufficient agility to fight with swords. As for distance, M. Clemenceau had at first proposed thirty-five paces, but the seconds of M. De Fourtou suggested thirty. Gambetta himself would have fought at five or ten paces, had his seconds ordered him to do so; but there was an excellent reason for separating the adversaries by as great a distance as possible, namely, the fact that Gambetta was a very large man and M. De Fourtou a slender man. Now supposing the adversaries fired at a distance of five paces, the slender man would have a larger target than the large man; at ten paces the slender man's advantage would be lessened, and so on; the greater the distance between the combatants, the more equal their chances became, as far as concerned the target to be aimed at. Now it being one of the chief duties of the seconds to equalize the chances of the combatants, and to compensate for each one's advantage or disadvantage, M. Clemenceau was right in demanding thirty-five paces and accepting thirty. It has, I know, been objected that the pistols ordinarily used in duelling would not carry thirty paces. In reply to this objection I may cite a duel fought in 1878 between M. De la Rochette, a Conservative Deputy, and M. Laisant, a Deputy of the Left. The arms were pistols; the distance thirty-five paces. M. De la Rochette was struck in the thigh by a ball which had force enough to transpierce him, and he died shortly afterward of his wounds. M. Laisant was struck in the region of the heart, and his life was only saved by the floating of his overcoat in the wind, which deadened the impetus of the bullet. As M. Clemenceau, who has fought his share of duels, and acted as second in more than twenty affairs of honor, told me, when you see the muzzle of a loaded pis-





THE GAMBETTA-FOURTOU DUEL.





PISTOL PRACTICE BEFORE THE DUEL.

tol pointed at you, even at a distance of thirty-five paces, it seems unpleasantly near.

Throughout this duel Gambetta acted with perfect coolness. On the eve of the engagement M. Clemenceau gave him some hints as to the correct manner of using his arm and aiming. The next morning, when he went to carry him to the rendezvous, he found Gambetta sitting at his window and calmly shooting with a revolver at the sparrows in his garden. While they were riding out to Plessis-Piquet, Gambetta wished to smoke, but M. Clemenceau prevented him, saying that the tobacco would make his hand unsteady. Gambetta's first words, when the duel was over, were, "Ah! now I'll light up a cigar."

M. Ferry." This method of combating a ministry whose opinions one does not share is certainly curious; but it is nevertheless a fact that nowadays both in French politics and in French journalism lethal weapons have to be recognized as the auxiliaries of the tribune and the pen.

On this point I will cite an interesting letter which I have had the honor of receiving from M. Henri Rochefort, containing in brief his opinion on duelling.

"PARIS, October 1, 1884.

"*Monsieur et cher confrère :*

"Duelling, the absurdity of which is evident, is a product of Catholicism. The believers of former times imagined naïvely that the victor was in the right, and that the vanquished was in the wrong, because both had undergone the judgment of God.

"The atheists of the present day cannot consider the duel as anything but the demonstration of their

In duels of this kind the questions of honor and of persons fall entirely into the background. I will cite as an instance the duel with swords fought near Paris on October 10, 1884, between M. Henri Rochefort and Commander Fournier, the author of a treaty between France and Tonquin, which was hotly discussed by the French press. Rochefort wrote a smart and ironical article on the commander in his newspaper *L'Intransigeant*. The commander demanded explanations; M. Rochefort refused; a duel was arranged, and both combatants were slightly wounded. Thereupon Commander Fournier and M. Rochefort shook hands, and the latter said to his adversary: "It was neither the man nor the naval officer that I attacked in your person, but simply the functionary of



bravery or of their sincerity. When a man fights, he as good as says that he is ready to risk his life to support his opinions. But it is nevertheless true that in most cases a hostile meeting is simply a repetition of M. De Bismarck's maxim, '*La force prime le droit*,' inasmuch as it is the best swordsman or the best shot who gets the upper hand.

"However, this kind of exercise has now entered so profoundly into our habits that, in order to put an end to it, there would be needed nothing less than a new Richelieu to have the two adversaries decapitated.

"Receive, etc.

HENRI ROCHEFORT."

As for the vast majority of duels between journalists in Paris, they are confessedly absurd. Two writers carry on a controversy in their respective journals for a few days; then suddenly one ceases to discuss the other's assertions, and calls him a "blackguard," or a "coward," or an "impudent scoundrel." A duel ensues; more ink than blood is spilt, and honor is declared satisfied. Whose honor? What satisfaction? Such duels tend to bring the press into discredit, and these journalists, while they amuse the public, win neither its respect nor its sympathy. Still, the insult having been in-

flicted, public and professional opinion exacts the spilling of blood, or at any rate the simulacrum of that phenomenon. The absurdity, however, of the majority of these professional duels, as they may be called, is so obvious that many eminent journalists propose, in the interest of their profession, the formation of a sort of tribunal of honor composed of brave and loyal men of all parties. Every quarrel would be submitted to this tribunal, which would determine whether a duel was necessary or not, after examining carefully, not only the causes and the forms of the quarrel, but the situations and conditions of the combatants. Soult, when insulted once in the tribune, replied that since he had become a Marshal of France he only fought with cannons. The proposed tribunal would not allow a whole life of honor and labor to be risked for the satisfaction of the brutal and insolent caprice of some beginner anxious to attract attention to his début; and although without legal value, the authorization of this tribunal would have great



A SERIOUS DUEL.



weight before justice in case of a disaster, and in the eyes of public opinion it would certainly be peremptory. However, although this project has frequently been discussed of late in the French press, it is not likely that it will be realized immediately. In France public opinion moves slowly, and the duel *ad ostentationem* unfortunately serves the purpose of the intriguers and adventurers who form a considerable element in the curious masquerade of Parisian life.

In the duels between French gentlemen there is always a question of the point of honor, whether of the real point of honor or of a false point of honor. According to the duelling code now accepted as laid down in the *Nouveau Code du Duel* of the Comte du Verger de Saint-Thomas, "all acts, words, writings, drawings, gestures, blows, which wound the self-love, delicacy, or honor of a third party constitute an offence," and authorize a demand of reparation by arms. Naturally the gravity of offences of each kind is difficult to determine; the offence is just precisely as grave as one feels it to be, and a man feels an offence in a thousand different manners. That depends upon his temperament, his education, and the rank of society to which he belongs. In France, for instance, although every man is a soldier, and although in the army duelling is obligatory, the peasants settle their quarrels with nature's weapons rather than with the sword, while the vast majority of the men of the middle classes would never think of exchanging pistol shots with the first man who happened to eye them in an offensive manner. On the other hand, let us take a famous duel fought in 1873, of which the following is the history. One night the Baron Georges de Heeckeren was sitting in the stalls of the Variétés theatre, when a celebrated *demi-mondaine*, Caroline L—, with whom the baron was on cool terms—after having been on the warmest—entered one of the boxes on the arm of a Russian gentleman, accompanied by his friend the Prince Dolgorouki. The *demi-mondaine*, as she took her seat, recognized her ex-lover, and said, "Ah! there is Heeckeren." Prince Dolgorouki, who only knew the young gentleman by reputation, levelled his opera-glass and leaned over the edge of the box to look at him. Heeckeren, thinking that the company in the box were quizzing him, left his seat and went and

knocked at the door of the box. Prince Dolgorouki opened the door, and excused himself for having yielded to a simple impulse of curiosity; but the irritable baron would listen to no excuses, and slapped the prince on the cheek. A duel was arranged, with the following peculiarly severe conditions: "The combatants shall be placed at twenty paces; at the word of command each may advance five paces and fire as he pleases; an unlimited number of balls shall be exchanged, and the combat shall not cease until a serious wound shall have rendered its continuation impossible; the wounded combatants may fire in the position in which they may find themselves when they have fallen; they may also drag themselves up to the limit of the five paces above mentioned, *but without the help of their seconds.*" Curiously enough, these conditions, imposed by the Prince Dolgorouki, were the same in which the Baron de Heeckeren's father had fought with the Russian poet Pouchkine in 1837. The duel took place in the Duchy of Luxembourg; each combatant at once advanced five paces, and at a distance of ten paces both fired, and Prince Dolgorouki fell, his right shoulder shattered. The Baron de Heeckeren went up to his wounded adversary and said to him, "Prince, I am more sorry for my stupidity of the other day than for my address to-day: pardon me for both: you would have received my apology long ago if I had been able to present it."

This duel was absurd, but no more absurd than most of the duels between Parisian gentlemen who may be classed under the category of *viveurs*, or "men about town," as they are called in England. The young bloods of Paris are always ready to draw their swords for a look or a word, or for the approbation of a worthless mistress. The combat in such cases is seldom as serious as the one just mentioned, but the ground is nearly always as frivolous. The only excuse for duels of this kind—and a poor enough excuse too—is that it is the fashion to fight. An affair of honor gives a young man a certain notoriety; the boulevard journals publish an official report of the duel, signed by the seconds; the adversaries are heroes of a certain category for a few days, and their generally harmless escapade excites a degree of curiosity and sympathy amongst the members of the fair sex.

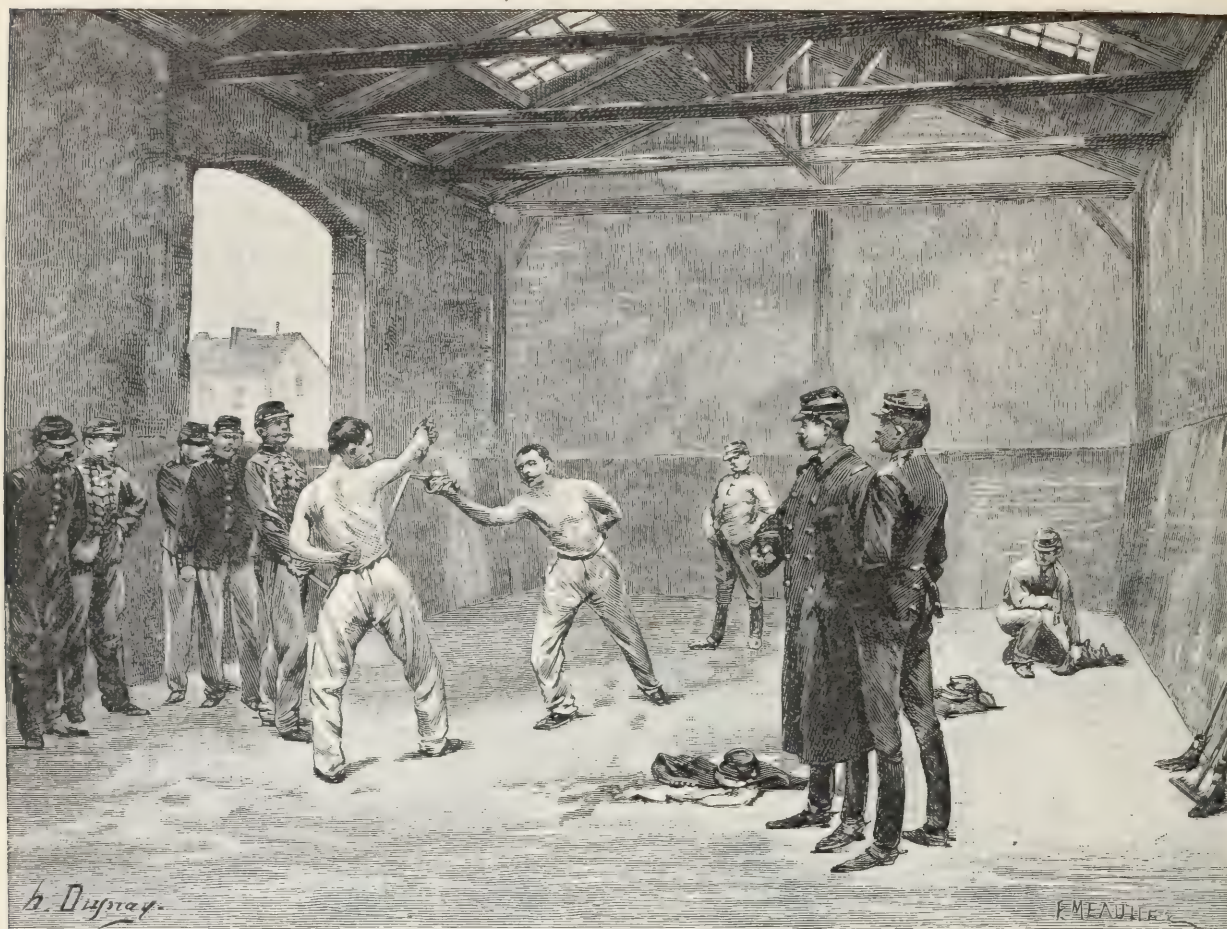
In practice the institution of duelling is





INTERVENTION OF GENDARMES.





A SWORD DUEL.

undoubtedly greatly abused in France; nevertheless there are often serious duels, and the theory of duelling is seriously accepted, false as it is. It is a custom which has entered so deeply into French manners that it is not easy to foresee even its obsolescence. In a well-known Parisian newspaper, *L'Événement*, there appeared recently the following appreciation of duelling: "In France everybody fights, or is liable to fight, and no one thinks of contesting the legitimacy of duelling. Reparation by arms renders more service to social order than a police magistrate and a tribunal of justice. On leaving the courthouse the offender and the offended still retain the feelings of hatred which brought them there. The poisoned words of the lawyers have merely added to the anger of the parties, and resentment thus left smouldering in families may bring about all kinds of complications and criminal acts. In a meeting on the *terrain* the case is different. Whatever the result of the combat, whether the ball be lost in the branch of a tree or fixed in a shoulder, whether the sword penetrate the breast or

be stopped by a rib, there is an end of the matter. The offence is washed out, and there is no judgment, no decision, so good as the *procès-verbal* in which the seconds declare honor to be satisfied. The duel is a convention which not only has force of law, but which is even superior to the law, inasmuch as the judge can only give satisfaction to one of the parties, whereas the seconds send away both parties acquitted, and without the possibility of there being any ulterior reproach."

This is a fair statement of the views of France of the nineteenth century on the subject—views which have been expressed not only in the press, but in legislative assemblies. In the time of Napoleon I. a bill for the suppression of duelling was presented in the Conseil d'État, and rejected after discussion, one of the reasons for not taking any legislative action in the matter being the following: "There is a multitude of offences which legal justice does not punish, and amongst these offences there are some so indefinable, or concerned with matters so delicate, that the injured party would blush to bring



them out into broad daylight in order to demand public justice. In these circumstances it is impossible for a man to right himself otherwise than by a duel."

Guizot declared, in the tribune of the French Parliament, "French society must give up the idea of preventing a duel which has a just ground." Berryer, Brilat-Savarin, Jules Janin, Walsh, Lemon-  
tey, Chatelain, Armand Carrol, have de-

fended duelling as an institution which three centuries of legislation and philosophy have been powerless to dethrone. It is a prejudice, a relic of barbarism, or whatever you may please to call it. That they will admit, while at the same time arguing to show that it is necessary for the existence of societies. Jules Janin says, "I would not consent to live twenty-four hours in society, such as it is at



MEETING OF THE SECONDS.



present established and governed, if duelling did not exist." There is hardly a name illustrious in the political, literary, and social annals of France during the nineteenth century which is not the name of a duellist. Even the magistrates themselves fight duels. In fact, throughout the century duelling has continued in France as a social scourge, varying in intensity according to the greater or less intensity of the passions of the moment. Now, as in the times of Louis XIV., justice is powerless to suppress the practice, and legislators seem to have abandoned the attempt to do so, or even to regulate duelling.

The French duel is a single combat between two or several persons, who fight voluntarily, for some private interest, in accordance with a previous agreement, and in consequence of a challenge in the form of a *cartel*, the motive of which is some offence. The offence having been given and taken up, the principals choose their seconds, who arrange the whole affair, discuss the interests of their clients, establish the conditions of the duel in all its details. The rights, duties, conduct, of principals and seconds are stated with great minuteness in the Comte de Châteauvillard's *Essai sur le Duel*, and with still greater minuteness in the recent work of the Comte du Verger de Saint-Thomas already cited. It would be outside our purpose to enter more deeply upon the subject of these technicalities, which occupy in the last-mentioned volume some three hundred pages. It will suffice to say that the usual arms are the rapier, the sabre—used almost exclusively in the army—and the pistol; that before the meeting the conditions of the encounter are minutely detailed in a *procès-verbal* signed by the seconds; and that upon the encounter another *procès-verbal* is drawn up recording the result, and signed by the seconds and by the doctors. Nowadays duelling has become so thoroughly tolerated that the adversaries rarely take the trouble to go to the frontier to fight. They meet in the environs of Paris in a wood or a country lane; several duels have been fought behind the tribunes of the race-courses of Longchamps and Auteuil, and in the presence of numerous witnesses. The police or the gendarmes have a right to interfere and prevent the fight, but in reality these functionaries are rarely at hand at the critical moment. The adversaries, too, may be prosecuted, but except in

cases of fatal results justice generally ignores the incident of a hostile encounter, in spite of the publicity given to it by the newspapers.

Considering the frequency of duels in France, one cannot help being a little astonished at the small number of fatal issues. MM. Rochefort, De Cassagnac, Aurélien Scholl, and many other well-known Parisians have to their credit each fourteen or fifteen duels at least, and not one of them is at all maimed by his wounds. There are three reasons why the modern duel is seldom fatal. In the first place, the point of honor demands only a spot of blood, except in altogether extreme cases; the ordinary duel is *au premier sang*, "at first blood," and the duel *à mort*, the mortal combat, is a rare exception. In the second place, the art of fencing as now taught is an art of defence rather than of attack, and a good fencer fighting against another good fencer in a conventional duel will simply vie with his adversary in the skill and address he will show in giving a pin scratch with a broadsword. Thirdly, it is the duty of the seconds to see that every combat takes place correctly and according to the rules, and the second to whom is allotted the delicate task of umpire, or *juge de camp*, has the right to stop illicit or even too dangerous strokes. Generally speaking, the duel with swords in modern times is a mitigated and gentlemanly combat. As we have already seen, it is looked upon as a necessary evil, and it is considered the duty of all concerned in a duel to do all in their power to diminish the fatal results by equalizing the chances of each adversary as far as possible. Now in this equalization of chances the umpire, or *juge de camp*, plays a very important rôle. The moment the two combatants are face to face and sword in hand, the duties of the *juge de camp* begin; it is he who directs the fight, watches the strokes, suspends an engagement, orders rests, calls time, etc.

We may say, with all respect for the Frenchman's delicate sense of honor, that in most French duels the adversaries are not in terrible earnest, and do not desire to kill each other outright. For this reason the favorite arm is the rapier, and not the pistol. The duel with swords has been refined to such a point that it may be regarded as a sort of gentlemanly act of defence. The ordinary French convention-





SAINT-EUVE DUEL.—[SEE PAGE 632.]



al duel bears the same relation to a serious mortal combat as a court sword does to an army sword; it is almost an affair of etiquette, an exercise which has been rendered comparatively free from danger by the art of fencing, just as the art of dancing and deportment has enabled the courtier to walk without tripping up with his velvet scabbard between his legs. Naturally the *maîtres d'armes* have a profound contempt for pistols, and all who take a humanitarian view of duelling dwell upon the fact that with the pistol there is no alternative between atrocity and ridicule. The sword is satisfied with a few drops of blood, but it must have those few drops. The pistol sheds floods of blood or nothing at all. Grisier in his treatise on duelling adds to the above arguments the significant remark that all doctors are agreed that it is easier to save the life of a man who has been wounded by a sword than of one who has been wounded by a pistol ball, and "in spite of the horror of the phrase 'at first blood,' it must nevertheless be admitted that there is humanity in this convention." In France the pistol is generally regarded as the arm of the insulted party who does not know how to handle a sword, or who is inferior in a too marked degree to his adversary.

On the other hand, many sensible Frenchmen who are conscious of the absurdity of the *duel pour rire*, of the frivolity of the majority of conventional duels, and of the truth of M. Rochefort's opinion that in an engagement the chances are never equal, and it is invariably the better swordsman who conquers, take a more favorable view of the pistol.

The limits of this article will not allow me to study the Parisian *maître d'armes* and the physiognomy of the fencing schools and their *habitués*, the celebrities of *l'escrime française*, amongst whom are men like M. Legouvé, of the French Academy, M. Carolus Duran, the painter who has succeeded General Ney (Duc d'Elchingen) as president of the École d'Escrime Française, the Prince de Broglie, the eminent lawyer M. Fery d'Esclands, the painter Alfred Stevens, M. Ranc, the *éminence grise* and secret dictator of the Republican party, the Comte Potocki, M. De Aldama, the poet and dramatist M. Jean Richepin, M. Delpit, the novelist, and many other Parisian notabilities of art, letters, science, and elegance. The comic types, too, would have demand-

ed a few lines: the young men who come to the fencing school because it is fashionable, but who never touch a sword; the *tireur pour cause de ventre*, who toils and sweats by order of his doctor, and combats with lethal weapons his own obesity. I should have wished also to have referred to some of the serio-comic duels, such as that fought by the famous critic Sainte-Beuve against M. Dubois, of the *Globe* newspaper. When the adversaries arrived on the ground it was raining heavily. Sainte-Beuve had brought an umbrella and some sixteenth-century flint-lock pistols. When the signal to fire was about to be given, Sainte-Beuve still kept his umbrella open. The seconds protested, but Sainte-Beuve resisted, saying, "I am quite ready to be killed, but I do not wish to catch cold." Sainte-Beuve was finally allowed to fire from under his umbrella, and four balls were exchanged without result. Then, again, I would have introduced the reader some morning about seven o'clock into a little private *salle d'armes* in the Avenue de l'Observatoire, where the novelist Alphonse Daudet zealously and regularly fences with his eldest son or with a *prévôt d'armes* before sitting down to his desk. We might also have taken a peep into the *salle d'armes* of the Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation, where we should have seen Jacob giving lessons in fencing to young actresses, future rivals of Dejazet, who was a favorite pupil of Grisier, and in the past of Ninon de l'Enclos, who was a correct swordswoman, and of the famous dancer La Maupin, who killed five or six gentlemen in sword duels in the reign of Louis XV. We might have followed other *maîtres d'armes* in their morning calls, and found them teaching society ladies how to bind the blade, and parry, and make counter-disengagements; and at the head of our list of lady fencers we should have placed Mlle. Fritz, Mlle. Basset, daughter of a Parisian *maître d'armes*, and Mlle. Jean-Louis, daughter of the famous professor of Montpellier, of whom the latter two married aristocratic pupils, and have become respectively Comtesse de — and Madame De Lezardière.

Fencing is a thoroughly French accomplishment, and at the present time, as I have already intimated, it is the most elegant and fashionable of sports in France, and considered absolutely indis-





FIRST LESSON IN FENCING.

pensable to a gentleman's education. From the social point of view, both fencing and duelling, within certain limits, are held to be perfectly correct, and in the upper ranks of society the man who fights for his honor, or even for a hot word, does not bring himself into the slightest discredit; on the contrary, he simply shows that he knows how to conduct

himself according to the prejudices and usages of his caste—in short, as a gentleman, *en galant homme*. The eminent Academician M. Ernest Legouvé says that fencing is as much a French art as conversation. “What is fencing?” he asks. “It is conversing; for what is conversing? Is it not attacking, parrying, replying, touching above all, if you can?





LADIES' FENCING-ROOM.

The Germans have their sabres, the Spaniards their knives, the English their pistols, the Americans their revolvers, but the sword is the French arm. *Porter l'épée, tirer l'épée*, are phrases which you will find, with all their somewhat swaggering significance, in our language alone. Of these two phrases one expresses a gentleman's right, the other a gentlemanly movement; both have in them something elegant, chivalrous, and vainglorious which depicts a trait of our character, and is intimately bound up with our social traditions." M. Legouv  s desire is to have the French democracy remain aristocratic in manners, and nothing, he thinks, could be of more avail in the realization of this wish than the handling of the sword. "Has not the sword the finest of all privileges?" exclaims the worthy Academician. "It is the only arm which

can avenge you without bloodshed." Instead of killing the man who has insulted you, you simply punish him by disarming him, says M. Legouv  .

So long as intelligent and influential Frenchmen continue to conform their conduct to the deep-rooted prejudices concerning duelling, and so long as they continue by their acts and writings to defend



the existence of this convention, which the most superficial examination shows to be based upon a whole series of mistaken notions of right and justice, so long, too, as duelling is obligatory in the army, it is not likely that either legislation or public opinion will succeed in bringing the practice into discredit. It must be remembered, however, that in modern France duelling is only practised by a very small part of the population. Indeed, ever since it

was introduced by the Franks duelling has existed as an institution only amongst a small portion of humanity, and in this small portion it has always been the appanage of a pretentious minority. As for the French duel of the present day, generally based upon trifling and often silly grounds of offence, it is, as the journalist Aurélien Scholl says, "a mania of the epoch which has hitherto not brought about great disasters."

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THE DERVISH.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

UNTIL Prince Abdalasis came one day  
 A Dervish, saying, "I have fasted still  
 For six long years on bread and water, till  
 My flesh is sore, yet God seems far away."  
 The Prince made answer: "Fasting thou may'st fare  
 Half-way to God, His threshold reach by prayer."

The Dervish went his way, and in six years  
 Again came back. "I prayed both day and night,  
 At Mecca and Medina, and in sight  
 Of every mosque of sanctity; with tears  
 Have I made pilgrimages to each spot  
 Of holy fame; but God—I found Him not."

The Prince then kindly answered him: "By prayer  
 The threshold of great Allah do we win,  
 But 'tis almsgiving that doth lead us in  
 To stand before His glorious presence there.  
 Go forth; give alms: thou findest Allah when  
 Thou findest thy poor suffering fellow-men."

The Dervish heard the word, and turned to go.  
 Perplexed and grieved, he toiled along the road.  
 "This one coarse loaf that charity bestowed  
 On me is all that I have to bestow.  
 Will the great Allah deign a thought to take  
 On such mean offering given for His sake?"

Within an hour a crippled beggar came  
 And reached his hand a charity to crave;  
 Kindly his coarse brown loaf the Dervish gave.  
 "'Tis all I have, friend; take it in God's name."  
 Then suddenly around about him there  
 A mighty splendor dazzled all the air.

The Dervish bowed his head. A light divine  
 Did overflow him from a heavenly place.  
 He knew it was the light of Allah's face.  
 "Now need I seek no pilgrimage nor shrine.  
 Wherever one poor soul asks alms of me,  
 I know, O God, even there I can find Thee."



## A SOLDIER UNDER NAPOLEON.

BY CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

DO you see that tumble-down cottage there,  
Beyond the road, by the sycamore-tree,  
With rags in the broken window-panes,  
And thorns where the flower-pots used to be?  
You never would think, in such a place,  
To meet an old hero face to face—

A soldier under Napoleon.

There's little heroic, I confess,  
In the withered old man in his corner chair;  
Not a tooth nor a thought in his hairless head,  
As he sits and mumbles and grumbles there;  
But if ninety years take much away,  
His title, at least, will always stay—

A soldier under Napoleon.

His dim eyes watch his daughter at work,  
A thin old woman in calico;  
He sometimes notes her grandson at play  
With his painted soldiers all in a row;  
And he dearly loves his pint of gin  
And his black clay pipe, this man who has been

A soldier under Napoleon.

But Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz,  
And last and bloodiest, Waterloo!  
Will his eye not flash if I speak these words,  
And the sluggish blood in his veins burn true?  
He's deaf, but I'll shout them out till he hear,  
And in memory's light, at least, appear

A soldier under Napoleon.

"Good sir," I say, "do you recollect  
That last great day when, the records tell,  
You fought so bravely, nor quit your post  
Till the last man left of your comrades fell?"  
"I've lost the names," he says to me;  
"I just remember I used to be

A soldier under Napoleon."

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## IMPATIENCE.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

LIKE to impatient children when the sky  
Frowns on some morn of longed-for festal day  
To cheat their happy hearts of out-door play,  
We fret when scuds of ill above us fly,  
And every cloud and menace magnify,  
Till thus we waste our manhood's strength, as they  
Their zest for pleasure in some in-door way,  
Our age scarce wiser than their infancy.  
If we could chafe and chase the clouds afar,  
Rather than borrowed gloom upon them bring,  
Our gain its lack of grace might palliate,  
But leave us yet with manliness at war,  
That brave defiance to all fate would fling,  
And by endurance make us strong and great.



## THE RIVALRIES OF MR. TOBY GILLAM.

BY RICHARD MALCOM JOHNSTON.

"His rolling eyes did never rest in place,  
But walked each where for fear of his mischance."—*Faerie Queene*.

### CHAPTER I.

FOR quite a time anterior to the events I propose to narrate, Mr. Toby Gillam had been the leading coffin-maker in the neighborhood, priding in his art and charging for it. For jobs done for the dead, I often have observed that not only artisans, but workers of all grades, grave-diggers, physicians, lawyers—I don't know who all—generally claim what by a sort of ironical grim antithesis they call a living compensation, which is higher than that exacted for those done on other occasions. Perhaps these industrious persons deem it advisable to make the best possible out of last opportunities. Perhaps they imagine themselves to be aiming for what will console, as far as such a thing can be made adequate, for the loss of friends and neighbors. Anyhow, Toby Gillam was not the man to turn aside from all precedents, and have his feelings wrought upon by the saddest of all work, for nothing, and he as good as said so many and many a time. Resoluteness in this behalf, and possibly habitude, had served in time to let him appear placid, if not with some little grain of cheerfulness, when engaged in what he had learned to do so well.

This was all before the Griggses moved in, settling within a mile of where the Gillams had dwelt always.

Now when it was ascertained that Mr. Griggs (Harmon Griggs was his name in full), though mainly a farmer, had often made coffins, and would take jobs of the kind yet if pressed, Mr. Gillam's mind was disturbed; and when, not long afterward, old Mr. Pucket died, on whom he thought he could count with entire security, and the new-comer was employed to put the old man away, Mr. Gillam was outspoken. Yet what he hated the most about it, he said, was that the whole thing was such a piece of botch-work. In time the question arose, who was the better workman? The most thoughtful and fair-minded among the neighbors, though never very pronounced anyway, yet, if compelled, would probably have rated them about even in jobs of the kind for adults, and in those for

children, especially in poplar, given Mr. Gillam some advantage. As for him, he never went, as well as I remember, to the length of saying that rather than be put into one of Harmon Griggs's *boxes*, he would prefer never being buried at all, but he nearly intimated as much; and as for Harmon's charges, why, a man that did half work, he contended, must expect to get half pay. Harmon's opinions on the subject nobody knew, for he was a quiet, reticent sort of person, neighborly, accommodating, and everybody in the community except Mr. Gillam grew to like him. Even Mrs. Gillam and her two daughters, Jane, twenty, and Susan, fifteen, had been heard often to say that the Griggses, the whole of them, were as good neighbors as they should ever wish to live by.

Mr. Griggs had been a widower some two or three years. His children were Morgan, now eighteen, and little Betsy, born a week before her mother's death. His house since that event had been kept by his sister Mandy, who was about twenty-one.

Both men had good farms and a few negroes, Mr. Griggs rather more of these than Mr. Gillam. He was tall, dark, deliberate in his conversation and carriage. Mr. Gillam, rather under middle height, of reddish hair and complexion, was restless, nervous, suspicious. People used to say that he would have practised despotism at home if his wife, who was some larger than he, had allowed it. Mr. Griggs, who in his family was quite a gentle, indulgent man, had always shown the disposition to be as friendly with the Gillams as with the rest of the neighbors. Indeed, if anything, he was specially so to them in all neighborly offices. "No, sir—no, *sir*," he would say, with moderate emphasis, in answer to certain remarks that came to his ears sometimes, "it's *not* because o' Jane Gillam, a-not'ithunderstandin' to my opinions she's a uncommon fine young 'oman; yit I'd feel like bein' jest as obleegin' to Mr. Gillam ef he didn't have no daughter Jane; fer I'm a man, and if I know myself I've allays ben a man, that would wish to live an' let live."



I declare I don't remember what kind of sickness it was that carried off little Betsy a year or so after the settlement there. But Jane Gillam, and Susan too, young as she was, rendered as willing, constant, efficient service as if the child had been their own dear sister. But what

description but a poor lone widower with just one child, and him about a man, or at least thinking himself a man, would ride or walk over, and sit and chat with resignation, and sometimes, it might be, with a bit of cheerfulness. During such visits, and when the ladies would visit at



"A MAN THAT DID HALF WORK, HE CONTENDED, MUST EXPECT TO GET HALF PAY."

touched the heart of Mr. Gillam, temporarily at least, was what Mr. Griggs said to him when, in pursuance of a request sent through Morgan for him to please come over there, he did so promptly.

"Mr. Gillam, I not only hain't the heart to do it myself, but also them lovely poplar coffins you makes fer childern is better work 'n I can do. Won't you make one to put poor little Betsy away in?"

Mr. Gillam acknowledged to several persons that he could have cried when he heard these words. After that the good feeling that had already been among the ladies of the two families included, to a degree, the men. A little more visiting began, most marked, and naturally, on the part of Mr. Griggs, who, being, as he was wont to style himself, nobody of any

his own house, he was always decorous, especially toward Jane. If he ever had a heart for remarks that were at all playful, these for the most part were addressed to Mrs. Gillam or Susan, or both.

"The ijee! Harm Griggs ole enough to be Jane's father, Missis Rainwater!"

"He ain't. An' sposen he is: what man-person stands on age in sech cases?"

"Well, now, Missis Rainwater, it 'pen' on circum'ances. Ef Harm Griggs is to keep on—"

"Stop right thar, Mr. Gillam—stop right thar. Jane Gillam is a grown 'oman, an' if she an' Mr. Griggs makes it out betwix' theirselves, why, it ain't worth your while to try to hender 'em."

Mr. Gillam ruminated over these remarks. Now that the season of bilious



fever was coming on, he was conscious that the friendly feelings which he had been indulging toward his rival were beginning to subside with the lapse of the last of the summer months, and he was not certain in his mind how he ought to regard the hints of Mrs. Rainwater. Little had he foreseen that his own wife was to be the first victim to the autumnal malady. It is not strange how kindly services on such occasions subdue envyings and jealousies. Day and night had Mandy Griggs tended that bedside, and her brother and Morgan had done all that was possible, and showed every disposition to do more. Nobody was surprised that Harmon Griggs was to make the coffin, and some tears stood in the eyes of the latest bereaved at these words:

"In co'se I make it, Mr. Gillam, an' I'll do my best to do jestic to the—to the 'quirements of—of as fine a 'oman, to my jedgments, as this or any other country—in fac', I feel tow'ds Missis Gillam like she were—why, law, Mr. Gillam, I couldn't agzactly tell how I did, an' how yit I *do*, feel tow'ds Missis Gillam. An' as it's the last coffin I ever expects to make, an' as it's for one who were to me what Missis Gillam were, I'll do as well as I know how, an' my feelin's 'll be hurted ef anybody offers to pay me one single cent for it."

Mr. Gillam knew that he would be a brute not to be affected by such words, and as he wrung Mr. Griggs's hand the tears actually dropped from his eyes.

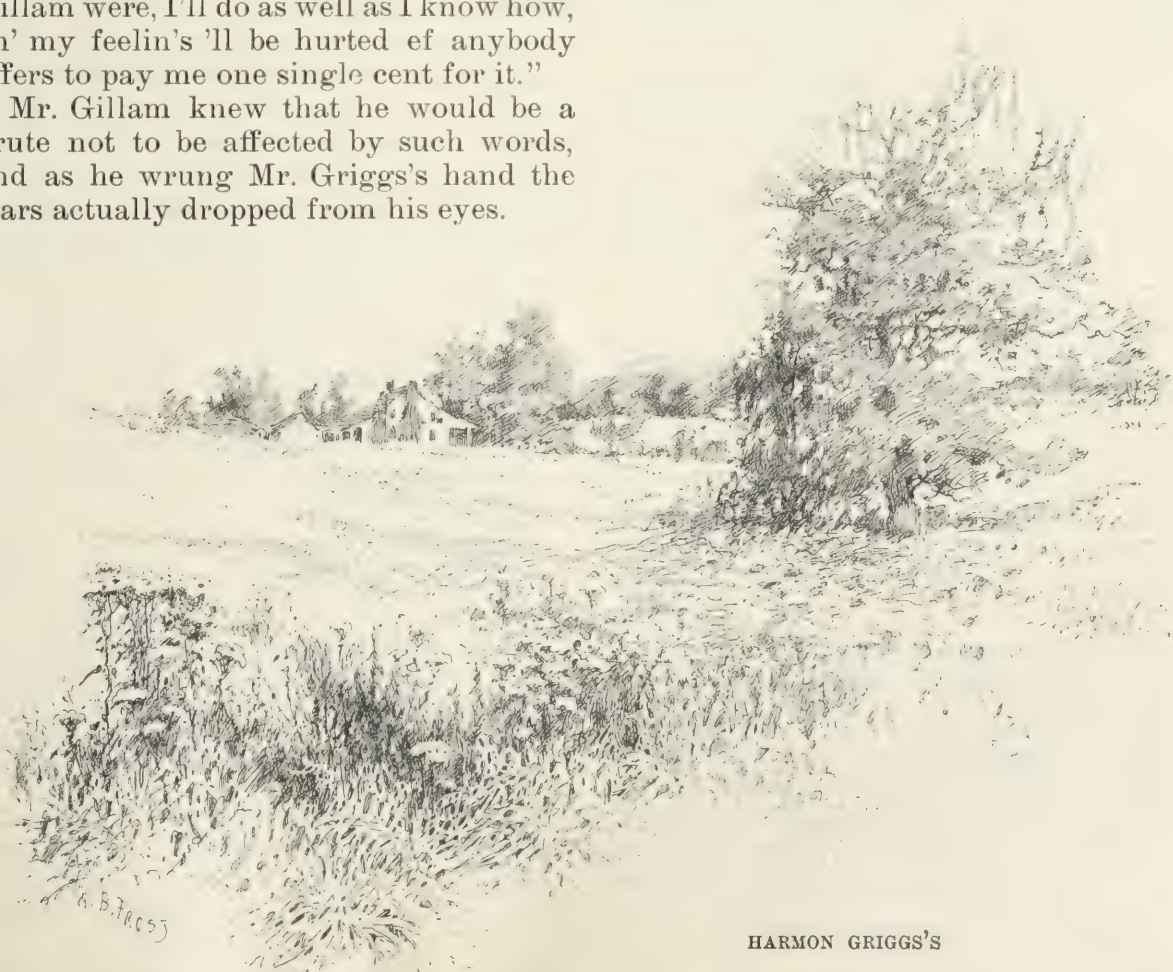
If ever a man faithfully tried his hand at his art, it was done then. The most intimate friend and zealous partisan that Mr. Gillam ever had could hardly have said, with his hand on the Book, that he could double it in every particular.

"Look like to me," said old Mr. Pate, "that Harmon were never goin' to git done san'paperin' his planks, an' I don't 'member as *uver* I see a man that tuck the time Harmon tuck in the mixin' o' his lam'black an' his sperrits o' turkintime."

"What tuck me the moest," said Mrs. Pate, "were the turn he give ter them elbows. They was jes lovely; an' when they laid poor dear Polly Gillam in, it seem to me, 'pear like, that they wa'n't no deffunce more'n she'd 'a been a-layin' in her own blessed bed."

## CHAPTER II.

EQUIDISTANT from the two families, near a country road that crossed about midway the public on which the two families resided, dwelt the Rainwaters. But for her emphatic remonstrances against such a



HARMON GRIGGS'S



figure, Mrs. Rainwater might have been taken for forty, or a little on the rise. Her husband had deceased four or five years before, leaving a right snug little property to her and their only son Ben, who was about the same age as Morgan Griggs—perhaps a year older.

Ben always became indignant whenever the possibility of his mother's marrying again was mentioned in his hearing—too much so, she thought.

"Benny," she said to him more than once, "don't you bother your head and fret about my gitting of married again. I've got no idees on top o' that subjec', an' don't expect to have 'em, onlest my mind change. But that 'll be *my* business, an' nobody else's. It 'll come to a nice pass when a body's own an' onlest son have to tell his own mother what she must do an' what she mustn't. Look like you, when to my knowledge your wisdom-tooth's a-hurtin' you now a-tryin' to push through your gums, is a-thinkin' about settlin' o' *yourself* 'ithout a-consultin' o' me, an' by good rights you might let me 'tend to *my* business, if I ever git any o' that kind to 'tend to."

Ben pondered such words at his leisure. Nobody that knew Susan Gillam ever blamed him for thinking a great deal of her, for though not as handsome as Jane, yet she was plump, taller, fairer, and kept up a steady improvement as she grew on, in the matter of the various qualities of person and deportment and character that the unmarried, whether those who have or those who have not yet quite cut their eye-teeth, like to see in a girl.

If Morgan Griggs had not been so intimate and dear a friend of Ben's, it was thought that he might have run against him in that race. But Morgan was an honorable boy, or young man, as, in spite of the absence of all rivalry with Ben, he perhaps would have preferred to be called, and Ben was without the shadow of jealousy toward him.

The very best feeling had always been between the Rainwaters and both the other families. Ben confided all his secrets to Morgan, whom he loved like a brother, and they would sometimes laugh together at the idea of Mrs. Rainwater or anybody else supposing that they were not men, and did not know how to take care of themselves. If Morgan ever revealed to his father and aunt any of such confidence, it was not done in a way that

would hurt. Instead of that, they, especially Mandy, seemed to take an interest in Ben's hopes and ambitions. Indeed, Mandy Griggs, though not as handsome as some, was one of the very nicest young women every way in that whole country. If she had not married, it had not been for want of opportunities. Her devotion to her brother and his family was ardent, and possibly that had been the reason for apparent indifference on the subject of beaux.

We have seen that Mr. Gillam had received Mrs. Rainwater's allusion to some special liking on the part of Mr. Griggs for Jane with a sort of contingent resentment. This had about gone out of his mind since the utterance of the words of Mr. Griggs on the occasion of the melancholy service which he had lately rendered in a manner so eminently conciliatory, and in a few weeks it had been succeeded by a cordiality that in a man like Mr. Gillam might be called extreme. His daughter Jane, if not the first, was among them, to observe this change, and to divine its most controlling cause.

"Pa," she said to him one day, "it seems to me that people, when their wives haven't been dead but just three months, that they ought to try to be decent. Ma's children haven't forgot her if other people have."

"Now lookee here, Jane. I 'members your ma, an' I misses her more'n you an' Susan do. But your ma's dead an' gonied, an' she's gonied to heb'n, an' even if a body was to want to fetch her back, you know well as I do that they couldn't."

"The question ain't for bringing ma back, pa; it's for trying to bring another woman here to take her place, and that before— Look at Mr. Griggs, pa. See how long his wife's been dead, and him single yet."

"And what's the reason? It's only because Missis Rainwater wouldn't have him—"

"I haven't an idee that Mr. Griggs ever asked her," Jane interrupted, with what to her father seemed considerable feeling.

"Umph, humph!" he said, rather pleased at the sight. "Then I suppose, because Harm Griggs, havin' nobody to powide for exceptin' o' them that's able to powide for theirselves, an' havin' of a sister to take keer o' his housell affairs, may take his time, an' wait tell the pullets is got grown, an' I'm to roam aroun'"



like a ole rooster in a flock all by myself, ner nother look at nother—”

“Law, pa! *such* talk from a man that’s just been made a widower, and as old as you are in the bargain!”

“Old as I am! I’m as young a man as Harm Griggs, er nigh an’ about.”

“That you ain’t. I heard him tell ma, not long before she died, that he was thirty-seven, and would be thirty-eight his next birthday, while you know, and your face and head shows, you’re over forty-five.”

“What a man, an’ special what a marryin’ man, says ’bout his age ain’t allays the Bible truth; I’ve allays knowed that from a plenty o’ expeunce. An’ as fer waitin’ like him, maybe ef my wife had of died when I were younger—”

“Ah, pa, you’d have done just as you are trying to do now. I say *trying*, for that’s all you’ll do in what you’ve first got on your mind. That is, that’s my opinion.”

“Maybe so, madam, maybe so. But they ain’t jes one lone fish in the sea. You think, Jane Gillam, because you an’ Harm Griggs has settled everything betwix’ you two, that—that—”

He did not finish the sentence. She looked at him with a look that indicated grief, ridicule, and compassion; then turned away.

He had always been a man that acted promptly upon his convictions and the purposes that he had formed in his mind. Doubtless his action was now accelerated somewhat by Jane’s interference, in his opinion wholly unwarrantable. A day or two after this brief conversation, happening to meet Mr. Griggs in the road, he said, after multitudes of preliminary words, “Harmon, ain’t it cur’ous how deaths in famblies does fetch a man down, an’ fetch him up also likeways, in his feelin’s? I declar’ the makin’ o’ that coffin fer your little Betsy, an’ your of makin’ o’ that *lovely* coffin fer my po’ wife—an’ which I know the same as ef I were thar myself this very minute that she’s in mansions in the sky—them coffins has somehow—them same blessed coffins, Harmon Griggs, they jes natchel makes me feel like me an’ you was jes jinded together, an’ bounded together, an’ multiplied together, like, you may say—like brothers, Harmon.”

The habitual paucity of Mr. Griggs’s words, contrasted with his own, had led

Mr. Gillam to regard his understanding of comparatively limited volume. Yet now, since he had announced his retirement from the coffin-making field, and especially as he had Mandy for a sister, he thought him of sufficient consideration to be treated with concerning certain items of merchandise that each considered valuable.

After some little delay to this last remark, Mr. Griggs answered, “Yes, sir, Mr. Gillam” (he always addressed him with *Mister*), “I done my levelest best on that coffin. Because Missis Gillam somehow allays felt to me like, I may say—like a mother.”

Mr. Gillam winced at this alteration of his idea of their relationship, but answered, “She were a older person ’n me, I s’pose you knowed, Harmon.”

“So I—so I’ve heerd you say, Mr. Gillam.”

Mr. Gillam excused the use of the word “mother” in that connection, knowing, of course, that Harmon was thinking mainly of Jane.

“I do think, ’pon my soul, Harmon,” said he, changing the subject, “I’ve often ’mired how your sister Mandy, fine a young ’oman as she is, could jes fling down ev’ry thing, an’ go an’ take charges o’ her brother’s dimestic business ontwell he got ready to settle hisself agin, an’—in fac’, Harmon, you’ve stood a-bein’ of a wid’wer longer’n I could, an’ in which events, reason’ble to s’pose, Mandy might see, by good rights, that she well change her kinditions—ahem!—*fer* when once a female ’oman have kyard the smoke-’ouse keys, she ain’t goin’ to be riconciled to be ’ithout smoke-’ouse keys o’ some kind.”

“Mandy, Mr. Gillam, have been a mighty good sister to me, an’ a mother to my childern, you may say, an’ ef she ever make up her mind to change her kinditions, *she* know I ain’t goin’ to be agin it, an’ *I* know that ef I were, make no deference; for Mandy’s a woman o’ her own head, Mandy is.”

In the course of the conversation Mr. Gillam raised and dwelt at some length upon the great subjects of barter and exchange, without special naming of any one commodity. He coursed around and about, and ended by saying: “My ijees is, Harmon Griggs, that when a couple o’ men has a couple o’—well, you may call ’em a couple o’ *goods*, for the present argument o’ the time bein’, an’ one ’ll suit one, an’ t’other t’other, an’ both feels like





"YOU B' LIEVE WEDDIN'S IS MADE IN HEB'N, MANDY?"

they ruther give an' take, take an' give, than to hol' on jes so to whut they got, which ain't adzackly the article both of 'em need *for* the present time bein', an' no multiplyin' o' words about boot, an' the askin' o' boot, an' the payin' o' boot, why, now, sir, thar's what I call doin' o' business in a straight-up-an'-down, pleasant, an', you may say, satisfactuious way—ahem!"

Mr. Griggs, with his comparatively inferior understanding, could only answer to this profound discourse: "Of cou'se, Mr. Gillam, I suppose you're about right. I were never a man as studied politics, that is, to no great extents, except a-wotin' for

them I knows the best an' likes the best; but I s'pect you're right."

That night in his family Mr. Gillam, in spite of any mental reservations regarding Mr. Griggs's intellectual vigor, spoke in more cordial terms of him than any that he had ever employed before; so much so that not only Jane, but even Susan, was gratified.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. GILLAM did not make the visit contemplated by him on the very next day, for I must do him the justice to say that



he had waited full three months before ordering from Mr. Jordan, the tailor, a full new suit, out and out. This was received on the evening of the day after that on which the late conversation with Mr. Griggs took place. The latter gentleman had been wearing *his* new suit for some time, not only on Sundays, but occasionally week-days. On the next morning the two met each other at the cross-roads, and both smiled, Mr. Gillam audibly, before and after their salutations. They had exchanged only a few words when who should come up but Mrs. Rainwater on her riding-horse, dressed in her best frock.

"Well, well," said the lady, "when *did* we three expect to meet at the cross-roads before, as the Bible says—I believe it's the Bible—and all three got on our best, same as if it was of a Sunday like, and us on the way to meetin'? I were on my way to your house, Mr. Gillam, to see the girls, poor childern. You goin' to town, I see. All right. I can have better time with Jane and Susan. Where *you* goin', Mr. Griggs?"

"I—I were jest a-ridin' pe-rusin' about, Missis Rainwater. As you goin' to Mr. Gillam's, an' ef you can't do no better, I'll ga-lant you that fur."

"All right. Mornin', Mr. Gillam."

Without further speech she rode on, joined by Mr. Griggs. Mr. Gillam looked at her for a moment or so before resuming his journey. She was a handsome woman, and had never appeared to better advantage, he thought, during all her widowhood.

"Marryin' female-person, cert'n," he soliloquized, and rode on.

Voluble of speech as he was in general, somehow the words which he would employ in hinting to Miss Griggs his intentions were unsatisfactory at the start. Morgan, upon his arrival, of course, after the most polite salutation, vanished, and left the field clear; for Morgan, young as he was, knew what that suit of clothes meant. Mandy (none but the youngest persons in those times said *miss* to girls)—Mandy, though no doubt at least as observant as Morgan, received the visitor in her working dress and apron, looked calmly at him, talked calmly with him, asked calmly about the girls, and spoke calmly about the state of the weather. This calmness embarrassed Mr. Gillam. He had hoped to see some

impartation of the warmth he felt in his own being. For he had thought that unless such appearance was vouchsafed he would merely feel his way along, and not make at once a positive committal. A shrewd man like him could not fail to understand that other possible matrimonial prospects might be hurt by a flat rejection of his first essay on that line. He discoursed at length on the married estate, its superiority to the single in all points which the imagination of man could possibly conceive. Then he indulged in expressions of unlimited wonder how a person, a widower like Harmon Griggs, about whom he had asked of himself the question over and over again, especially of late, how such a man could have remained a widower so long, with the world before him. After such and other extended preliminary remarks, he said that another question, more important and interesting still, had been on his mind lately, and that was what various young women, he need not say that Mandy knew what particular young woman he intended by the question, and the question was what they, or, as the case might be, what she, would do when widowers had concluded to wait no longer, and then another woman might come in, and, to make the matter short, ask them that had been keeping house for their brothers for the smoke-house keys.

"If you mean *me*, Mr. Gillam," answered Mandy, simply, "I should give them up at once, of course."

"Then what?"

"Wait for what Providence sends to me."

"An' supposin— You b'lieve weddin's is made in heb'n, Mandy?"

"I've not a doubt about that, Mr. Gillam."

"Well, then, is your mind predijiced fer an' to-wards—ahem!—I may say any man-person in any—so to speak—wocations o' life?"

The very voice of Mr. Gillam, let alone his words, was artful.

"I couldn't say, Mr. Gillam—now," answered Mandy, calmly as before, and unblushing. "As to that," she continued, after a pause, "of course a woman would have to think, and think a long time, before making up her mind."

Too cool, too cool to try to push, yet awhile, thought Mr. Gillam. Harm Griggs got to help in this case: ef he don't—



He rose, and in a distant way said that he might make another call there in a few days.

After supper that night, Mr. Gillam, having sent out of the room Susan as being too young to understand and appreciate the circumstances, had a talk with Jane.

"Law, pa," said Jane, sadly and reproachfully, yet smiling somewhat, "when you was primping so, I thought all the time it was for Mrs. Rainwater, and lo and behold it's Mandy!" Then Jane laughed out.

"Don't see anything to laugh about," said her father, looking alternately at her and the finely dressed image he saw in the mirror that hung on the wall.

"Pa, the *i-dea*! Mandy's young enough for your own daughter."

"And ain't *you* young enough for Harm Griggs's daughter?"

"Not quite. But I don't see what that has to do with you and Mandy."

"Well, I'll show Harm Griggs what it's got to do with me an' her. He comin' here, hangin' round you, an' kickin' up his heels like a yearlin' boy, an' *me* have to set in the chimbley-corner an'— Harm Griggs will find out which side his bread's buttered."

"Pa, I don't know what all you're talking about."

"You set thar an' tell me Harm Griggs ain't arter you, an' a-gainin' on you rapid?"

Jane hesitated before answering. She thought that it might not be best for her to be outspoken regarding her relations to the Griggses, but she felt it her duty to warn him against attempting to win Mandy, and she did so. Then she said: "Pa, Mr. Griggs never courted me, and I've not the slightest idea— Law, pa," she added, almost petulantly, "can't you see that Mr. Griggs, if he's courting anybody, it's Mrs. Rainwater he's a-courting? and which a body would suppose would be a heap more suitable than to be courting such as me."

But Jane Gillam did not look as if she was telling the whole truth about matters that she saw were beginning to grow complicated. Her father, mobile as he was, and knowing how candid she had been always, did not suspect her, and, in spite of his exalted estimate of his own value, he became convinced that further pursuit of Mandy would be useless.

"Well," he said, "ef it don't beat the everlastin' creations of a ontimely an' gain-sayin' world. Never you mind, Harm Griggs! That widder—why, didn't she tell me with her own mouth that Harm Griggs were arter you? My bloods and thunders! *Somebody* better stand from under, for if they don't mind, somethin', an' somethin' that's heavy, is a-gwine to drap."

Then he went off to bed, but not to rest for a long time. The jealousy that he had felt from the first coming of Harmon Griggs into the neighborhood again seized upon his mind and racked it. If the whole truth could be known, it is probable that his first hostility to the thought of Harmon's marriage with Jane, and afterward his notion toward Mandy, were prompted in some degree by the pain he felt in contemplating the case of Harmon having a younger wife than he had. He was obliged to know that a match between Harmon and Jane would not have been far disproportionate, and it stung him deeply now to feel how he had miscalculated in that behalf. Then to think of Mrs. Rainwater, who had only lately been so prim and dressy, so cheery and nice and wholesome—to think of her and that plantation, with all that white-oak timber and bottom-land, falling to Harmon Griggs, and him and his children left out in the cold; nay, in all human probability, that same Harmon Griggs proving to have lied about his intentions of quitting the making of coffins, and resuming that business with the enhanced reputation gained from the work he was allowed to do in the case of his, Toby Gillam's, own wife. "Oh, my goodness of gracious! laws of mercies!" Mr. Gillam had to exclaim many times during that night, both when awake and when he slept. The next morning he had no sooner gotten his breakfast than he was on his horse pacing over to Mrs. Rainwater's.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

HER father had been gone but a short time, when Jane, taking a horse from one of the hands who was ploughing in a field near the house, and sending him to the hoe, rode down the road to Mr. Griggs's. She had advanced but a brief distance on her way when she met Mr. Griggs, going, as he said, to the saw-mill. After some



conversation, more or less confidential, they parted. Checking her horse a moment thereafter, she called to him and said: "Mr. Griggs, if it won't be too much trouble, I wish you'd ride up to the house and tell Susan that the smoke-house key is behind the glass drawer on my bureau. I forgot to tell the child about it when I left."

"Cert'nly, Jane, cert'nly."

Even if Mr. Griggs had had no motive in obliging Jane Gillam, he was naturally as accommodating a man, I suppose, as you ever saw. When he had reached the gate, he went so far as to dismount, go into the piazza, and seeing that Susan looked rather lonesome there by herself, not doubting that she too was somewhat disturbed by her father's conduct, took a seat and chatted as cheerfully as he knew how for probably an hour; then went on about his business.

"Oh, Mandy, I'm in *such* a flurry about pa!"

In the midst of a talk between the girls, in which Mandy tried to console Jane for her anxiety, Morgan came in, and he lent what service he could render to this kind intent. But Mandy and Morgan, after Jane had left, admitted that Mr. Gillam, in the condition of his mind, was apt to give trouble all around, and they felt some anxiety, which in Jane's presence they had tried not to seem to indulge. The fact is, there is never any telling how many people may be made anxious by the wayward conduct of such a man as Toby Gillam, especially when lately made a widower.

"You think," said Mr. Griggs, when he had returned home, "that as I rid by Mr. Gillam's a-comin' back home, an' howdyed to him as he sot in his peazzer, he never peached a single word, ner never not even nodded his head?"

Yet in this and further speech about the slight he was very calm, and he cautioned his family to be prudent in what they did and said about Mr. Gillam, who, he hoped, would come around right in good time.

Matters were bound to become more complicated and productive of anxiety, considering what kind of reception Mr. Gillam had in his morning's visit. There happened to be at Mrs. Rainwater's her cousin, Miss Cynthia Spears, who, a few days before, had come for a visit of indefinite duration. Plain, slender both in figure and pecuniary or other worldly prop-

erty, and we'll say from thirty to thirty-seven, Mrs. Rainwater thought much of her for the many excellent traits she possessed, and had sent for her, away down on Buffalo Creek, to come and stay with her as long as she felt like it. Mandy, Jane, and Susan had called upon her, of course, and all said that in their opinion Miss Spears was a good, fine woman. I let Mr. Gillam tell a few incidents of his call. He addressed himself specially to his youngest.

"Susan, the fact o' the business is, I want you to tell Ben Rainwater that my wishes is he shall keep his kyarcass away from this house."

All that Susan, stupefied as she was with astonishment, could say, was, "What in the world for, pa?"

"Because I'tends to show them Griggsses an' Rainwaters that I'm not the man I'm tuck fer, to be runned over an' trompled on like I had no feelin's, no more—no more'n a stump."

"Pa," said Susan, when she could recover her mind, "somebody has gone and hurt your feelings, and I'm just as certain of it as if I'd been there and heard 'em; but I do hope in my heart that it wasn't poor Benny."

"Poor Benny! No, indeed! *He'd* know better what were good for *him*. But you hit the nail on the head. I don't know as you an' Jane know whar I've ben. But I ben to Missis Rainwater's, whar I'lowed to have a little talk—a civil talk—along 'ith her about one thing an' another. An' you think she didn't set thar an' run up Harm Griggs to the very sky o' heb'n, to that ole maid cousin o' hern, an' prove by me, dad fetch it, every blessed word she said? an' with all the lookin' an' coughin' at ole Miss Speeries, or whatsoever her name is, I couldn't git her out o' the room? an' Missis Rainwater had no more politeness than to not let her go, as that ole thing wunst, when I starr'd at her pine blang, riz an' look like she wanted to git away? an' mebbe tired a' hearin' a man so hilt up, an' kep' up, an' proved to *be* up, by gracious, by another man that's his *inniny*?"

His face, naturally reddish, was now near the color of blood.

"Pa," said Susan, as mildly as she could, "I thought you had got to like Mr. Griggs after he got you to make little Betsy's coffin, and insisted on paying you more for it than you charged, and then



after making that for poor ma and not let you pay one single cent."

"An' so I did—so I did—tell I found what a desateful creeter he were, a pertendin' to want Jane, when, lo an' behol', he's ben a-pessecutin' o' the widder Rainwater; an' when he git her an' that plantation an' niggers, what chances have Ben Rainwater to s'pote anybody that 'll take up 'long o' him? an' I want nothin' to do 'ith none of 'em, an' I want his kyarcass kep' away from here."

"Oh, pa! pa! to think of your calling as fine a young man as Benny Rainwater a—a carcass!" Susan couldn't stand that. So she put her apron to her eyes. As for Jane, she had left already. "Very well, pa," said Susan, her apron still doing its needed service, "I'll have nothing to do with Benny. I have to do as you say; but such talk, and such—it's right hard, and special on them that's done no harm in this blessed world."

Mr. Gillam had always been more tender with Susan than with Jane. He looked after her as she retired, and his heart might have softened somewhat but for his feeling what great, solemn duties he had to perform, both as a parent and as a man.

"Pa," asked Jane, who had returned to the room merely to put a single respectful question, "as you've forbid the house to Ben Rainwater, and as Mr. Griggs, if he has *any* self-respect, is not apt to come here again, I want to ask if you have any objection to Mandy and Morgan coming if they should ever feel like it."

"I got nothin' to do with Mandy an' Morgan Griggs—nothin' fer nor agin 'em. I don't bother myself 'bout whether *they* come or don't come."

"That's all I want to know," she said, with abject meekness; then again retired.

But for an occasional job in that line of which he was most proudly fond, there is no telling to what extent Mr. Gillam might have incommoded and perplexed those whose peace was dependent upon his conduct. As it was, while engaged in making a coffin, his mind, though not exhibiting that full resignation that used to be remarked on such occasions, yet kept within some sort of bounds his jealous resentments. If Mr. Griggs had broken his word and undertaken such a piece of work in that while, my patience! But Harmon Griggs—

However, I must return to Mr. Gillam. Now it came to pass that Miss Spears,

having witnessed some and having heard other of the state into which Mr. Gillam had been put by the treatment that he had received at Mrs. Rainwater's—Miss Spears, good woman, peace-loving woman that she was, felt it to be her duty to do what she could to make matters at least a little better. The forbidding as fine a youth as Ben Rainwater to visit the house, the refusal on his own piazza to return the salutation of as respectable a man as Harmon Griggs, the leaving Mrs. Rainwater's house in what that lady described as plain and perfect a huff as anybody would ever wish to see—all this and more that had come within the knowledge of Miss Spears led her to determine to do whatever was possible in the circumstances to a mere stranger, who, though a stranger, had come to like both families, and to honestly wish for hearty reconciliation all around. Then she knew the Rainwaters and the Griggses all well enough to feel confident that they were not people to submit without some struggle to be warred against by even as passionate, determined a man as Mr. Toby Gillam.

With peace-making intent, therefore, Miss Spears rode over to the Gillams', and in the course of what conversation she had with the head of the family alone, she said that her cousin Sally had partially admitted to her that the extraordinary praise of Mr. Griggs on that fatal day was due to a little innocent desire on her part to tease. Mr. Gillam said that he could not see how that mended matters, and Miss Spears, to be perfectly honest, had to admit that she coincided in this view—I should perhaps say, rather, this absence of view.

"But Cousin Sally always *were* a joky person, you know, Mr. Gillam; and as for me, I jest up and down, I did, an' I told Cousin Sally that *I* couldn't see wherein Mr. Griggs were *sech* a mighty, powerful, *tremenjuous* man, at leastways as fur as I seen of him yit; an' *as* for him *and* Cousin Sally, I couldn't say if Mr. Griggs *want* Cousin Sally; but I has my opinions about Cousin Sally's *never* of marryin' of *nobody*, exceptin' it's 'ith Benny's consents; an' I *do* know that when ole Missis Pate were a-jokin' of Cousin Sally not long ago about Mr. Griggs, Benny *he* got mad, an' he got up an' left the house, an' he *never* come back twell Missis Pate were *goned*."

"You think," asked Mr. Gillam, "that Ben would jes natchel be agin his ma's



a-marryin' o' *anybody*—any man-person, I mean, in co'se?"

"Well, now, Mr. Gillam, when you talkin' about *step-fathers* an' the *havin'* o' step-fathers, you know in genil how yearlin' boys *is*."

What further might have been said on this delicate subject between the two can only be imagined. But at that moment Jane came out into the piazza where they were sitting, and almost immediately afterward Miss Spears said that she must be going back home. Mr. Gillam knew very well, of course, that he could easily enough cough Jane away; but just as he was clearing his throat for that purpose the guest gave him a look, went into the house, got her bonnet, came out again, mounted her horse, and home she went. She was so positive in her seriousness and silence that even when Mr. Gillam was parting from her at the horse-block they could only say a good-evening apiece.

That night in the family circle Mr. Gillam exhibited no moroseness whatever, and, to the surprise of his daughters, while unusually thoughtful, seemed rather cheerful in his thoughtfulness.

"I do believe," he said once, in a rather absent-minded way, "that Ben Rainwater's a sensibler feller'n I thought he was."

"I'm so glad, pa—" began Susan.

"Come now, come now, Susan; wait an' see."

When all had retired, that busy, scheming intellect revolved other possibilities in barter and exchange.

"Mr. Gillam are a great politicianer," the simple-minded Harmon Griggs used to say.

## CHAPTER V.

BEN RAINWATER was thought to be in a very embarrassing situation for as young a man as he was. There was his mother, a widow, and there were Mr. Gillam and Mr. Griggs, both widowers, and there were Susan Gillam his love, and Morgan Griggs his friend, and there was himself, in his heart opposed to his mother's marrying anybody at all. So what was Ben to do? Many people said they were sorry for Ben Rainwater. They were, and for their lives they couldn't see how he was to paddle his canoe just all alone by himself. But Ben kept himself collected, cool, and calm.

He may have advised with the Griggses, especially Mandy, knowing, in spite of his nonage, that the female mind is more prompt with sympathy and sagacious in devices for such emergencies than the male. In all probability he also consulted his cousin Cynthia Spears, whom the Gillams and Griggses both knew that he thought a great deal of. Once, while at the Gillams' (for now since Mr. Gillam's partial letting down he, accompanied by Morgan generally, went there right often), he said, in a somewhat distant manner, that if his cousin Cynthia had property there was no telling what she might not be able to do with herself. For she was one of the best house-keepers, and one of the finest women anyway, that *he* ever saw in all his born days, and, in fact, nobody but him knew what a comfort *and* a consolation she was *to* his mother, especially here lately when the latter was afraid that she might be taking the heart-disease.

"What, Ben!" exclaimed every one of the Gillam family, simultaneously.

"Oh, well," said Ben, smiling sadly, "I can but *hope* it's not so. Ma's a little afraid she's gitting that or somethin'. Of course Cousin Cynthia an' me try to laugh her out o' the notion. But the difficulty is that when Cousin Cynthia's aunt, the old lady Pounds, dies—she's Cousin Cynthia's aunt on the tother side of the family—when *she* dies, and leaves Cousin Cynthia the prop'ty that everybody says she's attilly got in her will *now*, an' then Cousin Cynthia git married an' go away from our house, the *thing* is to tell what ma'll do in such a case. For she ben countin' on Cousin Cynthia takin' up her home along 'ith her."

It is probable that during his whole career Mr. Gillam never drew a longer breath than at these words. The muscles of his face worked with irregular violence, and his eyes grew watery with their heat. He stared at Ben hard for several minutes, then rose and abruptly left the room. Both Jane and Susan scolded Ben, though not harshly.

"Never you mind," said Ben, "you wait and see. News come to Cousin Cynthia only yisterday that her aunt was quite complainy."

If you will believe me, in less than a week from that very day, Miss Spears was sent for, and shortly afterward a report came up from Buffalo that her aged rela-



tive had deceased, and by her last will and testament were bequeathed to Miss Spears, styled by the testatrix her well-beloved niece, two negro girls, an indefinite number of horses, cattle, and swine, and three hundred dollars in specie money.

"There it is, you see now," said Ben to the Gillams: "what ma's to do now with the heart-disease *I* can't see."

But Ben always declared that it was not himself, and he didn't know who it was for certain, that first started the report that Harmon Griggs, foreseeing the present state of things, had been having his eye on Miss Spears ever since she had been sojourning at Mrs. Rainwater's, and especially since the latter had been threatened by the heart-disease or some kindred malady, and that he had been waiting for the demise of Mrs. Pounds before proposing to appropriate to himself Miss Spears, together with her expected legacy, when every probability was that with the advantage of the hard cash that was known to be a part of it, he would enlarge his workshop and resume the coffin-making business upon a scale to which his former operations in that line were not to be compared. The morning after getting this intelligence Mr. Gillam said to his daughters at the breakfast table: "Girls, I niver slept not one single, blessed, everlasting wink, not in the whole deternal night, last night. I'm a-goin' down to Buff'ler Creek neighborhood on a—on a little business, an' I mayn't be back in a couple or three days. Take keer o' things best you ken, an' don't be oneasy about me."

Brave man as he was, he had not the face to look at those motherless girls. They parted from him with as much respect and as few words as possible, and turned back to their thoughts and their business.

During all this tumultuous behavior Harmon Griggs remained calm until now. Whenever the two met, as they must, residing so near to each other, and to one objective point interesting to both, the younger man spoke just as usual, whatever might be the salutation, if any, that he received. Whenever the Gillam girls came to his house he inquired kindly after their father. But Harmon Griggs was now to show to Mr. Gillam and the rest of the world that he was not altogether the sort of man that he had been taken for.

When Jane, shortly after her father's departure, came all fluttering and flustered with the news, he smiled as men are wont when conscious of knowing what they are about, and sitting down for a while, rendered to the poor girl what consolation and counsel he could think of. Morgan happening to come in from the field, he also and Mandy cordially joined in all Harmon said. Accepting the consolation, she hesitated about the counsel.

"Oh, Susan, Susan, Mr. Griggs!" she said, almost wringing her hands; "what *will* become of poor Susan?"

Right there it was where Harmon Griggs showed the genuineness of his excellent character.

"Jane," he said, in mild solemnity, "you foller my advices an' do what I tell you. We'll all take keer o' Susan, with God A'mighty to help us. Don't you be oneasy about Susan. I've not a doubt *she'd* say you're doin' of right."

Jane at length felt that she ought to yield, and when she did, she said she felt a great deal better.

Then Harmon rose, retired to his chamber, dressed himself in a suit entirely new, came forth again, mounted his horse, and rode away.

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## CHAPTER VI.

A JOURNEY of twenty-five miles was something in that day for an industrious, home-staying man like Mr. Gillam; but he was one that was in the habit of going wherever he had business. Halting at the office of the clerk of the Court of Ordinary at the county-seat, he inquired of that officer if the will of the late Mrs. Jincy Pounds had been offered for probate.

"Why, law, Toby," answered the official, "the old lady Pounds didn't live in this county. She lived jest on the aidge, but t'other side o' Buff'lo."

"My! my! my!" He rose immediately, and as he remounted his horse cast his eye up the road by which he had come, in order to see if any pursuer was gaining on him. Then spurring, he proceeded briskly on his way south. He tarried for the night near the Buffalo Bridge, at the house of a farmer with whom he had some little acquaintance. There he learned that Miss Spears was sojourning for the present with a cousin near by who had been named executor of the will. Fortunately Mr. Gillam's host was one of the witnesses to that



instrument, and he confirmed the report about the legacy, except that instead of two negro girls, three hundred dollars, and the other items, it should have been one negro girl, one hundred dollars, one mare and colt, two cows and calves, three sows and pigs, and her gig.

The legacy thus diminished subtracted at first somewhat from Mr. Gillam's ardor. But when he reflected on all that Harmon Griggs could do with that cash, and what a glory it would be if he could thwart the design of one who for so long had been an enemy to his peace, all his eagerness returned. Thankful in his heart as he was that his rival was a man of habitually slow motion, yet he felt the need of continued, prompt, energetic action, and so, immediately after breakfast next morning, he sallied forth, crossed the bridge, and repaired to the mansion of the cousin and executor.

Miss Spears, after a weak scream, declared, upon the honor of a lady, that if *ever* a lady was surprised, that *present* lady was surprised at this visit of Mr. Gillam. But that man could see as plainly as the nose on her face, in spite of the regrets she must naturally feel for the recent departure of an aunt so dear, that she was gratified by an action at once so bold and so delicate.

"Mister Gillam, I always *knewed*, an' I *told* 'em I *knewed*, you *had* a heart, an' now I do know it, an' *not* a doubt."

To an inquiry of the visitor whether she expected any other man-person from her cousin Sally Rainwater's neighborhood to come down there shortly, Miss Spears vowed, and properly, I always thought, that she would *not* answer *that* question.

It is perhaps needless to say that such eager devotion and pursuit, from such a man as Miss Spears had always known and always told them that she knew him to be, must prevail. But then, oh, *what* if his daughters should be opposed to having a step-mother *brought* there and put over *them*! She shuddered to *think* what they *would* say and *would* do when he *went* back home and *told* them he was engaged to *Cynthy* Spears.

"I'm not a-gwine thar 'ithout her," answered the audacious lover.

"Why! Mister Gillam!"

On the afternoon of the third day afterward, at the point in the road leading northward where, about three hun-

dred yards south of the residence of Mr. Harmon Griggs, the said road made a turn which was to continue for some distance beyond, three travellers might have been seen who were taking a brief rest. In a gig sat a gentleman and lady, who, in spite of the toil of travel, seemed to be in cheerful mood. On a stout mare rode a negro girl, apparently some thirteen years of age, whose face and form, though evidently fatigued, indicated patient endurance. The party had halted, it seemed, for the purpose of allowing the mare to rest and extend nourishment to her colt, preparatory to a brisk course over the nice level stretch before them.

"Ride on, Lindy," said the gentleman to the girl; "trot up peert; we'll soon be thar now."

They moved again. The colt, strengthened and cheered by this last meal, dashed ahead, and in answer to the whickers from Mr. Harmon Griggs's horse lot, gave one whicker himself, kicked up his heels contemptuously, then rushed on more recklessly than before.

It cannot be denied that as Mr. Gillam drew near home, however conscious of his greatness and triumphant felicity, he rather dreaded the meeting of those daughters, who, he believed that he had reason to apprehend, would not at first appreciate his effort to fill the place of the mother who had departed. He had tried to prepare them against sudden breaking forth into lamentations on his arrival by sending word, two days before, of the time and conditions of his return, with the request that they would have the house and everything else set to rights in the mean while. And to save his life he could not but feel some embarrassment when the house of his rival came within view. Clucking to the gig horse, he passed by it as rapidly as possible. He was surprised, however, to find the door closed, and not one of the white family visible.

"Why, hi!" he exclaimed, "what come of 'em all? Look like the whole tribe of 'em goned and flewed away."

A greater surprise awaited him at his own gate. In his piazza were not only Jane and Susan, but Harmon Griggs, and Morgan Griggs, and Mandy Griggs, and Mrs. Rainwater, and Ben Rainwater. In the yard every negro on the place was standing or held in somebody's arms. Not only so, but every blessed one among them, white and black, male and female, old and



young and middle-aged, had on the very best things that to their names they possessed. And the sounds that greeted Mr. Gillam astonished him yet more than the sight of this most unexpected assemblage.

"Howdy, pa? howdy, ma?" cried Jane.

"Howdy, ma? howdy, pa?" cried Susan.

"Howdy, pa? howdy, ma?" cried Morgan.

"Howdy, ma? howdy, pa?" cried Harmon.

"Howdy, Cousin Cynthy? howdy, Cousin Tobe?" cried simultaneously Mrs. Rainwater and Ben.

"Howdy, Cousin Toby? howdy, Cousin Cynthy?" cried Mandy.

"Howdy, marster? howdy, mist'ess?" bawled every negro, time and time again.

It was perhaps well for Lindy that she had dismounted at the instant of attaining the end of the journey. For the colt, at the beginning of these tumultuous salutations, ran butting at his dam, and failing in his efforts to move her, stooped his head, squeezed himself through the space between her fore and hind legs, and fled with utmost speed back upon the way he had come. The anxious parent wheeled, and with affectionate but alarmed cries rushed in pursuit of the fugitive. Then Lindy, bent upon the recovery of these fellow-items of her new mistress's property, wheeled also, and—

But I *cannot* delay the account of events so much more important. The assembled parties rushed forth to meet the bridegroom and his bride, and a heartier wringing of hands, in my honest opinion, nobody ought ever to desire to be witness to. Mr. Gillam winked his eyes several times painfully, then gazed around him in speechless, abject wonder. But for Mrs. Rainwater there is no telling what might have happened.

"Jane," said she, "take your ma in her room and help her off with her bonnet and travellin' things. Go on with Jane, Cousin Cynthy, bless your heart, and pull off and come back quick. Let's go in the peazzer, Cousin Tobe, and let me tell you the *good* news, and if you don't *say* they're good, you ain't the sensible good man I've always took you for."

Letting her lead him in, he looked doubtfully at the chair that Susan had set for him. But being softly let down into it, he seemed partially thankful that it had not exploded beneath him.

"Cousin Tobe," said the lady, "could

you of supposed, a smart, sensible man like you, that as fine daughters as you've got were goin' to stay single *forever*, and let you do *all* the marryin' in the family? If you could, all I *got* to say is, you was monst'ous liable to be mistaken. What you got to say to *that*?"

During this speech Mr. Gillam, whose legs were some distance apart, had lowered his eyes, and was painfully contemplating his feet, as the toes of both were scraping the floor right and left alternately, as if trying, in spite of the fixedness of his other members, to describe adjacent circles. At the question put by Mrs. Rainwater he lifted his head and looked at Harmon and then at Jane (who had now returned with her ma) as if he rather thought that he had some recollection of having seen at least one of them, possibly both, somewhere before.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Rainwater, "that's not the way of it. That's Missis *Morgan* Griggs, and *his* father have done a good part by him—give him two niggers an' other things accordin'. If you want to know who Missis *Harmon* Griggs is—and that 'stonished everybody else much as it 'll now 'stonish you—thar *she* stand by her husband."

And she pointed to Susan, who, her cheeks covered with roses, laid her hand on Harmon's arm.

Already beyond any added stupefaction, he lowered his eyes again, and resting his elbows upon his knees, laid his chin upon his open palms, and seemed to be entering upon profound reflection.

"Come now, come now, Mr. Gillam," said his wife, "the girls have got married to suit themselves, and you *can't* deny but what both of 'em has married well."

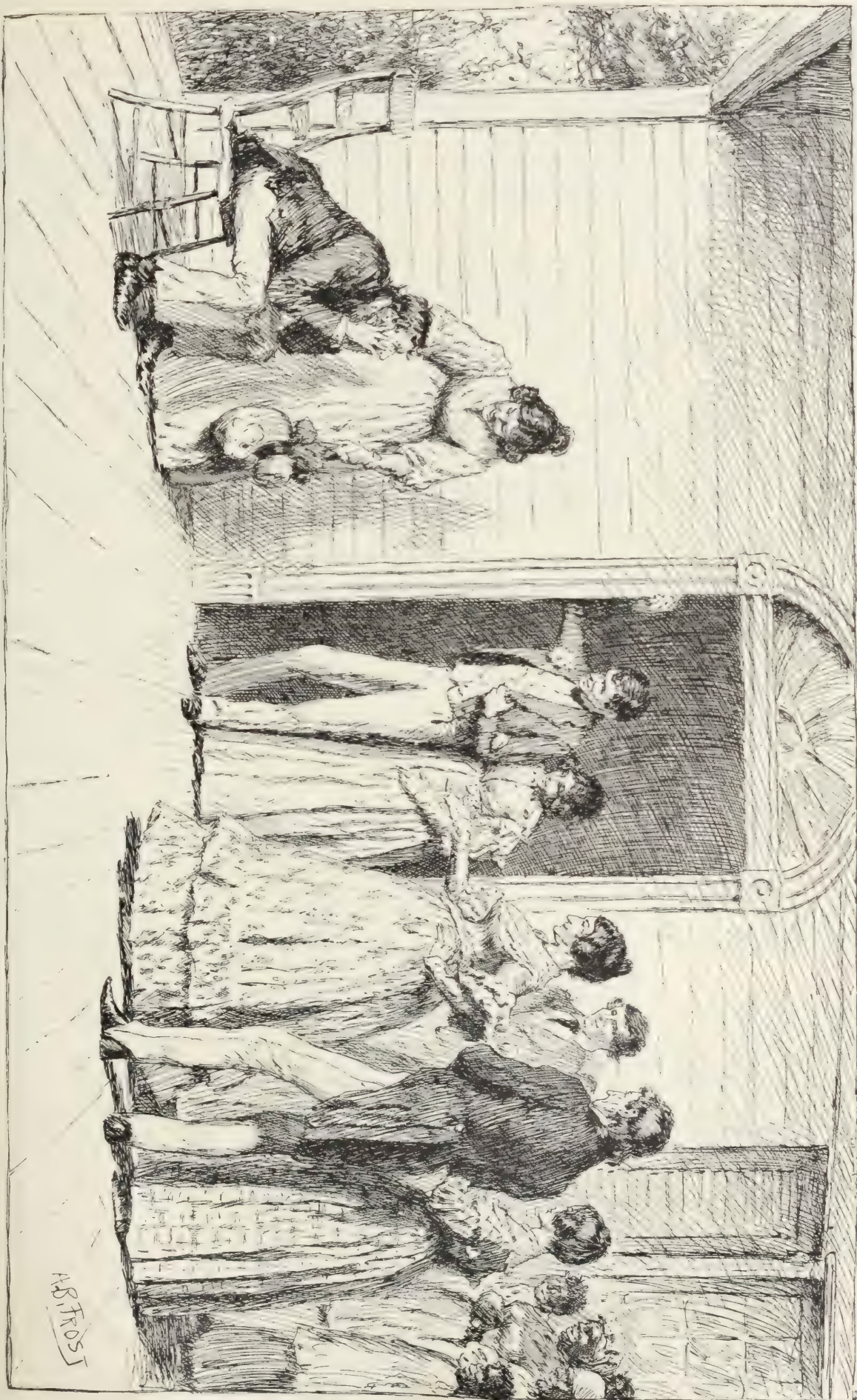
As if suddenly recalling something on which his mind used to dwell with moderate interest, he looked up and said: "Why, hello, Ben! Why, why, why, whar was *you* in all thesen kyarns on?"

"Cousin Tobe," resumed Mrs. Rainwater, "Ben's all right. One thing made us come over this evenin' was to invite you and Cousin Cynthy to him and Mandy's weddin' next Tuesday night, an' the infair I'm goin' to give 'em the next day."

"Cynthy," said Mr. Gillam, "don't it all beat— But—whar's your cousin Sally in all this mixtry an' minglin' up o' men an' childern, women an' boys? Whar's she?"

"Me?" answered the widow, laying her





"WUZ YOU A-TELLIN' O' ME THE FACT-TRETH WHEN YOU SAID YOU WUZ DONE 'ITH THE MAKIN' O' COFFINS?"



hand upon her breast. "Why, you know, Cousin Tobe, that *I* have the heart-disease;" and the whole grove echoed to the peal of her laughter.

Once more Mr. Gillam lowered his head and ruminated. Then lifting it, he said, "Harm Griggs, wuz you a-tellin' o' me the fack-truth when you said you wuz done 'ith the makin' o' coffins?"

"I wuz, Mr. Gillam, solemn as ef my hand were on the Bible."

A smile by degrees overspread Mr. Gillam's face; he rose, and looking around, said: "Well, I got nothin' mo' to say fer nev' agin. Ef sech onbeknownst, an' sech unexpected, an' sech on-possible jindin' o' peoples satisfies you all, they satisfies me."

### OVER AN OLD FOLIO.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN.

ABOVE a pond'rous book I bent.  
 Its time-stain'd, musty covers lent  
 An extra charm to what therein  
 Was gather'd long ago, and caught  
 Betwixt the lids. Some heart had been  
 That throb'd with every teeming thought;  
 Some dreamer dreamt, some worker wrought,  
 And press'd his fancy on these leaves,  
 And treasured them, his garner'd sheaves.

Upon a page these words I read:

"Mye *Name* shall<sup>e</sup> lyve, tho' I bee dead<sup>e</sup>,  
 And<sup>e</sup> Centvrie rolle slowlie bye  
 On Centvrie: & Men shall<sup>e</sup> come,  
 And<sup>e</sup> Men shall<sup>e</sup> passe awaie, whilst I—  
 To dvst<sup>e</sup> retv<sup>ed</sup>, mye lippes grown<sup>e</sup> dvmb—  
 Shall<sup>e</sup> yet speak<sup>e</sup> on y<sup>s</sup> letter'd PAGE,  
 Giv'n to y<sup>e</sup> World<sup>e</sup> as Heritage  
 From one who lyv'd and trod y<sup>e</sup> Spanne  
 Of Lyfe allot<sup>ed</sup> ovt to man.  
 I leaue y<sup>s</sup> SIGN to hold<sup>e</sup> mye *Name*  
 In alle Men's Memories: I came,  
 I lyv'd, I wroght: tho' doom<sup>ed</sup> to Dvst<sup>e</sup>,  
 Mye NAME vpon y<sup>se</sup> Pages mvst<sup>e</sup>  
 Foreuer shine."

Above the book

With eye intent I bent my head,  
 And drank up with absorbing look  
 The lines upon the parchment spread.  
 The heart that throb'd with teeming thought,  
 The brain that dreamt, the hand that wrought,  
 The very name, were clean forgot.  
 A colorless forget-me-not,  
 That once had tint, in some gone spring  
 Among its fellows blossoming,  
 Lay 'twixt the leaves. Press'd dead and dry,  
 It seem'd to shrink beneath my eye,  
 Half shamed by its own irony;  
 And half alive with mute appeal  
 It look'd up to me pleadingly.  
 But time and fate had set their seal  
 In one grim, sombre word, "Forgot,"  
 Despite the dead forget-me-not.  
 Its color of a far-off spring,  
 Its fragrant purple blossoming,  
 Was press'd into the yellow'd page.

I closed the dusty tome, and left  
 The flower, of scent and hue bereft,  
 Betwixt the leaves. Some future age  
 May lift the volume from its place,  
 And on its moth-worn pages trace  
 This self-same legend grim, "Forgot,"  
 Beneath the dead forget-me-not.



## SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER LII.

#### KIND ENQUIRIES.

THAT notable year, and signal mark in all the great annals of England, the year 1805, began with gloom and great depression. Food was scarce, and so was money; wars, and rumours of worse than war; discontent of men who owed it to their birth and country to stand fast, and trust in God, and vigorously defy the devil; sinkings even of strong hearts, and quailing of spirits that had never quailed before; passionate outcry for peace without honour, and even without safety; savage murmurings at wise measures and at the burdens that must be borne—none but those who lived through all these troubles could count half of them. If such came now, would the body of the nation strive to stand against them, or fall in the dust, and be kicked and trampled, sputtering namby-pamby? Britannia now is always wrong, in the opinion of her wisest sons, if she dares to defend herself even against weak enemies; what then would her crime be if she buckled her corselet against the world! To prostitute their mother is the philanthropy of Communists.

But while the anxious people who had no belief in foreigners were watching by the dark waves, or at the twilight window trembling (if ever a shooting-star drew train, like a distant rocket-signal), or in their sleepy beds scared, and jumping up if a bladder burst upon a jam-pot, no one attempted to ridicule them, and no public journal pronounced that the true British flag was the white feather. It has been left for times when the power of England is tenfold what it was then, and her duties a hundredfold, to tell us that sooner than use the one for the proper discharge of the other, we must break it up and let them go to pot upon it, for fear of hurting somebody that stuck us in the back.

But who of a right mind knows not this, and who with a wrong one will heed it? The only point is that the commonest truisms come upon utterance sometimes, and take didactic form too late; even as we shout to our comrade prone, and beginning to rub his poor nose, "Look out!" And this is what everybody did with one accord, when he was down

upon his luck—which is far more momentous than his nose to any man—in the case of Rector Twemlow.

That gentleman now had good reason for being in less than his usual cheer and comfort. Everything around him was uneasy, and everybody seemed to look at him, instead of looking up to him, as the manner used to be. This was enough to make him feel unlike himself; for although he was resolute in his way, and could manage to have it with most people, he was not of that iron style which takes the world as wax to write upon. Mr. Twemlow liked to heave his text at the people of his parish on Sunday, and to have his joke with them on Monday; as the fire that has burned a man makes the kettle sing to comfort him. And all who met him throughout the week were pleased with him doubly, when they remembered his faithfulness in the pulpit.

But now he did his duty softly, as if some of it had been done to him; and if anybody thanked him for a fine discourse, he never endeavoured to let him have it all again. So far was he gone from his natural state that he would rather hear nothing about himself than be praised enough to demand reply; and this shows a world-wide depression to have arrived in the latitude of a British waistcoat. However, he went through his work, as a Briton always does, until he hangs himself; and he tried to try some of the higher consolation, which he knew so well how to administer to others.

Those who do not understand the difference of this might have been inclined to blame him; but all who have seen a clever dentist with the toothache are aware that his knowledge adds acuteness to the pain. Mr. Twemlow had borne great troubles well, and been cheerful even under long suspense; but now a disappointment close at home, and the grief of beholding his last hopes fade, were embittered by mystery and dark suspicions. In despair at last of recovering his son, he had fastened upon his only daughter the interest of his declining life; and now he was vexed with misgivings about her, which varied as frequently as she did. It was very unpleasant to lose the chance of having a grandchild capable of rocking



in a silver cradle; but that was a trifle compared with the prospect of having no grandchild at all, and perhaps not even a child to close his eyes. And even his wife, of long habit and fair harmony, from whom he had never kept any secret—frightful as might be the cost to his honour—even Mrs. Twemlow shook her head sometimes, when the arrangement of her hair permitted it, and doubted whether any of the Carne Castle Carnes would have borne with such indignity.

"Prosecute him, prosecute him," this good lady always said. "You ought to have been a magistrate, Joshua—the first magistrate in the Bible was that—and then you would have known how to do things. But because you would have to go to Sir Charles Darling—whose *Sir* can never put him on the level of the Carnes—you have some right feeling against taking out a summons. In that I agree with you; it would be very dreadful here. But in London he might be punished, I am sure; and I know a great deal about the law, for I never had any one connected with me who was not a magistrate; the Lord Mayor has a Court of his own for trying the corporation under the chair; and if this was put properly before him by a man like Mr. Furkettle, upon the understanding that he should not be paid unless he won his case, I am sure the result would be three years' imprisonment. By that time he would have worn out his coat with jailer's keys upon it, which first attracted our poor Eliza; or if he was not allowed to wear it, it would go out of fashion, and be harmless. No one need know a word about it here, for Captain Stubbard would oblige us gladly by cutting it out of the London papers. My dear, you have nobody ill in the parish; I will put up your things, and see you off to-morrow. We will dine late on Friday, to suit the coach; and you will be quite fit for Sunday work again, if you keep up your legs on a chair all Saturday."

"If ever I saw a straightforward man," Mr. Twemlow used to answer, "it was poor Percival Shargeloes. He is gone to a better world, my dear. And if he continued to be amenable to law, this is not a criminal, but a civil case."

"A nice case of civility, Joshua! But you always stand up for your sex. Does the coach take people to a better world? A stout gentleman, like him, was seen inside the coach, muffled up in a cravat of

three colours, and eating at frequent intervals."

"The very thing poor Percival never did. That disposes to my mind of that foolish story. My dear, when all truth comes to light, you will do justice to his memory."

"Yes, I dare say. But I should like to do it now. If you entertain any dark ideas, it is your duty to investigate them. Also to let me share them, Joshua, as I have every right to do."

This was just what the Rector could not do; otherwise he might have been far more happy. Remembering that last conversation with his prospective son-in-law, and the poor man's declaration that the suspicious matter at the castle ought to be thoroughly searched out at once, he nourished a dark suspicion, which he feared to impart to his better half, the aunt of the person suspected. But the longer he concealed it, the more unbearable grew this misery to a candid nature, until he was compelled, in self-defence, to allow it some sort of outlet. "I will speak to the fellow myself," he said, heartily disliking the young man now, "and judge from his manner what next I ought to do."

This resolution gave him comfort, much as he hated any interview with Carne, who treated him generally with cold contempt. And, like most people who have formed a decision for the easing of the conscience, he accepted very patiently the obstacles encountered. In the first place, Carne was away upon business; then he was laid up with a heavy cold; then he was much too hard at work (after losing so much time) to be able to visit Springhaven; and to seek him in his ruins was most unsafe, even if one liked to do it. For now it was said that two gigantic dogs, as big as a bull and as fierce as a tiger, roved among the ruins all day, and being always famished, would devour in two minutes any tempting stranger with a bit of flesh or fat on him. The Rector, patting his gaiters, felt that instead of a pastor he might become a very sweet repast to them, and his delicacy was renewed and deepened. He was bound to wait until his nephew appeared at least inside his parish.

Therefore the time of year was come almost to the middle of February when Mr. Twemlow at last obtained the chance he required and dreaded. He heard that





"HERE WERE BANKS OF EARTH AND THICKET, SHADOWY DELLS WHERE THE PRIMROSE GREW."

his nephew had been seen that day to put up his horse in the village, and would probably take the homeward road as soon as it grew too dark to read. So he got through his own work (consisting chiefly of newspaper, dinner, and a cool clay pipe, to equalise mind with matter), and having

thus escaped the ladies, off he set by the lobby door, carrying a good thick stick. As the tide would be up, and only deep sand left for the heavy track of the traveller, he chose the inland way across the lower part of the Admiral's grounds, leading to the village by a narrow plank bridge



across the little stream among some trees. Here were banks of earth and thicket, shadowy dells where the primrose grew, and the cuckoo-pint, and wood-sorrel, and perhaps in summer the glowworm breathed her mossy gleam under the blackberries.

And here Parson Twemlow was astonished, though he had promised himself to be surprised no more, after all he had been through lately. As he turned a sharp corner by an ivied tree, a breathless young woman ran into his arms.

"Oh!" cried the Rector, for he was walking briskly, with a well-nourished part of his system forward—"oh, I hope you have not hurt yourself. No doubt it was my fault. Why, Dolly! What a hurry you are in! And all alone—all alone, almost after dark!"

"To be sure; and that makes me in such a hurry;" Miss Dolly was in sad confusion. "But I suppose I am safe in my father's own grounds."

"From everybody, except yourself, my dear," Mr. Twemlow replied, severely. "Is your father aware, does your sister know, that you are at this distance from the house after dark, and wholly without a companion?"

"It is not after dark, Mr. Twemlow; although it is getting darker than I meant it to be. I beg your pardon for terrifying you. I hope you will meet with no other perils! Good-night! Or at least I mean, good-afternoon!"

"The brazen creature!" thought Mr. Twemlow, as the girl without another word disappeared. "Not even to offer me any excuse! But I suppose she had no fib handy. She will come to no good, I am very much afraid. Maria told me that she was getting very wilful; but I had no idea that it was quite so bad as this. I am sorry for poor Scudamore, who thinks her such an angel. I wonder if Carne is at the bottom of this? There is nothing too bad for that dark young man. I shall ascertain at any rate whether he is in the village. But unless I look sharp I shall be too late to meet him. Oh, I can't walk so fast as I did ten years ago."

Impelled by duty to put best leg foremost, and taking a short-cut above the village, he came out upon the lane leading towards the castle, some half-mile or so beyond the last house of Springhaven. Here he waited to recover breath, and prepare for what he meant to say, and he was

sorry to perceive that light would fail him for strict observation of his nephew's face. But he chose the most open spot he could find, where the hedges were low, and nothing overhung the road.

Presently he heard the sound of hoofs approaching leisurely up the hill, and could see from his resting-place that Carne was coming, sitting loosely and wearily on his high black horse. Then the Rector, to cut short an unpleasant business, stood boldly forth and hailed him.

"No time for anything now," shouted Carne; "too late already. Do you want my money? You are come to the wrong man for that; but the right one, I can tell you, for a bullet."

"Caryl, it is I, your uncle Twemlow, or at any rate the husband of your aunt. Put up your pistol, and speak to me a minute. I have something important to say to you. And I never can find you at the castle."

"Then be quick, sir, if you please;" Carne had never condescended to call this gentleman his uncle. "I have little time to spare. Out with it."

"You were riding very slowly for a man in a hurry," said the Rector, annoyed at his roughness. "But I will not keep you long, young man. For some good reasons of your own you have made a point of avoiding us, your nearest relatives in this country, and to whom you addressed yourself before you landed in a manner far more becoming. Have I ever pressed my attentions upon you?"

"No, I confess that you have not done that. You perceived as a gentleman how little there was in common between the son of a devoted Catholic and a heretic clergyman."

"That is one way to put it," Mr. Twemlow answered, smiling in spite of his anger at being called a heretic; "but I was not aware that you had strong religious views. However that may be, we should have many things in common, as Englishmen, at a time like this. But what I came to speak of is not that. We can still continue to get on without you, although we would rather have met with friendly feeling and candour, as becomes relatives. But little as you know of us, you must be well aware that your cousin Eliza was engaged to be married to a gentleman from London, Mr. Percival Shargeloes, and that he—"

"I am sure I wish her all happiness,





"WHY, DOLLY! WHAT A HURRY YOU ARE IN!"

and congratulate you, my dear sir, as well as my aunt Maria. I shall call, as soon as possible, to offer my best wishes. It was very kind of you to tell me. Good-night, sir, good-night! There is a shower coming."



"But," exclaimed the Rector, nonplussed for the moment by this view of the subject, yet standing square before the horse, "Shargeloes has disappeared. What have you done with him?"

Carne looked at his excellent uncle as if he had much doubt about his sanity. "Try to explain yourself, my dear sir. Try to connect your ideas," he said, "and offer me the benefit another time. My horse is impatient; he may strike you with his foot."

"If he does, I shall strike him upon the head," Mr. Twemlow replied, with his heavy stick ready. "It will be better for you to hear me out. Otherwise I shall procure a search-warrant, and myself examine your ruins, of which I know every crick and cranny. And your aunt Maria shall come with me, who knows every stone even better than you do. That would be a very different thing from an overhauling by Captain Stubbard. I think we should find a good many barrels and bales that had paid no duty."

"My dear uncle," cried Carne, with more affection than he ever yet had shown, "that is no concern of yours; you have no connection with the Revenue; and I am sure that Aunt Maria would be loth to help in pulling down the family once more. But do as you please. I am accustomed to ill fortune. Only I should like to know what this is about poor Cousin Eliza. If any man has wronged her, leave the case to me. You have no son now, and the honour of the family shall not suffer in my hands. I will throw up everything, busy as I am, to make such a rascal bite the dust. And Eliza so proud, and so upright herself!"

"Caryl," said his uncle, moved more than he liked to show by this fine feeling, "you know more, I see, than you liked to show at first, doubtless through goodwill to us. Your dear aunt wished to keep the matter quiet, for the sake of poor Eliza, and her future chances. But I said—No. Let us have it all out. If there is wrong, we have suffered, not done it. Concealment is odious to every honest mind."

"Deeply, deeply odious. Upon that point there can be no two opinions"—he forgets his barrels, thought the Rector—"but surely this man, whatever his name is—Charleygoes—must have been hiding from you something in his own history.

Probably he had a wife already. City men often do that when young, and then put their wives somewhere when they get rich, and pay visits, and even give dinners, as if they were bachelors to be sought after. Was Charleygoes that sort of a man?"

"His name is 'Shargeloes,' a name well known, as I am assured, in the highest quarters. And he certainly was not sought after by us, but came to me with an important question bearing on ichthyology. He may be a wanderer, as you suggest, and as all the ladies seem to think. But my firm belief is to the contrary. And my reason for asking you about him is a very clear one. He had met you twice, and felt interest in you as a future member of our family. You had never invited him to the castle; and the last intention he expressed in my hearing was to call upon you without one. Has he met with an accident in your cellars? Or have your dogs devoured him? He carried a good deal of flesh, in spite of all he could do to the contrary; and any man naturally might endeavour to hush up such an incident. Tell me the truth, Caryl. And we will try to meet it."

"My two dogs (who would never eat any one, though they might pull down a stranger, and perhaps pretend to bite him) arrived here the first week in January. When did Charleygoes disappear? I am not up in dates, but it must have been weeks and weeks before that time. And I must have heard of it, if it had happened. I may give you my honour that Orso and Leo have not eaten Charleygoes."

"You speak too lightly of a man in high position, who would have been Lord Mayor of London, if he had never come to Springhaven. But living or dead, he shall never be that now. Can you answer me, in the same straightforward manner, as to an accident in your cellars; which, as a gentleman upon a private tour, he had clearly no right to intrude upon?"

"I can answer you quite as clearly. Nothing accidental has happened in my cellars. You may come and see them, if you have any doubt about it. And you need not apply for a search-warrant."

"God forbid, my dear fellow," cried the uncle, "that I should intrude upon any little matters of delicacy, such as are apt to arise between artificial laws and gentlemen who happen to live near the sea, and to have large places that require restor-





MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

From the original painting by Captain Middleton, in England. By special permission of the owners.  
[See "Springhaven," at the beginning of Chapter LVI.]







ing! I shall go home with a lighter heart. There is nothing in this world that brings the comfort of straightforwardness."

## CHAPTER LIII.

### TIME AND PLACE.

IN a matter like that French invasion, which had been threatened for such a time, and kept so long impending, "the cry of wolf" grows stale at last, and then the real danger comes. Napoleon had reckoned upon this, as he always did upon everything, and for that good reason he had not grudged the time devoted to his home affairs. These being settled according to his will, and mob turned into pomp as gaily as grub turns into butterfly, a strong desire for a little more glory arose in his mighty but ill-regulated mind. If he could only conquer England, or even without that fetch her down on her knees and make her lick her own dust off the feet of Frenchmen, from that day forth all the nations of the earth must bow down before him. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, though they might have had the power, never would have plucked the spirit up, to resist him hand in hand, any more than skittle-pins can back one another up against the well-aimed ball.

The balance of to-be or not-to-be, as concerned our country (which many now despise, as the mother of such disloyal children), after all that long suspension, hung in the clouds of that great year; and a very cloudy year it was, and thick with storms on land and sea. Storm was what the Frenchmen longed for, to disperse the British ships; though storm made many an Englishman, pulling up the counterpane as the window rattled, thank the Father of the weather for keeping the enemy ashore and in a fright. But the greatest peril of all would be in the case of fog succeeding storm, when the mighty flotilla might sweep across before our ships could resume blockade, or even a frigate intercept.

One of the strangest points in all this period of wonders, to us who after the event are wise, is that even far-sighted Nelson and his watchful colleagues seem to have had no inkling of the enemy's main project. Nelson believed Napoleon to be especially intent on Egypt; Collingwood expected a sudden dash on Ireland;

others were sure that his object was Jamaica; and many maintained that he would step ashore in India. And these last came nearest to the mark upon the whole, for a great historian (who declares, like Caryl Carne, that a French invasion is a blessing to any country) shows that, for at least a month in the spring of 1805, his hero was revolving a mighty scheme for robbing poor England of blissful ravage, and transferring it to India.

However, the master of the world—as he was called already, and meant soon to be—suddenly returned to his earlier design, and fixed the vast power of his mind upon it. He pushed with new vigour his preparations, which had been slackened awhile, he added 30,000 well-trained soldiers to his force already so enormous, and he breathed the quick spirit of enterprise into the mighty mass he moved. Then, to clear off all obstacles, and ensure clear speed of passage, he sent sharp orders to his Admirals to elude and delude the British fleets, and resolved to enhance that delusion by his own brief absence from the scene.

Meanwhile a man of no importance to the world, and of very moderate ambition, was passing a pleasant time in a quiet spot, content to be scarcely a spectator even of the drama in rehearsal around him. Scudamore still abode with M. Jalais, and had won his hearty friendship, as well as the warm good-will of that important personage Madame Fropot. Neither of these could believe at first that any Englishman was kind and gentle, playful in manner, and light-hearted, easily pleased, and therefore truly pleasing. But as soon as they saw the poor wounded ox brought home by a ford, and settled happily in the orchard, and received him as a free gift from their guest, national prejudices dwindled very fast, and domestic good feeling grew faster. M. Jalais, although a sound Frenchman, hated the Empire and all that led up to it; and as for Madame Fropot, her choicest piece of cookery might turn into cinders, if anybody mentioned conscription in her presence. For she had lost her only son, the entire hope of her old days, as well as her only daughter's lover, in that lottery of murder.

Nine out of ten of the people in the village were of the same way of thinking. A great army cannot be quartered anywhere, even for a week, without scatter-



ing brands of ill-will all around it. The swagger of the troops, their warlike airs, and loud contempt of the undrilled swain, the dash of a coin on the counter when they deign to pay for anything, the insolent wink at every modest girl, and the coarse joke running along apish mouths—even before dark crime begins, native antipathy is sown and thrives. And now for nearly four years this coast had never been free from the arrogant strut, the clanking spur, and the loud guffaw, which in every age and every clime have been considered the stamp of valour by ploughboys at the paps of Bellona. So weary was the neighbourhood of this race, new conscripts always keeping up the pest, that even the good M. Jalais longed to hear that the armament lay at the bottom of the Channel. And Scudamore would have been followed by the good wishes of every house in the village, if he had lifted his hat and said, "Good-bye, my dear friends; I am breaking my parole."

For this, though encouraged by the popular voice, he was not sufficiently liberal, but stayed within bounds of space and time more carefully than if he had been watched. Captain Desportes, who had been in every way a true friend to him, came to see him now and then, being now in command of a division of the prames, and naturally anxious for the signal to unmoor. Much discourse was held, without brag on either side, but with equal certainty on both sides of success. And in one of these talks the Englishman in the simplest manner told the Frenchman all that he had seen on Christmas Eve, and his own suspicions about it.

"Understand this well," continued Scudamore; "if I discover any treachery on the part of my own countrymen, I shall not be able to stop here on the terms that have been allowed me. Whatever the plan may be, I shall feel as if I were a party to it, if I accepted my free range and swallowed my suspicions. With your proceedings I do not meddle, according to fair compact, and the liberal conditions offered. But to see my own countrymen playing my country false is more than I could stand. You know more of such things than I do. But if you were an Englishman, could you endure to stand by and hide treachery, for the sake of your own comfort?"

"Beyond a doubt, no," Captain Des-

portes answered, spreading his hand with decision: "in such a case I should throw up my parole. But a mere suspicion does not justify an act so ungracious to the commander, and personally so unkind to me. I hoped that bright eyes might persuade you to forego hard knocks, and wear none but gentle chains among us. Nature intended you for a Frenchman. You have the gay heart, and the easy manner, and the grand philosophy of our great nation. Your name is Blyth, and I know what that intends."

Scudamore blushed, for he knew that Madame Fropot was doing her best to commit him with a lovely young lady not far off, who had felt a tender interest in the cheerful English captive. But after trying to express once more the deep gratitude he felt towards those who had been so wonderfully kind and friendly, he asked with a smile, and a little sigh behind it, what he must do, if compelled by duty to resign his present privileges.

"My faith! I scarcely know," replied Desportes; "I have never had such a case before. But I think you must give me a written notice, signed by yourself and by M. Jalais, and allow a week to pass, and then, unless you have heard from me, present yourself to the commandant of the nearest post, which must be, I suppose, at Étaples. Rather a rough man he is; and I fear you will have reason for regret. The duty will then remain with him. But I beg you, my dear friend, to continue as you are. Tush, it is nothing but some smuggler's work."

Scudamore hoped that he might be right, and for some little time was not disturbed by any appearance to the contrary. But early in the afternoon one day, when the month of March was near its close, he left his books for a little fresh air, and strolled into the orchard, where his friend the ox was dwelling. This worthy animal, endowed with a virtue denied to none except the human race, approached him lovingly, and begged to draw attention to the gratifying difference betwixt wounds and scars. He offered his broad brow to the hand, and his charitable ears to be tickled, and breathed a quick issue of good feeling and fine feeding, from the sensitive tucks of his nostrils, as a large-hearted smoker makes the air go up with gratitude.

But as a burnt child dreads the fire, the seriously perforated animal kept one



eye vigilant of the northern aspect, and the other studious of the south. And the gentle Scuddy (who was finding all things happy, which is the only way to make them so) was startled by a sharp jerk of his dear friend's head. Following the clue of gaze, there he saw, coming up the river with a rollicking self-trust, a craft uncommonly like that craft which had mounted every sort of rig and flag, and carried every kind of crew, in his many dreams about her. This made him run back to his room at once, not only in fear of being seen upon the bank, but also that he might command a better view, with the help of his landlord's old spy-glass.

Using this, which he had cleaned from the dust of ages, he could clearly see the faces of the men on board. Of these there were six, of whom five at least were Englishmen, or of English breed. As the pilot-boat drew nearer, and the sunlight fell upon her, to his great surprise he became convinced that the young man at the tiller was Dan Tugwell, the son of the captain of Springhaven. Four of the others were unknown to him, though he fancied that he had seen two of them before, but could not remember when or where. But he watched with special interest the tall man lounging against the little door of the cuddy in the bows, whose profile only was presented to him. Then the boat canted round towards the entrance of the creek, and having his glass upon the full face of the man, he recognised him as Caryl Carne, whom he had met more than once at Springhaven.

His darkest suspicions were at once redoubled, and a gush of latent jealousy was added to them. In happier days, when he was near his lady-love, some whispers had reached him about this fellow, whose countenance had always been repulsive to him, arrogant, moody, and mysterious. His good mother also, though most careful not to harass him, had mentioned that Carne in her latest letter, and by no means in a manner to remove his old misgivings. As a matter now of duty to his country and himself, the young sailor resolved to discover, at any risk, what traitorous scheme had brought this dark man over here.

To escape the long circuit by the upper bridge, he had obtained leave, through M. Jalais, to use an old boat which was kept in a bend of the river about a mile above

the house. And now, after seeing that English boat make for the creek where she had been berthed on Christmas Eve, he begged Madame Fropot to tell his host not to be uneasy about him, and taking no weapon but a ground-ash stick, set forth to play spy upon traitors. As surely as one foot came after the other, he knew that every step was towards his grave, if he made a mistake, or even met bad luck; but he twirled his light stick in his broad brown hand, and gently invaded the French trees around with an old English song of the days when still an Englishman could compose a song. But this made him think of that old-fashioned place Springhaven; and sadness fell upon him, that the son of its captain should be a traitor.

Instead of pulling across the river, to avoid the splash of oars he sculled with a single oar astern, not standing up and wallowing in the boat, but sitting and cutting the figure of 8 with less noise than a skater makes. The tide being just at slack-water, this gave him quite as much way as he wanted, and he steered into a little bight of the southern bank, and made fast to a stump, and looked about; for he durst not approach the creek until the light should fade and the men have stowed tackle and begun to feed. The vale of the stream afforded shelter to a very decent company of trees, which could not have put up with the tyranny of the west wind upon the bare brow of the coast. Most of these trees stood back a little from the margin of high tide, reluctant to see themselves in the water, for fear of the fate of Narcissus. But where that clandestine boat had glided into gloom and greyness, a fosse of Nature's digging, deeply lined with wood and thicket, offered snug harbourage to craft and fraud.

Scudamore had taken care to learn the ups and downs of the riverside ere this, and knew them now as well as a native, for he had paid many visits to the wounded ox, whom he could not lead home quite as soon as he had hoped, and he had found a firm place of the little river, easy to cross when the tide was out. With the help of this knowledge he made his way to the creek, without much risk of being observed, and then, as he came to the crest of the thicket, he lay down and watched the interlopers.

There was the boat, now imbedded in



the mud, for the little creek was nearly dry by this time. Her crew had all landed, and kindled a fire, over which hung a kettle full of something good, which they seemed to regard with tender interest; while upon a grassy slope some few yards to the right a trooper's horse was tethered. Carne was not with them, but had crossed the creek, as the marks of his boots in the mud declared; and creeping some little way along the thicket, Scudamore descried him walking to and fro impatiently in a little hollow place, where the sailors could not see him. This was on Scudamore's side of the creek, and scarcely fifty yards below him. "He is waiting for an interview with somebody," thought Scuddy: "if I could only get down to that little shanty, perhaps I should hear some fine treason. The wind is the right way to bring me every word he says."

Keeping in shelter when the traitor walked towards him, and stealing on silently when his back was turned, the young sailor managed to ensconce himself unseen in the rough little wattle shed made by his own hands for the shelter of his patient, when a snow-storm had visited the valley of the Canche last winter. Nothing could be better fitted for his present purpose, inasmuch as his lurking-place could scarcely be descried from below, being sheltered by two large trees and a screen of drooping ivy, betwixt and below which it looked no more than a casual meeting of bushes; while on the other hand the open space beneath it was curved like a human ear, to catch the voice and forward it.

While Scudamore was waiting here and keenly watching everything, the light began to falter, and the latest gleam of sunset trembled with the breath of Spring among the buds and catkins. But the tall man continued his long, firm stride, as if the watch in his pocket were the only thing worth heeding. Until, as the shadows lost their lines and flowed into the general depth, Carne sprang forward, and a horse and rider burst into the silence of the grass and moss and trees.

Carne made a low obeisance, retired a little, and stood hat in hand, until it should please the other man to speak. And Scudamore saw, with a start of surprise, that the other man was Napoleon.

This great man appeared, to the mild English eyes that were watching him so

intently, of a very different mood and visage from those of their last view of him. Then the face, which combined the beauty of Athens with the strength of Rome, was calm, and gentle, and even sweet, with the rare indulgence of a kindly turn. But now, though not disturbed with wrath, nor troubled by disappointment, that face (which had helped to make his fortune, more than any woman's had ever done for her) was cast, even if the mould could be the same, in a very different metal. Stern force and triumphant vigour shone in every lineament, and the hard bright eyes were intent with purpose that would have no denial.

Refusing Carne's aid, he remained on his horse, and stroked his mane for a moment, for he loved any creature that served him well, and was tender of heart when he could afford it; which added to his power with mankind.

"Are all your men well out of ear-shot?" he asked; and receiving assurance from Carne, went on. "Now you will be satisfied at length. You have long been impatient. It is useless to deny it. All is arranged, and all comes to a head within three months, and perhaps within two. Only four men will know it besides yourself, and three of those four are commanders of my fleet. A short time will be occupied in misleading those British ships that beleaguer us; then we concentrate ours, and command the Channel; if only for three days, that will be enough. I depart for Italy in three days or in four, to increase the security of the enemy. But I shall return, without a word to any one, and as fast as horses can lay belly to the ground, when I hear that our ships have broken out. I shall command the invasion, and it will be for England to find a man to set against me."

"England will have difficulty, sire, in doing that," Carne answered, with a grim smile, for he shared the contempt of English Generals then prevalent. "If the Continent cannot do it, how can the poor England? Once let your Majesty land, and all is over. But what are your Majesty's orders for me? And where do you propose to make the landing?"

"Never ask more than one question at a time," Napoleon answered, with his usual curtness; "my orders to you are to return at once. Prepare your supplies for a moment's notice. Through private influence of some fair lady, you have com-



mand of the despatches of that officer at Springport, who has the control of the naval forces there. Ha! what was that? I heard a sound up yonder. Hasten up, and see if there is any listener. It seemed to be there, where the wood grows thick."

Blyth Scudamore, forgetful of himself, had moved, and a dry stick cracked beneath his foot. Carne, at the Emperor's glance and signal, sprang up the bank, with the help of some bushes, drew his sword and passed it between the wattles, then parted them and rushed through, but saw no sign of any one. For Scuddy had slipped away, as lightly as a shadow, and keeping in a mossy trough, had gained another shelter. Here he was obliged to slink in the smallest possible compass, kneeling upon both knees, and shrugging in both shoulders. Peering very sharply through an intertwist of suckers (for his shelter was a stool of hazel, thrown up to repair the loss of stem), he perceived that the Emperor had moved his horse a little when Carne rejoined and reassured him. And this prevented Scudamore from being half so certain as he would have liked to be, about further particulars of this fine arrangement.

"No," was the next thing he heard Napoleon say, whose power of saying "no" had made his "yes" invincible; "no, it is not to be done like that. You will await your instructions, and not move until you receive them from my own hand. Make no attempt to surprise anybody or anything, until I have ten thousand men ashore. Ten thousand will in six hours attain to fifty thousand, if the shore proves to be as you describe; so great is the merit of flat-bottomed boats. Your duty will be to leave the right surprise to us, and create a false one among the enemy. This you must do in the distance of the West, as if my Brest fleet were ravaging there, and perhaps destroying Plymouth. You are sure that you can command the signals for this?"

"Sire, I know everything as if I sat among it. I can do as I please with the fair secretary; and her father is an ancient fool."

"Then success is more easy than I wish to have it, because it will not make good esteem. If Nelson comes at all, he will be too late, as he generally is too early. London will be in our hands by the middle of July at the latest, probably much

earlier, and then Captain Carne shall name his own reward. Meanwhile forget not any word of what I said. Make the passage no more. You will not be wanted here. Your services are far more important where you are. You may risk the brave Charron, but not yourself. Send over by the 20th of May a letter to me, under care of Decrès, to be opened by no hand but mine, upon my return from Italy, and let the messengers wait for my reply. Among them must be the young man who knows the coast, and we will detain him for pilot. My reply will fix the exact date of our landing, and then you will despatch, through the means at your command, any English force that might oppose our landing, to the West, where we shall create a false alarm. Is all this clear to you? You are not stupid. The great point is to do all at the right time, having consideration of the weather."

"All is clear, and shall be carried out clearly, to the best of your Majesty's humble servant's power."

Napoleon offered his beautiful white hand, which Carne raised to his lips, and then the Emperor was gone. Carne returned slowly to the boat, with triumph written prematurely on his dark stern face; while Scudamore's brisk and ruddy features were drawn out to a wholly unwonted length, as he quietly made his way out of the covert.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

### IN A SAD FLIGHT.

"How shall I get out of this parole? Or shall I break it, instead of getting out? Which shall I think of first, my honour, or my country? The safety of millions, or the pride of one? An old Roman would have settled it very simply. But a Christian cannot do things so. Thank God there is no hurry, for a few days yet! But I must send a letter to Desportes this very night. Then I must consider about waiting for a week."

Scudamore, unable to think out his case as yet—especially after running as if his wind could turn a vane—was sitting on the bank, to let the river-bed get darker, before he put his legs into the mud to get across. For the tide was out, and the old boat high and dry, and a very weak water



remained to be crossed (though, like nearly all things that are weak, it was muddy), but the channel had a moist gleam in the dry spring air, and anybody moving would be magnified afar. He felt that it would never do for him, with such a secret, to be caught, and brought to book, or even to awake suspicion of his having it. The ancient Roman of whom he had thought would have broken parole for his country's sake, and then fallen on his sword for his own sake; but although such behaviour should be much admired, it is nicer to read of such things than to do them. Captain Scuddy was of large and steady nature, and nothing came to him with a jerk or jump—perhaps because he was such a jumper—and he wore his hat well on the back of his head, because he had no fear of losing it. But for all that he found himself in a sad quandary now.

To begin with, his parole was not an ordinary leave, afforded by his captors to save themselves trouble; but a special grace, issuing from friendship, and therefore requiring to be treated in a friendly vein. The liberality of these terms had enabled him to dwell as a friend among friends, and to overhear all that he had heard. In the balance of perplexities, this weighed heavily against his first impulse to cast away all except paramount duty to his country. In the next place, he knew that private feeling urged him as hotly as public duty to cast away all thought of honour, and make off. For what he had heard about the "fair secretary" was rankling bitterly in his deep heart. He recalled at this moment the admirable precept of an ancient sage, that in such a conflict of duties the doubter should incline to the course least agreeable to himself, inasmuch as the reasons against it are sure to be urged the most feebly in self-council. Upon the whole, the question was a nice one for a casuist; and if there had not been a day to spare, duty to his country must have overridden private faith.

However, as there was time to spare, he resolved to reconcile private honour with the sense of public duty; and returning to his room, wrote a careful letter (of which he kept a copy) to his friend Desportes, now on board, and commanding the flagship of one division of the flotilla. He simply said, without giving his reason, that his parole must expire in eight days

after date, allowing one day for delivery of his letter. Then he told M. Jalais what he had done, and much sorrow was felt in the household. When the time had expired without any answer from Captain Desportes, who meant to come and see him but was unable to do so, Scudamore packed up a few things needful, expecting to be placed in custody, and resolved to escape from it, at any risk of life. Then he walked to Étaples, a few miles down the river, and surrendered himself to the commandant there. This was a rough man—as Desportes had said—and with more work to do than he could manage. With very little ceremony he placed the English prisoner in charge of a veteran corporal, with orders to take him to the lock-up in the barracks, and there await further instructions. And then the commandant, in the hurry of his duties, forgot all about him.

Captain Scuddy now found himself in quarters and under treatment very trying to his philosophy. Not that the men who had him in charge were purposely unkind to him, only they were careless about his comfort, and having more important work to see to, fed him at their leisure, which did not always coincide with his appetite. Much of his food was watery and dirty, and seemed to be growing its own vegetables, and sometimes to have overripened them. Therefore he began to lose substance, and his cheeks became strangers to the buxom gloss which had been the delight of Madame Fropot. But although they did not feed him well, they took good care of him in other ways, affording no chance of exit.

But sour fruit often contains good pips. Scudamore's food was not worth saying grace for, and yet a true blessing attended it: forasmuch as the Frenchmen diminished the width of their prisoner, but not of the window. Falling away very rapidly, for his mind was faring as badly as his body (having nothing but regrets to feed upon, which are no better diet than daisy soup), the gentle Scuddy, who must have become a good wrangler if he had stopped at Cambridge, began to frame a table of cubic measure, and consider the *ratio* of his body to that window, or rather the aperture thereof. One night, when his supper had been quite forgotten by everybody except himself, he lay awake thinking for hours and hours about his fair Dolly and the wicked Carne, and all



the lies he must have told about her—for not a single syllable would Scudamore believe—and the next day he found himself become so soft and limp, as well as reduced to his lowest dimension, that he knew, by that just measure which a man takes of himself when he has but a shred of it left, that now he was small enough to go between the bars. And now it was high time to feel that assurance, for the morning brought news that the order for his removal to a great prison far inland was come, and would be carried out the next day. “Now or never” was the only chance before him.

Having made up his mind, he felt refreshed, and took his food with gratitude. Then, as soon as the night was dark and quiet, and the mighty host for leagues and leagues launched into the realms of slumber, springing with both feet well together, as he sprang from the tub at Stonnington, Scuddy laid hold of the iron bars which spanned the window vertically, opened the lattice softly, and peeped out in quest of sentinels. There were none on duty very near him, though he heard one pacing in the distance. Then flinging himself on his side, he managed, with some pain to his well-rounded chest, to squeeze it through the narrow slit, and hanging from the bar, dropped gently. The drop was deep, and in spite of all precautions he rolled to the bottom of a grassy ditch. There he lay quiet to rest his bruises, and watch whether any alarm was raised. Luckily for him, the moon was down, and no one had observed his venture. Crawling on all fours along a hollow place, he passed the outposts, and was free.

Free in mind as well as body, acquitted from all claims of honour, and able without a taint upon his name to bear most important news to England, if he could only get away from France. This would be difficult, as he was well aware; but his plan had been thoroughly considered in his prison, and he set forth to make the best of it. Before his escape had been discovered, he was under M. Jalais’ roof once more, and found his good friends resolved never to betray him. “But I must not expose you to the risk,” said he, “of heavy fine and imprisonment. I shall have to say good-bye to all your goodness in an hour. And I shall not even allow you to know what road I take, lest you should be blamed for sending my pur-

suers on the wrong one. But search my room in three days’ time, and you will find a packet to pay for something which I must steal for the present. I pray you, ask nothing, for your own sake.”

They fed him well, and he took three loaves, and a little keg of cider, as well as the bag he had packed before he surrendered himself at Étaples. Madame Fropot wept and kissed him, because he reminded her of her lost son; and M. Jalais embraced him, because he was not at all like any son of his. With hearty good wishes, and sweet regret, and promises never to forget them, the Englishman quitted this kind French house, and became at once a lawful and a likely mark for bullets.

The year was now filled with the flurry of Spring, the quick nick of time when a man is astonished at the power of Nature’s memory. A great many things had been left behind, mainly for their own good, no doubt—some of the animal, some of the vegetable, some of the mineral kingdom even—yet none of them started for anarchy. All were content to be picked up and brought on according to the power of the world, making allowance for the pinches of hard times, and the blows of east winds that had blown themselves out. Even the prime grumbler of the earth—a biped, who looks up to heaven for that purpose mainly—was as nearly content with the present state of things as he can be with anything, until it is the past. Scudamore only met one man, but that one declared it was a lovely night; and perhaps he was easier to please because he had only one leg left.

The stars had appeared, and the young leaves turned the freshness of their freedom towards them, whether from the crisp impulse of night, or the buoyant influence of kindness in the air. There was very little wind, and it was laden with no sound, except the distant voice of an indefatigable dog; but Scudamore perceived that when the tide set downwards, a gentle breeze would follow down the funnel of the river. Then he drew the ancient boat which he had used before to the mossy bank, and having placed his goods on board, fetched a pair of oars and the short mast and brown sail from the shed where they were kept, and at the top of a full tide launched forth alone upon his desperate enterprise.

There was faint light in the channel,



but the banks looked very dark; and just as he cast loose he heard the big clock at Montreuil, a great way up the valley, slowly striking midnight. And he took it for good omen, as he swiftly passed the orchard, that his old friend the ox trotted down to the corner, and showed his white forehead under a sprawling apple-tree, and gave him a salute, though he scarcely could have known him. By this time the breeze was freshening nicely, and Scudamore, ceasing to row, stepped the mast, and hoisting the brown sail, glided along at a merry pace and with a hopeful heart. Passing the mouth of the creek, he saw no sign of the traitorous pilot-boat, neither did he meet any other craft in channel, although he saw many moored at either bank. But nobody challenged him, as he kept in mid-stream, and braced up his courage for the two great perils still before him ere he gained the open sea. The first of these would be the outposts on either side at Étaples, not far from the barracks where he had been jailed, and here no doubt the sentinels would call him to account. But a far greater danger would be near the river's mouth, where a bridge of boats, with a broad gangway for troops, spanned the tidal opening.

There was no bridge across the river yet near the town itself, but, upon challenge from a sentry, Scudamore stood up and waved his hat, and shouted in fine nasal and provincial French, "The fisherman, Auguste Baudry, of Montreuil!" and the man withdrew his musket, and wished him good success. Then he passed a sandy island with some men asleep upon it, and began to fear the daybreak as he neared the bridge of boats. This crossed the estuary at a narrow part, and having to bear much heavy traffic, was as solid as a floating bridge can be. A double row of barges was lashed and chained together, between piles driven deep into the river's bed; along them a road of heavy planks was laid, rising and falling as they rose and fell with tide, and a drawbridge near the middle of about eight yards' span must suffice for the traffic of the little river. This fabric was protected from the heavy western surges by the shoals of the bar, and from any English dash by a strong shore battery at either end. At first sight it looked like a black wall across the river.

The darkness of night is supposed to be deepest just before dawn—but that depends upon the weather—and the sleep of weary

men is often in its prime at that time. Scudamore (although his life, and all that life hangs on from heaven, were quivering at the puff of every breeze) was enabled to derive some satisfaction from a yawn, such as goes the round of a good company sometimes, like the smell of the supper of sleep that is to come. Then he saw the dark line of the military bridge, and lowered his sail, and unstepped his little mast. The strength of the tide was almost spent, so that he could deal with this barrier at his leisure, instead of being hurled against it.

Unshipping the rudder and laying one oar astern, Scudamore fetched along the inner row of piles, for he durst not pass under the drawbridge, steering his boat to an inch while he sat with his face to the oar, working noiselessly. Then he spied a narrow opening between two barges, and drove his boat under the chain that joined them, and after some fending and groping with his hands in the darkness under the planks of the bridge, contrived to get out, when he almost despaired of it, through the lower tier of the supporters. He was quit of that formidable barrier now; but a faint flush of dawn and of reflection from the sea compelled him to be very crafty. Instead of pushing straightway for the bar and hoisting sail—which might have brought a charge of grape-shot after him—he kept in the gloom of the piles nearly into the left bank, and then hugged the shadow it afforded. Nothing but the desolate sands surveyed him, and the piles of wrack cast up by gales from the west. Then with a stout heart he stepped his little mast, and the breeze, which freshened towards the rising of the sun, carried him briskly through the tumble of the bar.

The young man knelt and said his morning prayer, with one hand still upon the tiller; for, like most men who have fought well for England, he had staunch faith in the Power that has made and guides the nations, until they rebel against it. So far his success had been more than his own unaided hand might work, or his brain with the utmost of its labours second. Of himself he cast all thoughts away, for his love seemed lost, and his delight was gone; the shores of his country, if he ever reached them, would contain no pleasure for him; but the happiness of millions might depend upon his life, and first of all that of his mother.





HIS OLD FRIEND THE OX TROTTED DOWN TO THE CORNER.

All by himself in this frail old tub, he could scarcely hope to cross the Channel, even in the best of weather, and if he should escape the enemy, while his scanty supplies held out. He had nothing to subsist on but three small loaves, and a little keg of cider, and an old tar tub which he had filled with brackish water, upon which the oily curdle of the tar was floating. But, for all that, he trusted that he might hold out, and retain his wits long enough to do good service.

The French coast, trending here for leagues and leagues nearly due north and south, is exposed to the long accumulating power of a western gale, and the mountain roll of billows that have known no check. If even a smart breeze from the west sprang up, his rickety little craft, intended only for inland navigation, would have small chance of living through the tumult. But his first care was to give a wide berth to the land and the many French vessels that were moored or moving, whether belonging to the great flotilla, or hastening to supply its wants. Many a time he would have stood forth boldly, as fast as the breeze and tide per-

mitted; but no sooner had he shaped a course for the open sea than some hostile sail appeared ahead and forced him to bear away until she was far onward. Thus, after a long day of vigilance and care, he was not more than five miles from land when the sun set, and probably further from the English coast than when he set forth in the morning; because he had stood towards the south of west all day, to keep out of sight of the left wing of the enemy; and as the straight outline of the coast began to fade, he supposed himself to be about half-way between the mouth of the Canche and that of the little Authie.

Watching with the eyes of one accustomed to the air the last communication of the sun, and his postscript (which, like a lady's, is the gist of what he means), Scudamore perceived that a change of weather might come shortly, and must come ere long. There was nothing very angry in the sky, nor even threatening; only a general uncertainty and wavering; "I wish you well all round," instead of "Here's a guinea apiece for you." Scud-dy understood it, and resolved to carry on.



Having no compass, and small knowledge of the coast—which lay out of range of the British investment—he had made up his mind to lie by for the night, or at any rate to move no more than he could help, for fear of going altogether in the wrong direction. He could steer by the stars—as great mariners did, when the world was all discovery—so long as the stars held their skirts up; but, on the other hand, those stars might lead him into the thick of the enemy. Of this, however, he must now take his chance, rather than wait and let the wind turn against him. For his main hope was to get into the track where British frigates, and ships of light draught like his own dear *Blonde*, were upon patrol, inside of the course of the great war chariots, the ships of the line, that drave heavily. Revolving much grist in the mill of his mind, as the sage Ulysses used to do, he found it essential to supply the motive power bodily. One of Madame Fropot's loaves was very soon disposed of, and a good draught of sound cider helped to renew his flagging energy.

Throughout that night he kept wide-awake, and managed to make fair progress, steering, as well as he could judge, a little to the west of north. But before sunrise the arrears of sleep increased at compound interest, and he lowered his sail, and discharged a part of the heavy sum scored against him. But when he awoke, and glanced around him with eyes that resented scanty measure, even a sleepy glance sufficed to show much more than he wished to see. Both sky and sea were overcast with doubt, and alarm, and evil foreboding. A dim streak lay where the land had been, and a white gleam quivered from the sunrise on the waves, as if he were spreading water-lilies instead of scattering roses. As the earth has its dew that foretells a bright day—whenever the dew is of the proper sort, for three kinds are established now—so the sea has a flit of bloom in the early morning (neither a colour, nor a sparkle, nor a vapour) which indicates peace and content for the day. But now there was no such fair token upon it, but a heavy and surly and treacherous look, with lumps here and there; as a man who intends to abuse us thrusts his tongue to get sharp in his cheek.

Scudamore saw that his poor old boat, scarcely sound enough for the men of Gotham, was already complaining of the

uncouth manners of the strange place to which she had been carried in the dark. That is to say, she was beginning to groan, at a very quiet slap in the cheeks, or even a thoroughly well-meaning push in the rear.

"You are welcome to groan, if you don't strain," exclaimed the heartless Captain Scuddy.

Even as he spoke he beheld a trickle of water glistening down the forward bends, and then a little rill, and then a spurt, as if a serious leak was sprung. He found the source of this, and contrived to caulk it with a strand of tarred rope for the present; but the sinking of his knife into the forward timber showed him that a great part of the bows was rotten. If a head-sea arose, the crazy old frame would be prone to break in bodily, where—as if he attempted to run before the sea, already beginning to rise heavily from the west, there was nothing to save the frail craft from being pooped. On every side it was a bad lookout, there was every sign of a gale impending, which he could not even hope to weather, and the only chance of rescue lay in the prompt appearance of some British ship.

Even in this sad plight his courage and love of native land prevailed against the acceptance of aid from Frenchmen, if any should approach to offer it. Rather would he lie at the bottom of the Channel, or drift about among contending fishes, than become again a prisoner with his secret in his mind, and no chance of sending it to save his country. As a forlorn hope, he pulled out a stump of pencil, and wrote on the back of a letter from his mother a brief memorandum of what he had heard, and of the urgency of the matter. Then taking a last draught of his tarry water, he emptied the little tub, and fixed the head in, after he had enclosed his letter. Then he fastened the tub to an oar, to improve the chance of its being observed, and laid the oar so that it would float off, in case of the frail boat foundering. The other oar he kept at hand to steer with, as long as the boat should live, and to help him to float, when she should have disappeared.

This being done, he felt easier in his mind, as a man who has prepared for the worst should do. He renewed his vigour, which had begun to flag under constant labour and long solitude, by consuming another of his loaves, and taking almost



the last draught of his cider, and after that he battled throughout the dreary day against the increase of bad weather. Towards the afternoon he saw several ships, one of which he took to be a British frigate; but none of them espied his poor labouring craft, or at any rate showed signs of doing so. Then a pilot-boat ran by him, standing probably for Boulogne, and at one time less than a league away. She appeared to be English, and he was just about to make signal for aid, when a patch in her foresail almost convinced him that she was the traitor of the Canche returning. She was probably out of her proper course in order to avoid the investing fleet, and she would run inside it when the darkness fell. Better to go to the bottom than invoke such aid; and he dropped the oar with his neckerchief upon it, and faced the angry sea again and the lonely despair of impending night.

What followed was wiped from his memory for years, and the loss was not much to be regretted. When he tried to think about it, he found nothing but a roaring of wind and of waves in his ears, a numbness of arms as he laboured with the oar tholed abaft to keep her heavy head up, a prickly chill in his legs as the brine in the wallowing boat ran up them, and then a great wallop and gollop of the element too abundant round him.

But at last, when long years should have brought more wisdom, he went poaching for supper upon Welsh rabbits. That night all the ghastly time came back, and stood minute by minute before him. Every swing of his body, and sway of his head, and swell of his heart, was repeated, the buffet of the billows when the planks were gone, the numb grasp of the slippery oar, the sucking down of legs which seemed turning into sea-weed, the dashing of dollops of surf into mouth and nose closed ever so carefully, and then the last sense of having fought a good fight, but fallen away from human arms, into "Oh Lord, receive my spirit!"

## CHAPTER LV.

### IN SAVAGE GUISE.

"A MAN came out of the sea to-day, and made me believe we were all found out," said the gay Charron to the gloomy Carne, a day or two after poor Scudamore's wreck.

"I never beheld a more strange-looking creature as the owner of our human face divine, as some of your poets have found to say. He has hair from his head all down to here"—the little Captain pointed to a part of his system which would have been larger in more tranquil times—"and his clothes were so thin that one was able to see through them, and the tint of his face was of roasted sugar, such as it is not to obtain in England. A fine place for fat things, but not for thin ones."

"My friend, you arouse my curiosity," the master of the feast, which was not a very fat one, answered, as he lazily crossed his long legs; "you are always apprehensive about detection, of which I have ceased to entertain all fear, during the short time that remains. This stranger of yours must have been very wet, if he had just appeared out of the sea. Was it that which made his clothes transparent, like those of the higher class of ladies?"

"You have not the right understanding of words. He was appeared out of the sea, but the wood of a boat was spread between them. He was as dry as I am; and that is saying much, with nothing but this squeezing of bad apples for to drink."

"Ah, we shall have better soon. What an impatient throat it is! Well, what became of this transparent man, made of burnt sugar, and with hair below his belt?"

"I tell you that you take it in a very different way. But he was a long man, as long almost as you are, and with much less of indolence in the moving of his legs. It was not sincerely wise for me to exhibit myself, in the land. I was watching for a signal from the sea, and a large ship, not of the navy but of merchants, was hanging off about a league and delaying for her boat. For this reason I prevented him from seeing me, and that created difficulty of my beholding him. But he was going along the basin of the sea towards Springhaven—'Springport' it is designated by the Little Corporal; ah ha, how the language of the English comes left to him!"

"And how right it comes to you, my friend, through your fine self-denial in speaking it with me! It is well for our cause that it is not sincerely wise for you to exhibit yourself in the land, or we should have you making sweet eyes at English young ladies, and settling down to roast beef and nut-brown ale. Fie,



then, my friend! where is your patriotism?"

"These English young ladies," said the Frenchman, unabashed, "are very fine, in my opinion—very fine indeed; and they could be made to dress, which is sincerely an external thing. By occasion, I have seen the very most belle, and charming and adorable of all the creatures ever made by the good God. And if she was to say to me, 'Abandon France, my Captain, and become my good husband'—and she has the money also—the fair France would go to the bottom, and the good ship *Charron* hoist the Union-jack."

"This becomes serious:" Carne had long learned to treat his French colleague with a large contempt: "I shall have to confine you in the Yellow Jar, my friend. But what young lady has bewitched you so, and led your most powerful mind astray?"

"I will tell you. I will make no secret of it. You have none of those lofty feelings, but you will be able in another to comprehend them. It is the daughter of the *Coast-Defender*—Admiral Charles Sir Darling."

"Admiral Darling has two daughters. Which of them has the distinguished honour of winning the regard of Captain Charron?"

"If there are two, it is so much more better. If I succeed not with one, I will try with the other. But the one who has made me captive for the present is the lady with the dark hair done up like this."

In a moment Charron had put up his hair, which was thick but short, into a double sheaf; and Carne knew at once that it was Faith whose charms had made havoc of the patriotism of his colleague. Then he smiled and said, "My friend, that is the elder daughter."

"I have some knowledge of the laws of England," the Frenchman continued, complacently; "the elder will have the most money, and I am not rich, though I am courageous. In the confusion that ensues I shall have the very best chance of commending myself; and I confide in your honourable feeling to give me the push forward by occasion. Say, is it well conceived, my friend? We never shall conquer these Englishmen, but we may be triumphant with their ladies."

"It is a most excellent scheme of invasion," Carne answered, with his slow sar-

castic smile, "and you may rely on me for what you call the push forward, if a Frenchman ever needs it with a lady. But I wish to hear more about that brown man."

"I can tell you no more. But the matter is strange. Perhaps he was visiting the fat Captain Stoober. I feel no solicitude concerning him with my angel. She would never look twice at such a savage."

But the gallant French Captain missed the mark this time. The strange-looking man with the long brown beard quitted the shore before he reached the stepping-stones, and making a short-cut across the rabbit-warren, entered the cottage of Zeb-dee Tugwell, without even stopping to knock at the door. The master was away, and so were all the children; but stout Mrs. Tugwell, with her back to the door, was tending the pot that hung over the fire. At the sound of a footstep she turned round, and her red face grew whiter than the ashes she was stirring.

"Oh, Mr. Erle, is it you, or your ghostie?" she cried, as she fell against the door of the brick oven. "Do 'e speak, for God's sake, if He have given the power to 'e."

"He has almost taken it away again, so far as the English language goes," Erle Twemlow answered, with a smile which was visible only in his eyes, through long want of a razor; "but I am picking up a little. Shake hands, Kezia, and then you will know me. Though I have not quite recovered that art as yet."

"Oh, Mr. Erle!" exclaimed Zeb-dee's wife, with tears ready to start for his sake and her own, "how many a time I've had you on my knees, afore I was blessed with any of my own, and a bad sort of blessing the best of 'em proves. Not that I would listen to a word again' him. I suppose you never did happen to run again' my Dan'el, in any of they furrin parts, from the way they makes the hair grow. I did hear tell of him over to Pebbleridge; but not likely, so nigh to his own mother, and never come no nigher. And if they furrin parts puts on the hair so heavily, who could 'a known him to Pebbleridge? They never was like we be. They'd as lief tell a lie as look at you, over there."

In spite of his own long years of trouble, or perhaps by reason of them, Erle Twemlow, eager as he was to get on, listened to the sad tale that sought for his advice, and departed from wisdom—as good-



nature always does—by offering useless counsel—counsel that could not be taken, and yet was far from being worthless, because it stirred anew the fount of hope, towards which the parched affections creep.

"But Lor bless me, sir, I never thought of you!" Mrs. Tugwell exclaimed, having thought out her self. "What did Parson say, and your mother, and Miss Faith? It must 'a been better than a play to see them."

"Not one of them knows a word about it yet; nor anybody in Springhaven, except you, Kezia. You were as good as my nurse, you know; I have never had a chance of writing to them, and I want you to help me to let them know it slowly."

"Oh, Mr. Erle, what a lovely young woman your Miss Faith is grown up by now! Some thinks more of Miss Dolly, but, to my mind, you may as well put a mackerel before a salmon, for the sake of the stripes and the glittering. Now what can I do to make you decent, sir, for them duds and that hair is barbarious? My Tabby and Debby will be back in half an hour, and them growing up into young maidens now."

Twemlow explained that after living so long among savages in a burning clime, he had found it impossible to wear thick clothes, and had been rigged up in some Indian stuff by the tailor of the ship which had rescued him. But now he supposed he must reconcile himself by degrees to the old imprisonment. But as for his hair, that should never be touched, unless he was restored to the British Army, and obliged to do as the others did. With many little jokes of a homely order, Mrs. Tugwell, regarding him still as a child, supplied him with her husband's summer suit of thin duck, which was ample enough not to gall him; and then she sent her daughters with a note to the Rector, begging him to come at seven o'clock to meet a gentleman who wished to see him upon important business, near the plank bridge across the little river. Erle wrote that note, but did not sign it; and after many years of happy



"WE MAY BE TRIUMPHANT WITH THEIR LADIES."

freedom from the pen, his handwriting was so changed that his own father would not know it. What he feared was the sudden shock to his good mother; his father's nerves were strong, and must be used as buffers.

"Another trouble, probably; there is nothing now but trouble," Mr. Twemlow was thinking, as he walked unwillingly towards the place appointed. "I wish I could only guess what I can have done to deserve all these trials, as I become less fit to bear them. I would never have come to this lonely spot, except that it may be about Shargeloes. Everything now is turned upside down; but the Lord knows best, and I must bear it. Sir, who are you? And what do you want me for?"

At the corner where Miss Dolly had rushed into the Rector's open arms so fast, a tall man, clad in white, was standing, with a staff about eight feet long in his hand. Having carried a spear for four years now, Captain Twemlow found no comfort in his native land until he had cut the tallest growth in Admiral Darling's osier bed, and peeled it, and shaved it to a seven-sided taper. He rested this point in a socket of moss, that it might not be blunted, and then replied:

"Father, you ought to know me, although you have grown much stouter in my absence; and perhaps I am thinner



than I used to be. But the climate disagreed with me, until I got to like it."

"Erle! Do you mean to say you are my boy Erle?" The Rector was particular about his clothes. "Don't think of touching me. You are hair all over, and I dare say never had a comb. I won't believe a word of it until you prove it."

"Well, mother will know me, if you don't." The young man answered calmly, having been tossed upon so many horns of adventure that none could make a hole in him. "I thought that you would have been glad to see me; and I managed to bring a good many presents; only they are gone on to London. They could not be got at, to land them with me; but Captain Southcombe will be sure to send them. You must not suppose, because I am empty-handed now—"

"My dear son," cried the father, deeply hurt, "do you think that your welcome depends upon presents? You have indeed fallen into savage ways. Come, and let me examine you through your hair; though the light is scarcely strong enough now to go through it. To think that you should be my own Erle, alive after such a time, and with such a lot of hair! Only, if there is any palm-oil on it—this is my last new coat but one."

"No, father, nothing that you ever can have dreamed of. Something that will make you a bishop, if you like, and me a member of the House of Lords. But I did not find it out myself—which makes success more certain."

"They have taught you some great truths, my dear boy. The man who begins a thing never gets on. But I am so astonished that I know not what I say. I ought to have thanked the Lord long ago. Have you got a place without any hair upon it large enough for me to kiss you?"

Erle Twemlow, whose hand in spite of all adventures trembled a little upon his spear, lifted his hat and found a smooth front, sure to be all the smoother for a father's kiss.

"Let us go home," said the old man, trying to exclude all excitement from his throat and heart; "but you must stay outside until I come to fetch you. I feel a little anxious, my dear boy, as to how your dear mother will get over it. She has never been strong since the bad news came about you. And somebody else has to be considered. But that must stand over till to-morrow."

## CHAPTER LVI.

### THE SILVER VOICE.

MANY shrewd writers have observed that Britannia has a special luck—which the more devout call Providence—in holding her own, against not only her true and lawful enemies, but even those of her own bosom who labour most to ruin her. And truly she had need of all her fortune now, to save her from the skulking traitor, as well as the raging adversary.

"Now I will have my revenge," said Carne, "on all who have outraged and plundered me. Crows—carrion-crows—I will turn them into owls without a nest. Prowling owls, to come blinking even now at the last of my poor relics! Charron, what did that fellow say to old Jerry, the day I tied the dogs up?"

"He said, my dear friend, that he missed from the paintings which he had taken to his house the most precious of them all—the picture of your dear grandmother, by a man whose name it is hard to pronounce, but a Captain in the British Army, very much fond of believing and painting all the most beautiful ladies; and since he had painted the mother of Vash—Vash—the man that conquered England in America—all his work was gone up to a wonderful price, and old Sheray should have one guinea if he would exhibit to him where to find it. Meedle or Beedle—he had set his heart on getting it. He declared by the good God that he would have it, and that you had got it under a tombstone."

"A sample of their persecutions! You know that I have never seen it, nor even heard of the Captain Middleton who went on his roving from Springhaven. And, again, about my own front-door, or rather the door of my family for some four centuries, because it was carved as they cannot carve now, it was put into that vile Indenture. I care very little for my ancestors—benighted Britons of the county type—but these things are personal insults to me. I seldom talk about them, and I will not do so now."

"My Captain, you should talk much about it. That would be the good relief to your extensive mind. Revenge is not of the bright French nature; but the sky of this island procreates it. My faith! how I would rage at England, if it were not for the people, and their daughters! We shall see; in a few days more we



shall astonish the fat John Bull; and then his little kittens—what do you call them?—calves of an ox, will come running to us.”

“Enough of your foolish talk,” said Carne. “The women are as resolute as the men. Even when we have taken London, not an English woman will come near us, until all the men have yielded. Go down to your station and watch for the boat. I expect an important despatch to-night. But I cannot stay here for the chance of it. I have business in Springhaven.”

His business in Springhaven was to turn young love to the basest use, to make a maiden (rash and flighty, but not as yet dishonourable) a traitor to her friends and father-land, and most of all to her own father. He had tried to poison Dolly’s mind with doses of social nonsense—in which he believed about as much as a quack believes in his own pills—but his main reliance now was placed in his hold upon her romantic heart, and in her vague ambitions. Pure and faithful love was not to be expected from his nature; but he had invested in Dolly all the affection he could spare from self. He had laboured long, and suffered much, and the red crown of his work was nigh.

Riding slowly down the hill about half a mile from the village, Carne saw a tall man coming towards him with a firm, deliberate walk. The stranger was dressed very lightly, and wore a hat that looked like a tobacco leaf, and carried a long wand in his hand, as if he were going to keep order in church. These things took the eye afar, but at shorter range became as nothing, compared with the aspect of the man himself. This was grand, with its steadfast gaze—no stare, but a calm and kind regard—its large tranquillity and power of receiving without believing the words of men; and most of all in the depth of expression reserved by experience in the forest of its hair.

Carne was about to pass in silent wonder and uneasiness, but the other gently laid the rod across his breast and stopped him, and then waited for him to ask the reason why.

“Have you any business with me, good sir?” Carne would have spoken rudely, but saw that rudeness would leave no mark upon a man like this. “If so, I must ask you to be quick. And perhaps you will tell me who you are.”

“I think that you are Caryl Carne,” said the stranger, not unpleasantly, but as if it mattered very little who was Caryl Carne, or whether there was any such existence.

Carne stared fiercely, for he was of touchy temper; but he might as well have stared at a bucket of water in the hope of deranging its tranquillity. “You know me. But I don’t know you,” he answered at last, with a jerk of his reins.

“Be in no hurry,” said the other, mildly; “the weather is fine, and time plentiful. I hope to have much pleasant knowledge of you. I have the honour to be your first cousin, Erle Twemlow. Shake hands with your kinsman.”

Carne offered his hand, but without his usual grace and self-possession. Twemlow took it in his broad brown palm; in which it seemed to melt away, firm though it was and muscular.

“I was going up to call on you,” said Twemlow, who had acquired a habit of speaking as if he meant all the world to hear. “I feel a deep interest in your fortunes, and hope to improve them enormously. You shall hear all about it when I come up. I have passed four years in the wilds of Africa, where no white man ever trod before, and I have found out things no white man knows. We call those people savages, but they know a great deal more than we do. Shall I call to-morrow, and have a long talk?”

“I fear,” replied Carne, who was cursing his luck for bringing this fellow home just now, “that I shall have no time for a week or two. I am engaged upon important business now, which will occupy my whole attention. Let me see! You are staying at the rectory, I suppose. The best plan will be for me to let you know when I can afford the pleasure of receiving you. In a fortnight, or three weeks at the latest—”

“Very well. I am never in a hurry. And I want to go to London to see about my things. But I dare say you will not object to my roving about the old castle now and then. I loved the old place as a boy, and I know every crick and cranny and snake-hole in it.”

“How glad they must have been to see you—restored from the dead, and with such rich discoveries! But you must be more careful, my good cousin, and create no more anxiety. Glad as I shall be to see you, when time allows that indulgence,





"BUT THE OTHER GENTLY LAID THE ROD ACROSS HIS BREAST."

I must not encourage you to further roving, which might end in your final disappearance. Two boar-hounds, exceedingly fierce and strong, and compelled by my straitened circumstances to pick up their own living, are at large on my premises night and day, to remonstrate with my creditors. We fear that they ate a man last night, who had stolen a valuable picture, and was eager for another by the same distinguished artist. His boots and hat were found unhurt; but of his clothes not a shred remained, to afford any pattern for enquiry. What would my feelings be if Aunt Maria arrived hysterically in the pony-carriage, and at great personal risk enquired—

"I fear no dogs," said Erle Twemlow, without any flash of anger in his steadfast eyes. "I can bring any dog to lick my

feet. But I fear any man who sinks lower than a dog, by obtaining a voice and speaking lies with it. If you wish, for some reason of your own, to have nought to do with me, you should have said so; and I might have respected you afterwards. But flimsy excuses and trumpery lies belong to the lowest race of savages, who live near the coast, and have been taught by Frenchmen."

Erle Twemlow stood, as he left off speaking, just before the shoulder of Carne's horse, ready to receive a blow, if offered, but without preparation for returning it. But Carne, for many good reasons—which occurred to his mind long afterwards—controlled his fury, and consoled his self-respect by repaying in kind the contempt he received.

"Well done, Mr. Savage!" he said, with



a violent effort to look amiable. "You and I are accustomed to the opposite extremes of society, and the less we meet, the better. When a barbarian insults me, I take it as a foul word from a clodhopper, which does not hurt me, but may damage his own self-respect, if he cherishes such an illusion. Perhaps you will allow me to ride on, while you curb your very natural curiosity about a civilized gentleman."

Twemlow made no answer, but looked at him with a gentle pity, which infuriated Carne more than the keenest insult. He lashed his horse, and galloped down the hill, while his cousin stroked his beard, and looked after him with sorrow.

"Everything goes against me now," thought Caryl Carne, while he put up his horse and set off for the Admiral's Roundhouse. "I want to be cool as a cucumber, and that insolent villain has made pepper of me. What devil sent him here at such a time?"

For the moment it did not cross his mind that this man of lofty rudeness was the long-expected lover of Faith Darling, and therefore in some sort entitled to a voice about the doings of the younger sister. By many quiet sneers, and much expressive silence, he had set the brisk Dolly up against the quiet Faith, as a man who understands fowl nature can set even two young pullets pulling each other's hackles out.

"So you are come at last!" said Dolly. "No one who knows me keeps me waiting, because I am not accustomed to it. I expect to be called for at any moment, by matters of real importance—not like this."

"Your mind is a little disturbed," replied Carne, as he took her hand and kissed it, with less than the proper rapture; "is it because of the brown and hairy man just returned from Africa?"

"Not altogether. But that may be something. He is not a man to be laughed at. I wish you could have seen my sister."

"I would rather see you; and I have no love of savages. He is my first cousin, and that affords me a domestic right to object to him. As a brother-in-law I will have none of him."

"You forget," answered Dolly, with a flash of her old spirit, which he was subduing too heavily, "that a matter of that sort depends upon us, and our father, and

not upon the gentlemen. If the gentlemen don't like it, they can always go away."

"How can they go, when they are chained up like a dog? Women may wander from this one to that, because they have nothing to bind them; but a man is of steadfast material."

"Erle Twemlow is, at any rate—though it is hard to see his material through his hair; but that must come off, and I mean to do it. He is the best-natured man I have ever yet known, except one; and that one had got nothing to shave. Men never seem to understand about their hair, and the interest we feel concerning it. But it does not matter very much, compared to their higher principles."

"That is where I carry every vote, of whatever sex you please"—Carne saw that this girl must be humoured for the moment. "Anybody can see what I am. Straightforward, and ready to show my teeth. Why should an honest man live in a bush?"

"Faith likes it very much; though she always used to say that it did seem so unchristian. Could you manage to come and meet him, Caryl? We shall have a little dinner on Saturday, I believe, that every one may see Erle Twemlow. His beloved parents will be there, who are gone quite wild about him. Father will be at home for once; and the Marquis of Southdown, and some officers, and Captain Stubbard and his wife will come, and perhaps my brother Frank, who admires you so much. You shall have an invitation in the morning."

"Such delights are not for me," Carne answered, with a superior smile; "unhappily my time is too important. But perhaps these festivities will favour me with the chance of a few words with my darling. How I long to see her, and how little chance I get!"

"Because, when you get it, you spend three-quarters of the time in arguing, and the rest in finding fault. I am sure I go as far as anybody can; and I won't take you into my father's Roundhouse, because I don't think it would be proper."

"Ladies alone understand such subjects; and a gentleman is thankful that they do. I am quite content to be outside the Roundhouse—so called because it is square, perhaps—though the wind is gone back to the east again, as it always does now in an English summer, accord-



ing to a man who has studied the subject—Zebedee Tugwell, the captain of the fleet. Dolly, beloved, and most worthy to be more so, clear your bright mind from all false impressions, whose only merit is that they are yours, and allow it to look clearly at a matter of plain sense."

She was pleased to have compliments paid to her mind, even more than to her body—because there was no doubt about the merits of the latter—and she said: "That is very nice. Go on."

"Well, beauty, you know that I trust you in everything, because of your very keen discretion, and freedom from stupid little prejudice. I have been surprised at times, when I thought of it in your absence, that any one so young, who has never been through any course of political economy, should be able to take such a clear view of subjects which are far beyond the intellect of even the oldest ladies. But it must be your brother; no doubt he has helped you to—"

"Not he!" cried the innocent Dolly, with fine pride; "I rather look down upon his reasoning powers; though I never could make such a pretty tink of rhymes—like the bells of the sheep when the ground is full of turnips."

"He approves of your elevated views," said Carne, looking as grave as a crow at a church clock; "they may not have come from him, because they are your own, quite as much as his poetry is his. But he perceives their truth, and he knows that they must prevail. In a year or two we shall be wondering, sweet Dolly, when you and I sit side by side, as the stupid old King and Queen do now, that it ever has been possible for narrow-minded nonsense to prevail as it did until we rose above it. We shall be admired as the benefactors, not of this country only, but of the whole world."

Miss Dolly was fairly endowed with common-sense, but often failed to use it. She would fain have said now, "That sounds wonderfully fine; but what does it mean, and how are we to work it?" But unluckily she could not bring herself to say it. And when millions are fooled by the glibness of one man—even in these days of wisdom—who can be surprised at a young maid's weakness?

"You wish me to help you in some way," she said; "your object is sure to be good; and you trust me in everything,

because of my discretion. Then why not tell me everything?"

"You know everything," Carne replied, with a smile of affection and sweet reproach. "My object is the largest that a man can have; and until I saw you, there was not the least taint of self-interest in my proceedings. But now it is not for the universe alone, for the grandeur of humanity, and the triumph of peace, that I have to strive, but also for another little somebody, who has come—I am ashamed to say—to outweigh all the rest in the balance of my too tender heart."

This was so good, and so well delivered, that the lady of such love could do no less than vouchsafe a soft hand and a softer glance, instead of pursuing hard reason.

"Beauty, it is plain enough to you, though it might not be so to stupid people," Carne continued, as he pressed her hand, and vanquished the doubt of her enquiring eyes with the strength of his resolute gaze, "that bold measures are sometimes the only wise ones. Many English girls would stand aghast to hear that it was needful for the good of England that a certain number, a strictly limited number, of Frenchmen should land upon this coast."

"I should rather think they would!" cried Dolly; "and I would be one of them—you may be quite sure of that."

"For a moment you might, until you came to understand." Carne's voice always took a silver tone when his words were big with roguery; as the man who is touting for his neighbour's bees strikes the frying-pan softly at first, to tone the pulsations of the murmuring mob. "But every safeguard and every guarantee that can be demanded by the wildest prudence will be afforded before a step is taken. In plain truth, a large mind is almost shocked at such deference to antique prejudice. But the feelings of old women must be considered; and our measures are fenced with such securities that even the most timid must be satisfied. There must be a nominal landing, of course, of a strictly limited number, and they must be secured for a measurable period from any ill-judged interruption. But the great point of all is to have no blood-guiltiness, no outbreak of fanatic natives against benefactors coming in the garb of peace. A truly noble offer of the olive-branch must



not be misinterpreted. It is the finest idea that has ever been conceived; and no one possessing a liberal mind\* can help admiring the perfection of this plan. For the sake of this country, and the world, and ourselves, we must contribute our little share, darling."

Carne, with the grace of a lofty protector, as well as the face of an ardent lover, drew the bewildered maiden towards him, and tenderly kissed her pretty forehead, holding up his hand against all protest.

"It is useless to dream of drawing back," he continued; "my beauty, and my poor outcast self, are in the same boat, and must sail on to success—such success as there never has been before, because it will bless the whole world, as well as secure our own perfect happiness. You will be more than the Queen of England. Statues of you will be set up everywhere; and where could the sculptors find such another model? I may count upon your steadfast heart, I know, and your wonderful quickness of perception."

"Yes, if I could only see that everything was right. But I feel that I ought to consult somebody of more experience in such things. My father, for instance,

or my brother Frank, or even Mr. Twemlow, or perhaps Captain Stubbard."

"If you had thought of it a little sooner, and allowed me time to reason with them," Carne replied, with a candid smile, "that would have been the very thing I should have wished, as taking a great responsibility from me. But alas, it would be fatal now. The main object now is to remove all chance of an ill-judged conflict, which would ruin all good feeling, and cost many valuable lives, perhaps even that of your truly gallant father. No, my Dolly, you must not open your beautiful lips to any one. The peace and happiness of the world depend entirely upon your discretion. All will be arranged to a nicety, and a happy result is certain. Only I must see you, about some small points, as well as to satisfy my own craving. On Saturday you have that dinner party, when somebody will sit by your side instead of me. How miserably jealous I shall be! When the gentlemen are at their wine, you must console me by slipping away from the ladies, and coming to the window of the little room where your father keeps his papers. I shall quit everything and watch there for you among the shrubs, when it grows dark enough."

## RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

BY ALBERT F. HEARD.

"THE Russian administration, and not the armies of England and France, vanquished Russia in the Crimea," was an editorial remark in the *Golos* (Voice), an influential journal of St. Petersburg, immediately after the Crimean war.

The pith of the statement was true, but as unpalatable as truth plainly spoken generally is, and was followed by the suppression of the paper.

Modern ideas of freedom and constitutional liberty were not wholly unknown in Russia. The armies returning home from the wars with Napoleon brought with them vague notions of popular rights, personal independence, and representative government, which found expression in the political agitations of 1825, just as in France soldiers who had fought in the American Revolution carried back the watchwords of freedom, liberty, and human rights which hastened the explosion of 1789.

It was, however, the disastrous campaign of the Crimea which fairly aroused the Russian nation from its dream of invincibility, and shattered the prestige of its power. It excited all intelligent classes to an examination of the internal condition of their country, and forced upon them a comparison, not flattering to their self-pride, of the institutions of Russia with those of its neighbors, whom they deemed their inferiors, at least in military strength.

The investigation speedily displayed the inherent defects of their system of government, and developed the imperative necessity of change and reform—a necessity more deeply felt by the Emperor, upon whom the responsibility of the future rested, than by any of his subjects.

Reformation then, as has always been the case in Russia, was commenced from above, by order, by ukase, and in it the people at large had no part. This circum-



stance is itself a sign of inherent weakness. The people, since the days of Peter the Great, have been held in passive submission like children, drilled into military obedience, accustomed to follow but never lead, to leave all decisions to their superiors without opinions of their own; they have lost the habit, and almost the faculty, of thinking for themselves, possess no spirit of initiative, and look above for the guiding impulse of which they feel the need.

The pressing emergency of the moment was met, as always before, by measures promulgated by the government at the Emperor's call. Great things were attempted, and the reign of Alexander II. will be classed in history, like that of Peter the Great, as one of the memorable epochs in the life of the nation. The abolition of serfdom, trial by jury, and equality before the law, local self-government for the cities and rural districts, suppression of privileges in taxation and military service, abrogation of clerical castes, increased facilities for education, were wide measures of reform. If they have failed in realizing all the anticipations aroused, it is not only that these anticipations were extravagant; that the country was impatient, that the people had difficulty in accommodating themselves to the changes, but also that these measures were put forth in a fragmentary, incoherent manner, without unity of design; that they were applied but partially, and were only gradually extended throughout the empire. They did not form parts of a well-digested, thoroughly elaborated, comprehensive whole; they were timidly accorded, as if their wisdom was doubtful; they were frequently curtailed and restricted by supplementary legislation, as if the government feared that the people were progressing too rapidly in the new paths, and needed salutary checks.

The emancipation of the serfs discontented both the peasant and the landlord. The reforms in the Church, throwing open all careers to the sons of the clergy, and the increased facilities for education, gave rise to a class of turbulent youth, partially trained, imperfectly taught, enthusiastic and ambitious, but disappointed in their aspirations from the force of inveterate social prejudices. They visited their disappointment upon the government, which in turn subjected them to restraint, and diminished their privileges.

The judicial reforms were abused in the exuberant enjoyment, for the first time, of legal rights, and the government held them in abeyance or cancelled them altogether. The outburst of popular enthusiasm which welcomed the liberal policy avowed, and yet hesitatingly entered upon, alarmed the Emperor, and during the later years of his life he endeavored to retrace his steps, to limit or withdraw the concessions made, and to re-establish anew the principle of autocratic rule in all its simplicity and severity. This reactionary tendency was met with the more bitter opposition from the taste of liberty which the nation had enjoyed, and explains the rancorous hostility with which the radical element pursued, even unto death, the Tsar who, of all others, had exhibited the greatest sympathy with his people and the most anxious solicitude for their welfare.

The extravagances of the radical nihilist party cooled the ardor of the Emperor for reform, and the war of 1877 came opportunely to distract the attention of the nation from its internal affairs. This war, contrary to the generally received opinion abroad, was eminently a popular enterprise, having its origin in the ardent sympathy of the people for others of their own blood and religion, ground down by Turkish oppression. It was a popular crusade, preached in Moscow, the heart of historic Russia, the city pre-eminently Russian, and affectionately called "Little Mother" (*Matouchka Moskva*), proclaimed amid the devout and patriotic population of ancient Muscovy, on behalf of their suffering brethren of the Slavonic race and orthodox faith; it appealed at once to national sentiment and religious enthusiasm, the most powerful incentives to the Russian mind. While the initiative came neither from the court, nor from the Tsar's advisers, they yielded readily to the popular pressure, expecting in a foreign war, which fully engaged the interest of the nation, to find relief from domestic complications and menacing revolutionary outbreaks; hoping by military glory and success against an infidel hereditary foe to dazzle the popular mind, satisfy its aspirations, assuage its discontent, and, by diverting it from internal matters, strengthen its own position against radicalism and nihilism.

The result of the campaign disappointed their expectations; the struggle was long



and arduous, costly and bloody, while the success was hardly commensurate with the hopes of the country.

When peace was restored, again the inquiry arose why it was that great, powerful, holy Russia had such difficulty in overcoming so feeble an enemy. Again the government was on trial before the nation, now more than ever before exacting and suspicious. Moreover, a war of emancipation whetted the appetite of the emancipators for liberty for themselves. Affranchisement, independence, freedom, secured for others, had anew their echo in the hearts of the Russian people, as they saw their brethren, Slavs and orthodox like themselves, set free by themselves, while similar benefits were denied to them. The government had sown the storm and reaped the whirlwind. Throughout the empire the spirit of revolt was rampant. Dismayed at the revolutionary menaces, secret plottings, murderous attempts and assassinations, the Emperor persisted in his reactionary policy, and strove by arbitrary measures to preserve and guarantee social order. The hated "Third Section," or secret police, was re-established in all its power, judicial trials became a farce, political victims filled the prisons, and the strong hand of autocratic rule replaced the scant modicum of liberty which had survived.

The Tsesarevitch\* was supposed to sympathize with liberal opinions, and to favor reforms in the state which would have given Russia a constitutional form of government. His accession to the throne was awaited with hopes of a brighter future to result from a policy more in accordance with modern ideas, but in presence of society disorganized by nihilist manifestoes, of his father murdered, and his own person threatened by an invisible, implacable foe, to yield seemed a cowardly weakness. Whatever may have been his previous intentions, he felt by force of circumstances compelled to walk in his father's footsteps, and to continue the same repressive, arbitrary policy that characterized the later years of his father's reign. His task was the more arduous. Alexander II. at his accession had a disastrous war to conclude, a humiliating peace to accept, but

he and his people then were one at heart; whereas his son came to the throne to face a struggle with his own subjects, more bitter and fierce than any foreign war, which no truce or treaty can end, and which must endure as long as he remains the champion of absolutism and autocracy, or as long as they can hold their own against freedom and constitutional liberty.

There is no great measure affecting all classes of the people and the combined interests of the nation, like the emancipation of the serfs, which he can adopt, and thereby for a while pacify the universal discontent, and occupy the public mind, under shelter of which he may, in tranquillity and with deliberation, approach other fundamental changes. The whole social fabric is under discussion at once, and reforms, not only in every branch, but in the very principles of the government, are demanded.

To appreciate the difficulties of the task, and to discover wherein may possibly lie the germs of the revolution preparing, a survey of the nature and of the organs of the government, an examination of such reforms of Alexander II. as have survived the retrogressive policy of the past few years, and a study of the disposition of the people, together with its peculiar institutions, will be suggestive.

The machinery of the government is cumbrous in the extreme, antiquated and rusty, imperfect, save as regards the central motive power of autocracy which directs the whole. This governing power acts through two bodies, the highest and most august in the empire, always excepting the Holy Synod, which has charge of the Church and of all religious matters, but does not interfere, unless it be indirectly, with civil affairs. These bodies are the Council of the Empire and the Committee (or Board) of Ministers; the one exercising, though more in theory than in reality, legislative, and the other executive, authority.

The Council of the Empire was instituted by Alexander I., at the suggestion of Speranski, and was destined to take the place of a representative assembly, to be a species of parliament, representing the autocratic element in its capacity of legislator, and having a controlling authority over the administration of the departments of state. In reality, while theoretically invested with the most ample powers, it does neither the one thing nor

\* Before Peter the Great the heir to the throne was called the *Tsarevitch* (Son of the Tsar). Peter assumed the title of Imperator, and thenceforth the heir has been designated as the *Tsesarevitch* (Son of Cæsar).



the other, and the reasons for its failure to fulfil the purposes of its creation are to be found in the composition of its members, and in the restrictions imposed upon it by long-continued custom and the arbitrary will of the Emperor, as manifested from time to time.

Its members, about sixty in number, comprise high dignitaries, of whom some are actually in office, while others are superannuated officials, retired from active service; the former are absorbed by the charges of their positions, the latter are incapacitated for work or responsibility by age or infirmity; the remainder of the members are aides-de-camp of great personages, unfamiliar with the duties incumbent upon them, and ancient functionaries still desirous of official preferment, and consequently more ready to conciliate the ministers, upon whom their advancement depends, than to exercise any control over their action. The really competent members of this body are too few in number, and are not sufficiently independent, to properly discharge the duties either of a legislative assembly or of a controlling board. Instead of preparing laws, it simply enregisters the decrees of the government, and so marked is its insufficiency that any measure of grave importance, instead of being intrusted to the Council for elaboration, is made the object of a special commission, whose decisions are referred to the Council merely as a matter of form. These commissions, of which there are always several in session, are appointed by the sovereign, are temporary in duration, and revocable at his pleasure; they act independently of each other, without any unity of purpose or harmony of design, and from this cause arises the frequently incoherent, fragmentary nature of Russian legislation. Their proceedings are characterized by endless, often sterile, discussions, which prolong their existence for the benefit of their members, by interminable reports and counter-reports, until frequently the necessity for their convocation has passed, and the subject-matter of their deliberations is shelved.

The Council, to which any project of law must be referred, does not pronounce upon it in last resort; the opinion of the majority and that of the minority are both placed at length before the Emperor, who adopts one or the other, or neither, at his pleasure. Its control over

the Committee of Ministers is not more efficient.

The various ministerial departments were also created by Alexander I., in 1802, and replace the "colleges" instituted by Peter the Great. They are ten in number,\* and among them there is the same absence of unity of action. They are independent of each other in their own spheres, and while their heads meet together on certain days for such concert as the necessities of the service demand, they do not in any sense correspond to a cabinet, as the term is understood in other countries; they are simply a Committee, and are so designated in Russian (*Comitet Ministrof*). Its sessions are attended not only by the Ministers of State, but also by the Comptroller of the Empire, the Attorney-General of the Holy Synod, the chiefs of several departments of the Imperial Chancellery, the presidents of the various sections of the Council of the Empire, and other officials of lower rank. The presiding officer is appointed by the Emperor, and usually is not one of the ministers, but a court favorite or an ancient functionary, who is thus rewarded by a rich sinecure for former services. Theoretically affairs of state are to be discussed by the Committee, but in reality such is not the case, and the usage has become established that each minister shall make his report directly to the Emperor. Consequently those highest in favor, who possess the confidence of the sovereign, succeed in having their measures approved by him, possibly without the previous assent, or even the knowledge, of their associates. There is therefore no solidarity, no mutual responsibility; the Minister of the Treasury may ignore the projects of his colleague of the Interior, or the Minister of War may be left in doubt of the policy of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Not only are concord and unity wanting, the departments are frequently rivals, jealous of or hostile to each other, and the action of one is arrested by the opposition of another. Under an autocratic government, ministers can only be agents of the supreme power, and in Russia they are merely secretaries, clerks, of the Emperor, each in charge of a certain department of the government, without connection with or responsibility for any oth-

\* Interior, Public Works, State Demesnes, Finance, Justice, Public Instruction, War, Navy, Foreign Affairs, the Imperial Court.



er. There is no Prime Minister in whose hands reposes the entire direction. The Tsars have followed the example of Louis XIV.; *l'état, c'est moi*, is their motto, as it was his, and only in extreme cases, by special ukase, have full powers been confided to any individual, as when, against the dangers of nihilism in the last year of the former reign, a quasi-dictatorship was conferred on General Loris Melikof.

A homogeneous cabinet which should insure unity of action and mutual responsibility would be a step toward reform in the autocratic nature of the government without necessarily abrogating the autocratic principle, and efforts in this direction marked the accession of Alexander III. It was then established that ministerial action should be the result of previous concert, and that ministerial reports should be submitted for imperial sanction only after deliberation and approval in the Committee. These efforts failed from the influence of the Slavophile, national, conservative party, which induced Alexander III. to issue a manifesto in 1881 ostentatiously affirming the principle of autocratic rule, without the previous knowledge of such of his advisers as held more liberal opinions, and would have been in opposition to it. The almost simultaneous retirement of the liberal members of the Committee, and the ministerial crisis which followed, were without precedent in Russia, as evincing in high stations an independence subversive of the fundamental principle of autocratic government.

The deficiencies thus signalized in the great governing bodies of the state are supplemented by those of the general administration in all its details, and which have aroused a universal cry of indignation and distress from one end of the land to the other. The country is burdened with an army of officials whose venality and corruption, from the highest to the lowest, are proverbial. Even members of the imperial family are not exempt from suspicion. These legions of bureaucrats rule the people with a rod of iron, and, like the Egyptian plague of locusts, devour every green thing. Their exactions, legal and extra legal, are felt in every walk of life; they paralyze local industries, crush enterprise, create misery at home, and entail humiliation in contests with foreign powers. The victims grumble, but they must pay, and these petty tyrants plun-

der without shame and without timidity, assured of immunity by sharing the spoils with their superiors. There is no redress but bribery, for the law is dead, save as they interpret it.

The peasantry, who form four-fifths of the population, do not confound this administration, these *tchinovniks*, whom they fear and hate, with the Emperor, whom they love and reverence with almost religious devotion. Herein lies one great safeguard of the throne, for the people yet have confidence in their father the Tsar, if their cries could but reach his ear; but "heaven is high, and the Tsar is afar off." In their gross ignorance and *naïve* credulity their loyalty may be a danger, and frequently, under the influence of emissaries of revolution pretending to be secret agents of the Emperor, they have been incited to forcibly resist measures of the government, believing that they were doing the Tsar's will against his enemies and theirs.

This administration is an inheritance from Peter the Great, fastened on the country by an existence of centuries; it has withstood the ridicule of Gogol, the invective of Tolstoï, and the satire of Tourguéneff, and still thrives, in spite of public opinion and popular protest. Emperors have in vain attempted its purification, and the last campaign against Turkey disclosed an extent of corruption and venality as shameful as it was universal, notwithstanding the efforts of Alexander II. to remedy the abuses revealed by the Crimean war. The power of the autocrat to reform it is impotent before its ramifications throughout the vast extent of the empire, in which every official through whom he governs is interested in preserving the system as it exists.

While it is impossible to reconcile the principle of autocratic rule with that of representative constitutional government, and equally so to pass from one to the other at a bound, without shaking to their base the foundations of society by a cataclysm more likely to result in anarchy and chaos than in order and settled government, such progress in the direction of this reform as the present condition of the people warrants may be possible, without danger, by gradually educating and elevating the lower classes, freeing them from the grievous abuses to which they are subjected, and leaving the governing power unchanged, as supreme over



all, until the country is prepared for the final revolution which in time is inevitable. Some such scheme, to be the definitive solution of all existing difficulties, is the one advocated by many Russians: the Emperor as absolute and supreme head; local self-government widely disseminated throughout the empire; an intelligent, honest administration, kept free from the abuses which disgrace the present system by the supervision of the people over their officials, to be exercised through their local assemblies and tribunals.

These enthusiasts deny the possibility of applying to Russia forms of liberal government such as have been adopted in other countries. They adduce the heterogeneous character of the empire, composed of many races and many nationalities, conquered and grouped around the nucleus of ancient Muscovy; they lay stress upon their widely different origins, modes of thought, traditions, and tendencies, which, under representative government, would jar with and rub violently against one another, to the certain disintegration of the mighty whole, and they aver that only the strong hand of absolute, autocratic power, which has welded them together, can keep and hold them as one.

The extreme parties in Russia, from different motives, unite in affecting disdain for Western institutions as superannuated and insufficient for their own country; they demand—some a system more radical, more thorough, more comprehensive; others, one more substantial, stronger, and more conservative; all, in their exaggerated patriotism, refuse to copy from others, and aspire to some Utopian plan, newer, more distinctly national, Slavonic, Russian.

Between these widely divergent sections of Russian thought, the great body of the nation, leaving ultimate questions of the future for future solution, are occupied with the pressing emergencies of the present.

How to bridge the gulf between the loyal masses of the people and the supreme authority, how to give the people a voice in their government, enable them to express their grievances and make their wants known, so that redress may follow, and yet still preserve intact the institutions of the country, is the great problem of Russia to-day. If accomplished, it would go far to correct abuses, to purify

the administration, and raise it in public estimation, to give strength and stability to the throne.

This brings us to a consideration of those reforms of Alexander II. which have stood the test of time, which still exist, notwithstanding the reactionary tendency of the past few years, and which may contain the germs of representative government, in however embryonic a form.

The assemblies of the nobility, instituted by Catherine II., and in which the people had no part, had fallen into utter decrepitude. In 1864 Alexander II. established rural or territorial assemblies, called *Zemstvos* (from *zemlia*, land), and in 1870, municipal assemblies for cities, called by the ancient name of *Doumas*, or councils.

The *Zemstvos* are of two classes, the district and the provincial. The first-named are formed by representatives from three classes of the population, the landed proprietors, the citizens of towns (merchants, artisans, and city proprietors), and the peasantry. Delegates are chosen for three years by each class independently of the others, through a somewhat complicated system of voting, but which is nearly equivalent to choice by universal suffrage. Representation for each class is apportioned according to its numbers and to the amount of real estate owned; as a consequence, in certain provinces one class may have the majority in the assemblies, in others another. In the aggregate, however, throughout the empire about one-half of the total number of delegates come from among the landed proprietors, and the other half is divided among the peasants and the inhabitants of towns. The larger proportion of landed proprietors is also due to the fact that the peasants frequently elect them as delegates, instead of choosing from among themselves. There is no salary attached to the position, and the peasant cannot afford, and does not care, to serve without remuneration. By law the marshal of the nobility of the district is the presiding officer, but in all other respects birth and official rank confer no privileges.

The provincial *Zemstvos* are composed of delegates from the district *Zemstvos*, chosen at large for three years, without regard to class. In them the landed proprietors are usually in the majority, from the deference of the peasant for his former master, respect for his superior knowledge



and intelligence, and also because, here again, no salary is attached to the position. The presiding officer is the marshal of the nobility of the province.\*

These assemblies are endowed with corporate rights, may inherit and acquire property, and raise loans. They meet annually—the lower for fifteen, the upper for twenty days; and they may once a year, with the assent of the Governor of the province, hold an extraordinary meeting. Each one nominates a committee for three years, which is permanently in session for the transaction of current business; its members receive a salary, and elect its presiding officer. Their attributions extend, for the one, over the general administration of the district, comprising among other charges education, poor-laws, agriculture, manufactures and commerce, repartition of taxes among the communes, roads, and nomination of justices of the peace; for the other, they extend over that of the province in like manner, with a general controlling power over the lower body. The permanent committees are the executive, or, so to speak, the boards of ministers, of these miniature parliaments. The Governor of the province has a suspensive veto over any resolution which may appear to him contrary to the interests of the empire, and while the Zemstvo may override the veto, its effect by the shortness of the sessions is to delay action for at least a year.

These assemblies are hampered by the control—often illegally exercised, over them, or over their members individually—of the administrative bureaucracy, which Russians, drilled to obedience for centuries, scarcely dream of resisting. They are held strictly to account by the central government, and whenever tempted, as in the exuberance of their early enthusiasm, to venture beyond the modest sphere of their local action, they have been peremptorily called to order. They were established originally in but few provinces, in accordance with the timid, halting spirit of Alexander II.'s measures of reform, and although now extending over the greater part of the empire, they are still withheld from the frontier governments and from

Poland, where Russian national sentiment is weakest, and yet where they would accomplish great good by counteracting the evils of the bureaucracy and of centralization. They are restricted by the want of funds, as the taxes they are allowed to raise are utterly inadequate for the public works they have in charge. Many of them have borrowed beyond their means, and are so involved as to be reduced to complete inaction.

These opposing influences, and the suspicious if not hostile attitude of the government toward them during the late years of its retrogressive policy, have induced a wide-spread feeling of indifference among their members, which has greatly impaired their usefulness, and diminished the results that might have followed the persistent development of the principle involved in their creation. This indifference, degenerating into apathy, is the consequence also of the versatile character of the Russian people, extreme in all things, easily aroused to enthusiasm, and as easily discouraged if their first extravagant anticipations are but partially realized.

Notwithstanding all, they have accomplished much good, and give fair promise of more. One most encouraging symptom is the solicitude evinced by them for popular education. The sums allotted to this object have steadily increased, and bear a notable proportion to the total of their budgets. The results are perceptible. In 1864, but eight per cent. of the peasant conscripts could read; in 1882, the average was twenty per cent. It is remarkable that the Zemstvo which has especially distinguished itself in this respect is that of Viatka, in which, by exception, the great majority is composed of peasants. As long ago as 1874 this body consecrated one-fifth of its entire resources to public instruction. Another favorable feature is the calmness and dignity which have generally presided over their deliberations, and marked their relations with the central government, in the face of frequent provocation, and recently of systematic opposition. This spirit of self-respect and self-control in assemblies of an eminently popular nature argues the existence among the Russian people of qualities most essential to the success of representative government.

Following the creation of the Zemstvos, municipal government was ordered for the

\* The marshals of the nobility are elected as the mouth-piece or representative of the noble class toward the government, and while in the decay of their assemblies their duties are now chiefly ceremonial and honorary, they are usually the most notable members of the community.



cities in 1870. It was established first in the great centres of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, and has been gradually extended to other cities, though not yet applied to all. The basis of representation in the municipal councils, the Doumas, differs from that of the Zemstvos, and depends on property or income, without distinction of classes. Every owner of real estate and every tax-payer is a voter and eligible, but a larger share of power is given to the richer citizens by dividing the voters of each city into three classes according to their means, regardless of birth or social condition, and the standard of representation in each locality depends upon its wealth and commercial prosperity. Each class votes independently of the others, and elects one-third of the delegates; by this means the richer but less numerous stands on a numerical equality in the council with the poorer but more numerous, and as a consequence of the property qualification the preponderance rarely belongs to the nobility or to the higher class, but generally to the mercantile; its members are the most active and wealthy, although they are seldom the best educated or most enlightened.

The council is large, the number of delegates ranging from thirty, the minimum, to upward of two hundred and fifty at St. Petersburg; the presiding officer, who is by virtue of his office mayor of the city, is chosen by and from among its members. Besides its regular meetings, which are frequent, it may be convened by the mayor or at the call of its members. A committee permanently in session, over which the mayor presides, is the executive body, and exercises a control over the council from which it emanates, whose decisions it may invalidate as illegal or inexecutable. As the mayor is usually influential over this special board, he wields great power over the city at large, and this is further increased, especially in the smaller municipalities, by the apathy of the citizens and their indifference to the independence of their local government. He is called the *gorodskaiä golova*, literally "the city's head," and in fact is more frequently its ruler than the servant of the council.

The duties and attributions of the Douma are similar to those of the Zemstvo; it is hampered by similar restrictions and poverty of means, and it is in like manner held under jealous supervision by the cen-

tral government. The mayor, from motives of interest, is generally in accord with the higher authorities and obedient to their behests. Under these combined influences the results of self-government in the cities have by no means equalled those realized in the rural districts.

Together with the Zemstvos and the Doumas, created by imperial authority, there is another institution peculiar to Russia, presenting extraordinary anomalies, in principle utterly at variance with autocratic government, within which it has for centuries afforded to the peasantry a local administration of a purely democratic, almost communistic, character.

This is the "Mir," formed of two bodies, the village (*selo*) Mir and the town (*volost*) Mir. The word signifies the universe, and in fanciful combination with another Russian word, *mir*, of different etymology, meaning peace, it may be understood as the peaceful satisfaction of universal wants.

In reality it amply responds to the simple necessities of Russian peasant life, which it regulates and directs to-day as it has done for centuries past. It is essentially national and Russian, of very ancient origin, although, strange to say, it has become known only within the last fifty years; it existed prior to the establishment of serfdom, has survived it, and still exhibits the vitality of perennial youth.

It is based on the common ownership of the land; the little slip around his *isba* (hut) belongs to the peasant, but in the wide fields beyond and around, not included in the seigneurial domains, there are no individual rights; they are the property of the village commune, of the Mir. This body is responsible to the government for the land tax, and the peasants of the village are collectively responsible to it. Its members are not all the peasants, but all the heads of peasant households in the village; they participate equally in its deliberations, and in the case of absence or death the wife or mother, who represents the household, has an equal voice with the men. At certain epochs it distributes the communal land among the households, and assigns to each its share of the tax; these epochs vary in different localities, ranging from one to thirty years, averaging about ten, with a growing tendency to lengthen the tenure, in order to encour-



age the peasant in the care of the portion allotted to him. The village elder (*starosta*), who presides, the tax-collectors, and officers, are chosen by the peasants for three years; but these offices are rarely sought for, and the authority of the Mir has frequently to be invoked to enforce their acceptance. The elder simply executes the decrees of the assembly, and by force of public opinion these decrees, once pronounced, are implicitly obeyed without demur. Meetings are held at irregular periods, whenever convenient, frequently after church service, on the village green; there is no form, no order, no regular debate; the purpose of the convocation is known to all; the tumultuous crowd discuss it in knots among themselves, loudly and vociferously, until it is decided by acclamation, or, if the deliberation is prolonged, the elder calls out what appears to be the popular opinion, and appeals to the multitude: "Orthodox, have ye thus decided?" Whatever may be the decision of the majority, it is at once submitted to by all, or, in the language of an American caucus, is made unanimous, and is never questioned. The principal topics of interest are the redistribution of the land and the repartition of the tax, which are made as impartially as possible, with due regard to the conditions of each household, its wants, and its capability for work. As owner of the land and in the common interest, the Mir directs its culture and its harvesting, regulates the crops, the supply of water for irrigation, and performs all the duties of a proprietor, while the peasants are its servants, but each one reaps from the fields allotted to him according to his diligence and industry.

As the Mir is responsible for the tax, and the peasants are collectively bound to it, it grants or withholds at pleasure leave of absence from the village, and may punish or expel such members as are a burden. Mere residence does not confer membership; this requires the consent of the Mir and the purchase of a right in the communal land; and a peasant may not freely relinquish his membership; this also needs the consent of the Mir, upon conditions to be agreed upon. It regulates and controls all internal matters of the community by customs and laws unwritten, but confirmed and sanctified by the usage of centuries.

The town Mir controls the Mirs of the

several villages which, adjacent to one another, form a township. It elects the judges, who must be peasants and members of a Mir. They have jurisdiction over all civil suits in which peasants are parties, and administer justice according to peasant custom and tradition, without regard to the official code. Protection to and reward of labor, of usefulness in the family and community, are the principles governing their decisions. A father may not disinherit a child without reason, and the Mir would annul a will prejudicing the interests of a son, if he be diligent and industrious. Women, who by Russian law are entitled to only a fourteenth of the family property, by peasant law share alike with the men, in proportion to the part they have borne of domestic burdens; even illegitimate children cannot be excluded, if they have labored faithfully in the household. Kinship and ties of blood, which are peculiarly strong in Russia, yield preference to the rights accorded to useful work in all questions of distribution of property. Devotion to the family extends to the community, which is one large family, and the peasant's glory is to be a faithful servant of the Mir. It inculcates among them mutual help and charity, and their regard for this greatest of Christian virtues is aptly illustrated by a popular legend, quoted by Stepniak:

St. Cassian and St. Nicolas appeared before the Lord, the one clean and in decent apparel, the other dirty, with torn clothes besmeared with mud.

"What hast thou seen on earth?" asked our Lord, of St. Cassian.

"I have seen a peasant with his cart upset, floundering in a ditch by the roadside," replied St. Cassian.

"Why didst thou not help him?"

"Because I was coming into Thy presence, and feared to soil my bright dress."

Of St. Nicolas the Lord asked, "Why comest thou thus filthy and begrimed into my presence?"

"Because," replied he, "I was following St. Cassian, and seeing the peasant of whom he spake, I helped him out of the ditch."

"It is well," said the Lord. "Because thou, Cassian, hast cared so much about thy dress and so little for thy brother, I will give thee a name's-day but once in four years; but thou, Nicolas, because thou acted as thou didst, thou shalt have a name's-day four times in every year."



And thus it happens that St. Cassian's Day falls on the 29th of February, every leap-year, while St. Nicolas's Day comes every quarter.\*

The new religion promulgated by Leo Tolstoï is but the expression of the principle which for centuries has been the guiding impulse of peasant philosophy.

The town Mir, besides the supervision which it exercises, has charge of general interests. It may raise taxes for the support of communal institutions, and is the intermediary with the central government. It is composed of the officers of the lower bodies, with also delegates from each, in the proportion of one for every ten households. Its chief, elected by its members for three years, is the town elder (*starshina*); he is aided by a permanent council formed of the higher officers of the village Mirs, and its decisions are ordinarily conclusive, but from them an appeal may lie to the Mir itself.

There are thus in this peasant administration checks and counter-checks counterbalancing one the other: the village elder is subject to his Mir and to the town elder, who, in turn, is controlled by a council of village officers; and the town Mir, composed of village delegates, is supreme over all. It would be beyond the limits of this article to discuss this institution in all its bearings, or to dwell upon its defects, and upon the abuses which, from the gross ignorance of the peasant class, arise within it, and much that is curious and interesting must be left unsaid in simply explaining its nature. It may, however, be remarked that it exalts the community at the expense of the individual; the former is all, the latter nothing; therein it is more communistic than democratic in its tendencies, and the results to be expected from it in the direction of representative government are proportionately less.

Upon these three institutions—the rural assemblies and the city councils, emanating from imperial authority, and the peasant self-administration, of popular origin—depend in great measure the training and education of the Russian people for political freedom. The two former exercise their influence chiefly upon the middle classes, and by bringing them in frequent contact with the higher and more intelligent not only tend to develop in them nobler aspirations and a wider sense of responsibility, but also are breaking

down the ancient barriers of caste and of class distinction; they are fusing the body of the nation into a more homogeneous mass, with a keener sense of reciprocal obligations. In them the noble, the burgher, and the peasant meet on common ground, with similar duties, equal responsibilities, and with common interests. Better knowledge of each other engenders better appreciation of and sympathy with one another, and encourages more united action for the common good.

The Mir has developed in the peasantry self-restraint, obedience to reason and law, self-abnegation in view of general interests. Its long-continued existence amid influences so contrary to its character, so hostile to its spirit, through all the vicissitudes attending the growth of the empire, is proof of its vitality; its authority, so long unimpaired, the obedience it exacts and receives, are evidences of success in its limited sphere, and this success evinces a certain measure of capability for self-government on the part of the peasantry, despite gross ignorance and superstition. Better education and increased knowledge, which even despotism cannot long withhold, will develop this capacity, and enable the peasant to share intelligently in the general as he now does in the local administration.

The three institutions combine in giving the whole people strength and unity in the face of the government, the habit of discussing matters of public interest, of forming independent opinions and maintaining them. If their deliberations and their action be now restricted to petty local affairs, it is not unreasonable to imagine that they will ere long overleap the boundaries which fence them round about, and make their power felt in the broader field of national life.

To the salutary and wholesome influences thus steadily and slowly but persistently at work, the rabid, irrational extravagances of the nihilists, admirably satirized by Tourguéneff, are a danger hardly to be over-estimated. They are few in number, but are unscrupulous and active, buzzing about and stinging the Colossus of absolutism as the gadfly worries the ox. By their criminal excesses they encourage the government in its reactionary policy, and give a show of reason for its arbitrary repressive measures, as in defence of social order. With all their ignorance and stolidity, their deep

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abiding loyalty, their unwearied patience of centuries, the people are arousing to a sense of their condition, and are craving relief. The safety-valves of the machine may be too heavily weighted, and the furious antics of the nihilists serve but to load them the more.

The autocrat fears to yield an inch lest he lose an ell; the army of bureaucrats foment his alarms in their own interests; the nobility and upper classes are divided among themselves; some, as infatuated as the old nobles of France, who could learn nothing from experience, assert the principle of autocratic rule as the only bul-

wark of social order; others are more liberal, and are ready to accord some concessions, but, distrusted by their equals and by the people, are impotent for good.

In the dark days of Russian history a deliverer, Kozma Minime, the butcher, arose from among the people and gave "life for the Tsar." With them and by them he repelled invasion, restored order, and rescued "Holy" Russia; so again, perhaps in no very distant future, it would seem that deliverance from threatening revolution and anarchy must spring from the enthusiastic patriotism and intense nationality of the people.

## APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### VIII.

AS soon after Class Day as Mrs. Pasmer's complaisant sense of the decencies would let her, she went out from Boston to call on Mrs. Saintsbury in Cambridge, and thank her for her kindness to Alice and herself. "She will know well enough what I *come* for," she said to herself, and she felt it the more important to ignore Mrs. Saintsbury's penetration by every polite futility; this was due to them both; and she did not go till the second day after.

Mrs. Saintsbury came down into the darkened, syringa-scented library to find her, and gave her a fan.

"You still live, Jenny," she said, kissing her gayly.

They called each other by their girl names, as is rather the custom in Boston with ladies who are in the same set, whether they are great friends or not. In the more changeful society of Cambridge, where so many new people are constantly coming and going in connection with the college, it is not so much the custom; but Mrs. Saintsbury was Boston-born, as well as Mrs. Pasmer, and was Cantabrigian by marriage—though this is not saying that she was not also thoroughly so by conviction and usage: she now rarely went into Boston society.

"Yes, Etta—just. But I wasn't sure of it," said Mrs. Pasmer, "when I woke yesterday. I was a mere aching jelly!"

"And Alice?"

"Oh, I don't think she had any physi-

cal consciousness. She was a mere rapturous memory!"

"She *did* have a good time, didn't she?" said Mrs. Saintsbury, in a generous retrospect. "I think she was on her feet every moment in the evening. It kept me from getting tired, to watch her."

"I was afraid you'd be quite worn out. I'd no idea it was so late. It must have been nearly half past seven before we got away from the Beck Hall spread, and then by the time we had walked round the college grounds—how extremely pretty the lanterns were, and how charming the whole effect was!—it must have been nine before the dancing began. Well, we owe it all to *you*, Etta."

"I don't know what you mean by owing. I'm always glad of an excuse for Class Day. And it was Dan Maverling who really managed the affair."

"He was *very* kind," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a feeling which was chiefly gratitude to her friend for bringing in his name so soon. Now that it had been spoken, she felt it perfectly decorous to throw aside the outer integument of pretence, which if it could have been entirely exfoliated would have caused Mrs. Pasmer morally to disappear, like an onion stripped of its successive laminæ.

"What did you mean," she asked, leaning forward, with her face averted, "about his having the artistic temperament? Is he going to be an artist? I should hope not." She remembered without shame that she had strongly urged him to consider how much better it would be to be a



painter than a lawyer, in the dearth of great American painters.

"He could be a painter if he liked—up to a certain point," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "Or he could be any one of half a dozen other things—his last craze was journalism; but you know what I mean by the artistic temperament: it's that inability to be explicit; that habit of leaving things vague and undefined, and hoping they'll somehow come out as you want them of themselves; that way of taking the line of beauty to get at what you wish to do or say, and of being very finicking about little things and lax about essentials. That's what I mean by the artistic temperament."

"Yes; that's terrible," sighed Mrs. Pasmer, with the abstractly severe yet personally pitying perception of one whose every word and act was sincere and direct. "I know just what you mean. But how does it apply to Mr. Maverick?"

"It doesn't, exactly," returned her friend. "And I'm always ashamed when I say, or even think, anything against Dan Maverick. He's sweetness itself. We've known him ever since he came to Harvard, and I must say that a more constant and lovely fellow I never saw. It wasn't merely when he was a Freshman, and he had that home feeling hanging about him still that makes all the Freshmen so appreciative of anything you do for them; but all through the Sophomore and Junior years, when they're so taken up with their athletics and their societies and their college life generally that they haven't a moment for people that have been kind to them, he was just as faithful as ever."

"How nice!" cried Mrs. Pasmer.

"Yes, indeed! And all the allurements of Boston society haven't taken him from us altogether. You can't imagine how much this means till you've been at home awhile and seen how the students are petted and spoiled nowadays in the young society."

"Oh, I've heard of it," said Mrs. Pasmer. "And is it his versatility and brilliancy, or his amiability, that makes him such a universal favorite?"

"Universal favorite? I don't know that he's that."

"Well, popular, then."

"Oh, he's certainly very much liked. But, Jenny, there *are* no universal favorites in Harvard now, if there *ever* were: the classes are altogether too big. And it

wouldn't be ability, and it wouldn't be amiability alone, that would give a man any sort of leadership."

"What in the world would it be?"

"That question, more than anything else, shows how long you've been away, Jenny. It would be family—family, with a judicious mixture of the others, and with money."

"Is it possible? But of course—I remember! Only at their age one thinks of students as being all hail-fellow-well-met with each other—"

"Yes; it's hard to realize how conventional they are—how very much worldlier than the world—till one sees it as one does in Cambridge. They pique themselves on it. And Mr. Saintsbury"—she was one of those women whom everything reminds of their husbands—"says that it isn't a bad thing altogether. He says that Harvard is just like the world; and even if it's a little more so, these boys have got to live in the world, and they had better know what it is. You may not approve of the Harvard spirit, and Mr. Saintsbury doesn't sympathize with it; he only says it's the world's spirit. Harvard men—the swells—are far more exclusive than Oxford men. A student, *comme il faut*, wouldn't at all like to be supposed to know another student whom *we* valued for his brilliancy, unless he was popular and well known in college."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Pasmer. "But of course! It's perfectly natural, with young people. And it's well enough that they should begin to understand how things really are in the world early; it will save them from a great many disappointments."

"I assure you we have very little to teach Harvard men in those matters. They could give any of us points. Those who are of good family and station know how to protect themselves by reserves that the others wouldn't dare to transgress. But a merely rich man couldn't rise in their set any more than a merely gifted man. He could get on to a certain point by toadying, and some do; but he would never get to be popular, like Dan Maverick."

"And what makes him popular?—to go back to the point we started from," said Mrs. Pasmer.

"Ah, that's hard to say. It's—quality, I suppose. I don't mean social quality, exactly; but personal charm. He never



had a mean thought; of course we're all *full* of mean thoughts, and Dan is too; but his first impulse is always generous and sweet, and at his age people act a great deal from impulse. I don't suppose he ever met a human being without wanting to make him like him, and trying to do it."

"Yes, he certainly makes you like him," sighed Mrs. Pasmer. "But I understand that he can't make people like him without family or money; and I don't understand that he's one of those *nouveaux riches* who are giving Harvard such a reputation for extravagance nowadays."

There was an inquiring note in Mrs. Pasmer's voice; and in the syringa-scented obscurity, which protected the ladies from the expression of each other's faces, Mrs. Saintsbury gave a little laugh of intelligence, to which Mrs. Pasmer responded by a murmur of humorous enjoyment at being understood.

"Oh no! He isn't one of *those*. But the Mavericks have plenty of *money*," said Mrs. Saintsbury, "and Dan's been very free with it, though not lavish. And he came here with a reputation for popularity from a very good school, and that always goes a great way in college."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Pasmer, feeling herself getting hopelessly adrift in these unknown waters, but reposing a pious confidence in her pilot.

"Yes; if a sufficient number of his class said he was the best fellow in the world, he would be pretty sure to be chosen one of the First Ten in the 'Dickey'."

"What mysteries!" gasped Mrs. Pasmer, disposed to make fun of them, but a little overawed all the same. "What in the world is the 'Dickey'?"

"It's the society that the Freshmen are the most eager to get into. They're chosen, ten at a time, by the old members, and to be one of the first ten—the only Freshmen chosen—is something quite ineffable."

"I see." Mrs. Pasmer fanned herself, after taking a long breath. "And when he had got into the—"

"Then it would depend upon himself, how he spent his money, and all that, and what sort of society success he was in Boston. That has a great deal to do with it from the first. Then another thing is caution—discreetness; not saying anything censorious or critical of other men, no matter what they do. And Dan Mav-

ering is the perfection of prudence, because he's the perfection of good-nature."

Mrs. Pasmer had apparently got all of these facts that she could digest. "And who *are* the Mavericks?"

"Why, it's an old Boston name—"

"It's *too* old, isn't it? Like Pasmer. There are no Mavericks in Boston that *I* ever heard of."

"No; the name's quite died out just here, I believe; but it's old, and it bids fair to be replated at Ponkwasset Falls."

"At Ponk—"

"That's where they have their mills, or factories, or shops, or whatever institution they make wall-paper in."

"Wall-paper!" cried Mrs. Pasmer, austere. After a moment she asked: "And is wall-paper the 'thing' now? I mean—" She tried to think of some way of modifying the commonness of her phrase, but did not. After all, it expressed her meaning.

"It isn't the extreme of fashion, of course. But it's manufacturing, and it isn't disgraceful. And the Maverick papers are very pretty, and you can live with them without becoming anæmic, or having your face twitch."

"Face twitch?" echoed Mrs. Pasmer.

"Yes: arsenical poisoning."

"Oh! Conscientious as well as æsthetic. I see. And does Mr. Maverick put his artistic temperament into them?"

"His father does. He's a very interesting man. He has the best taste in certain things—he knows more about etchings, I suppose, than any one else in Boston."

"Is it possible! And does he live at Ponkwasset Falls? It's in Rhode Island, isn't it?"

"New Hampshire. Yes; the whole family live there."

"The whole family? Are there many of them? I'd fancied, somehow, that Mr. Maverick was the only— Do tell me about them, Etta," said Mrs. Pasmer, leaning back in her chair, and fanning herself with an effect of impartial interest, to which the dim light of the room lent itself.

"He's the only son. But there are daughters, of course—very cultivated girls."

"And is he—is the elder Mr. Maverick a—I don't know what made me think so—a widower?"

"Well, no—not exactly."

"Not exactly? He's not a *grass-widower*, I hope?"



"No, indeed. But his wife's a helpless invalid, and always has been. He's perfectly devoted to her; and he hurried home yesterday, though he wanted very much to stay for Commencement. He's never away from her longer than he can help. She's bedridden; and you can see from the moment you enter it that it's a man's house. Daughters can't change that, you know."

"Have you been there?" asked Mrs. Pasmer, surprised that she was getting so much information, but eager for more. "Why, how long have you known them, Etta?"

"Only since Dan came to Harvard. Mr. Saintsbury took a fancy to him from the start, and the boy was so fond of him that they were always insisting upon a visit; and last summer we stopped there on our way to the mountains."

"And the sisters—do they stay there the whole year round? Are they countrified?"

"One doesn't live in the country without being countrified," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "They're rather quiet girls, though they've been about a good deal—to Europe with friends, and to New York in the winter. They're older than Dan; they're more like their father. Are you afraid of that draught at the window?"

"Oh no; it's delicious. And he's like the mother?"

"Yes."

"Then it's the father who has the artistic taste—he gets that from him; and the mother who has the—"

"Temperament—yes."

"How extremely interesting! And so he's going to be a lawyer. Why lawyer, if he's got the talent and the temperament of an artist? Does his father wish him to be a lawyer?"

"His father wishes him to be a wall-paper maker."

"And the young man compromises on the law. I see," said Mrs. Pasmer. "And you say he's been going into Boston a great deal? Where does he go?"

The ladies entered into this social inquiry with a zest which it would be hard to make the reader share, or perhaps to feel the importance of. It is enough that it ended in the social vindication of Dan Maverick. It would not have been enough for Mrs. Pasmer that he was accepted in the best Cambridge houses; she knew of old how people were accepted in Cam-

bridge for their intellectual brilliancy or solidity, their personal worth, and all sorts of things, without consideration of the mystical something which alone gives vogue in Boston.

"How superb Alice was!" Mrs. Saintsbury broke off, abruptly. "She has such a beautiful manner—such repose."

"Repose? Yes," said her mother, thoughtfully. "But she's very intense. And I don't see where she gets it. Her father has repose enough, but he has *no* intensity; and I'm *all* intensity, and no repose. I don't believe much in all this heredity business; do you, Etta? I'm no more like my mother than Alice is like me."

"I think she has the Hibbins face," said Mrs. Saintsbury.

"Oh! she's got the Hibbins *face*," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a disdain of tone which she did not at all feel; the tone was mere absent-mindedness.

She was about to revert to the question of Maverick's family, when the door-bell rang, and another visitor interrupted her talk with Mrs. Saintsbury.

## IX.

Mrs. Pasmer's husband looked a great deal older than herself, and by operation of a well-known law of compensation, he was lean and silent, while she was plump and voluble. He had thick eyebrows, which remained black after his hair and beard had become white, and which gave him an aspect of fierceness, expressive of nothing in his character. It was from him that their daughter got her height, and, as Mrs. Pasmer freely owned, her distinction.

Soon after their marriage the Pasmers had gone to live in Paris, where they remained faithful to the fortunes of the Second Empire till its fall, with intervals of return to their own country of a year or two years at a time. After the fall of the empire they made their sojourn in England, where they lived upon the edges and surfaces of things, as Americans must in Europe everywhere, but had more permanency of feeling than they had known in France, and something like a real social status. At one time it seemed as if they might end their days there; but that which makes Americans different from all other peoples, and which finally claims



their allegiance for their own land, made them wish to come back to America, and to come back to Boston. After all, their place in England was strictly inferior, and must be. They knew titles and consorted with them, but they had none themselves, and the English constancy which kept their friends faithful to them after they had become an old story, was correlated with the English honesty which never permitted them to mistake themselves for even the lowest of the nobility. They went out last, and they did not come in first, ever.

The invitations, upon these conditions, might have gone on indefinitely, but they did not imply a future for the young girl in whom the interests of her parents centred. After being so long a little girl, she had become a great girl, and then all at once she had become a young lady. They had to ask themselves, the mother definitely and the father formlessly, whether they wished their daughter to marry an Englishman, and their hearts answered them, like true Republican hearts, Not an untitled Englishman, while they saw no prospect of her getting any other. Mrs. Pasmer philosophized the case with a clearness and a courage which gave her husband a series of twinges analogous to the toothache, for a man naturally shrinks from such bold realizations. She said Alice had the beauty of a beauty, and she had the distinction of a beauty, but she had not the principles of a beauty; there was no use pretending that she had. For this reason the Prince of Wales's set, so accessible to American loveliness with the courage of its convictions, was beyond her; and the question was whether there was money enough for a younger son, or whether, if there was, a younger son was worth it.

However this might be, there was no question but there was now less money than there had been, and a great deal less. The investments had not turned out as they promised; not only had dividends been passed, but there had been permanent shrinkages. What was once an amiable competency from the pooling of their joint resources had dwindled to a sum that needed a careful eye both to the income and the outgo. Alice's becoming a young lady had increased their expenses by the suddenly mounting cost of her dresses, and of the dresses which her mother must now

buy for the different rôle she had to sustain in society. They began to ask themselves what it was for, and to question whether, if she could not marry a noble Englishman, Alice had not better marry a good American.

Even with Mrs. Pasmer this question was tacit, and it need not be explained to any one who knows our life that in her most worldly dreams she intended at the bottom of her heart that her daughter should marry for love. It is the rule that Americans marry for love, and the very rare exception that they marry for anything else; and if our divorce courts are so busy in spite of this fact, it is perhaps because the Americans also unmarried for love, or perhaps because love is not so sufficient in matters of the heart as has been represented in the literatures of people who have not been able to give it so fair a trial. But whether it is all in all in marriage, or only a very marked essential, it is certain that Mrs. Pasmer expected her daughter's marriage to involve it. She would have shrunk from intimating anything else to her as from a gross indecency; and she could not possibly, by any finest insinuation, have made her a partner in her designs for her happiness. That, so far as Alice was concerned, was a thing which was to fall to her as from heaven; for this also is part of the American plan. We are the children of the poets, the devotees of the romancers, so far as that goes, and however material and practical we are in other things, in this we are a republic of shepherds and shepherdesses, and we live in a golden age, which if it sometimes seems an age of inconvertible paper, is certainly so through no want of faith in us.

Though the Pasmers said that they ought to go home for Alice's sake, they both understood that they were going home experimentally, and not with the intention of laying their bones in their native soil, unless they liked it, or found they could afford it. Mrs. Pasmer had no illusions in regard to it. She had learned from her former visits home that it was frightfully expensive; and during the fifteen years which they had spent chiefly abroad, she had observed the gradual decay of that distinction which formerly attended returning sojourners from Europe. She had seen them cease gradually from the romantic reverence which once clothed them, and decline through a



gathering indifference into something like slight and compassion, as people who had not been able to make their place or hold their own at home; and she had taught herself so well how to pocket the superiority natural to the Europeanized American before arriving at consciousness of this disesteem, that she paid a ready tribute to people who had always staid at home.

In fact Mrs. Pasmer was a flatterer, and it cannot be claimed for her that she flattered adroitly always. But adroitness in flattery is not necessary for its successful use. There is no morsel of it too gross for the condor gullet and the ostrich stomach of human vanity; there is no society in which it does not give the utterer instant honor and acceptance in greater or less degree. Mrs. Pasmer, who was very good-natured, had not all the occasion for it that she made, but she employed it because she liked it herself, and knowing how absolutely worthless it was from her own tongue, prized it from others. Yet she could have rested perfectly safe without it in her social position, which she found unchanged by years of absence. She had not been a Hibbins for nothing, and she was not a Pasmer for nothing, though why she should have been either for something it would not be easy to say.

But while confessing the foibles of Mrs. Pasmer, it would not be fair to omit from the tale of her many virtues the final conscientiousness of her openly involuted character. Not to mention other things, she instituted and practised economies as alien to her nature as to her husband's, and in their narrowing affairs she kept him out of debt. She was prudent; she was alert; and while presenting to the world all the outward effect of a butterfly, she possessed many of the best qualities of the bee.

With his senatorial presence, his distinction of person and manner, Mr. Pasmer was inveterately selfish in that province of small personal things where his wife left him unmolested. In what related to his own comfort and convenience he was undisputed lord of himself. It was she who ordered their comings and goings, and decided in which hemisphere they should sojourn from time to time, and in what city, street, and house, but always with the understanding that the kitchen and all the domestic appointments were to her husband's mind. He was sensitive to degrees of heat and cold,

and luxurious in the matter of lighting, with a fine nose for plumbing. If he had not occupied himself so much with these details, he was the sort of man to have thought Mrs. Pasmer, with her buzz of activities and pretences, rather a tedious little woman. He had some delicate tastes, if not refined interests, and was expensively fond of certain sorts of bric-à-brac; he spent a great deal of time in packing and unpacking it, and he had cases stored in Rome and London and Paris; it had been one of his motives in consenting to come home that he might get them out, and set up the various objects of bronze and porcelain in cabinets. He had no vices, unless absolute idleness ensuing uninterruptedly upon a remotely demonstrated unfitness for business can be called a vice. Like other people who have always been idle, he did not consider his idleness a vice. He rather plumed himself upon it, for the man who has done nothing all his life naturally looks down upon people who have done or are doing something. In Europe he had not all the advantage of this superiority which such a man has here; he was often thrown with other idle people, who had been useless for so many generations that they had almost ceased to have any consciousness of it. In their presence Pasmer felt that his uselessness had not that passive elegance which only ancestral uselessness can give; that it was positive, and to that degree vulgar.

A life like his was not one which would probably involve great passions or affections, and it would be hard to describe exactly the feeling with which he regarded his daughter. He liked her, of course, and he had naturally expected certain things of her, as a lady-like intelligence, behavior, and appearance; but he had never shown any great tenderness for her, or even pride in her. She had never given him any displeasure, however, and he had not shared his wife's question of mind at a temporary phase of Alice's development when she showed a decided inclination for a religious life. He had apparently not observed that the girl had a pensive temperament in spite of the effect of worldly splendor which her mother contrived for her, and that this pensiveness occasionally deepened to gloom. He had certainly never seen that in a way of her own she was very romantic. Mrs. Pasmer had seen it, with amusement sometimes,



and sometimes with anxiety, but always with the courage to believe that she could cope with it when it was necessary.

Whenever it was necessary she had all the moral courage she wanted; it seemed as if she could have it or not as she liked; and in coming home she had taken a flat instead of a house, though she had not talked with her friends three minutes without perceiving that the moment when flats had promised to assert their social equality with houses in Boston was past forever. There were, of course, cases in which there could be no question of them; but for the most part they were plainly regarded as makeshifts, the resorts of people of small means, or the defiances or errors of people who had lived too much abroad. They stamped their occupants as of transitory and fluctuant character; good people might live in them, and did, as good people sometimes boarded; but they could not be regarded as forming a social base, except in rare instances. They presented peculiar difficulties in calling, and for any sort of entertainment they were too—not public, perhaps, but—evident.

In spite of these objections Mrs. Pasmer took a flat in the Cavendish, and she took it furnished from people who were going abroad for a year.

## X.

Mrs. Pasmer stood at the drawing-room window of this apartment, the morning after her call upon Mrs. Saintsbury, looking out on the passage of an express-wagon load of trunks through Cavendish Square, and commenting the fact with the tacit reflection that it was quite time she should be getting away from Boston too, when her daughter, who was looking out of the other window, started significantly back.

"What is it, Alice?"

"Nothing! Mr. Maverick, I think, and that friend of his—"

"Which friend? But where? Don't look! They will think we were watching them. I can't see them at all. Which way were they going?" Mrs. Pasmer dramatized a careless unconsciousness to the Square, while vividly betraying this anxiety to her daughter.

Alice walked away to the farthest part of the room. "They are coming this way," she said, indifferently.

Before Mrs. Pasmer had time to prepare a conditional mood, adapted either to their coming that way or going some other, she heard the janitor below in colloquy with her maid in the kitchen, and then the maid came in to ask if she should say the ladies were at home. "Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a caressing politeness that anticipated the tone she meant to use with Maverick and his friend. "Were you going, Alice? Better stay. It would be awkward sending out for you. You look well enough."

"Well!"

The young men came in, Maverick with his nervous laugh first, and then Boardman with his twinkling black eyes, and his main-force self-possession.

"We couldn't go away as far as New London without coming to see whether you had really survived Class Day," said the former, addressing his solicitude to Mrs. Pasmer. "I tried to find out from Mrs. Saintsbury, but she was very non-committal." He laughed again, and shook hands with Alice, whom he now included in his inquiry.

"I'm glad she was," said Mrs. Pasmer—inwardly wondering what he meant by going to New London—"if it sent you to ask in person." She made them sit down, and she made as little as possible of the young ceremony they threw into the transaction. To be cozy, to be at ease instantly, was Mrs. Pasmer's way. "We've not only survived, we've taken a new lease of life from Class Day. I'd forgotten how charming it always was. Or perhaps it didn't use to be so charming? I don't believe they have anything like it in Europe. Is it always so brilliant?"

"I don't know," said Maverick. "I really believe it *was* rather a nice one."

"Oh, we were both enraptured," cried Mrs. Pasmer.

Alice added a quiet "Yes, indeed," and her mother went on:

"And we thought the Beck Hall spread was the crowning glory of the whole affair. We owe ever so much to your kindness."

"Oh, not at all," said Maverick.

"But we were talking afterward, Alice and I, about the sudden transformation of all that dishevelled crew around the Tree into the imposing swells—may I say howling swells?"

"Yes, *do* say howling, Mrs. Pasmer!" implored the young man.



"—Whom we met afterward at the spread," she concluded. "How did you manage it all? Mr. Irving in the *Lyons Mail* was nothing to it. We thought we had walked directly over from the Tree; and there you were, all ready to receive us, in immaculate evening dress."

"It *was* pretty quick work," modestly admitted the young man. "Could you recognize any one in that hurly-burly round the Tree?"

"We didn't till you rose, like a statue of Victory, and began grabbing for the spoils from the heads and shoulders of your friends. Who was your pedestal?"

Mavering put his hand on his friend's broad shoulder and gave him a playful push.

Boardman turned up his little black eyes at him, with a funny gleam in them.

"Poor Mr. Boardman!" said Mrs. Pasmer.

"It didn't hurt him a bit," said Mavering, pushing him. "He liked it."

"Of *course* he did," said Mrs. Pasmer, implying, in flattery of Mavering, that Boardman might be glad of the distinction; and now Boardman looked as if he were not. She began to get away in adding, "But I wonder you don't kill each other."

"Oh, we're not so easily killed," said Mavering.

"And what a fairy scene it was at the spread!" said Mrs. Pasmer, turning to Boardman. She had already talked its splendors over with Mavering the same evening. "I thought we should never get out of the Hall; but when we did get out of the window upon that tapestried platform, and down on the tennis ground, with Turkey rugs to hide the bare spots in it—" She stopped as people do when it is better to leave the effect to the listener's imagination.

"Yes, I think it was rather nice," said Boardman.

"Nice?" repeated Mrs. Pasmer; and she looked at Mavering. "Is that the famous Harvard Indifferentism?"

"No, no, Mrs. Pasmer! It's just his personal envy. He wasn't in the spread, and of course he doesn't like to hear any one praise it. Go on!" They all laughed.

"Well, even Mr. Boardman will admit," said Mrs. Pasmer, "that nothing could have been prettier than that pavilion at the bottom of the lawn, and the little tables scattered about over it, and all those

charming young creatures under that lovely evening sky."

"Ah! Even Boardman can't deny that. We *did* have the nicest crowd; didn't we?"

"Well," said Mrs. Pasmer, playfully checking herself in a ready adhesion, "that depends a good deal upon where Mr. Boardman's spread was."

"Thank you," said Boardman.

"He wasn't spreading anywhere," cried his friend. "Except himself—he was spreading himself everywhere."

"Then I think I should prefer to remain neutral," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a mock prudence which pleased the young men. In the midst of the pleasure she was giving and feeling she was all the time aware that her daughter had contributed but one remark to the conversation, and that she must be seeming very stiff and cold. She wondered what she meant, and whether she disliked this little Mr. Boardman, or whether she was again trying to punish Mr. Mavering for something, and if so, what it was. Had he offended her in some way the other day? At any rate, she had no right to show it. She longed for some chance to scold the girl, and tell her that it would not do, and make her talk. Mr. Mavering was merely a friendly acquaintance, and there could be no question of anything personal. She forgot that between young people the social affair is always trembling to the personal affair.

In the little pause which these reflections gave her mother, the girl struck in, with the coolness that always astonished Mrs. Pasmer, and as if she had been merely waiting till some phase of the talk interested her.

"Are many of the students going to the race?" she asked Boardman.

"Yes; nearly everybody. That is—"

"The race?" queried Mrs. Pasmer.

"Yes, at New London," Mavering broke in. "Don't you know? The University race—Harvard and Yale."

"Oh—oh yes," cried Mrs. Pasmer, wondering how her daughter should know about the race, and she not. "Had they talked it over together on Class Day?" she asked herself. She felt herself, in spite of her efforts to keep even with them, left behind and left out, as later age must be distanced and excluded by youth. "Are you gentlemen going to row?" she asked Mavering.

"No; they've ruled the tubs out this



time; and we should send anything else to the bottom."

Mrs. Pasmer perceived that he was joking, but also that they were not of the crew; and she said that if that was the case she should not go.

"Oh, don't let that keep you away! Aren't you going? I hoped you were going," continued the young man, speaking with his eyes on Mrs. Pasmer, but with his mind, as she could see by his eyes, on her daughter.

"No, no."

"Oh, *do* go, Mrs. Pasmer!" he urged. "I wish you'd go along to chaperon us."

Mrs. Pasmer accepted the notion with amusement. "I should think you might look after each other. At any rate, I think I must trust you to Mr. Boardman this time."

"Yes; but he's going on business," persisted Maverick, as if for the pleasure he found in fencing with the air, "and he can't look after me."

"On business?" said Mrs. Pasmer, dropping her outspread fan on her lap, incredulously.

"Yes; he's going into journalism—he's gone into it," laughed Maverick; "and he's going down to report the race for the *Events*."

"Really?" asked Mrs. Pasmer, with a glance at Boardman, whose droll embarrassment did not contradict his friend's words. "How splendid!" she cried. "I had heard that a great many Harvard men were taking up journalism. I'm so glad of it! It will do everything to elevate its tone."

Boardman seemed to suffer under these expectations a little, and he stole a glance of comical menace at his friend.

"Yes," said Maverick; "you'll see a very different tone about the fires, and the fights, and the distressing accidents, in the *Events* after this."

"What does he mean?" she asked Boardman, giving him unavoidably the advantage of the caressing manner which was in her mind for Maverick.

"Well, you see," said Boardman, "we have to begin pretty low down."

"Oh, but *all* departments of our press need reforming, don't they?" she answered, consolingly. "One hears such shocking things about our papers abroad. I'm sure that the more Harvard men go into them the better. And how splendid it is to have them going into politics the way

they are! They're going into politics too, aren't they?" She looked from one young man to the other with an idea that she was perhaps shooting rather wild, and an amiable willingness to be laughed at if she were. "Why don't *you* go into politics, Mr. Maverick?"

"Well, the fact is—"

"So many of the young University men do in England," said Mrs. Pasmer, fortifying her position.

"Well, you see, they haven't got such a complete machine in England—"

"Oh yes, that dreadful machine!" sighed Mrs. Pasmer, who had heard of it, but did not know in the least what it was.

"Do you think the Harvard crew will beat this time?" Alice asked of Boardman.

"Well, to tell you the truth—"

"Oh, but you must never believe him when he begins that way!" cried Maverick. "To be sure they will beat. And you ought to be there to see it. Now why won't you come, Mrs. Pasmer?" he pleaded, turning to her mother.

"Oh, I'm afraid we must be getting away from Boston by that time. It's very tiresome, but there seems to be nobody left; and one can't stay quite alone, even if you're sick of moving about. Have you ever been—we think of going there—to Campobello?"

"No; but I hear that it's charming, there. I had a friend who was there last year, and he said it was charming. The only trouble is it's so far. You're pretty well on the way to Europe when you get there. You know it's all hotel life?"

"Yes. It's quite a new place, isn't it?"

"Well, it's been opened up several years. And they say it isn't like the hotel life anywhere else; it's charming. And there's the very nicest class of people."

"Very nice Philadelphia people, I hear," said Mrs. Pasmer; "and Baltimore. Don't you think it's well," she asked, deferentially, and under correction, if she were hazarding too much, "to see somebody besides Boston people sometimes—if they're nice? That seems to be one of the great advantages of living abroad."

"Oh, I think there are nice people everywhere," said the young man, with the bold expansion of youth.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Pasmer. "We saw two such charming young people coming in and out of the hotel in Rome. We were sure they were English. And they were from Chicago! But there are not



many Western people at Campobello, are there?"

"I really don't know," said Maverick. "How is it, Boardman? Do many of your people go there?"

"You know you do make it so frightfully expensive with your money," said Mrs. Pasmer, explaining with a prompt effect of having known all along that Boardman was from the West. "You drive us poor people all away."

"I don't think *my* money would do it," said Boardman, quietly.

"Oh, you wait till you're a Syndicate Correspondent," said Maverick, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, and rising by aid of it. He left Mrs. Pasmer to fill the chasm that had so suddenly yawned between her and Boardman; and while she tumbled into it every sort of flowery friendliness and compliment, telling him she should look out for his account of the race with the greatest interest, and expressing the hope that he would get as far as Campobello during the summer, Maverick found some minutes for talk with Alice. He was graver with her, far graver than with her mother, not only because she was a more serious nature, but because they were both young, and youth is not free with youth except by slow and cautious degrees. In that little space of time they talked of pictures, apropos of some on the wall, and of books, because of those on the table.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Pasmer when they paused, and she felt that her piece of difficult engineering had been quite successful, "Mrs. Saintsbury was telling me what a wonderful connoisseur of etchings your father is."

"I believe he does know something about them," said the young man, modestly.

"And he's gone back already?"

"Oh yes. He never stays long away from my mother. I shall be going home myself as soon as I get back from the race."

"And shall you spend the summer there?"

"Part of it. I always like to do that."

"Perhaps when you get away you'll come as far as Campobello—with Mr. Boardman," she added.

"Has Boardman promised to go?" laughed Maverick. "He will promise anything. Well, I'll come to Campobello if you'll come to New London. *Do* come, Mrs. Pasmer!"

The mother stood watching the two young men from the window as they made their way across the Square together. She had now, for some reason, no apparent scruple in being seen to do so.

"How ridiculous that stout little Mr. Boardman is with him!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "He hardly comes up to his shoulder. Why in the world should he have brought him?"

"I thought he was very pleasant," said the girl.

"Yes, yes, of course. And I suppose he'd have felt that it was rather pointed coming alone."

"Pointed?"

"Young men are so queer! Did you like that kind of collar he had on?"

"I didn't notice it."

"So very, *very* high."

"I suppose he has rather a long neck."

"Well, what *did* you think of his urging us to go to the race? Do you think he meant it? Do you think he intended it for an invitation?"

"I don't think he meant anything; or if he did, I think he didn't know what."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pasmer, vaguely; "that must be what Mrs. Saintsbury meant by the artistic temperament."

"I like people to be sincere, and not to say things they don't mean, or don't know whether they mean or not," said Alice.

"Yes, of course, that's the best way," admitted Mrs. Pasmer. "It's the *only* way," she added, as if it were her own invariable practice. Then she added, further, "I wonder what he did mean?"

She began to yawn, for after her simulation of vivid interest in them the visit of the young men had fatigued her. In the midst of her yawn her daughter went out of the room, with an impatient gesture, and she suspended the yawn long enough to smile, and then finished it.

## XI.

After first going to the Owen, at Campobello, the Pasmers took rooms at the Ty'nny-Coed, which is so much gayer, even if it is not so characteristic of the old Welsh Admiral's baronial possession of the island. It is characteristic enough, and perched on its bluff overlooking the bay, or whatever the body of water is, it sees a score of pretty isles and long reaches



of mainland coast, with a white marble effect of white-painted wooden Eastport, nestled in the wide lap of the shore, in apparent luxury and apparent innocence of smuggling and the manufacture of herring sardines. The waters that wrap the island in morning and evening fogs temper the air of the latitude to a Newport softness in summer, with a sort of inner coolness that is peculiarly delicious, lulling the day with long calms and light breezes, and after nightfall commonly sending a stiff gale to try the stops of the hotel gables and casements, and to make the cheerful blaze on its public hearths acceptable. Once or twice a day the Eastport ferry-boat arrives, with passengers from the southward, at a floating wharf that sinks or swims half a hundred feet on the mighty tides of the Northeast; but all night long the island is shut up to its own memories and devices. The pretty romance of the old sailor who left England to become a sort of feudal seigneur here, with a holding of the entire island, and its fisher-folk for his villeins, forms a picturesque background for the æsthetic leisure and society in the three hotels remembering him and his language in their names, and housing with a few cottages all the sojourners on the island. By day the broad hotel piazzas shelter such of the guests as prefer to let others make their excursions into the heart of the island, and around its rocky, sea-beaten borders; and at night, when the falling mists have brought the early dark, and from light-house to light-house the fog-horns moan and low to one another, the piazzas cede to the corridors and the parlors and smoking-rooms. The life does not greatly differ from other sea-side hotel life on the surface, and if one were to make distinctions one would perhaps begin by saying that hotel society there has much of the tone of cottage society elsewhere, with a little more accessibility. As the reader doubtless knows, the great mass of Boston society, thoughtful of its own weight and bulk, transports itself down the North Shore scarcely farther than Manchester at the farthest; but there are more courageous or more detachable spirits who venture into more distant regions. These contribute somewhat toward peopling Bar Harbor in the summer, but they scarcely characterize it in any degree; while at Campobello they settle in little daring colonies, whose self-reliance will enlist

the admiration of the sympathetic observer. They do not refuse the knowledge of other colonies of other stirps and origins, and they even combine in temporary alliance with them. But, after all, Boston speaks one language, and New York another, and Washington a third, and though the several dialects have only slight differences of inflection, their moral accents render each a little difficult for the others. In fact, every society is repellent of strangers in the degree that it is sufficient to itself, and is incurious concerning the rest of the world. If it has not the elements of self-satisfaction in it, if it is uninformed and new and restless, it is more hospitable than an older society which has a sense of merit founded upon historical documents, and need no longer go out of itself for comparisons of any sort, knowing that if it seeks anything better it will probably be disappointed. The natural man, the savage, is as indifferent to others as the exclusive, and those who accuse the coldness of the Bostonians, and their reluctant or repellent behavior toward unknown people, accuse not only civilization, but nature itself.

That love of independence which is notable in us even in our most acquiescent phases at home is perhaps what brings these cultivated and agreeable people so far away, where they can achieve a sort of sylvan urbanity without responsibility, and without that measuring of purses which attends the summer display elsewhere. At Campobello one might be poor with almost as little shame as in Cambridge, if one were cultivated. Mrs. Pasmer, who seldom failed of doing just the right thing for herself, had promptly divined the advantages of Campobello for her family. She knew, by dint of a little inquiry, and from the volunteer information of enthusiasts who had been there the summer before, just who was likely to be there during the summer with which she now found herself confronted. Campobello being yet a new thing, it was not open to the objection that you were sure to meet such and such people, more or less common or disagreeable, there; whatever happened, it could be lightly handled in retrospect as the adventure of a partial and fragmentary summer when really she hardly cared where they went.

They did not get away from Boston before the middle of July, and after the soli-



tude they left behind them there, the Owen at first seemed very gay. But when they had once or twice compared it with the Ty'n-y-Coed, riding to and fro in the barge which formed the connecting link with the Saturday evening hops of the latter hotel, Mrs. Pasmer decided that, from Alice's point of view, they had made a mistake, and she repaired it without delay. The young people were, in fact, all at the Ty'n-y-Coed, and though she found the Owen perfectly satisfying for herself and Mr. Pasmer, she was willing to make the sacrifice of going to a new place: it was not a great sacrifice for one who had dwelt so long in tents.

There were scarcely any young girls at the Owen, and no young men, of course. Even at the Ty'n-y-Coed, where young girls abounded, it would not be right to pretend that there were young men enough. Nowhere, perhaps, except at Bar Harbor, is the long-lost balance of the sexes trimmed in New England; and even there the observer, abstractly delighting in the young girls and their dresses at that grand love-exchange of Rodick's, must question whether the adjustment is perfectly accurate.

At Campobello there were not more than half enough young men, and there was not enough flirtation to affect the prevailing social mood of the place: an unfevered, expectationless tranquillity, in which to-day is like yesterday, and to-morrow cannot be different. It is a quiet of light reading and slowly, brokenly murmured, contented gossip for the ladies, of old newspapers and old stories and luxuriously meditated cigars for the men, with occasional combinations for a steam-launch cruise among the eddies and islands of the nearer waters, or a voyage further off in the Bay of Fundy to the Grand Menan, and a return for the late dinner which marks the high civilization of Campobello, and then an evening of more reading and gossip and cigars, while the night wind whistles outside, and the brawl and crash of the balls among the tenpins comes softened from the distant alleys. There are pleasant walks, which people seldom take, in many directions, and there are drives and bridle-paths all through the dense, sad, Northern woods which still savagely clothe the greater part of the island to its further shores, where there are shelves and plateaus of rock incomparable for picnicking. One

need ask nothing better, in fact, than to stroll down the sylvan road that leads to the Owen, past the little fishing village with its sheds for curing herring, and the pale blue smoke and appetizing savor escaping from them; and past the little chapel with which the old Admiral attested his love of the Established rite. On this road you may sometimes meet a little English bishop from the Provinces, in his apron and knee-breeches; and there is a certain bridge over a narrow estuary, where in the shallow land-locked pools of the deeply ebbing tide you may throw stones at sculpin, and witness the admirable indifference of those fish to human cruelty and folly. In the middle distance you will see a group of herring weirs, which with their coronals of tufted saplings form the very most picturesque aspect of any fishing industry. You may now and then find an artist at this point, who, crouched over his easel, or hers, seems to agree with you about the village and the weirs.

But Alice Pasmer cared little more for such things than her mother did, and Mrs. Pasmer regarded Nature in all her aspects simply as an adjunct of society, or an occasional feature of the *entourage*. The girl had no such worldly feeling about it, but she found slight sympathy in the moods of earth and sky with her peculiar temperament. This temperament, whose recon-dite origin had almost wholly broken up Mrs. Pasmer's faith in heredity, was like other temperaments, not always in evidence, and Alice was variously regarded as cold, or shy, or proud, or insipid, by the various other temperaments brought in contact with her own. She was apt to be liked, because she was as careful of others as she was of herself, and she never was childishly greedy about such admiration as she won, as girls often are, perhaps because she did not care for it. Up to this time it is doubtful if her heart had been touched even by the fancies that shake the surface of the soul of youth, and perhaps it was for this reason that her seriousness at first fretted Mrs. Pasmer with a vague anxiety for her future.

Mrs. Pasmer herself remained inalienably Unitarian, but she was aware of the prodigious growth which the Church had been making in society, and when Alice showed her inclination for it, she felt that it was not at all as if she had developed a taste for orthodoxy; when finally it did not seem likely to go too far, it amused



Mrs. Pasmer that her daughter should have taken so intensely to the Anglican rite.

In the hotel it attached to her by a common interest several of the ladies who had seen her earnestly responsive at the little Owen chapel—ladies left to that affectional solitude which awaits long widowhood through the death or marriage of children; and other ladies, younger, but yet beginning to grow old with touching courage. Alice was especially a favorite with the three or four who represented their class and condition at the Ty'n-y-Coed, and who read the best books read there, and had the gentlest manners. There was a tacit agreement among these ladies, who could not help seeing the difference in the temperaments of the mother and daughter, that Mrs. Pasmer did not understand Alice; but probably there were very few people except herself whom Mrs. Pasmer did not understand quite well. She understood these ladies and their compassion for Alice, and she did not in the least resent it. She was willing that people should like Alice for any reason they chose, if they did not go too far. If they went too far, Mrs. Pasmer was quite able to stop them; and with her little flutter of futile deceptions, her irreverence for every form of human worth, and her trust in a providence which had seldom betrayed her, she smiled at the cult of Alice's friends, as she did at the girl's seriousness, which also she felt herself able to keep from going too far.

While she did not object to the sympathy of these ladies, whatever inspired it, she encouraged another intimacy which grew up contemporaneously with theirs, and which was frankly secular and practical, though the girl who attached herself to Alice with one of those instant passions of girlhood was also in every exterior observance a strict and diligent Church woman. The difference was through the difference of Boston and New York in everything: the difference between the idealizing and the realizing tendency. The elderly and middle-aged Boston women who liked Alice had been touched by something high yet sad in the beauty of her face at church; the New York girl promptly owned that she had liked her effect the first Sunday she saw her there, and she knew in a minute she never got those things on this side; her obeisances and genuflections throughout the service, much more profound

and punctilious than those of any one else there, had apparently not prevented her from making a thorough study of Alice's costume and a correct conjecture as to its authorship.

Miss Anderson, who claimed a collateral Dutch ancestry by the Van Hook, tucked in between her non-committal family name and the Julia given her in christening, was of the ordinary slender make of American girlhood, with dull blond hair, and a dull blond complexion, which would have left her face uninteresting if it had not been for the caprice of her nose in suddenly changing from the ordinary American regularity, after getting over its bridge, and turning out distinctly *retroussé*. This gave her profile animation and character; you could not expect a girl with that nose to be either irresolute or commonplace, and for good or for ill Miss Anderson was decided and original. She carried her figure, which was no great things of a figure as to height, with vigorous erectness; she walked with long strides, knocking her skirts into fine eddies and tangles as she went; and she spoke in a bold, deep voice, with tones like a man's in it, all the more amusing and fascinating because of the perfectly feminine eyes with which she looked at you, and the nervous, feminine gestures which she used while she spoke.

She took Mrs. Pasmer into her confidence with regard to Alice at an early stage of their acquaintance, which from the first had a patronizing or rather protecting quality in it, which we often see from lower to higher; the lower owns itself less fine, but knows itself shrewder, and more capable of coping with actualities.

"I think she's moybid, Alice is," she said. "She isn't moybid in the usual sense of the woyd, but she expects more of herself and of the woyld generally than anybody's going to get out of it. She thinks she's going to get as much as she gives, and that's a great mistake, Mrs. Pasmey," she said, with that peculiar liquefaction of the canine letter which the New-Yorkers alone have the trick of, and which it would be tiresome and futile to try to represent throughout her talk.

"Oh yes, I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Pasmer, deep in her throat, and reserving deeper still her enjoyment of this early wisdom of Miss Anderson's.

"Now, even at chuych—she carries the



same spirit into the chuych. She doesn't make allowance for human nature, and the chuych *does*."

"Oh, certainly!" Mrs. Pasmer agreed.

"She isn't like a peyson that's been brought up in the chuych. It's more like the old Puyitan spirit.—Excuse me, Mrs. Pasmey!"

"Yes, indeed! Say anything you like about the Puritans!" said Mrs. Pasmer, delighted that as a Bostonian she should be thought to care for them.

"I always forget that *you're* a Bostonian," Miss Anderson apologized.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Mrs. Pasmer.

"I'm going to try to make her like other giyls," continued Miss Anderson.

"Do," said Alice's mother, with the effect of wishing her joy of the undertaking.

"If there were a few young men about, a little over seventeen and a little under fifty, it would be easier," said Miss Anderson, thoughtfully. "But how are you going to make a giyl like other giyls when there are no young men?"

"That's very true," said Mrs. Pasmer, with an interest which she of course did her best to try to make impersonal. "Do you think there will be more, later on?"

"They will have to hu'y up if they are comin'," said Miss Anderson. "It's the middle of August now, and the hotel closes the second week in September."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pasmer, vaguely, looking at Alice. She had just appeared over the brow of the precipice, along whose face the arrivals and departures by the ferry-boat at Campobello obliquely ascend and descend.

She came walking swiftly toward the hotel, and, for her, so excitedly that Mrs. Pasmer involuntarily rose and went to meet her at the top of the broad hotel steps.

"What is it, Alice?"

"Oh, nothing! I thought I saw Mr. Munt coming off the boat."

"Mr. Munt?"

"Yes." She would not stay for farther question.

Her mother looked after her with the edge of her fan over her mouth till she disappeared in the depths of the hotel corridor; then she sat down near the steps, and chatted with some half-grown boys lounging on the balustrade, and waited for Munt to come up over the brink of the precipice. Dan Mavering came with him, running forward with a polite eagerness at sight of Mrs. Pasmer. She distributed

a skilful astonishment equally between the two men she had equally expected to see, and was extremely cordial with them, not only because she was pleased with them, but because she was still more pleased with her daughter's being, after all, like other girls, when it came to essentials.

## XII.

Alice came down to lunch in a dress which reconciled the sea-side and the drawing-room in an effect entirely satisfactory to her mother, and gave her hand to both of the gentlemen without the affectation of surprise at seeing either.

"I saw Mr. Munt coming up from the boat," she said in answer to Mavering's demand for some sort of astonishment from her. "I wasn't certain that it was you."

Mrs. Pasmer, whose pretences had been all given away by this simple confession, did not resent it, she was so much pleased with her daughter's evident excitement at the young man's having come. Without being conscious of it, perhaps, Alice prettily assumed the part of hostess from the moment of their meeting, and did the honors of the hotel with a tacit implication of knowing that he had come to see her there. They had only met twice, but now, the third time, meeting after a little separation, their manner toward each other was as if their acquaintance had been making progress in the interval. She took him about quite as if he had joined their family party, and introduced him to Miss Anderson and to all her particular friends, for each of whom, within five minutes after his presentation, he contrived to do some winning service. She introduced him to her father, whom he treated with deep respect and said Sir to. She showed him the bowling-alley, and began to play tennis with him.

Her mother, sitting with John Munt on the piazza, followed these polite attentions to Mavering with humorous satisfaction, which was qualified as they went on.

"Alice," she said to her, at a chance which offered itself during the evening, and then she hesitated for the right word.

"Well, mamma?" said the girl, impatiently stopping on her way to walk up and down the piazza with Mavering; she had run in to get a wrap and a Tam-o'-Shanter cap.

"Don't—*overdo* the honors."



"What do you mean, mamma?" asked the girl, dropping her arms before her, and letting the shawl trail on the floor. "Don't you think he was very kind to us on Class Day?"

Her mother laughed. "But every one mayn't know it's gratitude."

Alice went out, but she came back in a little while, and went up to her room without speaking to any one.

The fits of elation and depression with which this first day passed for her succeeded one another during Mavering's stay. He did not need Alice's chaperonage long. By the next morning he seemed to know and to like everybody in the hotel, where he enjoyed a general favor which at that moment had no exceptions. In the afternoon he began to organize excursions and amusements with the help of Miss Anderson.

The plans all referred to Alice, who accepted and approved with an authority which every one tacitly admitted, just as every one recognized that Mavering had come to Campobello because she was there. Such a phase is perhaps the prettiest in the history of a love affair. All is yet in solution; nothing has been precipitated in word or fact. The parties to it even reserve a final construction of what they themselves say or do; they will not own to their hearts that they mean exactly this or that. It is this phase which in its perfect freedom is the most American of all; under other conditions it is an instant, perceptible or imperceptible; under ours it is a distinct stage, unhurried by any outside influences.

The nearest approach to a definition of the situation was in a talk between Mavering and Mrs. Pasmer, and this talk, too, light and brief, might have had no such intention as her fancy assigned his part of it.

She recurred to something that had been said on Class Day about his taking up the law immediately, or going abroad first for a year.

"Oh, I've abandoned Europe altogether for the present," he said, laughing. "And I don't know but I may go back on the law too."

"Indeed! Then you *are* going to be an artist?"

"Oh no; not so bad as that. It isn't settled yet, and I'm off here to think it over awhile before the law school opens in September. My father wants me to go

into his business, and turn my powers to account in designing wall-papers."

"Oh, how very interesting!" At the same time Mrs. Pasmer ran over the whole field of her acquaintance without finding another wall-paper maker in it. But she remembered what Mrs. Saintsbury had said: it was manufacturing. This reminded her to ask if he had seen the Saintsburys lately, and he said, no; he believed they were still in Cambridge, though. "And we shall actually see a young man," she said, finally, "in the act of deciding his own destiny!"

He laughed for pleasure in her persiflage. "Yes; only don't say anything. Nobody else knows it."

"Oh, no, indeed. Too much flattered, Mr. Mavering. Shall you let me know when you've decided? I shall be dying to know, and I shall be too high-minded to ask."

It was not then too late to adapt *Pinafore* to any exigency of life, and Mavering said, "You will learn from the expression of my eyes."

### XIII.

The witnesses of Mavering's successful efforts to make everybody like him were interested in his differentiation of the attentions he offered every age and sex from those he paid Alice. But while they all agreed that there never was a sweeter fellow, they would have been puzzled to say in just what this difference consisted, and much as they liked him, the ladies of her cult were not quite satisfied with him till they decided that it was marked by an anxiety, a timidity, which was perfectly fascinating in a man so far from bashfulness as he. That is, he did nice things for others without asking; but with her there was always an explicit pause, and an implicit prayer and permission, first. Upon this condition they consented to the glamour which he had for her, and which was evident to every one probably but to herself and to him.

Once agreeing that no one was good enough for Alice Pasmer, whose qualities they felt that only women could really appreciate, they were interested to see how near Mavering could come to being good enough; and as the drama played itself before their eyes, they pleased themselves in analyzing its hero.

"He is not bashful, certainly," said one



of a little group who sat midway of the piazza while Alice and Mavering walked up and down together. "But don't you think he's modest? There's that difference, you know."

The lady addressed waited so long before answering that the young couple came abreast of the group, and then she had to wait till they were out of hearing. "Yes," she said then, with a tender, sighing thoughtfulness, "I've felt that in him. And I really think he is a very lovable nature. The only question would be whether he wasn't *too* lovable."

"Yes," said the first lady, with the same kind of suspiration, "I know what you mean. And I suppose they ought to be something more alike in disposition."

"Or sympathies?" suggested the other.

"Yes, or sympathies."

A third lady laughed a little. "Mr. Mavering has so many sympathies that he ought to be like her in some of them."

"Do you mean that he's *too* sympathetic—that he isn't sincere?" asked the first—a single lady of forty-nine, a Miss Cotton, who had a little knot of conscience between her pretty eyebrows, tied there by the unremitting effort of half a century to do and say exactly the truth, and to find it out.

Mrs. Brinkley, whom she addressed, was of that obesity which seems often to incline people to sarcasm. "No, I don't think he's insincere. I think he always means what he says and does— Well, do you think a little more concentration of good-will would hurt him for Miss Pasmer's purpose—if she has it?"

"Yes, I see," said Miss Cotton. She waited, with her kind eyes fixed wistfully upon Alice, for the young people to approach and get by. "I wonder what the men think of him?"

"You might ask Miss Anderson," said Mrs. Brinkley.

"Oh, do you think they tell her?"

"Not that exactly," said Mrs. Brinkley, shaking with good-humored pleasure in her joke.

"Her voice—oh, yes. She and Alice are great friends, of course."

"I should think," said Mrs. Stamwell, the second speaker, "that Mr. Mavering would be jealous sometimes—till he looked twice."

"Yes," said Miss Cotton, obliged to admit the force of the remark, but feeling that Mr. Mavering had been carried out

of the field of her vision by the turn of the talk. "I suppose," she continued, "that he wouldn't be so well liked by other young men as she is by other girls, do you think?"

"I don't think, as a rule," said Mrs. Brinkley, "that men are half so appreciative of one another as women are. It's most amusing to see the open scorn with which two young fellows treat each other if a pretty girl introduces them."

All the ladies joined in the laugh with which Mrs. Brinkley herself led off. But Miss Cotton stopped laughing first.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that if a gentleman were generally popular with gentlemen it would be—"

"Because he wasn't generally so with women? Something like that—if you'll leave Mr. Mavering out of the question. Oh, how very good of them!" she broke off, and all the ladies glanced at Mavering and Alice where they had stopped at the farther end of the piazza, and were looking off. "Now I can probably finish before they get back here again. What I do mean, Miss Cotton, is that neither sex willingly accepts the favorites of the other."

"Yes," said Miss Cotton, admissively.

"And all that saves Miss Pasmer is that she has not only the qualities that women like in women, but some of the qualities that men like in them. She's thoroughly human."

A little sensation, almost a murmur, not wholly of assent, went round that circle which had so nearly voted Alice a saint.

"In the first place, she likes to please men."

"Oh!" came from the group.

"And that makes them like her—if it doesn't go too far, as her mother says."

The ladies all laughed, recognizing a common turn of phrase in Mrs. Pasmer.

"I should think," said Mrs. Stamwell, "that she would believe a little in heredity if she noticed that in her daughter;" and the ladies laughed again.

"Then," Mrs. Brinkley resumed concerning Alice, "she has a very pretty face, an extremely pretty face; she has a tender voice, and she's very, very graceful—in rather an odd way; perhaps it's only a fascinating awkwardness. Then she dresses—or her mother dresses her—exquisitely."

The ladies, with another sensation, ad-



mitted the perfect accuracy with which these points had been touched.

"That's what men like, what they fall in love with, what Mr. Maverick's in love with this instant. It's no use women's flattering themselves that they don't, for they *do*. The rest of the virtues and graces and charms are for women. If that serious girl could only know the silly things that that amiable simpleton is taken with in her, she'd—"

"Never speak to him again?" suggested Miss Cotton.

"No, I don't say that. But she would think twice before marrying him."

"And then do it," said Mrs. Stamwell, pensively, with eyes that seemed looking far into the past.

"Yes, and quite right to do it," said Mrs. Brinkley. "I don't know that we should be very proud ourselves if we confessed just what caught our fancy in our husbands. For my part I shouldn't like to say how much a light hat that Mr. Brinkley happened to be wearing had to do with the matter."

The ladies broke into another laugh, and then checked themselves, so that Mrs. Pasmer, coming out of the corridor upon them, naturally thought they were laughing at her. She reflected that if she had been in their place she would have shown greater tact by not stopping just at that instant. But she did not mind. She knew that they talked her over, but having a very good conscience, she simply talked them over in return.

"Have you seen my daughter within a few minutes?" she asked.

"She was with Mr. Maverick at the end of the piazza a moment ago," said Mrs. Brinkley. "They must have just gone round the corner of the building."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pasmer. She had a novel, with her finger between its leaves, pressed against her heart, after the manner of ladies coming out on hotel piazzas. She sat down and rested it on her knee, with her hand over the top.

Miss Cotton bent forward, and Mrs. Pasmer lifted her fingers to let her see the name of the book.

"Oh yes," said Miss Cotton. "But he's so terribly pessimistic, don't you think?"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Brinkley.

"*Fumée*," said Mrs. Pasmer, laying the book title upward on her lap for every one to see.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Brinkley, fanning

herself. "Tourguénief. That man gave me the worst quarter of an hour with his *Lisa* that I ever had."

"That's the same as the *Nichée des Gentilshommes*, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Pasmer, with the involuntary superiority of a woman who reads her Tourguénief in French.

"I don't know. I had it in English. I don't build my ships to cross the sea in, as Emerson says; I take those I find built."

"Ah! I was already on the other side," said Mrs. Pasmer, softly. She added: "I must get *Lisa*. I like a good heart-break; don't you? If that's what gave you the bad moment."

"Heart-break? Heart-crush! Where Lavretsky comes back old to the scene of his love for Lisa, and strikes that chord on the piano—well, I simply wonder that I'm alive to recommend the book to you."

"Do you know," said Miss Cotton, very deferentially, "that your daughter always made me think of Lisa?"

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Pasmer, not wholly pleased, but gratified that she was able to hide her displeasure. "You make me very curious."

"Oh, I doubt if you'll see more than a mere likeness of temperament," Mrs. Brinkley interfered, bluntly. "All the conditions are so different. There couldn't be an American Lisa. That's the charm of these Russian tragedies. You feel that they're so perfectly true there, and so perfectly impossible here. Lavretsky would simply have got himself divorced from Varvara Pavlovna, and no clergyman could have objected to marrying him to Lisa."

"That's what I mean by his pessimism," said Miss Cotton. "He leaves you no hope. And I think that despair should never be used in a novel except for some good purpose; don't you, Mrs. Brinkley?"

"Well," said Mrs. Brinkley, "I was trying to think what good purpose despair could be put to, in a book or out of it."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Pasmer, referring to the book in her lap, "that he leaves you altogether in despair here, unless you'd rather he'd run off with Irene than married Tatiana."

"Oh, I certainly didn't wish that," said Miss Cotton, in self-defence, as if the shot had been aimed at her.

"The book ends with a marriage; there's no denying that," said Mrs. Brinkley, with



a reserve in her tone which caused Mrs. Pasmer to continue for her:

"And marriage means happiness—in a book."

"I'm not sure that it does in this case. The time would come, after Litvinof had told Tatiana everything, when she would have to ask herself, and not once only, what sort of man it really was who was willing to break his engagement, and run off with another man's wife, and whether he could ever repent enough for it. She could make excuses for him, and would, but at the bottom of her heart— No, it seems to me that there, almost for the only time, Tourguénief permitted himself an amiable weakness. All that part of the book has the air of begging the question."

"But don't you see," said Miss Cotton, leaning forward in the way she had when very earnest, "that he means to show that her love is strong enough for all that?"

"But he doesn't, because it isn't. Love isn't strong enough to save people from unhappiness through each other's faults. Do you suppose that so many married people are unhappy in each other because they don't *love* each other? No; it's because they *do* love each other that their faults are such a mutual torment. If they were indifferent, they wouldn't mind each other's faults. Perhaps that's the

reason why there are so many American divorces; if they didn't care, like Europeans, who don't marry for love, they could stand it."

"Then the moral is," said Mrs. Pasmer, at her lightest, through the surrounding gravity, "that as all Americans marry for love, only Americans who have been very good ought to get married."

"I'm not sure that the have-been goodness is enough either," said Mrs. Brinkley, willing to push it to the absurd. "You marry a man's future as well as his past."

"Dear me! You are terribly *exigeante*, Mrs. Brinkley," said Mrs. Pasmer.

"One can afford to be so—in the abstract," answered Mrs. Brinkley.

They all stopped talking and looked at John Munt, who was coming toward them, and each felt a longing to lay the matter before him. There was probably not a woman among them but had felt more, read more, and thought more than John Munt, but he was a man, and the mind of a man is the court of final appeal for the wisest women. Till some man has pronounced upon their wisdom, they do not know whether it is wisdom or not.

Munt drew up his chair, and addressed himself to the whole group through Mrs. Pasmer: "We are thinking of getting up a little picnic to-morrow."

## A LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

BY CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

THE Boré plantation was situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, about six miles above New Orleans, taking as a point of departure the Cathedral, then the centre of the city, and following the public road that ran along the river in all its windings. The next one above was the plantation of Pierre Foucher, the son-in-law of Boré, and a portion of it is now the City Park, on which the "World's Exposition" lately took place, succeeded by the present "American Exposition." It is a spot round which cluster more historical souvenirs than about any other in Louisiana. The plantation above Foucher's, and on which has since sprung up the town of Carrollton, belonged to Lafrénière, Attorney-General under the French government, who was the principal leader in the revolution that drove away, in 1768,

the first Spanish Governor, Don Antonio de Ulloa, who had come to take possession of Louisiana, transferred by France to Spain. Lafrénière had two sons-in-law—Noyan, Bienville's nephew, executed by Governor O'Reilly for rebellion against the King of Spain, and Lebreton, who had been a *mousquetaire*, or guardsman, in the King's household troops. He became proprietor of the plantation after his father-in-law had been shot by the same authority. The son of this Lebreton married a daughter of Boré. On his being assassinated by a petted and pampered slave, the plantation passed into the hands of Macarty, who had been the tutor of the children of the defunct, and has since become the town of Carrollton. The youngest and last daughter of Boré married Don Carlos Gayarré, the grandson of the *real*



*contador*, or royal *contador*, Don Estevan Gayarré, whose mission was to take possession of Louisiana with Governor Ulloa. This third son-in-law resided on the plantation of Boré; so that all those families were grouped in a tribe-like fashion around a central point—the head and patriarch of the family and its branches.

On the Foucher plantation, and near its upper limit, there was a very large house, occupied by one Lefort, who kept a school that was very well attended by the children of the planters on both sides of the river. It was there that I learned my A B C, before I was sent to the College of Orleans, situated where to-day stands the Church of St. Augustin, corner of St. Claude and Bayou Road, *alias* Hospital Street. This Lefort was a man of culture, but rather rough, and unmercifully addicted to striking his pupils. I was six years old when I attended his school, and I have not yet forgotten, after so many years, the blows which he used to give me because my young and imperfect organs of speech could not properly pronounce the English *the*. He was very fat and pot-bellied. When the river was high, and covered the batture in front of the levee, he took us to bathe twice a week. The way in which he floated on the river without any effort, and like a bag of wind, was to me at the time a cause of wonder and speculation. To dive would have been for him as impossible as to fly like a bird.

Indigo had been the principal staple of the colony, but at last a worm which attacked the plant and destroyed it, through consecutive years, was reducing to poverty and to the utmost despair the whole population. Jean Étienne de Boré determined to make a bold experiment to save himself and his fellow-citizens, and convert his indigo plantation into one of sugar-cane.

In these critical circumstances he resolved to renew the attempt which had been made to manufacture sugar. He immediately prepared to go into all the expenses and incur all the obligations consequent on so costly an undertaking. His wife warned him that her father had in former years vainly made a similar attempt; she represented that he was hazarding on the cast of a die all that remained of their means of existence; that if he failed, as was so probable, he would reduce his family to hopeless poverty;

that he was of an age—being over fifty years old—when fate was not to be tempted by doubtful experiments, as he could not reasonably entertain the hope of a sufficiently long life to rebuild his fortune if once completely shattered; and that he would not only expose himself to ruin, but also to a risk much more to be dreaded—that of falling into the grasp of creditors. Friends and relatives joined their remonstrances to hers, but could not shake the strong resolve of his energetic mind. He had fully matured his plan, and was determined to sink or swim with it.

Purchasing a quantity of canes from two individuals named Mendez and Solis, who cultivated them only for sale as a dainty in the New Orleans market, and to make coarse syrup, he began to plant in 1794, and to make all the other necessary preparation, and in 1795 he made a crop of sugar which sold for twelve thousand dollars—a large sum at that time. Boré's attempt had excited the keenest interest; many had frequently visited him during the year to witness his preparations; gloomy predictions had been set afloat, and on the day when the grinding of the cane was to begin, a large number of the most respectable inhabitants had gathered in and about the sugar-house to be present at the failure or success of the experiment. Would the syrup granulate? would it be converted into sugar? The crowd waited with eager impatience for the moment when the man who watches the coction of the juice of the cane determines whether it is ready to granulate. When that moment arrived the stillness of death came among them, each one holding his breath, and feeling that it was a matter of ruin or prosperity for them all. Suddenly the sugar-maker cried out with exultation, "It granulates!" Inside and outside of the building one could have heard the wonderful tidings flying from mouth to mouth and dying in the distance, as if a hundred glad echoes were telling it to one another. Each one of the by-standers pressed forward to ascertain the fact on the evidence of his own senses, and when it could no longer be doubted, there came a shout of joy, and all flocked around Étienne de Boré, overwhelming him with congratulations, and almost hugging the man whom they called their savior—the savior of Louisiana. Ninety years have elapsed since, and an event which pro-



duced so much excitement at the time is very nearly obliterated from the memory of the present generation.

In 1796 a stirring event occurred at the plantation of Étienne de Boré. The French General Collot, on his way to New Orleans from the Western States and Territories, had stopped to visit that gentleman. As soon as this was known in the city, the Governor, Baron de Carondelet, who had received from Philadelphia a confidential communication informing him that General Collot was intrusted by the French government with a secret mission, against which the Spanish authorities were to be on their guard, sent up an armed boat by the river and fifty dragoons by land to arrest him. The General was put in the boat and taken down to New Orleans, where he was imprisoned in Fort St. Charles, situated about the spot where now stands the United States Mint. On the next day he was called upon by the Spanish Governor, who proposed to him a house in town which he might occupy on parole, and with a soldier at his door. Having accepted the proposition, he left the fort in the Governor's carriage. Shortly after, on the 1st of November, the General, from whom some of his maps, drawings, and writings had been taken away, was conveyed on board of one of the King's galleys, and accompanied by a captain of the regiment of Louisiana, who was not to lose sight of him, was transported to the Balize, where he was detained a prisoner in the house of the chief pilot, Juan Ronquillo, "situated," he said, "in the midst of a vast swamp, and from which there was no egress except in a boat." He remained at that dismal spot until the 22d of December, when he embarked on board of the brig *Iphigenia* for Philadelphia.

Étienne de Boré was extremely indignant at the arbitrary arrest of General Collot, who was his guest at the time. He considered it an insult to himself, and he expressed his feelings loudly and without restraint. He was known for his intense attachment to French interests, and it is said that the Baron seriously thought of having him arrested and transported to Havana, but that he was deterred by the fear of producing a commotion by inflicting so harsh a treatment on so distinguished a citizen, who, by his personal character, his rank, his family connections, and the benefit he had lately conferred on his country by the introduction

of a new branch of industry, commanded universal sympathies and exercised the widest influence.

In the beginning of 1798, when Gayoso de Lemos was Governor of Louisiana, the Boré plantation was visited by three illustrious strangers, the Duke of Orleans and his two brothers, the Count of Beaujolais and the Duke of Montpensier, of the royal house of France, who, driven into exile after the death of their father on the scaffold, were striking examples of those remarkable vicissitudes of fortune with which the annals of history are so replete. When a *mousquetaire*, or guardsman, in the household troops of Louis XV., and watching over the safety of the Majesty of France, little did De Boré dream that the day would come when three princes of the blood would be his guests on the bank of the Mississippi.

This plantation was sagaciously and tastefully laid out for beauty and productiveness. The gardens occupied a large area, and at once astonished the eye by the magnificence of their shady avenues of orange-trees. Unbroken retreats of myrtle and laurel defied the rays of the sun. Flowers of every description perfumed the air. Extensive orchards produced every fruit of which the climate was susceptible. By judicious culture there had been obtained remarkable success in producing an abundance of juicy grapes, every bunch of which, however, when they began to ripen, was enveloped in a sack of wire to protect them against the depredations of birds. The fields were cultivated with such a careful observance of the variable exigencies of every successive season that there was no such thing known as a short or half crop, or no crop at all. This was reserved for much later days. But under the administration of Étienne de Boré, during a period of about twenty-five years, from the first ebullition of a sugar kettle in 1795 to the time of his death in 1820, every crop was regularly the same within a few hogsheads. When, however, he ceased to exist, this seat of order and prosperity became a chaos of disorder and ruin, and the estate finally passed away from the family into the hands of strangers.

It was a self-sufficient little domain, exporting a good deal, and importing but meagrely, so that the balance was very much in its favor. It was largely supplied with sheep and their wool, with



geese, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowls, and every variety of poultry without stint. Eggs were gathered by the bushel. Pigeons clouded the sun, and when the small black cherries (called *merises* in French) were ripe, those feathered epicures ate them voraciously, got royally drunk, and falling from the trees, strewed the ground beneath. A numerous herd of cattle, under the inspection of old Pompey and a black youngster called *Souris* (in English *mouse*), on account of his diminutive figure, pastured luxuriously and grew fat. What a quantity of fresh butter, rich cheese, milk, cream, and clabber! Vast barns gorged with corn, rice, and hay; hives bursting with honey; vegetables without measure, and so luscious; a varied and liberal supply of carriages always ready for use, and horses for the saddle or for driving, all glossy and sleek; spirited mules, well fed and well curried—the pride of the field hands; shrimps and fish from the river; multitudes of crawfish from the deep ditches; raccoons and opossums to gladden the heart of the most surly negro. Boré had made of his estate both a farm and plantation. Every day before dawn cart-loads departed for New Orleans with diversified produce, most of which was handed over, when it reached its destination, to two old women, Agathe and Marie, who were the occupants and guardians of the town house of Boré. They admirably understood the art of selling, and were well known to the whole population, whose confidence they possessed. Going to market with baskets full, they generally brought them back empty. Josephine, a handsome, strong-limbed, and light-footed mulattress, with another female assistant of a darker color, sold the milk and butter with wonderful rapidity, and both were back at the plantation at half past 10 A.M., with the mail, the daily papers, and whatever else they had to bring. It was clock-work in everything on that plantation of the old régime. Hence the *farm* produced at least six thousand dollars per annum, besides supplying all the wants of those who resided on it, black or white, and the product of the *plantation* was almost all profit.

The Boré town house of which I have spoken was situated at the corner of Conti and Chartres streets, where, after its demolition, there was erected the tall brick building known as the Sarrasin Tobacco Manufactory. In front, across the street

at the south corner, on the right hand in Conti Street going toward the river, there was the house of Destréhan, his brother-in-law, who was the first Senator the State elected to Congress on her becoming a part of the Union in 1812, but he declined to take his seat. This will appear strange to our modern politicians.

The house of Destréhan has also been demolished, and in its place there has been erected a vulgar three-story building with a whitewashed front, as frigid-looking as a tomb, although at night it becomes a *café chantant*. The ancient Louisiana name of Destréhan has also disappeared forever. As to the defunct house of Boré, its architecture was strikingly French, and had it continued in existence would have attracted the attention of those modern tourists who are so fond of antiquities. It was a massive two-story brick house, built under the Spanish government by a M. Voltaire de Fonvergne. There was a large gate-yard in Conti Street. Most of the rooms were also large, and with marquetry floors of oak—a rare thing in Louisiana, which I do not remember having seen in any other house. Everything was broad in it—broad doors, broad windows, broad chimneys, high ceilings. As to the main flight of stairs with its fantastically worked iron rails, it seemed to my young eyes to be as broad as the street itself. The roof was a solid terrace with a stone balustrade. During the summer months it was a pleasant place late in the evening when the floor had sufficiently cooled down under the fresh breeze coming from the river. The first story was occupied by a druggist named Tolozan, a man of polished and engaging manners, whose store was well patronized by the *élite* of the city, and where gossips of that class used to meet. Altogether the house had a peculiar physiognomy of its own. I was about seven years old when Étienne de Boré sold it to his son-in-law, Pierre Foucher. This old mansion at the corner of Conti and Chartres was inherited by Foucher's daughter, Madame de Lachaise, whose husband pulled it down, and substituted for it the ugly red thing which looks like a rampant lobster.

But to return to the plantation from which I have digressed. The discipline established on it was a sort of military one. At dawn, when it was time to go to the field and to the other labors of the



day, the big bell rang. The whole gang of negroes came to the house, in front of which they all kneeled, and a short prayer was said, always in the presence of a male member of the family, who stood up with head uncovered. The same ceremony was performed in the evening before they went to their supper and their rest for the night. I vividly remember how I felt when, being about eight years old, I was for the first time called upon to preside over the prayers of the dark assemblage.

Those who administered the plantation under M. de Boré's vigilant eye were his two grandsons, Jean Baptiste and Deschappelles Lebreton, and two Frenchmen as overseers. One of them was Klein d'Alberg, a kinsman of General Klein, who subsequently became a peer of France under Louis Philippe, and whose son, many years after, I met at the palatial residence of the Baroness of Pontalba in Paris—the same lady whose name is so well known in Louisiana, and is connected with the public square on which stands in New Orleans the equestrian statue of General Jackson. The other employé, very small in stature, almost feminine in manner and appearance, the gentlest-tempered, the most modest, the most tender-hearted man I ever knew, was the son of General Duphot, who under the first French republic was assassinated in a riot in Rome, of which the French had taken possession. Each one of those gentlemen had his post of duty assigned to him, and his particular department of supervision, for which he was responsible. Every evening those subordinates came to the "lord and master of all that he surveyed," and rendered him an account of their stewardship. Then they received his orders for the next day.

I do not remember having seen a negro whipped, but I remember having been present when occasionally one of them, for some delinquency, was put in the stocks for the night or during a whole Sunday. This is the principal punishment that I have known to be inflicted. Basile, the commander of the gang, and the most boastful, the most self-important negro who ever trod the earth, although he was invested with but very limited power, was armed with an enormous whip, at least twenty feet in length, which from time to time he cracked portentously over his head with the most terrific emphasis of sound, whilst goading with threatening words

some laggard who he thought did not wield his hoe with sufficient diligence; but I never saw that whip fall on the back of any of the hands. In the field when at work they used to sing in chorus or concert, and there was in those songs a melody which lingers to this day in my heart. I now wish that I had noted down the words and the music which seemed to enliven so much those sons of Africa, and which certainly were their own composition.

This landlord of the old *régime* never raised hogs. I never saw one ranging and grunting at liberty on any portion of his domains. Hog-raising was a monopoly which he left to his negroes. Leading to the sugar-house and its dependencies there was a long and fine avenue of pecan-trees. In a parallel line to it there were the negro quarters, comfortable cabins with fireplaces, and drawn in a double row. Each negro had a hog-pen behind his cabin, and his small poultry-yard; each one had also a lot of ground for raising corn, pumpkins, and anything else he pleased. When fat, the hogs were sold at the market price to master or mistress, or to any other bidder, when not slaughtered by their owners for their own alimentation.

The Mississippi in those days, when high, used to carry an immense quantity of drift-wood. On Sundays many of the negroes would draw ashore with ease a quantity of logs, which they cut into cords, and sold to their master for a dollar per cord. If at any time they were forced, for the good of the crop, to do more than their usual task, they were liberally paid for it, or the number of extra hours during which they worked was returned to them out of their ordinary days of labor. They caught catfish, sheep's-head, shrimps, eels in abundance, raccoons, opossums, etc., and in my boyhood, when rambling about their quarters at the time they cooked their meals, my nostrils were frequently regaled with a savory smell. It is certain that they all looked fat and sleek, and none ran away. Therefore they must have been gently treated and well fed. There were among them masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, cartwrights, every other mechanic that might be wanted, and even an excellent shoemaker. So we were perfectly independent of the outward world.

But the negroes did not wear shoes at that antediluvian epoch. They protected



their feet with what they called *quantiers*, made in this way: The negro would plant his foot on an ox-hide that had undergone a certain preparatory process to soften it. Armed with a flat and keen blade, another negro would cut the hide according to the size and shape of the foot, leaving enough margin to overlap the top of it up to the ankle. Holes were bored into it, and with strips of the same leather this rustic shoe was laced tight to the foot. It was rough and unsightly, but wholesome, like the French *sabot*, or wooden shoe. The foot in a woollen sock, or even bare, when encased in a *quantier* stuffed with rags or hay, was kept remarkably warm and dry. Twice a year there came numerous bales of merchandise—blankets and warm clothing at the beginning of winter, and lighter articles of dress at the beginning of spring. The thick *capot de couverte* was universally used by the negroes, and frequently even by their masters. It was a sort of frock with a hood, and made out of a blanket.

This population of black laborers was for a long time composed only of natives of Louisiana called creole negroes, and of natives of Africa called Banbaras, or by whatever other names that designated the tribes they had belonged to in their country. There were distinct peculiarities and idiosyncrasies among them. On the Boré plantation there was one who pretended that he was a prince, and had ruled over numerous subjects. He was so proud and fiery that he was named Achilles. He looked upon the other negroes as his inferiors, and exacted from them all great demonstrations of respect. When the American negroes, as they were called, began to be introduced—meaning those who came from the United States, to which Louisiana was not yet annexed—they were treated with the utmost contempt, and even deep-rooted aversion, by the creole and African negroes with whom they had to associate. They were looked upon as thieves, and capable of every sort of villainous tricks. Whenever any theft was perpetrated or any other delinquency committed, it was immediately alleged that it was the *Méricain coquin* (the American rogue) who had done it. So they had at first a hard time of it. On the other hand, the *Méricain coquin*, being generally more intelligent than the creole *nigger* and the imported African, was disposed to treat them as fools, and openly asserted his own su-

periority. Thus those black immigrants, when they first came to a Louisiana plantation, rather put things out of joint, from a want of affinity with the sable company into which they were introduced.

On a certain occasion one of those Africans, named Big Congo, a field hand, was the hero of an amusing anecdote. The overseer had sent him to M. de Boré with a message to which an answer was desired. The barbarian returned after a while and informed the overseer that he had found *master* in the parlor, that he had delivered the message, that the *old man* had looked at him straight in the face, but had not answered anything.

"Brute! what story is this?" exclaimed the overseer, getting angry.

"It is true," insisted the negro, in his peculiar lingo, which I translate into English. "Master was in a gold window. He looked at me good, but would not talk."

"What! what! are you drunk?" said the overseer, who was fast losing his temper.

But the negro stuck to it. "Pray come with me," he said, imploringly. "Don't get angry. I will show you master in the gold window."

The overseer went with him, and entering the saloon, found hung up to the wall an oil portrait of Boré in a gilt frame that had just been brought home from the city. The African pointed to it with intense satisfaction in proof of his having told the truth. "*A la li*," he said; "here he is."

It was a living likeness and a fine specimen of art, executed by a most skilful painter named Mouchette, who was on his travels, and merely passing through Louisiana. Big Congo was comically bewildered when assured that no flesh and blood stood before him.

I have already intimated that the former *mousquetaire*, or member of the royal body-guard, and ex-captain of cavalry in the French army, kept up a complete military discipline on his plantation. It is true to the very letter. Every evening after supper sentinels were stationed at every point where depredations might be committed. They were two by two, armed with stout clubs—never a sentinel alone. At midnight they were relieved and replaced by others, and so on in turn, going through the whole gang successively, a new set every night. Thus every



trespass, every violation of law or order, was well guarded against.

One day, however, the habitually quiet denizens of the Boré plantation were thrown into commotion. Boré had bought a magnificent pair of carriage-horses. They had not been one week at home when they disappeared at night. The stables were found locked. All the gates of the yard in which stood the stables looked as if their padlocks and bars had not been tampered with. There was not the slightest sign of *effraction* anywhere. The walls could not have been over-leaped. The sentinels had seen and heard nothing, and their fidelity was not doubted. The whole affair was extremely mysterious and puzzling. One thing, however, was certain. The thief, who evidently was a most expert one, had only the choice between two roads in his flight—down to the city or up along the bank of the river. On close inspection, tracks were discovered on the way up, and the pursuit began. But the thief had the advantage of several hours in his favor. The stolen horses were fleet, and the thief managed to keep ahead in the race. He had been seen by many, but not suspected. The pursuit ceased at Baton Rouge without success. Unfortunately there were no telegraphs in those days. Our bewildered negroes, unable to account for this bold and extraordinary deed, which appeared marvellous to their superstitious imagination, attributed it to Zombi or Bouki, who rank among the mischievous spirits in which they believe.

A magnificent avenue of pecan-trees led from the public road alongside the bank of the river to the vast enclosure within which stood the house of M. de Boré, with its numerous dependencies. That part of the enclosure which faced the river presented a singular appearance when approached from the public road through the avenue of pecan-trees. It was that of a fortified place, for there was to be seen, with a revetement of brick five feet high, a rampart of earth about fifteen feet in width and sloping down to large moats filled with water and well stocked with frogs, fish, and eels. The rampart was clothed in clover, and at its foot, on the edge of the moats, there grew a palisade of the plant known in Louisiana under the name of "Spanish-daggers," through which it would not have been easy to escalate the parapet. In their

season of efflorescence their numerous clusters of white flowers were beautiful. They stood in bold relief from their background of green clover, and towered proudly above the stout and sharp-pointed leaves by which they were protected. This picturesque and uncommon line of fortified enclosure extended a good deal more than three hundred feet on both sides of the entrance gate that opened into the court-yard at the end of the pecan avenue. This may have been in reminiscence of France, where such château-like sights were frequent. On the opposite side, in front of this line of enclosure, there was another, consisting of a well-trimmed and thick orange hedge four feet in height. Beyond were the gardens and several alleys of superb grown-up orange-trees, gorgeous in turn, according to the season, with their snowy blossoms and their golden apples, reminding one of the fabled ones of the Hesperides.

Whenever the pecans began to ripen, this grand avenue from the public road to the house was invaded by thousands of crows, which broke the shells of the nuts with their strong beaks, and ate the luscious substance inside. The incessant *caw, caw*, could have been heard, it seems to me, at the distance of a mile or two. No Englishman could have boasted of a more splendid rookery. The crows were as talkative and boisterous as politicians on election day.

Among the sensational occurrences which I remember whilst a boy, and enjoying the sweet spring life of youth on the Boré plantation, was the shock of an earthquake, which was distinctly felt in lower Louisiana—the same which so terrified New Madrid, further up on the Mississippi. Next came the tremendous hurricane which did so much damage below the city, in the parish of Plaquemines, by causing the river to overflow, and by precipitating the waters of the Gulf upon the low lands, whereby many families were drowned. This hurricane was a fine specimen of the kind, and raged on our plantation with fearful sublimity. It began early in the morning. A dense pell-mell mass of white and dark clouds, strangely mixed, under the whip and spur of a furious wind, was driven in a helter-skelter race so close to the earth that a tall man might have fancied that he could touch it with his hand. I remember to have repeatedly



and gleefully jumped up as if to accomplish it myself, although a little boy, and whenever the irresistible grasp of the hurricane, lifting me above the ground, carried me onward ten or twelve feet, and tumbled me down heels over head on the greensward, I shrieked with delight. There was not a drop of rain; it was all blow. When night came, the battering blows of the giant became more terrific. The house shook to its very foundations, and in every point of its structure. It seemed to be assailed by an infuriated multitude of winds that rushed from every quarter of the horizon to engage in a demoniacal conflict on our premises. Notwithstanding this war of the elements, I had fallen asleep, when my father waked me up suddenly, and apparently in great alarm carried me in his arms to what was probably thought a safer portion of the building.

My family was at the Boré plantation when, in the afternoon of the 23d of December, 1814, General Jackson was informed that the British had landed in Louisiana, and that a portion of their troops had been seen on the Villeré plantation below the city. I was then at the College of Orleans, corner of St. Claude and Bayou Road, *alias* Hospital Street, when, at 3 o'clock P.M., a great commotion was observed within its learned precincts. All studies were suspended; the class-rooms shut up; the pupils hurrying to and fro in evident alarm; parents pouring in and taking their children away. My cousin, Frédéric Foucher, the son of Pierre Foucher, and myself were beginning to fear our being forgotten and left to shift for ourselves, instead of being as well cared for as most of our companions—both our families being six miles above the city, and ignorant of the exciting news—when there came a messenger from Madame Porée, the sister of Pierre Foucher, and the aunt of Frédéric, to tender us the shelter of her house at the corner of Dumaine and Royal streets, which is still in existence, with the same antiquated front painted yellow, and with the same balcony on which the two boys stood and saw Major Plauché's battalion of uniformed, well-equipped, and well-drilled militia pass under it. That corps was composed of the *élite* of the young men of the city—*la jeunesse dorée*—and it seems to me that I see now as vividly as I saw then the handsome Edmond Foucher conspicuous

in the ranks of those who were thus marching rapidly to meet the enemy. Looking up to the balcony, he saluted his old aunt with a cheerful smile and a wave of the hand that seemed intended to comfort her and dispel her alarms.

At seven o'clock the battle began, and the roar of the artillery, with the discharges of musketry, was almost as distinctly heard as if in our immediate neighborhood. There was not the slightest noise in the apparently dead city. It held its breath in awful suspense. There was not a human being to be seen moving in the streets. We, the two boys and the ladies of the household, petrified into absolute silence by the apprehensions of the moment, stood on the balcony until half past nine, when the firing gradually ceased. But still we continued to remain on the same spot; for what was to happen? Were our defenders retreating, pursued by the enemy? These were hours of anxiety never to be forgotten. About eleven o'clock the oppressive silence in the city was broken by the furiously rapid gallop of a horseman shouting as loud as he could, "Victory! victory!" He turned from Chartres Street into Dumaine, and from Dumaine into Royal, still shouting "Victory!" The voice had become hoarse, and yet no human voice that I ever afterward heard was fraught with more sweet music. That night we went to bed with thankful hearts. The two boys soon slept soundly, as boys sleep, with that blissful unconcern which appertains to their age. But I doubt if our kind hostess and her daughters closed their eyes, for they had husbands, brothers, sons, on the battlefield, and they did not know at what cost to them the victory had been achieved.

Early the next morning the two boys departed to meet their respective families, one on the Foucher plantation and the other on the adjacent plantation of Boré. The 9th of January was to be the tenth anniversary of my coming into this world. In the morning of the preceding day the famous battle of the 8th was fought on the plains of Chalmette, four miles below the city. In a bee-line the distance must have been very short between the field of action and the Boré plantation, six miles above New Orleans by the windings of the river, for the furious cannonading and the discharges of musketry were prodigiously distinct. The ladies of the family, pale with the natural emotions of fear produced by



the dangers of the situation, were grouped on the broad gallery in front of the house. No man was visible, for the only one who had remained at home (on account of his age) had, when the battle began, ascended with slow but firm steps a flight of stairs which led to the top of the portico. At every volley of artillery or musketry I flung myself on the floor, exclaiming, "Ten Englishmen killed!" "Twenty Englishmen flat on the ground!" and so on. I continued rejoicing in the fancied destruction of our invaders, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my poor mother, in whose alarm I very little participated. The battle had not yet ended when my grandfather Boré came down from his post of observation with the same measured step and the same self-possession with which he had ascended, and said to his daughters, who anxiously interrogated his looks, "Dismiss your fears; the Americans are victorious."

"But, father, how do you know it?" inquired my mother.

"You forget, my dear child," replied M. de Boré, with a calm smile, "that I have some military experience. My practised ear has not been deceived, I am sure. The American guns have silenced the English guns. The enemy is defeated."

These words had hardly been spoken when, in the long avenue of pecan-trees that led to the river, there appeared a troop of about a hundred men rushing toward the house. "The English! here come the English!" was the simultaneous cry of the women. M. de Boré stretched himself up to his full height, shaded his eyes with his hand, and after having looked steadily at the advancing crowd, said, contemptuously, "These men the English! bah!"

They came rapidly to the piazza, about six feet high, on which we stood, and along which ran a wooden balustrade. M. de Boré did not understand one word of the language spoken by these unexpected visitors, whose ragamuffin appearance was no recommendation. But if they were bandits, it was comfortable to see that they all were unarmed.

"Who are they, and what do they want?" inquired M. de Boré, surveying them evidently with no friendly eye. He was informed by one of his family that they were fugitives who reported that the Americans had been completely routed, that they themselves were a portion of the defeated, and that they begged

for food. The blood ran to the cheeks of the old soldier, his eyes flashed, and he shouted in French to the men: "You lie! The Americans are victorious. You have run away; you are cowards. Never shall it be said that I gave a hospitable welcome to dastardly fugitives from the battle-field. Hence, all of you, or I will call my negroes to drive you away." His words were not comprehended, but his indignant wrath was visible, and his pantomime was expressive. One of the beggarly crew seemed to apprehend his meaning, for he took off his hat and pointed with his index finger to a hole which looked as if made by a ball. He no doubt intended to intimate that he had faced danger, and that he was not as cowardly as supposed. In making this exhibition he had approached close to the piazza and held his hat aloft. The old gentleman retreated a few steps; then rushing back to the balustrade of the piazza, on which he leaned forward, and looking down upon the suppliant below, shouted: "In thy hat! in thy hat!"—striking his breast violently—"there is where the ball should have been received, and not through thy hat, when probably thy back was turned to the enemy. No! no food for cowards. There is food in the British camp; go and get it."

He was superb at that moment, and turning his back upon the pitiful-looking postulants, he kept up pacing the piazza like a chafed lion in a cage. My mother followed him a few feet behind, as he walked to and fro with a hurried step, and thus expostulated all the while:

"Father, they look so miserable."

"No! no food for cowards. I have said it."

"They seem to be so jaded and hungry."

"No! I say no!"

"Father, they are so wet, and shivering with cold."

"No! no food for fugitives from the field of honor."

"But, father," continued my mother, in a piteous tone, "they may not have fled, after all. Perhaps they only retreated."

Grandfather, wheeling round, with a smile on his lips, and with the usual expression of benevolence on his face, said: "Daughter, I am inflexible. No food shall I give to those wretches. But I am going away, and in my absence *you* may deal as you please with those heroes of re-



treat" (*avec ces héros de la retraite*). True to his word, he disappeared, and was not seen for the remainder of the day.

Meanwhile the little boy, who has grown up to be the octogenarian who writes these lines, had a grand time of it, for big fires were lighted over the vast court-yard, calves and sheep were killed and roasted, huge pots of hominy and of rice were prepared; and he keenly enjoyed the *barbecue*, if he may be permitted to use this well-known modern expression, that was given to those men, who were a detachment of the Kentuckians that had fled from Colonel Thornton's attack upon General Morgan's command on the right bank of the river, as related in history.

When the war was over, the Tennesseans, before they were permitted to go home, encamped for some time on the plantation adjacent to the lower line of the Boré plantation. That plantation then belonged, or had belonged, to the Ducros family, and subsequently became the property of Captain Beale, who at the head of the Orleans Riflemen had distinguished himself under General Jackson in the defence of our city. Beale had married a daughter of the Spanish Governor, Don Carlos de Grandpré.

Generals Coffee and Carroll, who commanded the division of the Tennessee troops, together with their military suite, were tendered by M. de Boré the hospitality of his house, where they were luxuriously entertained for several months. General Jackson was a frequent visitor, and the writer of these lines, although more than once kindly patted on the head by the hero, remembers that he stood much in awe of the warrior who was reported to have killed so many men. I remember even to have been considerably excited on one occasion, when he, jestingly no doubt, proposed to my mother to take me with him to Tennessee. On that day I felt strongly inclined to begin hostilities against the hero.

As a social incident, I may be at liberty to mention that at dinner, the dessert being over and coffee served, M. de Boré would rise and retire with the ladies, after having with a bow taken leave of his military guests, whom he left to the enjoyment of their bottles of wine placed on the "bare mahogany," after the American fashion. The same formality was observed every day. This convivial privilege seemed to be relished by those officers,

who frequently would linger an hour round the board, conversing freely together in a language entirely unknown to the family of whose hospitality they partook. They were courteous and tolerably well-bred, gentlemanly in many respects, but some of them had peculiar habits, among which the most eccentric was for one of them to throw himself back in his chair and elevate his feet to the level of the table, on which these extremities of the human body were made to repose in apparent comfort. If anybody happened to indulge in a sneering remark on the subject, M. de Boré would deprecatingly say, with a gentle smile: "*Eh bien! Que voulez-vous? Ils n'en savent pas davantage. C'est la coutume de leur pays.*" As to General Jackson, he was conspicuous for his courtly manners. It was due to instinct or inspiration. He was nature's nobleman.

Breakfast was at eight in the morning, dinner at two P.M., and supper at seven in the evening. It was seldom that there was not some guest or guests at every one of those meals, either from the immediate neighborhood or from distant parts. In those days travelling between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, now the capital of the State, and both situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, was generally on horseback, or in a land vehicle of some sort; rarely by water. Some of the planters who lived at a distance of thirty or forty miles from New Orleans drove to it with four in hand, and it was not merely for show, considering that the road was occasionally in a very poor condition. All of them knew very well that they would offend if they passed by the Boré plantation without stopping to rest for the night, or at least to take refreshments. Peddlers going up or down what was then called the "Coast," carrying their wares on their backs or in carts, and in boats pulled up against the current *à la cordelle*—that is to say, by a rope thrown over the shoulders of men who footed it on the levee—frequently halted at Boré's gates with full reliance on the hospitality of the old *mousquetaire*. They always found a comfortable room at their service, and were kindly admitted to the family table. They belonged by virtue of their white skin to the aristocratic class, and it was the prevailing feeling not to degrade the poorest and humblest of the Caucasian race by lowering him to the level of the servile blacks.



In this matter there was no difference of treatment in the homes of our wealthiest planters. This democratic hospitality was universal. Was it because there was no democracy, and because social position was unquestionably better defined than at present? Certain it is that those who at a more recent epoch were qualified with the appellation of "white trash" never or seldom suffered in the old *régime* from the insolence of birth, rank, or wealth. Almost all of those peddlers were foreigners, and it has been more than once my pleasant luck, in the course of years, to meet them or their descendants in palatial mansions both in New York and in Paris, or to hail their elevation to high official station in Louisiana.

Before retiring for the night all the members of the family respectfully saluted M. de Boré, and affectionately greeted one another. The same ceremony was repeated in the morning. It was a rule not to be infringed, and it had the good effect of preventing quarrels from being of long duration, for a reconciliation not merely apparent, but real, no doubt, would soon have been a forced conclusion. As to myself, boy that I was, in return for a kiss on my forehead I imprinted my lips on his caressing and paternal hand morning and evening, as if he had been a monarch to whom I paid a willing homage. I never heard him use a harsh word. His blue eye was calm and benevolent; but although I was inclined to have too strong a will of my own, yet such was the loving awe with which I regarded him that I would have preferred facing an infuriated bull than incur his displeasure, and I am conscious that the same feeling of veneration was shared by all those who approached him and fell within the reach of his moral influence.

He occupied at the table of refection a seat larger than any other, and appropriated to his own special use. It was placed at the centre of the long table, my mother sitting in front. When the bell rang, he was very punctual. His habit was to stand up a minute or two, until everybody was at his respective post. Then he waved his hand as an invitation to sit, and all sat down. After this had been done, any vacant seat remained unoccupied, because the slothful delinquent shrank from encountering a cold rebuke.

It was a fundamental rule that the Po-

lice Jury of the parish should meet at the sugar-house of M. de Boré, and after adjourning, repair to his mansion for dinner. Whilst waiting for the convivial hour, the guests either remained gossiping on the broad piazza—I will not say *smoking*, for I never saw on such occasions the indulgence of so rare a habit at that epoch—or entertained themselves in the billiard-room. For any one of them to have retired before having staid to dinner would have been an infraction of decorous regard not to be thought of for one instant. Once, however, after the sitting of the Police Jury was over, and most of its members had assembled on the piazza, waiting for the grateful sound of the dinner-bell, one of that body, who had lingered at the sugar-house, was seen approaching on horseback, and wheeling into the pecan avenue which led to the public road, instead of coming to the house, where was the rest of the company.

"Who is he that is going away without taking leave of us?" asked M. de Boré, shading his eyes with his hand, the better to see.

"It is Mr. Avart," answered somebody.

"Well," exclaimed the old gentleman, "I will favor him with a lesson that will. I hope, turn to his profit." He jumped on a chair, on which he stood as erect and conspicuous as possible, and shouted to the horseman who was slowly trotting away, "Mr. Avart! Mr. Avart!" The person thus addressed stopped and turned round as if to respond to the call. "No, no!" continued M. de Boré; "don't come back! don't come back! I hailed you merely to request you to carry my respects to your family"—with still greater emphasis—"my respects to your family! That's all. Now you may go."

M. de Boré, although of the old *régime*, was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. He had in his parlor a fine engraving of the battle of Austerlitz at the moment when General Rapp, on horseback and bareheaded, rushes with fiery haste into the presence of the Emperor, shouting, "Victory! victory! the enemy is annihilated!" To which Napoleon replies, "I never saw thee, Rapp, looking so handsome." My father, born in Louisiana, was of Spanish origin, and loyal to his race to the very core of his heart. At the head of his bed there was hung up in a wooden frame his old coat of arms, in



which figured the crowned head of Sultan Abderahman, defeated in the valley of Roncal, in Navarre, when attempting to cross the Pyrenees and penetrate into France, about the year 800 of our Lord. When Napoleon pushed his legions into Spain, Don Carlos Gayarré suppressed his feelings in the presence of his father-in-law, and out of respect for him. But at the announcement of any French triumph in the land of his ancestors he would retire moodily to the privacy of his bedchamber; then the angry tones of a guitar were heard, and a manly voice sang all those patriotic hymns which responded to the popular cry of "Death to the foe! war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!" Thus the same family presented a rather strange compound. M. de Boré, the noble of the old *régime* and *mousquetaire* in the household troops of a Bourbon king, carried away by military enthusiasm, had become an imperialist and Bonapartist; Pierre Foucher, one of his sons-in-law, was a red republican, who had no liking for kings and priests; the other son, my father, was an intense royalist. And yet they all lived in perfect harmony, which shows that they possessed at least a large fund of good-breeding and forbearance.

There bubbles up in my memory at the present moment the recollection of an anecdote concerning this *mousquetaire* grandfather of mine. There was in France, under the reign of Louis XV., a bright-complexioned and educated mulatto from San Domingo or some other French West Indian island. He was named St.-George, and is mentioned in some of the memoirs of the epoch as the most wonderful fencer that had ever appeared since the famous Creighton. Like this prototype, so far as manly exercises went, he was as skilful a shot as a swordsman. At twenty paces he never failed to hit a small nail on the head. He swam like a fish; and as to his feats of horsemanship, they were prodigious. One night, at a theatre in Paris, M. de Boré having the bad luck of displeasing a gentleman who occupied the next seat to his, they went out and crossed swords in the street by the light of the lamp-post. This was the way at that epoch to settle the slightest unpleasantness of this kind. M. de Boré was soon run through the body and stretched on his back. He was, however, consoled by the information that if vanquished, it had been by the invulnerable St.-George. This col-

ored duellist, who acquired quite a reputation for his exploits, as such, never was even scratched in his innumerable encounters. But it is reported that, on his having succeeded in obtaining a commission in the French army, he showed the white feather in the first general engagement with the enemy. On that occasion he felt, no doubt, that the marvellous skill on which he had hitherto so successfully relied could be of no avail to parry death.

M. de Boré was about thirty-two years old when he obtained permission to pay a second visit to Louisiana, where he was destined to settle at last and end his career. He was ready to embark, when he received the following note from the Comtesse de Rochechouart Montboissier, the wife of the Minister of War, addressed to him as *Mousquetaire Noir, à la Rochelle, Hôtel du Bien Nourri* (hotel of the well fed). These guardsmen were called black on account of the color of the horses they mounted.

"PARIS, 9th January, 1772.

"It is with great pleasure, sir, that I have undertaken to inform you that the commission of Captain which you seemed so much to desire has been granted to you *par le dernier travail de M. de Montboissier*. When the brevet is ready, he will forward it to you. He is very glad to have been able to render you this service. We both wish you a happy voyage and a speedy return to us, after having arranged your affairs in that country sufficiently to your satisfaction. If it should be possible for you to send me a hundred feathers like those with which you had the kindness to favor me, my obligation to you would be very great. The trimming of my dress is finished; it is superb; and as I am afraid of losing some of the feathers, I should be happy to be able to replace them. I beg to be excused for thus taxing too much your gallantry and generosity, for you have given me such a large quantity of those feathers that it looks as if I needed no more. I return to you my thanks in advance, and I entreat you to be convinced of the very great sincerity of the sentiments with which I have the honor to be, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant.

"ROCHECHOUART DE MONTBOISSIER.

"P.S.—M. de Montboissier requests me to address to you a thousand compliments on his behalf."

Now that it is the raging fashion for women to adorn themselves so much with feathers of all sorts, it would probably interest our Louisianians of the fair sex to know, if possible, what were those colonial



feathers which so vividly excited the gratitude of Comtesse Rochechouart de Montboissier, and no doubt the admiration of the court of Versailles in the days of Louis XV., one hundred and fourteen years ago.

On the Boré plantation, midway between the river bank and the cypress swamp, there was a depression in the land, where, in consequence of it, a large pond of standing water had been formed. All around this pond to some distance the soil was of a marshy nature, full of tall weeds, sheltering a multitude of wild game, such as snipes, water-hens, rails, etc. The portion of the ground beyond the marsh, extending to the forest, with another gradual depression, was cultivated, and called *La Terre Haute* (the high land), although it was not more elevated than the other part running to the public road and the river on the other side of the pond and its immediate surroundings of reeds. This expression was used, we suppose, as a mere designation of the locality situated beyond the intervening low lands. This pond and marshy ground was a famous shooting spot at that epoch. During the winter it was the resort of innumerable flocks of ducks, that successively came to it in the evening until it was completely dark. As they passed over their expected shelter, probably for examination before alighting, the ambuscaded hunters rose from their concealment and emptied their guns. Hence this was called *La Passée*.

This pond, known far and wide, was called *La Mare à Boré* (the Boré pond). In any other country this sporting ground would have been jealously guarded, but in Louisiana this would have been looked upon with extreme disfavor. Hence this pond, or *Mare à Boré*, was treated as public property, without any interference from the owner. On Saturdays in particular, late in the afternoon, there used to come quite a battalion from New Orleans, mostly composed of the *élite* of the population of that city—lawyers, physicians, commission merchants, brokers, bankers, *e tutti quanti*. Among the members of the bar, Mazureau and John R. Grymes, who were celebrities, and Morel, also distinguished, may be cited as the most prominent. On such occasions we could hear from our dwelling-house a lively rattle of gun-firing, as if a skirmish was going on. Some even camped there, to be ready for the sport early on the next morning.

Fires were lighted, tents erected, and the comforts and wants of the human body attended to with proper care. Sober and grave heads of families of high social standing, when in their hunting dress, not unfrequently thought themselves free to assume the liberties of a somewhat rakish crew; jokes were cracked, tales related by the blazing piles, pranks perpetrated, and to speak the unpleasant truth, there ensued, although rarely, quarrels that led to duels. Page after page could be written about the many occurrences which in those days contributed to the fame of *La Mare à Boré*. The negroes themselves had all sorts of tales to relate about it. Their superstitious imagination, which is always at work, connected that spot with hobgoblins and apparitions, among others the ghost of a colossal raccoon that seems to have claimed special jurisdiction over *La Mare à Boré*.

Once or twice a year there was on the plantation an occurrence which excited the most intense interest, particularly among the youthful portion of the population, white and black. It was when a drove of wild horses came from Texas or some other Mexican territory. Those animals looked so fiery and ungovernable that they seemed to have the devil himself in their bodies, and the men who led and owned them were evidently the denizens of some weird wilderness. They wore the broad Spanish *sombrero*, or hat; their faces were bronzed, and their eyes dark and piercing. They wore soft leather gaiters up to the knee, and that part of their breeches which was destined to an inevitable friction when they rode was lined also with leather. Stout and rough-looking brogans enveloped the foot up to the ankle, and their heels were armed with spurs six inches long, called *rakachias*. At their sight the joyous exclamation was heard, "Here are the *ouachinangs*!" All the juvenility of the locality and its neighborhood clapped their palms and shouted in anticipation of fun. These horses were for sale, and driven from plantation to plantation, where a market for some of them was always found.

It is remarkable how trifling events, apparently not worth remembering for more than a day, remain fresh in one's memory during a long life. Who knows what subtle influence for good or for evil such things may have? May not what appeared to the youthful mind but an un-



meaning incident yet contribute by an unfelt process to the formation of character, and to habits of deportment in after-years? One day as our family, seated on the front piazza, was enjoying the balmy atmosphere of a bright May morning, there came on a visit from New Orleans M. de Boré's favorite nephew, whose name was Bernard de Marigny. He was one of the most brilliant and wealthiest young men of the epoch. He drove in a dashing way to the house in an elegant equipage drawn by two fiery horses. Full of the buoyancy of youth, he jumped out of his carriage and ran up the broad steps of the brick *perron* that ascended to the piazza. As he reached the top of it he said, with a sort of careless and joyous familiarity, "*Bonjour, mon oncle, bonjour,*" and bowed slightly round to the family without removing his hat. "*Chapeau bas, monsieur!*" responded a calm voice of command. "*Toujours chapeau bas devant une femme, et il y en a plus d'une ici.*" (Hat off, sir! Always hat off before a woman, and there are more than one here.) A fitting apology was instantly made by the youthful delinquent. Was the old *mousquetaire*, or guardsman, influenced on that occasion, unknowingly to himself, by the remembered example of Louis XIV., the gorgeous "*roi soleil*," who never failed to bow to any woman, whatever her condition, whom he chanced to meet?

As to Madame de Boré, I was so young when she died that I have no distinct recollection of her. There remains in my mind but a sort of dim vision of a lady seated near a small round table with a white marble top encircled by a diminutive copper railing of half an inch in height. On that table there used to be a work-basket, and also a beautiful gold snuff-box in what is called the style Louis Quinze. I long preserved that snuff-box with infinite care; but during the war of secession a light-colored slave of the name of Wilson, whom I had drilled to be as accomplished a servant as could be found in any luxurious home, logically came to the conclusion that I was getting too poor to need his talents any more, and to satisfy his own epicurean tastes by high living. He had taught himself to read and write, and having by this means risen above the prejudices of his former ignorance, he determined to secede from me, and with much prudential foresight he

suddenly and clandestinely departed, with my grandmother's snuff-box, together with an additional supply of diamonds and other trinkets. Being tender-footed and accustomed to ride like a gentleman, he considerably took two of my best mules, one for himself and one for a companion whom he invited to join him, for he always was very fond of society. After having disposed of the mules in a way of which I know nothing, he carried the rest of his plunder to New York, where he completed his education, and then returned to New Orleans. He now flourishes here like a green bay-tree, and is constantly employed as an indispensable attendant at balls and dinner parties given in the fashionable world. Considering his incontestable abilities, the seduction of his winning manners, and his everlasting smile, which would have secured him much profitable success in a certain line of business, I feel under no small degree of obligation to him for not having turned politician, and plundered the State with as much dexterity and impunity as he plundered me. It shows great moderation on his part, for which he is to be commended.

But to return to Madame de Boré, who had been educated at Versailles in the St.-Cyr Institution, founded by Madame de Maintenon. She must have been a prodigy of fascination, if I am to believe the old men who so frequently described her to me. One of them once exclaimed in a fit of enthusiasm, interrupted by an octogenarian cough, "*Cela eut valu la peine de faire cinquante lieues seulement pour voir Madame de Boré prendre une prise de tabac*" (it would have been worth while to travel fifty leagues merely to see Madame de Boré take a pinch of snuff).

Another admirer related to me the following anecdote as a specimen of her tact and dignity. In those days, which we may call remote, because between that past and the present there seems to be a lapse of five hundred years, it was the invariable custom at a set dinner to have the dessert enlivened by songs from the male guests. Once it happened that one of them hazarded a song which would not have been objectionable to a generation familiar with *La Belle Hélène* and *La Fille de Madame Angot*. It seemed indelicate to Madame de Boré. She hastened to interrupt the singer with these words: "Sir, I am so charm-



ed with your song that I cannot resist the impulse to toast you at once. Ladies and gentlemen, fill your glasses, and let us drink to the singer's health." It was difficult to convey reproof more gracefully.

Years had elapsed. I was in Paris, and visiting an aged relative of mine, a Louisianian, in her palatial mansion, Avenue de Marigny. I was alone with her in the reception saloon. In front of us, in a smaller saloon, in sight but not within hearing, there were two of her married daughters with the Comte de Talvande and the old Prince de Bethune—he whose red tomato face, strikingly framed with a profusion of snow-white beard and hair, was so exquisitely and amusingly reproduced in terra-cotta by Cham, the artist, and exposed in so many of the glass windows of Parisian shops. I noticed that my relative would now and then cast an uneasy glance at the group, who were talking and laughing a little rompishly. At last she said to me: "I am thinking of Aunt Boré. What would she have thought of such manners? One day a gentleman offered me a bouquet in her presence. She intercepted it before I could take it, and said to him, 'I thank you on behalf of my niece; but it would have been better to have presented the bouquet to me with a request to hand it over to her.'" I have mentioned these anecdotes as illustrative of an epoch which has passed away forever. I close what I have to say about this lady of the old *régime* by mentioning that my mother assured me of her never having been able to discover the smallest speck of a cloud in the conjugal sky of her parents.

M. de Boré had two male cooks with the necessary aids; one was a negro, and the other of a lighter color. The negroes are born cooks, as other less favored beings are born poets. The African brute, guided by the superior intelligence of his Caucasian master, in the days of slavery in Louisiana, gradually evolved into an artist of the highest degree of excellence, and had from natural impulses and affinities, without any conscious analysis of principles, created an art of cooking for which he should deserve to be immortalized. And how is it possible to convey to this dyspeptic posterity of our ancestors, to a thin-blooded population whose stomach has been ruined by kitchen charlatans, sauce and gravy pretenders, kettle and pot druggists, any idea of the miracles of the

old creole cooking transmitted from colonial days, and growing fainter and fainter in dim traditions which have no meaning and no sense for this coarse-feeding generation? It had nothing in common with the much-vaunted culinary science of France. It was *sui generis*; it was not imitative; there was no traditionary lore about its origin; it had no ancestry; it sprang from itself. Pierre or Valentin, the colored cook, had not been taught by any missionary from foreign climes; he had not studied the records of roasting, baking, and boiling from the age of Abraham to the days of Master Jean or Mistress Jeanne on the banks of the Mississippi. He could neither read nor write, and therefore he could not learn from books. He was simply inspired; the god of the spit and the saucepan had breathed into him; that was enough. Good heavens! with what supreme, indescribable contempt would Aunt Henriette or Uncle Frontin have looked down upon the best French *cordon bleu* that had presumed to teach her or him! Sufficient to say that Marc Antony, if he had known a creole cook of the old *régime*, would have given him two or three of his best Asiatic provinces as a reward for feasting Cleopatra.

*Gombo file! Gombo févis! Gombo aux herbes! Gombo chevrettes, ou aux huitres!* What do these things mean at present but vapidty of taste, instead of the licking of one's lips? And the soups?—the soups! not a ghost of them lingering on earth. Who knows how to roast? Who knows how to season *juste à point*? And the flavor?—the flavor! whither has it evaporated? How many delicious dishes have vanished forever of which the best cooks of France have never dreamed! To invent them it had required the constantly improving genius of several generations of apron-girt Sambos. Where is the last of them? What of a turkey fattened, stuffed, and roasted by him? Who but Sambo knew how to bake rice in an iron pot? I say *iron*, because it must be nothing else, and that rice must come out solid, retaining the exact shape of the pot, with a golden crust round its top and sides. You think this easy, presumptuous mortal. Well, try it, and let us see if your farinaceous production will have its required shape and color, and its precise proportion of salt and lard. I give it to you in a thousand. Who but Sambo ever made *grillades de sang de dinde*,



looking and tasting like truffles? What a sauce! Where did he get that sublime composition? But time and space do not permit me to continue a description which, after all, is inadequately descriptive. I will content myself with saying that black Pierrot or yellow Charlotte, as a cook in the days of the Egyptian flesh-pots in Louisiana, is not within the comprehension of any one born since the firing of the first gun against Fort Sumter. The effort must be given up. It would be attempting to grasp the infinite space. The last Brutus, alas! perished with the liberties of Rome, and what is perhaps more deplorable, the last creole cook could not survive the acquisition of his own liberty in Louisiana.

The furniture of M. de Boré, although abundant and comfortable, was very plain when compared with the exigencies of modern times. It was in the style of simplicity which prevailed in the dwellings of the wealthiest planters; but the table and the wines were superb. Every Sunday there were regularly, without any special invitation, a dozen or two of guests, who generally came from New Orleans. Among them the most assiduous were some Knights of St. Louis, who on such occasions never failed to carry their decoration dangling from the button-hole, such, for instance, as the Hazures, two brothers who dwelt, I believe, near Bayou St. John, on the Gentilly road. There was something in all those waifs of another age—in their appearance, in their dress, in their physiognomy, in their manners, in their peculiarities of conversation and language, in their bows and greetings, in their accent and modulations of voice—something which produced on me the most vivid impressions. They were monuments of the past, pyramids not in stones and cement, but in flesh and bones. There was in them what might have been called a lofty *je ne sais quoi*, to use a French locution. These men of the old *régime* seemed to entertain more esteem and respect for one another than we do now for our contemporaries. They evidently loved more to look up than to look down. They were not prodigal of their demonstrations of regard, but when expressed, it could be relied on as sincere, for they never hesitated to manifest their feeling of antipathy, reprobation, or opposition when necessary. As I grew in years I became

more deeply struck with the faith which the men of that epoch reposed in one another, the more so because of the universal distrust of man's honor and integrity which I have observed spreading in later times over the whole surface of our community, like a stain of oil over a piece of carpeting. Well do I recollect when, in my youth, I delighted to listen to the conversation of those old men who still lingered on the stage after the days for acting were past. When they engaged in discussions on some point or other, I have sometimes seen the controversy settled at once by one of them observing, "I remember M. de Boré having said so and so on this matter." "Ah, indeed! did he say so?" "Certainly." "Well, then, of course—" And there was no more questioning of this and that.

"A change has come over the spirit of my dream." The scenes I have witnessed, the things I have seen, have vanished forever. There is not a vestige, not a wreck's fragment, left of the Boré plantation, save myself, standing alone in the arid and parched wilderness of the past, forgotten, but trying in vain to forget and to close my eyes to the shapeless shadows that beckon me away. But enough. M. de Boré died seventy-eight years old. When on his death-bed, at his very last moments, he summoned me, boy that I still was, to his presence. Putting his hands on his grandson's head, he blessed him, and gave him his parting instructions and recommendations with a firm voice, a serene brow, a clear limpid eye, through which his soul eloquently spoke. I will repeat only his very last words: "Let no temptation ever betray you out of the path of honor and virtue. Keep your conscience always free from self-reproach, so that your death may be as calm as mine. Trusting in the mercy of God, I fear not to appear before His tribunal, where I hope not to grieve for you, when in due time we are to meet again, and when you shall render your accounts to Him. Farewell! Let your motto in this world ever be, '*Sans peur et sans reproche*.'"

M. de Boré ordered that his funeral and his tomb be as plain as could decently be, but that a thousand dollars, which might be spent in these vanities, be saved for a better use, and given to the Charity Hospital of New Orleans. It was done according to his request.



# NARKA.

## A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

### CHAPTER VIII.

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the sixth day after Basil's departure; the lamps had just been lighted; M. de Beaucrillon, Sibyl, and Narka were in the drawing-room. Suddenly a loud barking of the dogs announced some arrival, and before there was time to conjecture who it might be, the door opened, and Basil walked in. Sibyl ran to embrace him, and the others greeted him with glad eagerness. After the excitement of the meeting was over, Sibyl said:

"And Father Christopher? Have you succeeded?"

"Yes; the warrant for his release was signed the day I left."

An exclamation of deep thankfulness came from all.

"Did you see him on your way through X.?" asked Sibyl.

"I did. But don't let us begin to talk about that yet," he said, letting himself fall into a chair. "I'm too dead beat."

The light fell full on his face, and they were all struck by its haggard expression. The air of utter exhaustion he wore was scarcely to be accounted for, at his age, by a hurried journey to and from St. Petersburg.

Sibyl bent over him, and kissed his forehead.

"You must want some food, dear Basil," she said. "What shall I order? Tea?"

"Nonsense—tea!" said M. de Beaucrillon. "Give him some strong bouillon and a bottle of good old Bordeaux."

"That would suit my condition better," said Basil, "though a cup of tea would not be amiss either, if it were ready."

"It will be ready in a moment," said Sibyl. "Ring the bell, Gaston." Then, as if too impatient to wait for the summons to be answered, she went quickly out of the room herself.

Beyond a mutual greeting when they clasped hands, Basil and Narka had not exchanged a word, and yet each was conscious of being intently observant of the other.

"How is Marguerite?" Basil inquired, suddenly.

"Oh, she is nearly all right," replied M. de Beaucrillon.

"I will go and tell the good news," said Narka. "She will be overjoyed."

"Why should I not go and take it to her? I want to see how she is," said Basil. He stood up, but it seemed an effort to him. He looked like a man utterly spent with fatigue.

"Mon chère," said his brother-in-law, "take my advice and go up to your own room and take a bath. That will refresh you more than anything, to begin with."

"M. de Beaucrillon is right," said Narka; "you will have a better appetite too, when you are rested a bit." She said this to give Basil the chance of getting away and being alone with her for a moment. She had a terrible piece of news to communicate to him, and the sight of his weariness, which seemed as much mental as physical, pained her to the heart, and made what she had to say harder even than she had expected.

Basil consented to take his brother-in-law's advice, and followed Narka leisurely out of the drawing-room. She was on the landing at the head of the stairs, when he made a sign that he wanted to speak to her.

They entered his study together. Basil went straight to his desk, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of letters.

"I want you to keep these for me," he said; "but I won't give them to you unless you are certain that you can secrete them beyond any chance of discovery."

"You may give them to me," Narka replied. And he gave them to her.

Nothing more was said: they knew that one was offering and the other accepting a trust which involved terrible possibilities to both.

"And now I have something else to tell you," Basil said. "They have trapped me; a warrant is out for my arrest."

"Ah! you know!" Narka exclaimed, almost relieved at not having to break the news to him. "Ivan told me; but they have not caught you yet. There is time to escape."

"Escape is out of the question. The house is watched, and I have been followed all the way from X. I met the



Stanovoï there, and he announced the good news to me."

"He told you about it? Then he offered you some alternative, some chance of escape?"

"He did; but I can't take advantage of it; I haven't got the money. Every available ruble has been raised for Father Christopher's ransom. I called at Ivan's on my way here; but he is absent. That was my one chance, and I have missed it."

"What is the sum?" Narka said, a sudden hope making her heart leap.

"Fifty thousand rubles. And to be paid by nine o'clock to-night."

"Basil, I have got the money. Listen!" Her face was flushed; her great eyes shone; her voice trembled with the palpitating joy that filled her as she hurriedly told him about the legacy. And now she had only to go into X. and fetch it. "Oh, what a blessed mercy that it came just in time! I will ride in at once; it is now half past four; a good horse will take me there and back in two hours and a half. There will be no delay; I will be here again by seven o'clock—in time for dinner. No one need know I have been absent. It will be quite easy; there is plenty of time."

She was turning away in a tremor of excitement when Basil arrested her.

"Narka," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "you are a noble-hearted friend; but do you think I am such a pitiful dog as to take this money from you?"

"What do you mean?" she said, looking at him in bewilderment. "Is it because it is mine that you would refuse it? Oh, Basil!"

There was a cry of pain in her voice as from a wounded creature; there was a confession too in it that betrayed the secret of her heart.

"I would take anything from you," he said, conscious of a slight shock and of a sudden burst of tenderness toward her; "but you can't give it to me without sacrificing yourself and your mother. Heaven knows when I could repay it. No, I can't be such a brute as to rob Tante Nathalie!"

"And you think it will be less brutal to kill me? Yes, it will kill me if they arrest you, for I know, and so do you, what will happen, once you are in their hands. My mother knows nothing about this money; she need never know until

you can give it back to us. Oh, Basil! Basil! don't refuse me; it will kill me if you do!" Her voice broke, her eyes were raised to his, brimful of tears, and saying as plainly as ever eyes of woman spoke, "I love you!"

Basil was moved to the core of his heart. He forgot that he was Prince Zorokoff, and that Narka was a low-born Jewess; he forgot everything except that this beautiful girl loved him, and was offering her all to save him.

He opened wide his arms. "Narka!"

With a sob she sank into his embrace. For one long moment he held her clasped. Then lifting her head from his shoulder, "Yes, I will take this money from you," he said; "but only on one condition: will you give me yourself with it? Have you the courage to be my wife?"

"I should give my life for you," she answered.

He kissed her on the lips.

"Basil," she said, "I have loved you all my life."

"Dearest, and so have I loved you."

And he spoke the truth; but with a difference.

"I must be going," she said, struggling away from him, but he tightened one arm round her.

"Wait a moment. We must pledge our betrothal first." Drawing her toward a table, he unlocked a drawer and took out a diamond ring, a hoop of several beautiful stones. "This was my mother's betrothal ring," he said, slipping it on her finger. "Wear it till you come back from X.; then let it hang as an amulet round your neck until I can place it on your finger before all the world."

"May Sibyl not know?" she asked, with timid hesitation.

"No; let it remain a secret between ourselves until we meet. It will be another secret binding us together."

He was alluding to the ransom she was giving him; but Narka grew pale.

"Yes," she said, almost under her breath, "it will be another bond between us."

He kissed her again, and she hurried away, carrying with her the packet of letters he had intrusted to her.

Basil went to Marguerite's door and knocked; but getting no answer, he went down to the dining-room. Sibyl was there waiting for him, and sat with him while he partook of the meal that had been hasti-



ly ordered up. Basil was only four-and-twenty, and he was in rude health, and no amount of mental trouble could destroy his appetite, or take away the natural cravings of hunger.

Sibyl saw that he was too tired yet to care to talk much, so she busied herself helping him to good things, and kept up a lively flow of monologue, telling him all that had happened since his departure, the excitement in the village, Marguerite's illness, everything that could interest him and save him the trouble of answering further than by an occasional remark or question.

But while Basil was listening to Sibyl, his thoughts were elsewhere. He was in a strange state of mind and feeling. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly become another person, as if a new Basil had been added to the old one. He hardly realized yet what he had done, or what was to come of it. He had made a tremendous leap in the dark, and he was wondering where it had landed him. He had taken a step which must change the whole aspect and current of his life. He had done it without a moment's premeditation, on the spur of a sudden impulse of—passion, was it? or generous gratitude? He was not calm enough to analyze his own heart at this crisis, or balance nicely the conflicting forces which had moved him to ask Narka to be his wife. And what would Sibyl say? She loved Narka dearly, as dearly as if they had been sisters in flesh and blood; but this personal fondness was quite compatible with invincible repugnance to Narka as a sister-in-law; Sibyl's soft grace of manner was so entirely free from *morgue* as to lead her inferiors to believe she was altogether unconscious of any superiority toward them; but beneath this outward suavity there existed a spirit of family pride that was hard as flint and strong to fanaticism. How would she take the announcement that a Jewish trader's daughter was going to queen it over her as Princess Zorokoff, the head of the family?

This was not the only problem that was vexing Basil's soul while he ate his caviare and salad. The image of Marguerite kept forcing itself before his eyes with a persistency that was unwarrantably troublesome. He had long since recognized in his little French cousin a creature of a different mould from any that he had ever met; the charm of her brightness,

her happy spirit, her child-like freshness of heart, had been working on him like a spell. He had been aware of this, and had not attempted to resist the influence; he knew that it was Sibyl's cherished dream that he should marry Marguerite, and he had been only held back from pursuing it by the fear that he had entangled himself in political engagements from which it would be cowardly and unfaithful to break loose. Still he had been in a dreamy, delicious way caressing possibilities, and it had struck him more than once that Marguerite would not have repulsed him. He was not vainer than most men, but he could not help seeing that she changed color sometimes under his glance, and that her saucy, wistful eyes took a softer, a more timid expression when they met his; he had noted these signs with a pleasant sense of power unchecked by any scruples or remorse, for he had the consciousness of being quite willing, and he suspected able, to heal any wound he might make in her innocent young heart. But now he saw things differently. His conscience smote him; he felt a pang at the thought of having perhaps involuntarily inflicted one on her. He longed to see her; he must see her once again. It would be with very different feelings now from those with which he would have met her an hour ago; but he thought of Narka, of her ripe, glowing beauty, her tender, self-sacrificing love, and he would not let himself by so much as a passing sigh be unfaithful to the loyalty he had sworn to her.

Marguerite was in the drawing-room when he returned there with Sibyl. The meeting was much less awkward than Basil had feared. It was natural that he should be affectionately interested in his cousin, who looked still pale enough to warrant Sibyl's reproach that she had been tiring herself by writing letters.

"You must let me put you lying down, *chérie*," Sibyl said, "and Basil will tell us all about his journey while you are resting."

But Basil protested regretfully that he could not enjoy this relief of sitting quietly and talking to them. He must go and tell Ivan Gorff the good news before he could enjoy anything.

"We will send for him to come up and hear it," suggested Sibyl.

"No, no; I must take it to him my-



self," Basil replied, with a touch of impatience that silenced her. Ivan was a pretext for going to the Stanovoï to inform him that the money would be forth-coming. Basil could not tell Sibyl that he was under warrant of arrest; he felt unequal to the effort of having to console her, and, besides, he was not yet certain of being able to ransom himself. Narka might have some delay, the notary might be out, the key of his strong-box might not be forth-coming at once, an accident might have happened; who could tell? When luck is against a man, he must reckon with bad chances.

M. de Beaucrillon offered to accompany his brother-in-law, but Basil said that as Sophie was ill, Ivan might not be disposed to receive a visit. It was rather a lame excuse, but M. de Beaucrillon understood, as Sibyl did, that he wished to see Ivan alone, and did not press his company upon him. It was natural enough, Gaston said to himself, that, under the circumstances, Basil should fight shy of a Frenchman; the latter rather admired him for being ashamed of having a foreigner witness the way his country was governed. Poor fellow, he looked piteously worn, Gaston thought, as he noticed his sunken eyes and haggard, unkempt air, like that of a man who has not slept for nights.

Ivan was not at home, as Basil, who had met him at X., knew, but the Stanovoï was. He asked no questions. So long as he got his money, he did not care where it came from. He assumed that the French brother-in-law had come down with it; in fact, he had reckoned on this when he named so exorbitant a figure. The Zorokoffs were wealthy, but ready money was scarce at Yrakow; it all went to St. Petersburg, where the Prince made it fly as fast as he got it. The castle kept itself; there was plenty on the property of all that was wanted, and what the property did not provide was done without. The result was that odd mixture of lavish abundance and uncivilized discomfort, traces of which were even still visible in certain details, notwithstanding Sibyl's presence and the reign of orderly splendor that she brought with her.

The interview with the Stanovoï was short. Basil had nothing else to do in the village, and nowhere else to go, and two hours must yet elapse before Narka returned, giving all chances favor-

able. He could not bring himself to go back to the house and spend the interval with Marguerite and the others. The effort of deceiving them, and keeping the secret that was holding his very life in suspense, was more than he felt equal to. In another hour he would go back and quietly put up the few things he wanted to take with him.

The night had closed in, and the moon had not risen, so it was nearly pitch-dark. Basil paced along the road, ruminating in bitter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly Peter, his dog, gave a low growl, and then an angry bark, as if warning off an enemy close at hand. Basil had no doubt but that some agent of the Stanovoï's was watching him. He struck a match, and looked at his watch. Narka had been nearly an hour and a half gone. It was time he went home, and got ready to start, assuming that he was to do so. He turned back, walking quickly, for the air was frosty, and his breath made a cloud before him as he went. Suddenly the moon rose, and a few stars sprang out in attendance, and the road, black a moment before, was filled with light. On one side there was a copse, toward which Peter's ill-will was directed, judging from the way he growled at it now and then. Basil, following the dog's indication, kept looking that way; the outer trees threw a tracery of shadow and sheen on the ground, but farther back it was all a chaos of stems; presently his eyes, sharpened by presentiment, descried the figure of a man stealing along through the woods. Basil was quite certain that he had been watched since he left X., but the sight of this spy, dogging him in the dark, made him realize the fact with a shock, and it seemed also to bring more vividly before him the nearness of the peril on the brink of which he stood. If Narka should be late, or fail in her errand--

How slowly the time dragged on! He quickened his step; his foot-fall rang sharp and clear on the hard road. Peter trotted on, and ceased to growl. Suddenly he stood, tail and ears up-pricked; then with a loud bark turned and dashed back down the road. Basil turned too, and listened. Was that the sound of galloping hoofs that he heard? Could it be Narka? He stopped smoking, he almost stopped breathing, as the sound drew nearer. Peter was barking violently, joyously. The horse came in sight. It was Narka.



Basil stepped into the middle of the road, where the brilliant moonlight shone unobstructed by a shadow, and waved his hand. She pulled up, and in a moment he was beside her.

"Here it is," she said, in a cautious tone, stooping over him. "I will ride on, and leave this poor beast at the stables, and wait for you in the court." She unclasped the heavy bag that was fastened round her waist, and Basil took it, and walked on rapidly after her.

On entering the outer court he ordered a groom to get ready a carriage with four stout horses. He then walked on into the second court; he was about to enter the house when some one stepped forward, and said, "Does your Excellency want to speak to me?"

"Ah! it is you. Yes, I want to speak to you," Basil replied, with a short laugh. "Very considerate of you to turn up just at the right moment. Come in here, will you?"

The Stanovoï followed him into the house, and they entered a room close at hand. Basil struck a light. They were closeted for a few minutes—just long enough to count the money.

"Now, Excellency, depart with speed, and don't let the grass grow under your feet till you have passed the frontier."

The Stanovoï bowed low, and hugging his bag, went out.

Narka was waiting in the entry when Basil reappeared. The tawny flame of an oil lamp gave enough light to let them see each other. Basil caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then, brusquely releasing her, he turned to ascend the stairs, and flew up to his room.

Narka, in a tumult of bliss and agitation, went up to hers. She was shaken to pieces by her mad ride; but there was no time to rest; there was no time to think. She must be ready to go to Basil before he went down-stairs, and say good-by to him alone before going through the ceremony of doing so in the drawing-room. She divested herself quickly of her riding-habit, and proceeded to attire herself in a dress of white cashmere that Basil admired; it was a fantastic garment of her own contrivance, made with much artistic effect, but quite regardless of fashion. She clasped a dead-gold band round her waist, and fastened a crimson rose in her hair, and with a great joy and a great ter-

ror in her heart went to seek Basil, but as she reached the broad landing on which his room opened she saw M. de Beaucrillon standing at the door. It was a terrible *contretemps*; there was nothing to be done, but she must go down-stairs, and trust to Basil managing to find a moment alone with her before he fled. She found Sibyl in the drawing-room.

"Well, you have seen Tante Nathalie?" exclaimed Sibyl, who had taken for granted that Narka had gone out with the good news to her mother. "She will come out for a drive now, I hope? But oh, Narka, how ill Basil looks! Gaston says he has grown five years older this last week. What a time he staid with Ivan! He has only just come back, it seems."

"It has been a terrible week for all of us," Narka said, ignoring the last remarks. She was standing near a console, one hand resting on the porphyry slab; a large silver lamp high placed on a malachite pillar behind her threw its golden light over her soft white draperies, and made her hair shine like a nimbus. Perhaps the light of a deep and tender joy burning in her eyes and trembling on her full red lips touched her with its outward and visible glory, for Sibyl, who had been gazing in a comfortable ecstasy up at the gods and goddesses on the ceiling, glanced at her suddenly, and was struck by something in her aspect.

"Narka," she exclaimed, "you look like an archangel!"

"Never having seen an archangel," said M. de Beaucrillon, sauntering into the room, "I was mentally comparing mademoiselle to a vestal, or a Greek bride."

"Why Greek, *mon chér*?" said Sibyl.

Narka blushed, and turned her large liquid glance smilingly on M. de Beaucrillon. It was not often he took the trouble to be complimentary, and being a woman and beautiful, she was pleased. But it was not selfish coquetry that made her feel that sudden thrill of exultation in her own beauty. She was proud of it for Basil's sake now.

Partly to escape from the embarrassment of standing to be admired, and partly from her natural impulse to give vent to her overwrought feelings in song, she moved to the piano, and sat down and began to warble a bridal song in Russian. The words were unintelligible to M. de Beaucrillon, but the pathos of the melody and the penetrating sweetness of



the voice moved him strangely. He said to himself, as he gazed and listened:

"What can Zorokoff be made of, that he has not fallen under the spell of such a creature?"

When the bridal song came to an end—quickly, for Narka was impatient to escape—he entreated her to sing it again. She could not refuse, and perhaps the impatience of her soul made her throw more fire of passion into the pathetic melody, for when it ceased M. de Beaucrillon was so overcome that he had not a word of thanks ready, but let her rise from the piano in silence.

"What can be keeping Marguerite so long, I wonder?" Narka remarked. "I must go and see;" and she walked slowly out of the room.

"And what can be keeping Basil?" said Sibyl. She was growing fidgety. "I think I must go and look after him."

"He was taking a bath when I knocked just now, Vasili told me," replied Gaston.

"Oh, then he will be here presently, no doubt;" and she sat down.

As she did so a valet came in with a letter, which he presented to her. It was in Basil's writing. Sibyl opened it with a cry and a start, and drew out a sealed envelop addressed to Father Christopher, and then a note that she read rapidly.

"Oh, my God! This is too dreadful!" she cried out.

M. de Beaucrillon snatched up the note. "Good heavens! Gone! Fled! Where have they taken him? To Siberia? My God! what a country to live in!" With a muttered expletive he threw down the letter, and proceeded to try and calm Sibyl, who had burst into hysterical grief.

Meantime Narka had gone and knocked at Basil's door, and getting no answer, opened it. The room was empty. She called his name, but there was no response. In a flash of lightning she guessed the truth: he was gone. But where? Could the Stanovoï have played him false? She glanced round the rooms. The lights were burning, but there was nothing to give the least clue of why or how he had fled. Sick with terror, Narka took up a candle and went on to her own room. Perhaps he was there waiting for her. The room was empty, but on the table—a little round table with a green velvet cover on which there was a solitary book—lay a letter. At a glance she saw it was from Basil.

"MY NARKA,—I have not the courage to meet you again, since we have to part at once. Adieu, beloved. I will write when it is possible. I owe you my life. It is yours for all time. BASIL."

Narka sank into a chair, clutching the note in her fingers. Gone! Without one more embrace! How could he? But the relief of knowing that he had escaped, that he had not been treacherously entrapped to his ruin, as she had feared for a moment, was so great that it helped her to forget the cruel disappointment. She recovered herself quickly, and remembered, with that strong sympathy for the suffering of others which was the noble side of her nature, that Sibyl and Marguerite would want to be sustained under this shock. Ah, Marguerite! Narka's heart went out to the child in a rush of purest pity. She rose and hurried to her room, but the news had got there before her. Marguerite was on her knees by the bed, her face buried in the eider-down, sobbing bitterly, so bitterly that she did not hear the door open, or Narka's step crossing the room; she was only made aware of her entrance when Narka knelt down and took her in her arms and drew her head upon her breast. Marguerite gave herself up to the caress; it was pitiful and tender as ever one woman gave to another. Narka had guessed her secret, and it had fired her at first with a jealous fear that lay close upon hatred; but that was gone now, and she felt nothing but compassion; she could afford now to give her whole sympathy to the woman who loved Basil, and loved him hopelessly.

When the first paroxysm of tears had spent itself, Marguerite raised her head from Narka's shoulder, and they stood up together.

"Oh, Narka, it is terrible!" she said, struggling with the sobs that made her bosom heave. "If we only knew that he was safe!"

"He is safe, darling; that we may be certain of," said Narka.

"Oh, thank God! I only heard that he was gone; that Sibyl had a few words saying he had to fly. Where is he gone, do you know?"

"He is making for the frontier; and once beyond it, he will be out of danger."

Marguerite murmured something that was swallowed up in a great sob. After



a moment she laid her hand on Narka's shoulder, and putting her lips close to her ear, "Tell me," she said in a whisper that was scarcely audible, "is it—is he only accused of politics, or is it—anything else, do you know?"

"They have accused him of nothing worse than of hating tyrants and of conspiring against them."

"Ah!" The exclamation sounded like a gasp of relief.

They were silent for a minute, standing close together, Narka like a strong archangel, with her arm thrown protectingly round the small, child-like figure that was still shaken with sobs.

"Darling," said Narka, "you are too agitated to come down-stairs or see any one this evening. I will put you to bed, and say that you were not well."

Marguerite understood. She kissed Narka, and gave herself up like a child to be undressed and put to bed.

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## CHAPTER IX.

M. DE BEAUCRILLON wanted to be off next morning. Sibyl had some difficulty in making him see that this was impossible. There was a multitude of things to be done, she urged—things that she alone could do. All the festivities and hospitalities had been countermanded and put off; but preparations for these had been made on the grandest scale, and this involved a large settling of accounts that no one else could attend to. Besides these reasons, Basil had enclosed to her in his own short note a letter for Father Christopher, which he desired she would hand him herself. Sibyl could not leave this commission unfulfilled; and, moreover, it was out of the question her going away without seeing Father Christopher, quite independently of other impediments. The Mayor, in answer to her inquiry whether they were to expect the father that day, sent word that no message had been received from X., but that it was not likely he would be set free before Monday, certain formalities having to be gone through before a prisoner was released, even after the receipt of the order to that effect.

"What confounded humbug!" said M. de Beaucrillon. "The brutes are just doing it in order to make me spend an-

other Sunday in this place. Well, look here, Sibyl: I'll wait till Monday, but on Tuesday morning we start. There is a limit to what man can bear."

"My dear Gaston, the limit is very soon reached with you," said Sibyl.

"Just look at her!" Gaston said, appealing to Narka. "Look at the state her eyes are in! The lids are so red and swollen that it is frightful to behold, and she looks about thirty! Your head is aching fit to split," he added, looking defiantly at his wife; "I know it is. You did not sleep an hour last night. Just look at yourself in the glass, and see what a complexion you have!"

There was something grotesque to Narka in the spectacle of M. de Beaucrillon standing before his wife, bewailing her swollen eyes and her damaged complexion, when such grievous anxiety was absorbing them all.

If Father Christopher did not arrive to-morrow, Saturday, it was likely enough they would retain him to keep the Sabbath day at X., and not let him free until Monday, as the Stanovoi suggested. M. de Beaucrillon made up his mind to the worst, and heroically faced the fact that he had three whole days to bear up under the deadly pall of the place. He was anxious, unselfishly anxious, on Marguerite's account, to be off. He could not but see that she was looking wretched.

"This place doesn't suit you, *petite perle*," he said, taking her chin between his fingers and thumb and imprinting a brotherly kiss on her forehead. "I wish we were back in France; if we had to spend another month here, you and Sibyl would be in your coffins. I should probably be in mine. This atmosphere of dramatic emotions, sudden arrests, and hairbreadth escapes, of cruelty and agonized despair, is enough to suffocate any man not to the manner born. I feel as if I were playing a subordinate and rather contemptible part in a tragedy. It is intolerable."

He remembered, however, that it was only to last three days longer, and took heart, lighted a cigar, and went out for a ride. M. de Beaucrillon was the only person at Yrakow who rejoiced in the prospect of the approaching departure. To Narka it was a prospect of bitter pain. Parting with Sibyl was to her like parting with fire in midwinter. When Sibyl went away, the glory of the land departed



with her. Eldorado was a place where all the women were like Sibyl, and—if this were possible even in Eldorado—all the men like Basil. Narka had, it is true, a supreme consolation to sustain her under the present parting; but even this had its drop of bitterness; she felt guilty of a kind of treachery in not telling Sibyl of her engagement. She longed and she dreaded to tell her. How would Sibyl take it? Would she open her arms and welcome her as Basil's wife? or would that pride of birth which ran through her veins as naturally, and almost as unceasingly, as her blood, rise up like a snake and turn against the old sisterly love and sting it to death? Narka had been asking herself this question ever since Basil had slipped the ring upon her finger last night. But there were many other things she longed to talk over with Sibyl: Basil's personal concerns; his chances of being forgiven and permitted to return to Russia; the possibility of indefinite exile; all that this involved—the ruin of his career, the utter blight of his prospects; but she dared not trust herself to enter on these things, lest involuntarily she might betray the secret which Basil enjoined on her to keep strictly; it seemed as if the very tone in which she now pronounced his name must tell a tale, it sounded to herself so full of consciousness.

Sibyl, on her side, had a multitude of interests that she wanted to talk over with Narka; but she made up her mind to wait until the tiresome necessary things were done, and then to devote the remaining short time to undisturbed enjoyment of her friend. One thing she did enter on at once that afternoon. It was to ask Narka to come with Tante Nathalie and spend the winter at the castle, instead of living in their cottage in the village. But Narka refused. She loved the lordly old fortress, with its towers and stately rooms and echoing galleries, and pictures and works of art; these surroundings were as pleasant and congenial to her as space and the free air of nature to the denizens of the forest; but she could not stay in possession of them now that they were prospectively her own; there would be a sort of hypocrisy in accepting Sibyl's offer, it seemed to her; so she declined it on the plea that they, two lone women, would feel less lonely in their snug little cottage, with humble neighbors all round them, than in the splendid solitude of the castle.

Next morning, Saturday, M. de Beau-crillon proposed, the moment he came down-stairs, that if Father Christopher was not back by twelve o'clock, or if there was no assurance of the exact time of his return, Sibyl should drive in to X. after lunch and see the governor of the prison, and ask what the delay meant. Sibyl began to protest at the utter foolishness of such a step, which would advance nothing, besides wasting one of the last precious days at Yrakow; but her husband was resolute, so she yielded.

"We shall have a quiet time together on the road, anyhow; that will be something," she said to Narka.

Narka was glad; glad above all to feel that Sibyl held to a quiet time with her; that she was sighing for one of those heart-to-heart talks that they had been used to in old times, and had scarcely enjoyed with real satisfaction during these three weeks when Sibyl had been taken up with hospitable cares and activities.

Marguerite was to drive down in the pony-carriage with Narka to see Tante Nathalie after lunch.

"To think that I have not been to see your mother all this time!" she said, regretfully; "and now I am only going to say good-by."

At eleven o'clock it began to rain—a heavy, slanting rain that drove against the window-panes and washed them; the rain stopped, and it began to snow, first in a sleety shower, then in thick flakes that made a white fog, and quickly spread a white layer on the wet ground. The drive to X. was a dreary outlook. There was just the possibility, however, that it might be avoided. Father Christopher might return before they set out. If he came, he would come early, the Stanovoï said.

The snow continued to fall with increasing volume; the wind rose, and blew steadily from the north, driving the flakes furiously before it. Twelve o'clock came. There was no message, and no arrival. The carriage was to be ready at one, and take Narka and Marguerite down to Tante Nathalie for half an hour, and then return to take Sibyl and Narka in to X.

Sibyl was in the library, writing off the last notes. She was so busy that she did not hear the luncheon bell. Marguerite came and fetched her. They had scarcely entered the dining-room when a servant rushed in with the news that a carriage,



which had been coming at full speed along the X. road, had just entered the park.

"It is Father Christopher!" cried Sibyl; and with a chorus of glad exclamations they all hurried into the drawing-room, where a large bow-window commanded the drive almost to the lodge gate.

The carriage came on through the blinding snow. Sibyl was laughing and crying with joy; Marguerite was in a flutter of excitement; Narka, outwardly calm, but with a beating heart, watched the carriage drawing near.

"Let us meet him in the hall," said M. de Beaucrillon, as the horses swept round to the terrace.

They ran out, ready with a joyous welcome.

The door was open; but it was not Father Christopher who stood on the threshold. It was an officer in uniform.

"The Countess de Beaucrillon?" he inquired, looking from one to another of the three ladies.

Sibyl stepped forward, and he handed her a letter.

She tore it open, and ran her eye down the page. Then, with a piercing scream, "My God! they have sent him to Siberia!"

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## CHAPTER X.

WINTER reigned at Yrakow in all its severity. The castle, with its mighty bastions and battlements sheeted in snow, went shelving down to the white forest; the fields on every side presented an interminable rolling white plain; the whole earth was buried deep in snow; and still it snowed and snowed. Narka would stand at the window and watch the flakes falling until the monotony of the motion almost sent her to sleep. The ghost-like stillness was overpowering; it seemed to wrap everything in a winding-sheet. Not a sound made a break in it all day long. In the night-time the wolves came down into the village and howled; but except for that dismal concert the land might have been a graveyard, so profound was the hush. Any sound would have been a relief—the voice of a man, the cry of an animal, the creaking of a wagon; but these would have seemed as phenomenal as if the stars had begun to talk in the midnight skies.

The death-like silence of external na-

ture was made doubly oppressive to Narka by the moral silence which enveloped her like a shroud. Life was becalmed in a fog. She never heard from Basil. He had not sent her a sign since they had kissed and parted after that ride of hers to X. This cessation of all intercourse between them was inevitable, but at times it was unbearable. If she could have moved away anywhere, have changed place, it would have helped her, for the immobility of life adds fearfully to its weight and weariness. The spirit is wonderfully relieved sometimes by the flight of the body, and the old Egyptians expressed a common human need as well as a deep spiritual mystery in their emblem of the sistrum agitated on either side of the sitting god for a sign that motion was Life and stagnation Death. There was nothing to stir the waters round Narka, and her moral life seemed to be stagnating like a pool in the desert.

Tante Nathalie's rheumatism and peevish complainings did not enliven the monotony much. She, good soul, found excitement enough in her own troubles, past and present, in her knitting, and the few comings and goings of the morning. This daily routine, with the ever new interest of ordering the meals and lecturing the servants, was enough to keep her occupied; but Narka's hungry, ardent soul craved for something more, and the dull white days and the long black nights dragged on with intolerable weight.

Sibyl's letters were the solitary incidents that broke the leaden monotony of her life. Sibyl gave her news of Basil. They had agreed to speak of him as "M. Charles," a cousin of Gaston's. But even this disguise had to be carefully used, for of course the letters were opened. M. Charles could not send messages to Narka, whom he was supposed never to have seen. Sibyl could only say that he was hoping to make her acquaintance, and inquiring when she was coming to France, etc. He was himself in Italy, studying painting; he hoped to come to Paris in the spring, unless his father insisted on his accompanying him to Scotland, *alias* Russia. These meagre details were to Narka like drops of water to a thirsty soul.

About her own life Sibyl spoke freely. It was evidently a very pleasant one, full of gay activities, balls, concerts, dinners, and all the brilliant devices of modern society for making the days fly; there



were also benevolent contrivances for helping the destitute, and very pleasant opportunities they seemed to be, by Sibyl's accounts. But what interested Narka most in these personal records was the place that she, though absent, filled in them. She seemed seldom long out of Sibyl's thoughts, however busy or brilliant the chapter of her life might be. "Oh, my Narka, I miss you so terribly! I feel your absence more and more every day. There is nobody like you—nobody whose sympathy is like yours," etc., etc. Words like these recurred at every page, and they were as wine to Narka. It gave her confidence in herself to be reckoned thus amongst the best values of Sibyl's life. Since Sibyl, who had all the world to choose from—Sibyl, whose taste was so refined, whose sympathies were so noble, whose instinct was so true—since Sibyl set such store upon her she could not be the poor worthless creature she sometimes fancied herself in moments of despair. Then she would remember that Basil loved her; that she was his affianced bride; that he too was reckoning the days until he could claim her for his own, and present her to Sibyl and all the world as his wife. She could surely afford to wait, and to be patient under the present, when the future held such joy in store for her.

Marguerite wrote occasionally, brightly and affectionately. But toward the close of the winter Sibyl began to speak of Marguerite with anxiety. The child's health was very delicate; there was no organic ailment, but she was drooping like a flower; they had had several excellent offers of marriage for her, but she had refused them all unhesitatingly, giving no reason except that she was not in a hurry to marry.

Narka read all this with growing apprehension. Could it be that Marguerite's feeling for Basil had been deep enough to make her shrink from the idea of ever marrying any one else? Narka had never contemplated such trouble as this. She had hoped, and had come honestly to believe, that it had been a mere passing flame, such as the first accomplished man she meets kindles easily in the heart of a very young girl. It would indeed be an added weight on Narka's spirit if bright little Marguerite was entering on life with a broken heart.

One day a letter came announcing that

the doctors had ordered her to go south and travel for a couple of months.

"The remedy comes most opportunely," Sibyl said. "M. Charles has been lingering on in Florence, intending to go to Rome for Lent. It will be delightful for us to join him there, and I am very much in need of a change myself. Marguerite had at first seemed charmed at the idea of going to Rome, but all of a sudden, when the programme was settled, she changed her mind, and has been nervous and depressed ever since. The doctors say this unreasonable state of feeling is only an additional proof that she wants change, and they assure us the journey will set her right. We are now in the bustle of packing, and I shall probably not write again until we are starting."

Narka could not pretend to herself that this letter was not a shock. She was not jealous; she did not for a moment doubt the strength of Basil's constancy; but it was hardly in woman's nature that she should not feel uncomfortable at the prospect of his being thrown for two months into daily and hourly companionship with a charming girl who was deeply in love with him, and whom he was already very fond of. Oh no, Narka was not jealous; but her heart rose in passionate rebellion against the cruel fate which put mountains and seas between her and Basil, and forced him into the society of Marguerite. And it was Sibyl's doings! For the first time in her life Narka felt angry with Sibyl. It was very well to talk about the lucky chance that had brought this meeting about; it was much more likely the result of Sibyl's clever manœuvring. She had long ago set her heart on this marriage; fate, which was fighting against Narka with such overpowering odds, was playing into Sibyl's hands, those pearly, *potelées* hands whose soft touch had such a compelling power, and had always made everybody and everything bend to their will. They were now bending Marguerite's destiny to it. Was it quite impossible that they should eventually bend Basil's?

Narka was as restless in the narrow cottage rooms as a strange, untamed creature in a cage. It was horrible to have to carry this gunshot wound in her flesh, and go about with a smiling countenance, discussing with Madame Larik the best way of preparing the codfish for dinner. The comedy of life was intolerable. Why



should heaven and earth be set against her, as they had been from her cradle up?

"Narka, you are singing like a soul in purgatory crying out for prayers," said her mother, as poor Narka gave vent to her misery in a strain of passionate music.

"Mother, I *am* a soul in purgatory," she answered, with a dry laugh; "it is my firm belief that this life *is* purgatory, and that in the next there will be only heaven and hell."

"Dear! dear! what a wonderful notion you have about things! Your head is too full of poetry, child; not but that there may be some sense in what you say. I do believe this life is purgatory to many of us, and mostly to those who don't want any purgatory, one would think. Alas! alas!"

Narka knew that the concluding sigh was directed to Father Christopher. Each knew that he was seldom out of the other's mind, but, as by tacit consent, they never spoke of him.

A week went by. There was a fresh fall of snow in the night. The next morning the wind rose, and blew with its might from the north. A carrier coming on horseback from X. said the roads were impassable from the drifts that rose like embankments at intervals. For the next week traffic was suspended. If Prince Zorokoff had been at home, or Count Larchoff alive, there would have been an army of scavengers at work; but there was no one there now to press the peasants into the service. Even the Stan-ovoï was away at X., which was pleasanter in this weather than snowed-up Yrakow.

At the end of three weeks the welcome face of the postman appeared at the cottage gate. He brought two letters from Sibyl. One bore the Paris postmark, the other that of Palermo. Narka went up to her room to read them alone. She opened the one from Paris first.

"I have a most extraordinary piece of news to tell you, my Narka," Sibyl began. "I ought to have written to you sooner, but I was so bewildered at the first moment that I had not the courage to finish a letter I had just begun to you."

"I told you that Marguerite showed the strangest reluctance to go to Italy when everything was settled. It puzzled us all. She was very nervous and quite miserable, but gave no explanation of her sudden change. At last, one morning

before I was up, she came into my room, and sat on the edge of my bed, and said: 'I have something to say that will be a surprise, and I fear a disappointment, to you. I can't go with you to Italy. I have made up my mind to be a Sister of Charity.' I was so taken aback that I could not speak for a moment, but just stared at her as if she had gone mad. 'I have been thinking about it for a long time,' she went on, 'and I am now quite sure it is my vocation. The idea of going to Rome and seeing the Holy Father tempted me at first; but I soon saw it was only a temptation, and that I must not yield to it; so instead of going off with you and Gaston, I am going to the Rue du Bac to make my novitiate,' I really did think that the child had gone out of her mind. 'Why,' I said, 'you will be dead in a month; the hardships of the life will kill you.' She laughed, and said, 'Oh no; I promise you not to be dead before two months; you will be back in time to see me alive.' I did not know whether to burst out crying or to be very angry. She looked so sweet and bright, and yet there was something so unnatural in the idea of her doing such a thing. Oh, Narka, if you could have seen the expression of her eyes, those clear brown eyes of hers, when she went on to talk about the happiness of giving her whole life to God, and making atonement for those who offend Him! The idea of atonement seems to have taken hold of her like an *idée fixe*. I said that if she had had a wicked father, or if any one belonging to her had committed a crime, I could understand it; then there would be some sense or some show of reason in her putting on a stuff gown and burying herself in slums and hospitals; but she said that every sinner was her brother, and she felt a call to suffer and atone for them. In fact, she has atonement on the brain.

"She asked me to break the news to Gaston. I was quite ill at the thought of having to do it. I have such a horror of seeing anybody in pain, above all, any one I love. However, it had to be done. He cried like a child, dear Gaston. But he was not at all as shocked as I expected. He said if it was her vocation he would not lift a finger to hold her back. He talked like a theologian about people being 'called to the religious life.' I never could have believed Gaston knew so much about theology; but Frenchmen



are so strange; they are full of contradictions. I was so upset by all these emotions that I had to keep lying down all the afternoon, with compresses of *eau sédative* on my head; and—”

Narka at this point let the letter drop, and interlacing her long white fingers, she straightened up her arms above her head, and heaved a great gasp of relief. It was not for herself that she was relieved. Oh no! it was for Marguerite. Gentle, sensitive little Marguerite, who had escaped from a cruel ordeal. Loving Basil as she did, it would have been torture to the child to be thrown into constant companionship with him, to be the object of his brotherly solicitude, to be forced under the charm of his sympathetic nature, a charm that no one came near Basil without succumbing to. How could she have endured this for two whole months and not gone out of her mind? Narka lay back for a long moment, considering the danger and the pain that Marguerite had been saved. This improvised vocation was of course a stratagem to escape from an intolerable trial. They might safely let her go to the Rue du Bac during their tour to Italy; they would find on their return that the vocation had come to an end. Narka smiled as she thought of Marguerite giving up her flowers and dainty coquettish toilets for the gray gown and the cornette. But as she smiled she felt a sudden prick of remorse and doubt. Could it be that the idea of offering up her young life in atonement had become an *idée fixe* strong enough to impel her to the sacrifice?

Narka would not dwell on this possibility. There was another letter of Sibyl's to be read. She opened it with a pleasant anticipation of interest.

“Here we are, with ilexes and oranges making a background to the loveliest villa you can imagine! The roses are scenting the air till the sweetness makes one tipsy. If only you were here to enjoy it with us, my Narka! No delight is complete to me without you. You would find out so many beauties that I can't see, and you would sing all this exquisite idyl to me with that heavenly voice of yours! Well, some day, please God, we shall see it together.... We had a most comfortable journey, and already Marguerite looks better for the change. Oh! I forgot I had not written to you since I told you of the bomb-shell she threw at us about her vocation.

Well, after a week spent in pleading and coaxing, appealing to her love for us, to every motive that could move her, the matter was decided by the Superioress of the white cornettes, a most fascinating woman, and a saint (Gaston says, who had several long talks with her). She told Marguerite that it would be better in every way for her to come away for the change, because the doctor of the community was in great doubt whether her health would prove equal in its present state to the hardships of the life; consequently the wisest thing would be to get up her strength before she made the trial. Marguerite was greatly disappointed at first, but after a day or so she seemed to take a more cheerful view of things, and was quite satisfied to come away. And you can't imagine how much better she already looks—so much less pale and languid. She is in excellent spirits.

“M. Charles joined us at Naples. We were all delighted to meet. He is very thin, and looks a good deal older; but his health is good. We do our best to cheer him, and he is so happy to have us near him!”

Narka did not see what more Sibyl wrote. The reaction from the intense elation of the first letter to the disappointment of this made her feel sick. She sat, with the two letters in her lap, in a kind of half stupor. Her mother's voice calling to her made her start as if she had been asleep, in a bad dream. Madame Larik knew that letters had come, and was impatient, of course, to hear all about them. Narka stood for a moment to recover her self-possession, and make up her mind how much she should tell. Perhaps it was best to read the letters as they were. There was nothing in them that she need conceal, and the mere communicating of their contents would be a relief.

She went down to the sitting-room, and read them aloud, and found Madame Larik a most responsive listener.

“What nonsense to talk of being a Sister of Charity! The pretty young creature! Of course there is a love affair at the bottom of it. Why does not Princess Sibyl find it out and settle it?”

“But you hear what M. de Beaucrillon says? He would not oppose her entering the convent in the least.”

“Then he ought to be ashamed of himself. I thought better of the Count. He was always exceedingly polite to me. I



suppose it is some great noble who has no money, or who has more than Mademoiselle Marguerite. Princess Sibyl told me that the marriages in France are such matters of business! What a pity she and our young Prince could not take to each other! Who knows but they may,

now that they are going to be together for a few months? I can't think why Prince Basil did not fall in love with her here."

This was hard to hear and respond to; but Narka felt it was not so hard as having to stifle the mention of the subject altogether.

## THE SOUTH REVISITED.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IN speaking again of the South in this Monthly, after an interval of about two years, and as before at the request of the editor, I shrink a good deal from the appearance of forwardness which a second paper may seem to give to observations which have the single purpose of contributing my mite toward making the present spirit of the Southern people, their progress in industries and in education, their aspirations, better known. On the other hand, I have no desire to escape the imputation of a warm interest in the South, and of a belief that its development and prosperity are essential to the greatness and glory of the nation. Indeed, no one can go through the South, with his eyes open, without having his patriotic fervor quickened and broadened, and without increased pride in the republic.

We are one people. Different traditions, different education or the lack of it, the demoralizing curse of slavery, different prejudices, made us look at life from irreconcilable points of view; but the prominent common feature, after all, is our Americanism. In any assembly of gentlemen from the two sections the resemblances are greater than the differences. A score of times I have heard it said, "We look alike, talk alike, feel alike; how strange it is we should have fought!" Personal contact always tends to remove prejudices, and to bring into prominence the national feeling, the race feeling, the human nature common to all of us.

I wish to give as succinctly as I can the general impressions of a recent six weeks' tour, made by a company of artists and writers, which became known as the "Harper party," through a considerable portion of the South, including the cities of Lynchburg, Richmond, Danville, Atlanta, Augusta (with a brief call at Charleston and Columbia, for it was not intended

to take in the eastern seaboard on this trip), Knoxville, Chattanooga, South Pittsburg, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Memphis, Louisville. Points of great interest were necessarily omitted in a tour which could only include representatives of the industrial and educational development of the New South. Naturally we were thrown more with business men and with educators than with others; that is, with those who are actually making the New South; but we saw something of social life, something of the homes and mode of living of every class, and we had abundant opportunities of conversation with whites and blacks of every social grade and political affinity. The Southern people were anxious to show us what they were doing, and they expressed their sentiments with entire frankness; if we were misled, it is our own fault. It must be noted, however, in estimating the value of our observations, that they were mainly made in cities and large villages, and little in the country districts.

Inquiries in the South as to the feeling of the North show that there is still left some misapprehension of the spirit in which the North sent out its armies, though it is beginning to be widely understood that the North was not animated by hatred of the South, but by intense love of the Union. On the other hand, I have no doubt there still lingers in the North a little misapprehension of the present feeling of the Southern people about the Union. It arises from a confusion of two facts which it is best to speak of plainly. Everybody knows that the South is heartily glad that slavery is gone, and that a new era of freedom has set in. Everybody who knows the South at all is aware that any idea of any renewal of the strife, now or at any time, is nowhere entertain-



ed, even as a speculation, and that to the women especially, who are said to be first in war, last in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen, the idea of war is a subject of utter loathing. The two facts to which I refer are the loyalty of the Southern whites to the Union, and their determination to rule in domestic affairs. Naturally there are here and there soreness and some bitterness over personal loss and ruin, life-long grief, maybe, over lost illusions—the observer who remembers what human nature is wonders that so little of this is left—but the great fact is that the South is politically loyal to the Union of the States, that the sentiment for its symbol is growing into a deep reality which would flame out in passion under any foreign insult, and that nationality, pride in the republic, is everywhere strong and prominent. It is hardly necessary to say this, but it needs to be emphasized when the other fact is dwelt on, namely, the denial of free suffrage to the colored man. These two things are confused, and this confusion is the source of much political misunderstanding. Often when a Southern election “outrage” is telegraphed, when intimidation or fraud is revealed, it is said in print, “So that is Southern loyalty!” In short, the political treatment of the negro is taken to be a sign of surviving war feeling, if not of a renewed purpose of rebellion. In this year of grace 1887 the two things have no relation to each other. It would be as true to say that election frauds and violence to individuals and on the ballot-box in Cincinnati are signs of hatred of the Union and of Union men, as that a suppressed negro vote at the South, by adroit management or otherwise, is indication of remaining hostility to the Union. In the South it is sometimes due to the same depraved party spirit that causes frauds in the North—the determination of a party to get or keep the upper hand at all hazards; but it is, in its origin and generally, simply the result of the resolution of the majority of the brains and property of the South to govern the cities and the States, and in the Southern mind this is perfectly consistent with entire allegiance to the government. I could name men who were abettors of what is called the “shot-gun policy” whose national patriotism is beyond question, and who are warm promoters of negro education and the improvement of the condition of the colored people.

We might as well go to the bottom of this state of things, and look it squarely in the face. Under reconstruction, sometimes owing to a tardy acceptance of the new conditions by the ruling class, the State governments and the municipalities fell under the control of ignorant colored people, guided by unscrupulous white adventurers. States and cities were prostrate under the heel of ignorance and fraud; crushed with taxes, and no improvements to show for them. It was ruin on the way to universal bankruptcy. The regaining of power by the intelligent and the property owners was a question of civilization. The situation was intolerable. There is no Northern community that would have submitted to it; if it could not have been changed by legal process, it would have been upset by revolution, as it was at the South. Recognizing as we must the existence of race prejudice and pride, it was nevertheless a struggle for existence. The methods resorted to were often violent, and being sweeping, carried injustice. To be a Republican, in the eyes of those smarting under carpet-bag government and the rule of the ignorant lately enfranchised, was to be identified with the detested carpet-bag government and with negro rule. The Southern Unionist and the Northern emigrant, who justly regarded the name Republican as the proudest they could bear, identified as it was with the preservation of the Union and the national credit, could not show their Republican principles at the polls without personal danger in the country and social ostracism in the cities. Social ostracism on account of politics even outran social ostracism on account of participation in the education of the negroes. The very men who would say, “I respect a man who fought for the Union more than a Northern Copperhead, and if I had lived North, no doubt I should have gone with my section,” would at the same time say, or think, “But you cannot be a Republican down here now, for to be that is to identify yourself with the party here that is hostile to everything in life that is dear to us.” This feeling was intensified by the memories of the war, but it was in a measure distinct from the war feeling, and it lived on when the latter grew weak, and it still survives in communities perfectly loyal to the Union, glad that slavery is ended, and sincerely desirous



of the establishment and improvement of public education for colored and white alike.

Any tampering with the freedom of the ballot-box in a republic, no matter what the provocation, is dangerous; the methods used to regain white ascendancy were speedily adopted for purely party purposes and factional purposes; the chicanery, even the violence, employed to render powerless the negro and "carpet-bag" vote were freely used by partisans in local elections against each other, and in time became means of preserving party and ring ascendancy. Thoughtful men South as well as North recognize the vital danger to popular government if voting and the ballot-box are not sacredly protected. In a recent election in Texas, in a district where, I am told, the majority of the inhabitants are white, and the majority of the whites are Republicans, and the majority of the colored voters voted the Republican ticket, and greatly the larger proportion of the wealth and business of the district are in Republican hands, there was an election row; ballot-boxes were destroyed in several precincts, persons killed on both sides, and leading Republicans driven out of the State. This is barbarism. If the case is substantiated as stated, that in the district it was not a question of race ascendancy, but of party ascendancy, no fair-minded man in the South can do otherwise than condemn it, for under such conditions not only is a republican form of government impossible, but development and prosperity are impossible.

For this reason, and because separation of voters on class lines is always a peril, it is my decided impression that throughout the South, though not by everybody, a breaking up of the solidarity of the South would be welcome; that is to say, a breaking up of both the negro and the white vote, and the reforming upon lines of national and economic policy, as in the old days of Whig and Democrat, and liberty of free action in all local affairs, without regard to color or previous party relations. There are politicians who would preserve a solid South, or as a counter-part a solid North, for party purposes. But the sense of the country, the perception of business men North and South, is that this condition of politics interferes with the free play of industrial development, with emigration, investment of cap-

ital, and with that untrammelled agitation and movement in society which are the life of prosperous states.

Let us come a little closer to the subject, dealing altogether with facts, and not with opinions. The Republicans of the North protest against the injustice of an increased power in the Lower House and in the Electoral College based upon a vote which is not represented. It is a valid protest in law; there is no answer to it. What is the reply to it? The substance of hundreds of replies to it is that "we dare not let go so long as the negroes all vote together, regardless of local considerations or any economic problems whatever; we are in danger of a return to a rule of ignorance that was intolerable, and as long as you wave the bloody shirt at the North, which means to us a return to that rule, the South will be solid." The remark made by one man of political prominence was perhaps typical: "The waving of the bloody shirt suits me exactly as a political game; we should have hard work to keep our State Democratic if you did not wave it." So the case stands. The Republican party will always insist on freedom, not only of political opinion, but of action, in every part of the Union; and the South will keep "solid" so long as it fears, or so long as politicians can persuade it to fear, the return of the late disastrous domination. And recognizing this fact, and speaking in the interest of no party, but only in that of better understanding and of the prosperity of the whole country, I cannot doubt that the way out of most of our complications is in letting the past drop absolutely, and addressing ourselves with sympathy and good-will all round to the great economical problems and national issues. And I believe that in this way also lies the speediest and most permanent good to the colored as well as the white population of the South.

There has been a great change in the aspect of the South and in its sentiment within two years; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the change maturing for fifteen years is more apparent in a period of comparative rest from race or sectional agitation. The educational development is not more marvellous than the industrial, and both are unparalleled in history. Let us begin by an illustration.

I stood one day before an assembly of four hundred pupils of a colored college—called a college, but with a necessary pre-



paratory department—children and well-grown young women and men. The buildings are fine, spacious, not inferior to the best modern educational buildings either in architectural appearance or in interior furnishing, with scientific apparatus, a library, the appliances approved by recent experience in teaching, with admirable methods and discipline, and an accomplished corps of instructors. The scholars were neat, orderly, intelligent in appearance. As I stood for a moment or two looking at their bright expectant faces the profound significance of the spectacle and the situation came over me, and I said: "I wonder if you know what you are doing, if you realize what this means. Here you are in a school the equal of any of its grade in the land, with better methods of instruction than prevailed anywhere when I was a boy, with the gates of all knowledge opened as freely to you as to any youth in the land—here, in this State, where only about twenty years ago it was a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to teach a colored person to read and write. And I am brought here to see this fine school, as one of the best things he can show me in the city, by a Confederate colonel. Not in all history is there any instance of a change like this in a quarter of a century: no, not in one nor in two hundred years. It seems incredible."

This is one of the schools instituted and sustained by Northern friends of the South; but while it exhibits the capacity of the colored people for education, it is not so significant in the view we are now taking of the New South as the public schools. Indeed, next to the amazing industrial change in the South, nothing is so striking as the interest and progress in the matter of public schools. In all the cities we visited the people were enthusiastic about their common schools. It was a common remark, "I suppose we have one of the best school systems in the country." There is a wholesome rivalry to have the best. We found everywhere the graded system and the newest methods of teaching in vogue. In many of the primary rooms in both white and colored schools, when I asked if these little children knew the alphabet when they came to school, the reply was: "Not generally. We prefer they should not; we use the new method of teaching words." In many schools the youngest pupils were

taught to read music by sight, and to understand its notation by exercises on the black-board. In the higher classes generally the instruction in arithmetic, in reading, in geography, in history, and in literature was wholly in the modern method. In some of the geography classes and in the language classes I was reminded of the drill in the German schools. In all the cities, as far as I could learn, the public money was equally distributed to the colored and to the white schools, and the number of schools bore a just proportion to the number of the two races. When the town was equally divided in population, the number of pupils in the colored schools was about the same as the number in the white schools. There was this exception: though provision was made for a high-school to terminate the graded for both colors, the number in the colored high-school department was usually very small; and the reason given by colored and white teachers was that the colored children had not yet worked up to it. The colored people prefer teachers of their own race, and they are quite generally employed, but many of the colored schools have white teachers, and generally, I think, with better results, although I saw many thoroughly good colored teachers, and one or two colored classes under them that compared favorably with any white classes of the same grade.

The great fact, however, is that the common-school system has become a part of Southern life, is everywhere accepted as a necessity, and usually money is freely voted to sustain it. But practically, as an efficient factor in civilization, the system is yet undeveloped in the country districts. I can only speak from personal observation of the cities, but the universal testimony was that the common schools in the country for both whites and blacks are poor. Three months' schooling in the year is about the rule, and that of a slack and inferior sort, under incompetent teachers. In some places the colored people complain that ignorant teachers are put over them, who are chosen simply on political considerations. More than one respectable colored man told me that he would not send his children to such schools, but combined with a few others to get them private instruction. The colored people are more dependent on public schools than the whites, for while there are vast masses of colored people in city



and country who have neither the money nor the disposition to sustain schools, in all the large places the whites are able to have excellent private schools, and do have them. Scarcely anywhere can the colored people as yet have a private school without white aid from somewhere. At the present rate of progress, and even of the increase of tax-paying ability, it must be a long time before the ignorant masses, white and black, in the country districts, scattered over a wide area, can have public schools at all efficient. The necessity is great. The danger to the State of ignorance is more and more apprehended. And it is upon this that many of the best men of the South base their urgent appeal for temporary aid from the Federal government for public schools. It is seen that a state cannot soundly prosper unless its laborers are to some degree intelligent. This opinion is shown in little things. One of the great planters of the Yazoo Delta told me that he used to have no end of trouble in settling with his hands. But now that numbers of them can read and cipher, and explain the accounts to the others, he never has the least trouble.

One cannot speak too highly of the private schools in the South, especially of those for young women. I do not know what they were before the war, probably mainly devoted to "accomplishments," as most of girls' schools in the North were. Now most of them are wider in range, thorough in discipline, excellent in all the modern methods. Some of them, under accomplished women, are entirely in line with the best in the country. Before leaving this general subject of education it is necessary to say that the advisability of industrial training, as supplementary to book-learning, is growing in favor, and that in some colored schools it is tried with good results.

When we come to the New Industrial South the change is marvellous, and so vast and various that I scarcely know where to begin in a short paper that cannot go much into details. Instead of a South devoted to agriculture and politics, we find a South wide-awake to business, excited and even astonished at the development of its own immense resources in metals, marbles, coal, timber, fertilizers, eagerly laying lines of communication, rapidly opening mines, building furnaces, foundries, and all sorts of shops for utilizing the native riches. It is like the dis-

covery of a new world. When the Northerner finds great foundries in Virginia using only (with slight exceptions) the products of Virginia iron and coal mines; when he finds Alabama and Tennessee making iron so good and so cheap that it finds ready market in Pennsylvania, and foundries multiplying near the great furnaces for supplying Northern markets; when he finds cotton-mills running to full capacity on grades of cheap cottons universally in demand throughout the South and Southwest; when he finds small industries, such as paper-box factories and wooden bucket and tub factories, sending all they can make into the North and widely over the West; when he sees the loads of most beautiful marbles shipped North; when he learns that some of the largest and most important engines and mill machinery were made in Southern shops; when he finds in Richmond a "pole locomotive," made to run on logs laid end to end, and drag out from Michigan forests and Southern swamps lumber hitherto inaccessible; when he sees worn-out highlands in Georgia and Carolina bear more cotton than ever before by help of a fertilizer the base of which is the cotton seed itself (worth more as a fertilizer than it was before the oil was extracted from it); when he sees a multitude of small shops giving employment to men, women, and children who never had any work of that sort to do before; and when he sees Roanoke iron cast in Richmond into car irons, and returned to a car factory in Roanoke which last year sold three hundred cars to the New York and New England Railroad—he begins to open his eyes. The South is manufacturing a great variety of things needed in the house, on the farm, and in the shops, for home consumption, and already sends to the North and West several manufactured products. With iron, coal, timber contiguous and easily obtained, the amount sent out is certain to increase as the labor becomes more skilful. The most striking industrial development to-day is in iron, coal, lumber, and marbles; the more encouraging for the self-sustaining life of the Southern people is the multiplication of small industries in nearly every city I visited.

When I have been asked what impressed me most in this hasty tour, I have always said that the most notable thing was that everybody was at work.



In many cities this was literally true: every man, woman, and child was actively employed, and in most there were fewer idlers than in many Northern towns. There are, of course, slow places, antiquated methods, easy-going ways, a-hundred-years-behind-the-time makeshifts, but the spirit in all the centres, and leavening the whole country, is work. Perhaps the greatest revolution of all in Southern sentiment is in regard to the dignity of labor. Labor is honorable, made so by the example of the best in the land. There are, no doubt, fossils or Bourbons, sitting in the midst of the ruins of their estates, martyrs to an ancient pride; but usually the leaders in business and enterprise bear names well known in politics and society. The nonsense that it is beneath the dignity of any man or woman to work for a living is pretty much eliminated from the Southern mind. It still remains true that the purely American type is prevalent in the South, but in all the cities the business sign-boards show that the enterprising Hebrew is increasingly prominent as merchant and trader, and he is becoming a plantation owner as well.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public mind that the South, to use a comprehensible phrase, "has joined the procession." Its mind is turned to the development of its resources, to business, to enterprise, to education, to economic problems; it is marching with the North in the same purpose of wealth by industry. It is true that the railways, mines, and furnaces could not have been without enormous investments of Northern capital, but I was continually surprised to find so many and important local industries the result solely of home capital, made and saved since the war.

In this industrial change, in the growth of manufactures, the Southern people are necessarily divided on the national economic problems. Speaking of it purely from the side of political economy and not of politics, great sections of the South—whole States, in fact—are becoming more in favor of "protection" every day. All theories aside, whenever a man begins to work up the raw material at hand into manufactured articles for the market, he thinks that the revenue should be so adjusted as to help and not to hinder him.

Underlying everything else is the negro problem. It is the most difficult ever given to a people to solve. It must, under our

Constitution, be left to the States concerned, and there is a general hopefulness that time and patience will solve it to the advantage of both races. The negro is generally regarded as the best laborer in the world, and there is generally good-will toward him, desire that he shall be educated and become thrifty. The negro has more confidence now than formerly in the white man, and he will go to him for aid and advice in everything except politics. Again and again colored men said to me, "If anybody tells you that any considerable number of colored men are Democrats, don't you believe him; it is not so." The philanthropist who goes South will find many things to encourage him, but if he knows the colored people thoroughly, he will lose many illusions. But to speak of things hopeful, the progress in education, in industry, in ability to earn money, is extraordinary—much greater than ought to have been expected in twenty years even by their most sanguine friends, and it is greater now than at any other period. They are generally well paid, according to the class of work they do. Usually I found the same wages for the same class of work as whites received. I cannot say how this is in remote country districts. The treatment of laborers depends, I have no doubt, as elsewhere, upon the nature of the employer. In some districts I heard that the negroes never got out of debt, never could lay up anything, and were in a very bad condition. But on some plantations certainly, and generally in the cities, there is an improvement in thrift, shown in the ownership of bits of land and houses, and in the possession of neat and pretty homes. As to morals, the gain is slower, but it is discernible, and exhibited in a growing public opinion against immorality and lax family relations. He is no friend to the colored people who blinks this subject, and does not plainly say to them that their position as citizens in the enjoyment of all civil rights depends quite as much upon their personal virtue and their acquiring habits of thrift as it does upon school privileges.

I had many interesting talks with representative colored men in different sections. While it is undoubtedly true that more are indifferent to politics than formerly, owing to causes already named and to the unfulfilled promises of wheedling politicians, it would be untrue to say



that there is not great soreness over the present situation. At Nashville I had an interview with eight or ten of the best colored citizens, men of all shades of color. One of them was a trusted clerk in the post-office; another was a mail agent, who had saved money, and made more by an investment in Birmingham; another was a lawyer of good practice in the courts, a man of decided refinement and cultivation; another was at the head of one of the leading transportation lines in the city, and another had the largest provision establishment in town, and both were men of considerable property; and another, a slave when the war ended, was a large furniture dealer, and reputed worth a hundred thousand dollars. They were all solid, sensible business men, and all respected as citizens. They talked most intelligently of politics, and freely about social conditions. In regard to voting in Tennessee there was little to complain of; but in regard to Mississippi, as an illustration, it was an outrage that the dominant party had increased power in Congress and in the election of President, while the colored Republican vote did not count. What could they do? Some said that probably nothing could be done; time must be left to cure the wrong. Others wanted the Federal government to interfere, at least to the extent of making a test case on some member of Congress that his election was illegal. They did not think that need excite anew any race prejudice. As to exciting race and sectional agitation, we discussed this question: whether the present marvellous improvement of the colored people, with general good-will, or at least a truce everywhere, would not be hindered by anything like a race or class agitation; that is to say, whether under the present conditions of education and thrift the colored people (whatever injustice they felt) were not going on faster toward the realization of all they wanted than would be possible under any circumstances of adverse agitation. As a

matter of policy most of them assented to this. I put this question: "In the first reconstruction days, how many colored men were there in the State of Mississippi fitted either by knowledge of letters, law, political economy, history, or politics to make laws for the State?" Very few. Well, then, it was unfortunate that they should have attempted it. There are more to-day, and with education and the accumulation of property the number will constantly increase. In a republic, power usually goes with intelligence and property.

Finally I asked this intelligent company, every man of which stood upon his own ability in perfect self-respect, "What do you want here in the way of civil rights that you have not?" The reply from one was that he got the respect of the whites just as he was able to command it by his ability and by making money, and, with a touch of a sense of injustice, said he had ceased to expect that the colored race would get it in any other way. Another reply was—and this was evidently the deep feeling of all: "We want to be treated like men, like anybody else, regardless of color. We don't mean by this social equality at all; that is a matter that regulates itself among whites and colored people everywhere. We want the public conveyances open to us according to the fare we pay; we want privilege to go to hotels and to theatres, operas and places of amusement. We wish you could see our families and the way we live; you would then understand that we cannot go to the places assigned us in concerts and theatres without loss of self-respect." I might have said, but I did not, that the question raised by this last observation is not a local one, but as wide as the world.

If I tried to put in a single sentence the most wide-spread and active sentiment in the South to-day, it would be this: The past is put behind us; we are one with the North in business and national ambition: we want a sympathetic recognition of this fact.

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## Editor's Easy Chair.

**I**N his delightful essay upon the Coverley Sabbath, Mr. Spectator describes the good Knight in church. "As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance

he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them." The whole essay is charming with its gentle satire and



shrewd humor, and it gives a vivid glimpse of the social condition and feeling of the "Augustan" age of Anne in a rural English community.

The consciousness of caste in the England of the eighteenth century is as evident as in India. Mr. Spectator, still with his sly and demure humor, is sure that the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians if there were no stated time for the whole village to meet together, with their best faces and their cleanliest habits, to hear their duties explained to them, and to adore the Supreme Being. Sir Roger's duties, of course, needed not to be explained to him. He inherited his knowledge of them with his estate. The good villagers were to thank God for the condition of life in which He had been pleased to place them, and to be content therewith. If a boy did well on catechising day, Sir Roger sent a fitch of bacon to his mother. To be good and obedient to their superiors was the great duty of the villagers whom Sir Roger's servants aroused if they dropped asleep in church, and when they awoke they must be grateful for the glorious Revolution and their protection from wicked Frenchmen and wooden shoes.

The scene which Mr. Abbey has depicted in the frontispiece to this number of the *Monthly* might represent the Coverley church, and that Sabbatical drowsiness which even Sir Roger could not resist. Into what profound and peaceful slumber the dear little old-fashioned boy and his sister have fallen! What a spell of sleep broods over all! The high-poised, wigged and spectacled and surpliced minister is the very spirit of ancient drowsing dulness. The clerk's round eyes stare vacantly as an owl's over the side of his desk, and one upturned face beyond the sleeping girl shows the formal listless attention which will soon decline into dreams. Each auditor is securely fastened into his pew as into a pen. The rich wood-work of the pulpit and of the choir attests the comfortable ease of an opulent Establishment. And what else was Sir Roger's Church—the Church of the eighteenth century?

Mr. Abbey has drawn a most suggestive picture. It is indeed the day of rest. But not only for the comely sister and the quaint little brother with ruffled wrists and buckled shoes. The artist has chosen his scene at a time which was a day of rest, of sleep, of torpor for the Church itself. The picture represents not only a church, but the English Church of the eighteenth century. For what says its latest historian? "Orthodox Christianity was preaching morals and expediency, its congregations were slumbering around its pulpits, when Wesley suddenly startled mankind with what seemed a new doctrine." "Above all things," said the Bishop to the eager neophyte burning to preach the glad tidings of salvation—"above all things, no enthusiasm." It was the very Church which

Abbey symbolizes in his picture that Wesley wished to arouse from sleep.

But there is another moral in it that cannot be avoided:

"Oh, where shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul?"

And the answer is as old as the religion of the Church: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The mere formalism which was urged against the English Establishment of the eighteenth century has vanished from the Christian Church of to-day in all its branches. The distinction of Church life in this day is that it makes itself the centre of the social life of its members. It draws them together for recreation as well as for worship. It stimulates their intellectual as well as religious interests. It fosters and organizes their charitable sympathies and conduct. It becomes more and more the community of the primitive Christians, and less and less the mere "steeplehouse" of the New England Puritans. This is obvious, whether the attendance on church has increased or declined, and whether or not Christendom itself is seriously questioning its own faith.

The reasons for this pleasant change are not to be sought here. But this various activity gives that spiritual rest which the sheltering arms of the Church typify. It is not the rest of sleep or torpor.

"Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere....

"Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving—  
And that is true rest."

Poor Sir Roger! Such a sermon as this would surely have surprised him into a short nap. The dramatic accuracy and completeness of his character are shown clearly by the impossibility of conceiving him in a later age. What would he or the ancient rector in Abbey's picture make of the lines that the *Easy Chair* has just quoted? Certainly he would not have understood them, and would justly have held his waking to be premature.

But the worthy Knight would have been equal to the treatment of one of the abuses of this day, in which otherwise he would have been sadly antiquated. If Sir Roger should venture into our opera, after dodging about for some time to secure a glimpse of the stage and of the singers, he would send his servants, with his compliments, to the fairest of young women, and respectfully request her to remove the towering hat which deprives her neighbors of their enjoyment of the play. Or, once more, if the hearty gentleman, full of old-fashioned courtesy, had seen a young man puffing a cigarette as he attended a lady, he would have sent his servant to him, without his compli-



ments, to remind him that he had forgotten his livery, or that his gentlemanly training had been neglected.

It is delightful to see in this little picture of Abbey's, as in his illustrations of Herrick and of *She Stoops to Conquer*, how completely he reproduces the spirit and aspect of that old English life. Surely the droning old rector was not wholly useless who could secure so sweet a dream, such utter repose, to so fair a maid—or is she, possibly, the young mother of the quaint old boy? In its least spiritual day the church was still a haven of rest. If the mind slumbered, so did the body, and great was the refreshment. But while the drowsy preacher is insisting that all flesh is grass, and that as the flower of the field, so beauty fadeth, a miracle is silently and unconsciously wrought. For that comely upturned face has been touched by the kindly genius of the artist, and the preacher's words are brought to naught. The maiden shall never awaken, but also she shall never grow old. She shall not fade as the flower of the field. That blooming youth, that sweet serenity of slumber, shall be immortal. They shall shed perpetual benediction upon every beholder as he grows old and fades away. It is the mystic gift of genius, the gentle magic of art:

"Forever shalt thou love and she be fair"

WHEN Thackeray was in this country he went one day into the room of a friend, who put down a book as he rose to greet him. Thackeray took up the book and said, "What! do you read Browning, and understand him?" And then, with humorous ruefulness, "I wish I could. But I have no head above my eyes." On the morning that he was to read his first lecture upon the Georges—not, as an answer to a correspondent in a morning paper recently said, at the Broadway Tabernacle, but at Dr. Chapin's church, in Broadway, just below Prince Street—he came into the breakfast-room at the Clarendon. "And there," said he, "sitting opposite to me at table, behold Mr. —, whose article I had just read in the newspaper, describing me as a grinning surgeon flourishing a scalpel. In fact," he added, with a grim smile, "a morbid anatomist."

The two anecdotes show Thackeray's estimate of his own skill and the estimate of it made by critics. "He insults my sex," said an accomplished woman, indignantly. "Does he think that we are all Becky Sharps, or Amelias, or Ethel Newcomes, or Blanche Amorys?—all fools or knaves?" And the accomplished woman was very cool and short with a defender of the novelist, whom she evidently regarded as an accessory after the fact. The defender said merely that he supposed Thackeray meant that he drew what he saw, and that he could no more be justly blamed for not drawing what he did not see than he could be reproached for not humming a tune if he had no ear for music. "Certainly, my

dear madam," Thackeray would have said, "if you insist upon Rebeccas, and Rowenas, and Isabella Wardours, and Fenellas, and Amy Roberts, I must cry you mercy. I cannot supply them." And if the lofty lady had rejoined, "But why not Jeannie Deans?" Thackeray would surely have replied, "Ah, madam, why not Rosalind and Cordelia?"

Perhaps if the great novelist, whose heart, like Colonel Newcome's, was as that of a little child, had had a head above his eyes, he might have added, "Madam, I am a realist." But that was not his way of talking or of thinking. He was not a philosopher nor a critic. He was an artist who saw the spectacle of human life and the play of human character, and described them as he saw them. But it must be a singular reader of his books who concludes that he had no perception of heroism in men or of noble character in women. With a smile half gay and half sad he said of the lovely sketch of Erminia, which was one of his most characteristic papers, in the style of Dick Steele, "It cost me her friendship." But whatever it cost him, it showed how deeply sensitive he was to the most womanly qualities. If he had no head above his eyes, his eyes saw noble and beautiful things, and that wonderful hand described them tenderly and truly.

All this occurred to the Easy Chair the other day when it saw a letter from Clotilde, or Adèle, or Zanetta, or Constantia, or Vittoria Colonna, or Cornelia, or Diana of the Ephesians, asking whether we had not had enough in fiction of commonplace people exquisitely delineated, and whether bores and uninteresting people became fascinating, or even worth attention, because they were charmingly analyzed and described? Upon reading this question, the Easy Chair asked itself: What is the difference between a portrait by Titian, or Raphael, or Vandyck, or Rembrandt, or Sir Joshua, and a portrait by a painter who is not Titian or Vandyck? Is the difference in the subject or in the artist? Did Rembrandt paint heroes and beautiful youths and noble dames? and do Titian's canvases glow with the splendor of high human character? Or is it the artist whose touch and tone and color are the despair of other artists who gives the charm and the value to the work, and makes the portrait of the average Italian or Dutch or English man or woman the treasure of a royal gallery and a shrine of pilgrimage for all lovers of art?

May it not be so with the portraits of fiction? The subject may be the average and familiar person—the commonplace of which Miranda wrote—but if the same genius and skill which make the Dutch burgomaster and the Italian priest and the English nobleman interesting and memorable in the picture should touch the commonplace, does it not become at once attractive in literature? The great portraits are not the portraits of what are called ideal men. Raphael's Julius and



Leo sit in unfading brilliancy and unchanging fidelity. They have an interest as portraits of historic figures; but their charm is not in the men whom they represent, but in the genius that represents them. That genius, indeed, was instinct with imagination. But do we deny imagination to Thackeray? Can a man be a great master of fiction without imagination?

It is perhaps uncourteous to suggest that in his estimate of stories the gentle reader may be at fault. He is, in a new sense, often the victim of circumstances. That is to say, he does not always apprehend the purpose nor perceive the skill and success of his author. He reads of Sir Philip Sidney, of whom the generations never tire. There are three or four new lives of him within the last twenty years, the most recent being the admirable memoir by Mr. Symonds. As he reads of the beautiful youth he seems to behold Lycidas returned.

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head."

He asks the story-teller of to-day to body forth some youth so radiant and captivating. Alas!

"And when he called, expectant, 'Hylas! Hylas!'  
The empty echoes made him answer, 'Hylas!'"

But is the gentle reader who complains of the commonplace persons of the current novel quite sure that she would recognize Sidney except as the flower of courtly chivalry, and in the dress and setting of his time? Has the gentle reader never seen in her own time and in her own circle, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, gilded with riches and graced with social tradition and circumstance, mistaken, because of those reasons, for a gentleman? Nay, has she never tottered herself upon the verge of such misapprehension? And if Sidney, dressed to-day as an engineer, went down with his locomotive on a railroad bridge, trying to rescue his passengers, and Hylas, as a country boy bewildered in town, but faithful to honor and truth, guided the elevator in a family hotel, is the gentle reader, so weary of the commonplace and so longing for a noble cavalier, perfectly sure that she would recognize her hero?

Are rectitude and purity and modesty and manliness and self-respect and self-dependence in the form of an elevator boy, or a car conductor, or a hotel clerk, making an honest way through life, encountering suspicion, misunderstanding, and the roughest usage, entangled, without fault, in the most difficult situations, involved in the lives of others so that to free himself seems to be baseness, but still adhering steadily to the way of honor, and willing to sacrifice himself to prevent a tragedy, for which unconsciously he may seem responsible should it befall—is all this utterly and wearisomely commonplace? And when told with perception at once delicate and deep, with interpreting sympathy, with the

grace and humor and sincerity that mark the best literary art, is it such a bore that it is almost intolerable? Let the reader wearied of what is called the average ordinary characters of the best contemporary stories hasten to a fire in New York and watch the firemen, and ascertain whether the plain circumstance and the familiar garb hide the hero. The gayety of the risk, the cheerful plunge into smoke and fire to bring out the woman and to save the child, is the old story of Philip Sidney as he gave the cup to the soldier before Zutphen on that misty October morning three hundred years ago.

The novelist is not bent upon the commonplace, nor heedless of heroism. But he describes it as it appears to-day, no longer clad in flowered velvet and wearing a rapier, and he puts us all to the test of our ability to see that the story-teller is doing, in his degree and according to his skill, essentially what Scott and Fielding and Cervantes and Homer did, and to recognize in the familiar figures of to-day the qualities that make the plumed and noble figures of yesterday heroic and fascinating.

FIFTY years ago, when Fanny Kemble played in New York, and in the warm summer nights at her hotel "sank upon the floor in absolute meltiness away," and for some years afterward, the Park Theatre, in Park Row, opposite the Astor House, and the Bowery Theatre, where the Thalia now stands, between Bayard and Canal streets, were the two great play-houses. The National Theatre, at the corner of Leonard and Church streets, west of Broadway, where the elder Vandenhoff played and Miss Sherriff sang, was an occasional rival of the two, but never very successful; and there was also the Chatham Theatre, in Chatham Square, beloved of newsboys and "soaplocks," and the temple of terrific melodrama.

These theatres supplied the wants of that brisk little city, and each of them was distinguished from the others. The Chatham, the home of the dime drama, divided "Old Drury," as the Park Theatre was called (the seat of the legitimate drama, and the resort of fashion, which then lived in Barclay and Murray and Warren streets and Park Place, and came from other cities to the City Hotel and the Astor and the Mansion House), from "Tom" Hamblin's Bowery Theatre, where that forerunner of Edwin Forrest produced the "spectacular drama," and himself strode the stage beside the "magnificent" Josephine Clifton, as that histrionic lady was called by courtesy. The Bowery was then remote from Broadway, a *terra incognita* into which the youth of the western parts of the city ventured as into a new country. But *Rienzi* or some other prodigious spectacle occasionally drew pilgrims from beyond Broadway to the Bowery, where the loud-talking and pea-nut-crackling roisterers in the pit



were hardly less novel and attractive than the scenic effects upon the stage. The Bowery was the home and nursery of the rant and strut and every kind of extravagance of manner which is known as theatrical. The Bowery audience preferred a rank flavor in their plays and their actors, and enjoyed it as the obese Teuton delights in "loud" Limburger and Grüyere.

The backless seats in those old theatres, covered with some red stuff, were drolly uncomfortable, and the absolute separation of the low-priced pit from the boxes produced a sense of caste in the audience which has wholly disappeared in the later day. It was an unpardonable offence for the occupant of a box to turn his back to the pit between the acts—an offence of which he was promptly made aware by hisses or calls from the popular sovereigns. There was also a disreputable part of the auditorium, which has vanished long since, but which gave an ill-name to the theatre, from which it has not yet recovered. It was an uncomfortable, often cold, barn-like house of entertainment, that old theatre, and nothing was more logical and natural than that a strolling company of actors in England should play in real barns which, with a little care, were made to take on that semblance of the familiar play-house.

An old play-goer easily falls into such reminiscences as he seats himself on a winter evening in Wallack's Theatre, the most tasteful, refined, and comfortable of the play-houses of to-day. Yet it is but one of many all congregated in the same neighborhood, and in a region which was the green fields of the Bloomingdale Road when "Tom" Hamblin and the "magnificent" Josephine swelled and strutted and thundered on the Bowery stage of fifty years ago. The old play-goer arrives at the very door of the theatre by the comfortable street car, and alights in the effulgence of the light that turns the evening into an electric day. He joins the throng that enters quietly the handsome lobby, and received by the well-dressed, well-mannered usher, is shown to his seat in the parquet, the ancient pit, no longer separate, but occupying all the lower space of the house. His chair is delightful. There is plenty of space for his neighbors to pass, and the slope of the floor enables him to defy all but the most towering edifices upon the female head. He wonders whether any seat in any theatre in the world is more comfortable than his chair at Wallack's.

As he surveys the house he is struck by its quiet but rich and pleasant tone, and the air of *comme il faut*, while the audience rapidly enters, and there is no sound but that of lowering the seats and the murmur of voices. The lights are turned on, and the orchestra plays an overture or a waltz, and ceasing, the drop rises, and lo! in the gilded saloon sit Lady Sneerwell and Mr. Snake, and the old play-goer is snatched into the strange world of the

artificial comedy. Its most striking and admirable figure is that of an actor who might have played with Finn and Placide, who preserves for us the best traditions of a famous school, and in whom the old comedy lives again, the delightful and incomparable Gilbert. He has lived in that artificial world so long that he must be a little ill at ease when he emerges into actual life. The society of elegant comedy is so familiar to him that the ordinary drawing-room must seem to him exceedingly strange if not perplexing. His only trouble, of course, is a multitudinous identity. His friend Mrs. Malaprop may well mistake him for three gentlemen at once. For he has not only a double and a treble and a quadruple, but how many further multiplications of himself! Whether he be Sir Peter, or Squire Harcastle, or Sir Anthony, or which of the many individualities which are his own, who shall discover? Yet how delicately each is discriminated from every other! There is, for instance, an essential gentlemanliness in Squire Harcastle and Sir Peter Teazle. But how separate and distinguishable each of them is in Gilbert!

The old Park never saw *The School for Scandal* altogether so well done. Fisher, indeed, in the old Wallack's, at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street, was a capital Joseph Surface. His hypocritical solemnity was unctuous and detestably perfect. There was a good Charles Surface too in the old theatre, whose name eludes the Easy Chair. But even with the glamour of memory the whole was never better done than it was this year at Wallack's. The finish, the moderation of fine art in Sir Peter, the delicious zest of the quarrel with Lady Teazle and of the screen scene, the fond, senile chuckle of an old man, but not yet in his dotage, the gentle moral reproof of his bearing and his words in the midst of the indolent Vanity Fair of the play, are all very charming. The comedy, indeed, is sometimes broad, but not bad. The moral effect, as we used to be told in the case of certain novels, is upon the whole good when tried by the most common and superficial test. Does it make you excuse vice? Does it make vice so attractive as to be preferable? Not at all. The critic who insists most rigorously that art has nothing to do with morality cannot but own that when the curtain falls virtue has triumphed. Yes, true; Charles Surface is an odd figure of virtue. But by the contrast with Joseph vice gets the worst of it.

The old play-goer remarks the new "wrinkles," as the young play-goer calls them. The house is darkened when the scene is changed. It is a pretty device; a coxcomby of the luxurious age. But it illustrates the modern spirit of care for details, the refinement of method. The old fellow marks the descending drop with regret. What a charming evening! How much more than the play he has seen! How many plays and actors and actresses and audiences! Even "Tom" and



the "magnificent" have crossed the mental scene; and Ellen Tree as Ion and as Rosalind; and the weird and unapproachable Rachel. It is only half past ten o'clock. The old play-goer passes quickly out to the car standing at the door. The man, he muses, remembering the moral Joseph—the man who after a well-spent day can spend an evening so well—It is amusement indeed, he whispers to his inquiring conscience, but laughter and sane enjoyment are sound restoratives, good conscience!

EMERSON's remark that if nature wishes to have a thing accomplished she overloads the tendency, is justified in many ways, but in none more than in the writing of poetry. It is obvious that nature means to have a great deal of poetry written, because she persistently overloads the tendency in the most unpromising subjects. It is in vain that the editor of this Magazine, and the Easy Chairs and the editors and other spokesmen of innumerable periodicals and newspapers, continually announce that the limitations of time and space, and the necessary conditions of periodical literature, compel the declination of very much the larger part of the offerings for publication. The poet with his tendency overloaded is not to be fooled with transparent excuses. He is not to be silenced, or at least not without a protest. He knows very well that if his verses are returned, it is the result of a determination to prevent his firing off his load. It is because of base personal hostility. It is jealousy of his crescent genius. It is the sentence of a secret conclave or clique, which is resolved that only the conspirators who compose the tribunal shall have a chance. It is useless to try to cope with this amusing error. It is the Canada thistle which, once entering the overloaded mind of the poet or essayist or story-teller, rapidly expels all the sound and healthy and useful growths of common-sense.

But one such victim now threatens the Easy Chair with a new form of vengeance. In speaking of it, and in quoting his words, the Easy Chair will not betray in the least the name of its correspondent. But his own words may seem to him different when he sees them in the clear light of print, and they may also suggest to him caution in his correspondence. In these days the most appalling publicity threatens us all, and no man knows when his turn will come. At the door of the Revolutionary prison in Paris, during the terror, every day the death list was called, and the victims, saying the last farewell, went forth. It is the interviewer who calls that list to-day. But his engine is the press, the same that the editor commands.

The Easy Chair repeats the assurance to his correspondent that his secret is perfectly safe. Nobody knows his name, nor shall know it. The Easy Chair has burned his letter, and has forgotten his name. Upon such terms the

correspondent may not be unwilling that his letter should serve a good purpose in shaming himself and others of a like mind. The correspondent in whom the tendency is plainly overloaded writes:

"I have received back my manuscripts with the stereotyped 'regret,' which is the common portion of tyros and scrubs. . . . What are the qualifications necessary for a writer to get a fair judgment from Harper and Brothers? Does the publishing business still stand as it did in Byron's young days, when that poet was told by a publisher to first win fame and then go to him? Fame, sir, of more than local character, has been simply a matter of neglect with me. I could have had it had I valued it. I have been told by competent critics that I had the prerequisites, ability, human sympathy, and a spark o' nature's fire. Aside from the hope of earning a few extra dollars, I do not care for the rebuff of your 'editors.' I believe that you are prejudiced against all new contributors, particularly if they hail from the West. I tell you the West is greater than you have any idea of; and you would realize it should you ever, as did poor deluded Greeley, run for a national office. Yours in haste."

The last sentence is a masterly stroke. It arrays against the gratification of the Easy Chair's boundless ambition for national office the whole body of writers who have received one of those fatal regrets, and of course extinguishes all hope of such office forever. It is an ingenious and deadly form of vengeance, and in the experience of the Easy Chair, which in that direction is large and multiform, it is wholly unprecedented. Contributions have been offered to editors at the point of the pistol, as it were, but of offerings to be accepted under penalty of ignominious defeat at the polls this is the first instance. The Easy Chair can readily imagine the satisfaction of his correspondent who threw off this annihilating blow by the way, so to speak, and "in haste." "You may hypocritically 'regret' your inability to accept my epic," the correspondent seems to say, "but I have cooked your political goose, my fine fellow, and the polls are closed."

The correspondent little suspects how much cooking that particular goose will bear. But leaving that tough bird to shift for itself, why should the correspondent suppose that this Magazine cherishes a prejudice against what he is pleased to call the West? If the genius and enterprise and prosperity of the West have been anywhere celebrated and illustrated, it is in these pages, and if there be any part of the country from which this Magazine would hesitate to receive contributions, that part is unknown to the Easy Chair. But it admits that if the "editors" are so dull that they do not recognize ability, human sympathy, and a spark o' nature's fire when they see it, they well deserve the pity—but why should they be castigated by the contempt?—of the children of genius. A just revenge might be satisfied by the gleeful consciousness of the dire loss to the Magazine of such poems and other works as those children produce and



those stupid editors decline with "regret"; but to add to the penalty the extinction of the Easy Chair's hopes of official place, surely that is to paint the lily and to gild refined gold.

Read in the cool light of print, does not this letter seem a little absurd even to its writer? Must hostility to the great West be assumed because the epic of one Western writer is not found available? Must the conditions of acceptability in a contribution be necessarily fantastic and foolish because one writer, hoping only, as he says, to gain a few dollars, fails to satisfy them? Does not his confession of his object in writing plainly make the loss of the dollars the reason of his complaint? Moreover, since the quantity of admirable material offered to this or to any other successful magazine far and far surpasses the possibility of acceptance, must the "not available" be always interpreted as deliberate censure and rejection? The Easy Chair resignedly submits to the proposed baffling of its office-seeking proclivities, but why should not its correspondent, upon reflection, be satisfied, since the declination of his epic by the editors in illustrating their own small capacity suggested a contrast which to a poet must be agreeable to contemplate?

THE Easy Chair was just now speaking of Thackeray's first lecture upon the Georges. But the evening of his first appearance as a lecturer in New York was a memorable evening. It was thirty-three years ago, and the lecture was upon Swift. Toward the close he read, in his deep, rich, honest voice, speaking the English language as few living men speak it, the familiar passage in which he refers to the paper enclosing a lock of Stella's hair on which Swift wrote "Only a woman's hair." "Only a woman's hair!" said Thackeray, with sweet and manly pathos; "only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion."

It was a famous man speaking of another famous man and a most unhappy woman. But the sentiment of the inscription, apart from its especial significance, is common to all such memorials. It belongs to this yellow letter which the Easy Chair holds, and which was written more than eighty years ago. But though the paper is yellow, the ink is still fresh and black, and the writing is microscopic and legible. It is only a girl's letter, one school-girl writing to another; and in the high romantic fashion of the time, borrowed from our English sisters, the young writer calls herself Charlotte Eliza and her friend Melinda. The letter proves how truly the novelists of the time painted the society which they studied, for this letter might have been extracted from one of those novels. A common friend is about to visit Melinda, and Charlotte Eliza exclaims: "I really envy her

the pleasure she will enjoy in the loved society of our beloved Melinda and her adored *Barstow*. Oh, my cousin, may you enjoy happiness unalloyed! may the youth you have selected be one with whom you can glide sweetly adown the rugged path of life in sweet harmony, love, and friendship; and without those combined, what is life?—a fearful void, a dreadful *vacuum*!"

It was all a soft, palpitating world of mirth and sentiment in which these girls lived. But they were only country girls, and their talk is not of cities but of small towns; chiefly, however, of engaging youth of the other sex. It is almost dishonorable for the Easy Chair and Posterity to slip in unseen and unsuspected upon Charlotte Eliza, whoever she may have been, as she sits writing in the maidenly seclusion of her chamber, and to look over her shoulder and follow her plump hand as she records her emotions in sacred confidence for the eyes of responsive affection. "Oh, Love!" writes Charlotte Eliza—and methinks her name is Legion, and that she is writing still—"oh, Love! thou sweet soother of the human breast, source of many a dear delight! I would not exchange the delight arising from the idea of being beloved by a person that I esteem—*nay, admire*—for the riches of the East. Nor will you wonder, for I believe your heart to be susceptible of every soft impression; then why should I blush to acknowledge to you that I LOVE! But the charmer's name I cannot, dare not tell. I call him Alexander. Yes, Alexander possesses every virtue that adorns the human mind: his soul is pure and unsullied 'as is the lily or the mountain snow.' Could I obtain his heart (and sometimes I have the vanity to think I have it), oh! then should I be doubly blest, for with him would I gladly share the meanest cottage."

So Charlotte Eliza prattles on. She has been to "Providence! oh, heaven-born! enchanting Providence!" and there she has seen Mr. —, "whose Sarah has bestowed upon him her hand, and they are ONE and completely blest." And she has seen Jonathan, who is "more angelic than ever," and "how blest will that female be that obtains him for an husband! whoever she is, I am sure she will be the envy of the world." It is fortunate that Alexander is not surreptitiously looking over Charlotte Eliza's shoulder with the Easy Chair and Posterity. But her heart is true to—Melinda, and she continues: "Your Benjamin, Melinda, is now in New York. He is a young man of exalted worth; few, very few, will you find that possesses a heart so free from deceit as does Benjamin." Other figures pass in the pretty panorama. One has gone to Northampton to practise law. Another has returned to Dedham. Still another, "Charles, I mean, has spent one evening with me. Do you not think I am really to be envy'd?" Alexander to the rescue, say we. But Charlotte Eliza is sure that by this



time Melinda is tired. "Give my love to your parents, brothers, and sisters, and to my cousin Sarah. Tell her that memory paints in glowing colours the playful sports of youth. Melinda, adieu! remember me always, as I shall you, and write soon to your Charlotte Eliza."

She would be very nearly a hundred years old to-day. And Mr. —, whose Sarah has made him happy, and the young counsellor at Northampton, and the youth at Dedham, and Mr. R—, and Charles, and dearest Melinda and her Benjamin, and Charlotte Eliza herself and her Alexander—

"And they are gone! ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm."

They are all gone, but this little faded yellow leaf survives, and the legible writing in the black ink of the happy school-girl, with her curly head fairly spinning with the thought of "beaus," as she called them—and she would have been almost a hundred years old to-day.

How little she dreamed that eyes not then opened to the light would glance over her shoulder and smile at her innocent maiden words! There is a moral here lying in wait for us. How much we all write that had better not be written! How wise, therefore, to write remembering that Charlotte Elizas yet unborn will read what we have written!

## Editor's Study.

### I.

THE ten or twelve books of verse on our table have an outward prettiness so great that it keeps the eye lingering on the creamy vellum and the delicately tinted cloth of their covers when it ought to be impatient for their printed pages. In fact, one of them, called *The Old Garden*, is so very daintily quaint in its caprice of gayly sprigged muslin or chintz that one must ask himself whether the Muse had really better be so charmingly dressed if she wishes people to listen to what she has to sing. That is something for the Muse to think of: a simple dove-colored gown, or a sober dress of black, even, would not that be more fortunate for a Muse who was very much in earnest? But perhaps this Muse would rather not be taken too seriously, and in that case criticism far sterner than that of the Study might consent to be ungrudgingly pleased by the gayety of her apparel. After all, the Muse is not a Quakeress or a Nun, and in this lyric mood of hers she might claim that her coquettish garment was strictly in keeping. Daintiness and quaintness, a little conscious, a very, very little *poseuses*, characterize all the graceful and fanciful rhymes of the book, and play in as many airy conceits with the ideas of such archaic blooms as pansies, myrtle, morning-glories, sweet-peas, rosemary, mignonette, growing in an old city garden. If this were saying that the poems expressed merely a literary interest in the themes, it would be doing them wrong; there are odors and flavors in them fetched from far—as far as the fields and parterres of seventeenth-century poetry—but there is a direct and personal knowledge too, and real love of the things dealt with, and real pleasure in them. Upon the whole, the opening poem, which the book takes its name from, is the best in it, and here is a passage from this poem which is full of sensitive feeling and delicate accuracy of touch:

"Still from the far-off pastures comes the bee,  
And swings all day inside the hollyhock,  
Or steals her honey from the winged sweet-pea,  
Or the striped glory of the four-o'clock;  
The pale sweet-william, winged with pink and white,  
Grows yet within the damp shade of the wall;  
And there the primrose stands that, as the night  
Begins to gather and the dews to fall,  
Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,  
That shine like yellow moons with pale, cold glow,  
And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,  
And gives largess to any winds that blow.  
Here in warm darkness of a night in June,  
While rhythmic pulses of the factory's flame  
Lighted with sudden glare of red the gloom,  
And deepened long black shadows, children came  
To watch the primrose blow. Silent they stood,  
Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around,  
And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood  
And blossom—with a silken burst of sound."

This could hardly be better in its way, though we doubt that silken burst a little. There are four other sections of the book, called severally "Nature," "Love Songs," "Poems of Life," and "Verses of Children"; and from the first of these we take a picture which is simply perfect as far as it goes, and apparently goes as far as the painter meant:

### "AUGUST WIND.

"The sharp wind cut a pathway through the cloud,  
And left a track of faintly shining blue;  
The nun-like poplars swayed and bowed,  
And low the swallows flew.  
The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,  
And blurred the brightness of the golden-rod;  
And ripening milkweed bent and sowed  
Winged seeds at every nod;  
Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown,  
Then flung her branches on the streaming air;  
The brittle oak leaves, dry and brown,  
Rustled with break and tear.



"Each way-side weed was twisted like a thread;  
Then, suddenly, far up the pasture hill,  
Quick as it came, the gust had fled,  
And all the fields were still."

## II.

Among the other poems we found nothing that pleased us so much, and we found many things that pleased us less; we found some things that even fatigued us, particularly among the love poems. But everywhere we found, or seemed to find, among the faint and fainter echoes of an older time no reverberation of that music which has so long attuned all the tongues attempting to sing in English speech. For Mrs. Margaret Deland it is almost as if Tennyson had not lived; and his direct influence is so little felt in any of these volumes of verse that it might be said the only poet who now imitates Alfred Tennyson is Lord Tennyson. Twenty years ago, fifteen, ten, five years ago, this would have been very different. Then all young poets and many elderly poets shone more or less with his reflected light. Here and there one reflected Browning, one Emerson, one Longfellow, one Mrs. Browning; but it was Tennyson who glared or glimmered from most pages which honestly supposed themselves to be giving out a ray of their own. Now he seems at last to have paled from them; and a long literary period is closed in his evanescence. But, in fact, it is noticeable of these new poets that they do not take their color from any other master, and that whatever, much or little, is in them is their own. This is true not only of Mr. Cranch, of Miss Nora Perry, of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, and of Mrs. Akers Allen, who each contribute a volume to the collection, but of the names which are not yet fames. If the reader is disposed to take courage from this fact, we will not oppose him. It might very well mean that we have here a beginning as well as an end, and that these notes we hear are not only dying falls, but joyous preludings; there is a twilight of the morning as well as of the evening.

They are of rather uncertain direction, these essays in song, and of their common character it can be safely said only that it seems intensely subjective. Where the poets turn from their self-contemplation a moment, it is to see a picture and describe it, as in the poem last quoted, and in this from Miss Rachel Reynear's *Chansons du Matin*:

## "NOVEMBER.

"I walked beside the quiet dike.  
The sunset's golden arms did strike  
And smite the waters smooth and bright  
Into a streak of flaming light  
That cleft November's landscape gray,  
A radiant line of parting day.

"Above the sunset's ruddy light  
One mournful star throbb'd large and white.  
To eastward, 'gainst the leaden sky,  
The purple furnace flame flared high,

And far o'er level marshes gray  
The cattle homeward wound their way.

"Against the sunset's golden breast  
A child with fagots hurried west,  
Against the orange sky outlined,  
Sharply each little limb defined.  
All things went home to warmth and light,  
And left the land to cold and night."

Here is probably an effect in literature of that great impulse toward graphic expression which has swayed all sensitive spirits during the last decade. The piece is one of the best of the *Chansons du Matin*, which are not so much songs as inspected emotions of one kind and another, with promise of better things hereafter, but with nothing else quite so entirely good for the present.

## III.

Two other books of verse out of those before us are like this one in presenting their authors' thoughts about feeling rather than their feelings. Mr. Arlo Bates calls his poems *Berries of the Brier*, but is surpassed in titular humility by the nameless author of *The Heart of the Weed*. As a matter of fact there is nothing chance or wilding about either, and we should not have the courage to take them at their word, and treat them as sylvan growths. In both cases the poems have the effect which comes from cultivated and entire consciousness in an age when simplicity is impossible, and the air of it suggests affectation. Whatever else the reader questions in them, he will not question that the authors know what they are saying, and that they say it in verse because that seems the aptest instrument, and involves less waste of words than another.

A supreme instance of Mr. Bates's compression and distinctness offers itself in the little poem called

## "RECOGNITION.

"Lover and mistress, sleeping side by side,  
Death smote at once; and in the outer air,  
Amazedly confronted, each to each,  
Their spirits stood, of all disguises bare.

"With sudden loathing stung, one spirit fled,  
Crying, 'Love turns to hate, if this be thou!'  
'Ah, stay!' the other wailed, in swift pursuit;  
'Thee I have never truly loved till now!'"

It seems to us that Mr. Bates has not attained anything so dramatic, so impersonal, so objective, at any other point. It is in these respects different from most of the other pieces in his book, and there are no others quite as finely wrought. If we wish to have poetry at all, we must be careful not to define it too liberally, for then we shall end by denying ourselves a great deal that is beautiful. It was once said that poetry must be "simple, sensuous, passionate," but this was probably never entirely or solely true. Poetry may certainly now be complex, conscious, and intellectual. In fact, if it might not, we should not have had



any poetry since Herrick, for ever since Herrick poetry has taken thought about itself, about its essence, its material, its form; and we do not believe that now it would be possible for any "genius," however "inspired" and "imaginative," to sit down and be simple, sensuous, and passionate. In fact, we doubt if poetry were ever so, not alone since Herrick, but since the poets learned to read and write. Chaucer probably knew what he was about, and probably "sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child," as Milton patronizingly calls him (we should like to have heard what Shakespeare called Milton when he read it in Elysium), was quite well aware of himself in his work, though he keeps himself out of sight in it; Milton was unquestionably cultivated and conscious; Wordsworth was simple on principle; Keats was voluntarily sensuous; Mr. Swinburne is passionate of set purpose. All that we can fairly ask of a poet is that he shall express the æsthetic mood of his time, even if that mood is to travesty the mood of some other time. Just now, if he would be in sympathy with the contemporary refinement, he must be very perfect, under every apparent negligence, in form; he must be a little recondite in manner, but distinct and elect in diction; he must give his readers something to think about, and something to feel about. These virtues belong to the author of *The Heart of the Weed*, whose book is not sufficiently praised by saying that technically it is without comparison among the volumes of new verse. It is hard to give its range by example; but it is not unfairly characterized in the following sonnets, which express both its intellectualized spiritual fervor and its intense subjectivity. The reader will not fail to notice the literary perfection of the pieces:

"CAN THOSE ALONE BE SAVED?

"Can those alone be saved who *wish* aright?  
What if, with all our struggling, we are strong  
Only to keep our words and deeds from wrong,  
But over hopes and wishes have no might?  
What if in dreams, like birds set free, at night,  
Our thoughts sweep far afield, a joyous throng,  
Toward that forbidden clime for which they long,  
And harsh the waking in the wintry light?

"Hast Thou no mercy, Lord, for such as these,  
Poor shivering souls who shrink, yet bear their lot;  
Who stand upon temptation's edge and freeze,  
With ne'er a cloak to hide their nakedness?  
Share Thy cloak with them, Lord, and stoop to bless  
Those who have loved Thee though they knew  
it not!"

"RETURN.

"Here on the steps I sit as long ago.  
Some little change there seems; the vine its leaves  
O'erhead flings broader, thicker darkness weaves,  
And heavier branches sweep the path below;  
While from its fragrant shade I watch the slow,  
Long shadows of the elm creep o'er the grass,  
And hear the tinkling cow-bells as they pass,  
Like one who dreams but neither joys nor grieves.

"And still the same, but yet the same no more,  
As when a girl I looked on through the years.  
Some hopes I see fulfilled, and, ah! some fears,  
Since last I sat in this familiar door.  
I would not be a girl again, and yet  
With sudden tears my folded hands are wet!"

There is a thrill of contagious pathos in the last two lines; and in the book the reader will find other things to move him as well as stay him. What we have been trying to say about it is that the heart of the weed has in this instance got itself out on paper through the head of a flower that has had the advantages of careful cultivation, and is none the worse, but all the better, for it. No one can pass it with indifference, after even a careless glance. It arrests and interests by qualities which are neither common nor trite.

IV.

It would be interesting to know how these little books would affect an ingenuous and intelligent youth; but probably he could not tell if he read them. What one feels more and more, as he grows older, is that the new poetry does not seem to be made for him; and he suspects a charm and virtue in it that do not reach his soul through his toughened sensibilities. Very likely they are not in it, but he finds it to the advantage of his spiritual health to imagine them there; and he hopes to acquire merit by supposing that some one else may feel them. It is certainly not always easy to read this new poetry; but honestly, between one and one's self, was poetry ever very easy reading? It is doubtless easiest when read aloud to a person of the other sex; then it is charming, if the person of the other sex is charming; and it has its attractions even when read aloud to a group of attractive persons of the other sex. Or two young men may read it together when they are both in love, and in like manner two young girls. But in one's closet (as one's room is called in poetry, not the real closet where one's clothes hang), in the solitude of one's chamber, would not one far rather have a good novel, if he wished to be either pleased or edified? This is a very bold question, and it requires all our hardihood to put it; but sooner or later some one must ask it, for poetry is gradually changing its whole relation to life, which it no longer depicts or expresses in the old way. It no longer even represents literature, as it once did. In the beginnings of modern literature the mere poetic form was enough; metre and rhyme meant scholarship, and men were amazed, as children now are, at people who could make them. Afterward thought and feeling were demanded as well as metre and rhyme; then elegance, then beauty, and beauty more and more. There was a time when history was told in verse, and in the epics there was a good deal of fact as well as fiction. In our day *Aurora Leigh* and *Lucille* were attempts to give the poetic form to novels, and the epic may be said to have expired in them;



their success ended the long tradition. The pastoral was dead long ago, dead the satire, dead the metrical drama. The tale in verse ceased with Tennyson's Idyls, and his own and other people's imitations of them. What we have left is the essay, descriptive or subjective; the sonnet, uttering in elaborate form a single thought or emotion; the lyrical anecdote, the lyrical conundrum, the lyrical picture, and the lyrical cry or outburst. To this last the metrical shape still seems essential; it sings and it pleases; but that it is really essential we do not think any reader of Tourguénief's Poems in Prose will maintain. Nevertheless it has yet an undeniable value, though it can no longer impart this value to thoughts in themselves poor and slight; and it is proof of the intellectual and emotional merit of much in this group of books that the charm seems inherent in the thought rather than the form.

## V.

What charms us in Mr. Cranch's volume is the gentle feeling which, with its pensive cast, is still generous if not enthusiastic. Mr. Cranch has been too long known to the public to need any special celebration of his qualities now: his sincere sympathy with nature, his elevated conception of humanity, the aerial touch of his humor, his constant faith, his vein of clear and quiet thoughtfulness. All these appear in the present book, ripened to much of the exquisiteness which Longfellow's latest verse attained, and moving the reader by like simplicity of means and attitude, the same soft dignity of mind, the same tranquil courage of soul. In both cases it is the wisdom which years alone can bring, looking at life serenely and kindly, and claiming for its vision nothing transcendent or supernal. Without quoting more largely than we may, we cannot illustrate this fully; but if the reader will turn to many of the sonnets in the book, and to such poems as "After Life," "The Survival of the Fittest," and "A Word to the Philosophers," he will understand what we intend. In the mean time here is a little summer piece, a picture painted with the feeling characteristic of an artist who is equally skilled with pencil and with pen.

## "AUGUST.

"Far off among the fields and meadow rills  
The August noon bends o'er a world of green.  
In the blue sky the white clouds pause and lean  
To paint broad shadows on the wooded hills  
And upland farms. A brooding silence fills  
The languid hours. No living forms are seen  
Save birds and insects. Here and there, between  
The broad boughs and the grass, the locust trills  
Unseen his long-drawn, slumberous monotone.  
The sparrow and the lonely phoebe-bird,  
Now near, now far, across the fields are heard;  
And close beside me here that Spanish drone,  
The dancing grasshopper, whom no care frets,  
In the hot sunshine snaps his castanets."

Another mood of the poet's, equally char-

acteristic in its smiling pensiveness, is reflected in these verses:

## "TWO VIEWS OF IT.

"Before the daybreak, in the murky night,  
My chanticleer, half dreaming, sees the light  
Stream from my window on his perch below,  
And taking it for dawn, he needs must crow.

"Wakeful and sad, I shut my eyes, and smile  
To think my lonely vigil should beguile  
The silly fowl. Alas! I find no ray,  
Within my lamp or heart, of dawning day."

## VI.

Almost the best thing in Mrs. Allen's volume is the last thing, which she calls

## "ONE OF THREE.

" 'I am not quite alone,' she said;  
 'I have fair daughters three:  
 And one is dead, and one is wed,  
 And one remains with me.

" 'Awhile I watch, with tenderest care,  
 Her growth from child to maid,  
 And plait her fair and shining hair—  
 A long and golden braid—

" ' (Ah! sweet the bloom upon the grape  
 Before it leaves the vine)—  
 And deck and drape her dainty shape  
 With garments soft and fine,

" ' And keep her sacred and apart  
 Until some stranger's plea,  
 With flattering art, shall win her heart  
 Away from home and me,

" ' Leaving her childhood's home and me  
 Forgotten and bereft;  
 Then there will be, of all my three,  
 Only the dead one left.

" ' Why count the dead as lost? Ah me!  
 I keep my dead alone;  
 For only she, of all the three,  
 Will always be my own.

" ' She will not slight, at morn or eve,  
 The old love for the new:  
 The living leave our hearts to grieve—  
 The dead are always true."

This suggests something of the author's quality, and it indicates the never-failing artistic grace of her work. That may always be taken for granted in what she does, and in what Mrs. Thaxter does, and what Miss Perry does. These writers have each given proof of the genuine feeling and the limpid thoughtfulness which, without being otherwise alike, they all have in common. Each has long been a distinct voice in our literature—so long that there is a chance it may not be valued aright, or valued so much as if it had not been heard before. Miss Perry interprets the moods and young ideals, the flushes and fine thrills, of girlhood as no one else has done; to Mrs. Thaxter we owe a friendship with wild and strange aspects of nature, first touched in her verse with intimate love and knowledge; Mrs. Allen imparts the charm of a spirit, kindly human and finite, which shrinks



within the safe bounds of reality, and dreamily conjectures of the secrets and wonders beyond; and each does much more than this. Their work no longer surprises, as it must if it came to us with an unknown name; but it is still admirable, and it continues the tradition of a waning period with a sweetness which will not let us forget how much it has been to the world.

## VII.

Lord Tennyson might be hastily supposed to be trying to make us think it had been, or ought to have been, very little, in his echo of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." But it seems to us that his attitude in the poem has been misconceived, and that he has been thought to express a personal pessimism, when the poem was largely dramatic. As a poem it is very good in parts, better than its young readers, who have not lived long enough to regret their passions and prejudices, can know. It breathes the wisdom and the humility of age, as well as its foreboding and despair; if it judges the world harshly and hopelessly, it confesses and forgives with touching meekness the error and the loss of first love. For these virtues the imagined speaker may be allowed to fling

about him somewhat crazily; to find all going wrong, as old men do, and to rail at the age as if God had made a mistake in letting it come to pass. We have heard a young philosopher, one of the new school abhorred by such old men for their desire to look facts in the face and try to see what they mean, declare that years need not always bring this despair; that the day may come when men instead of setting up some little ideal of æsthetics, or morals, or society, which must inevitably topple over in time, will regard each new development of seeming good or seeming ill as part of a design not inadvisedly conceived, and inevitably working from everlasting to everlasting; and that they will then not be shocked, but interested and eager for the next turn of affairs. If the hero of "Locksley Hall" were living in the possible future of this hopeful evolutionist, he would probably not scream at "author, atheist, essayist, novelist, realist," for being true to their knowledge of human nature, and would regard "the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism" as perhaps no more dangerously employed than in conjecturing the precise character and experiences of such ladies as Vivien and Guinevere, Ettarre and Isolde.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

## POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of January.—Both Houses of Congress took a holiday recess from December 22 to January 4.

The Senate, December 15, by a vote of 33 to 21, tabled the resolution for open executive sessions.

The Senate bill for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians was passed by the House December 16.

The House bill to extend the postal free delivery system passed the Senate December 17.

The House, December 18, by a vote of 154 nays to 149 yeas, refused to consider the Morrison Tariff Bill.

The Indian and Military Academy appropriation bills passed the House January 5.

A bill granting Mrs. General Logan a pension of \$2000 a year passed the Senate January 6.

The House, January 6, passed the Pension Bill, appropriating \$76,247,500.

The Senate Anti-polygamy Bill was amended, and passed by the House, without division, January 12.

The Senate adopted the Conference report on the Inter-State Commerce Bill, January 14, by a vote of 43 to 15.

The House, January 14, agreed to the conference report on the Electoral Count Bill.

William M. Stewart was elected United States Senator from Nevada January 12.

The Connecticut Legislature, January 6, elected P. C. Lounsbury (Republican) Governor, there having been no majority on the popular vote.

Lord Randolph Churchill resigned as Chancellor of the Exchequer December 23. The following changes were completed January 10: Mr. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. G. J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for War; Sir Henry Holland, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The census of France for 1886 shows a total population of 38,218,903, against 37,672,048 in 1881.

The passage by the German Reichstag, January 14, of an amendment to Prince Bismarck's Army Bill, limiting its duration to three years, led to an immediate dissolution of the Chamber.

One hundred native Christian converts in Uganda, Africa, were burned to death by King Mwanga.

## DISASTERS.

December 17.—Whaling bark *Atlantic* wrecked near the Golden Gate, San Francisco. Twenty-nine lives lost.

December 24.—Steamer *Ville de Victoria* sunk by collision with the British iron-clad *Sultan* in the Tagus. Thirty passengers drowned.

December 30.—News in Berlin of the loss of 200 lives in a snow-storm in Saxony, Thuringia, and southern Germany.



*December 31.*—Four hundred and five persons burned and crushed to death in an annual fair at Madras.—Fifteen men killed in a collision near Devil's River, on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

*January 4.*—Explosion in a Mons coal-pit. Thirty-seven men killed.—Collision between a limited express and a freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Republic, Ohio. Thirteen persons killed.

*January 8.*—Twenty lives lost by the wreck of the German ship *Elizabeth*, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry.

*January 9.*—The Alcazar Palace, at Toledo, Spain (recently restored at a cost of \$1,000,000), totally destroyed by fire.

#### OBITUARY.

*December 15.*—Baron Charles Arthur Bourgeois, sculptor, aged forty-eight years.

*December 17.*—In Buffalo, New York, James D. Warren, proprietor of the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, aged sixty-three years.

*December 24.*—In New York city, Professor Charles Short, aged sixty-five years.

*December 26.*—In Washington, D. C., General John A. Logan, United States Senator from Illinois, aged sixty years.

*December 27.*—In New York city, Ashbel H. Barney, ex-President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, aged seventy years.

*December 29.*—In Brooklyn, New York, James A. McMaster, proprietor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, aged sixty-six years.

*December 30.*—In New York, General William W. Loring (Loring Pasha), ex-officer in the United States, Confederate, and Egyptian armies, aged sixty-nine years.—In London, England, ex-Governor Gibbs, known as "the war Governor of Oregon."

*January 1.*—In New York, General Albert Gallatin Lawrence, of Newport, aged fifty-two years.

*January 2.*—In New York, Right Rev. Horatio Potter, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, aged eighty-four years.—In New York, General George W. Palmer, aged fifty-one years.

*January 6.*—In Covington, Kentucky, Professor Joseph Tosso, musical composer, aged eighty-four years.

*January 9.*—In London, William Ballantine, sergeant-at-law, aged seventy-five years.

*January 10.*—In New York, John Roach, ship-builder, aged seventy-three years.

*January 12.*—In London, the Earl of Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote), aged sixty-eight years.

*January 16.*—In Washington, D. C., General W. D. Hazen, Chief of the Weather Bureau, aged fifty-six years.

## Editor's Drawer.

WHAT idea is the reader getting of Russian life and of the Russians from their novels? No other novels are more eagerly read, and they are read not altogether for entertainment, but out of curiosity. They seem to open to us a world hitherto unknown; they introduce us to a manner of life strange, and to characters developed under conditions new to us. The literary art which they exhibit gives pleasure to many readers, and justifies the rank given them in literature, but to the majority of readers they are depressing. The knowledge of human nature, the brilliant narration, the wonderful panorama of struggle and failure in Tolstoi's romance of *War and Peace*, for instance, are small compensations to the general reader for the hopeless fatalism pervading it. All the Russian novels are taken up with details, minute descriptions of dress, houses, farms, villages, and microscopic studies of individual traits, that is to say, of "real life." The merit claimed for them is that they depict the Russian life as it was and is to the letter. These novelists, then, are the models of "realism." Their general pessimism is not to be objected to if it is the prevalent tone of Russian society. There is a wonderful agreement in all the novels that have been translated for us. Whether it is Dostoievsky

giving us the inevitable outcome of sin, with a glimpse of nobility in the most debased, or Tourguénief giving us the sordid traits of the most exalted in society, or Gogol giving us a series of pictures of cranks and ignoble eccentrics as rural proprietors and officials, there is essentially one and the same idea conveyed of the entire Russian life. This unanimity and the realism of detail carry conviction to many that the Russian people must be faithfully represented in these novels. The Drawer has no knowledge that enables it to question this directly, nor has it any intention of raising a literary discussion of this literature. The Drawer is naturally interested in all stories and anecdotes that reveal traits provincial or national, and exhibit human nature. And admitting that these photographic stories faithfully set forth people and life in Russia, the Drawer simply wants to know what impression of these people the reader of these novels has? To us, without any other source of information, they would seem to be the most disagreeable people on the face of the earth, and life in Russia, in any social grade, would have fewer attractions than anywhere else. We do not like to believe this, and to the reflecting mind the production of such an impression by all these novels raises a doubt



about the value of the strictly realistic method, not as a means of entertainment or of reform, but as a vehicle of information. In the case of Russia, we are practically dependent upon these fictions for our knowledge of the inner life of a great people. We have other sources of information of the French, the German, and the English, and we supplement the portraiture of life in the realistic stories with other knowledge, as in America we have the whole body of society before our eyes, and are not misled either by satire or by the most minute study of particular classes and conditions and tendencies. If it turns out that we are gaining a correct notion of Russian life in these novels, the realistic method, using the term in the strictly technical sense it has recently acquired, is forever vindicated; but we do not care to live in Russia, and it must be confessed that the present realistic outlook is not encouraging for a pleasant existence anywhere in this world.

ONE who travels much in this country and stays at hotels gets the impression that the hotel-keepers are much more particular about choosing a printer than a cook. Probably in no other country are the bills of fare so fine, so elaborate, so handsome, as ours. They are often a fine-art and intellectual treat. If a person could live on an intellectual treat, no other people would be so well fed at hotels as we are. We do not spare language: French, German, sometimes English, are impressed into the service. The traveller cannot always read his bill of fare, but that is the fault of his education; and he is lucky in one thing—if he cannot tell what he is going to have, he is troubled by no disappointment, for he can rarely tell what he has had after he tastes it. A clamor is now and then raised that the people of the United States, so assertive of their nationality and proud of their language, ought to have their bills of fare printed in English. The sufficient reply is that they would not look as well, not have so much "style," not seem to be so well worth the money. Sometimes a mixture of languages has a good effect, for it adds intelligibility to the air of good society. At a recent banquet of the Carpenters' Union in a large Western city, the "menu," among other curiosities, had this course: "POISSONS: *turkey, buffalo tongue, sugar-cured ham.*" This was naturally followed by *hors d'œuvre*. The introduction of a little French enlivens a dinner, and in a mixed company where there may be those whose faith excludes them from pork, the conscience may be quieted by eating ham as fish. The hotels, by all means, should keep up their style. It is easier to get up a handsome bill of fare than a good dinner, and when it is inconvenient to have the latter, we cling to the former. Those who want all the bills printed in English are radicals, who would drag down the bill to the level of the dinner. It is said that good wine

needs no bush, and the time may come when a dinner will need no bill of fare, or only one in English; but we are not yet in the Millennium. We are a reading people, and it is much more important to our souls that we should have something to read than something to eat.

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FROM a Virginia contributor:

A VALUABLE GRIEVANCE.

Dogberry had his losses, and gloried in them; others have had "time-honored complaints" of which they were proud; and others again have had grievances apparently more valued by them than money or comforts. Here is one of the last-named:

Some thirty years ago a United States naval officer thought himself unjustly treated by the Naval Retiring Board, and made complaint to his brother officers.

"Well, Tom," said one of his friends, "why do you submit to it, if it be so? There is a man here" (in Washington) "who will investigate it for twenty dollars, and may correct it."

"What!" exclaimed the complainer, in reply to his would-be comforter; "do you suppose that I would take twenty dollars for such a grievance as this?"

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IN a small town in Virginia, several years ago, an old-fashioned revival was in warm progress under the leadership of old Father Tompkins, now of revered memory in those parts. One night several young men from the neighborhood, who had been deer-hunting, came into the meeting, followed by their hounds. During prayers the hounds behaved well, lying under the benches and snoozing away their day's fatigue; but when Father Tompkins gave out the hymn, and the great congregation rose to sing, the hounds woke up and joined in the chorus with their "Woo, woo-o-o-o." This they did several times. Finally, his patience worn out and his "ear" outraged by what seemed to him a woful want of harmony and feeling in these peculiar singers, Father Tompkins stopped "lining" the hymn, and stretching his aged hand toward that part of the house, cried, in tremulous tones, "If the brother over the way cannot sing in better *accord*, he had better not sing *at all*!"

The old man's criticism "brought down" that part of the congregation in convulsions of laughter; while he, all unconscious of the merriment caused by his shot at the canine "brother," went on "lining" and singing his favorite hymn.

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A YEAR or two after our late war, Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, held a reception at the house of one of his Maryland country friends, where he met many who not only sympathized deeply with him over the fallen fortunes of the South, but also had a loving personal feeling for him because of the intense and long-continued sufferings he





JACK TAKES HIS OLD PROFESSOR TO DINE WITH HIS YOUNG WIFE.

SHE. "Can't I persuade you, Professor, to have some more pudding? I made it out of my own head."

endured in Fortress Monroe, from which place he had just been released, through the kindness of Horace Greeley and others. Among the numbers who came to see him was an old man who evidently had more depth of feeling than orderliness of thought, for when about to leave for home he took Mr. Davis by the hand, and with much warmth of enthusiasm exclaimed: "Good-by, Mr. Davis. May you live forever, and when you die, die happy!"

The effect upon the company may be imagined.

D. B.

#### MARCH.

Ho! month of March! Although a braggart thou,  
A bearded ruffian, bowie-knife in belt,  
Now hot, now cold, ready to freeze or melt,  
I welcome thee, thou month of iron brow.  
Though turbulent and wild, all must allow  
Thou art the harbinger of warmth and light;  
For untamed Winter's savage ways affright  
Thee not. Thou lov'st a frontier row.  
Thou stridest fierce, a hardy sentinel,  
Between the lines of icy war and peace,  
Guarding the treasured hoards of summer well,  
Until the raid of winter's minions cease.  
Conservative, yet broad as heaven's arch;  
Laggard, and yet thy watchword, *Forward, March!*

WHEN the war broke out, Connecticut had for Quartermaster-General on Governor Buckingham's staff a plain, respectable citizen of Hartford County—a "likely" man in moving a barn, straightening out a road, or raising a tolerable crop of tobacco. He had discharged the responsibilities of the constable's office in a manner that justified his political allies in pointing with pride to his official record. But when it came to directing the preparation of regiments for the seat of war, and making purchases that rapidly used up the two millions that Connecticut first appropriated—why, General W—— was not cut out for that kind of Quartermaster-General. Moreover, he had seen active service as a private in the Mexican war,

and knowing the needs of the real soldier, was excessively angry when the volunteer colonels made out their "requisitions" for articles that he assured them would never be seen after the regiment had marched ten miles. But Governor Buckingham was inclined to be most liberal, and wanted Connecticut's troops to be as well furnished as possible, so that it frequently happened that the regimental colonels would return to General W——'s head-quarters with their requisitions marked: "Approved. W.A.B. The Quartermaster-General will furnish." One hot August morning General W——, with a violent demonstration of profane utterance and threatening gesture, refused to honor one of these "cussed requisitions"—it was for an extra regimental wagon to carry the instruments of the band. The mortified colonel of the regiment went off, and soon returned with the "W. A. B."—"wanted a backer," as General W—— used to interpret it. His rage was beyond all limit, and the air of his office was thick with his infractions of the Third Commandment. Suddenly the strains from a hand-organ fell upon his ear. Looking down the stairs leading to the street, he saw that the concert was given by a son of Italy, with a monkey as an additional attraction. With a bound down the steps he reached the sidewalk; shaking his fist in the Italian's face, with the other hand he drew the monkey back to his master. The musician turned pale; the monkey screamed; men, women, and children stopped to learn what the row was all about, and heard General W—— yelling out to the amazed and trembling organist: "Get out of here! Take away that infernal organ! Take away that cussed monkey! I swear, if Colonel F—— hears you playing on that, it won't be an hour before he will make a requisition for a hand-organ and a monkey for every man in his regiment; and hang me if 'W. A. B.' won't order me to furnish them!"

MAX ELYOT.



MR. WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, who has lately been exciting so much attention by what he terms his "mind-reading," has had many interesting adventures, and not a few amusing ones. While I was in Belfast, Mr. Bishop gave an entertainment in Ulster Hall, which caused a great deal of animated discussion among those present. During the evening, and after the successful performance of several astonishing feats, a temporary lull occurred, during which a rich voice in the gallery loudly called out,

"Misthur Bishop, Misthur—"

"Well, well, what do you want?" inquired the entertainer.

"Oi s'pose yez can foind annething a man wants?"

"Well, I think I can—nearly anything."

"Will yez foind somethin' for me, thin?"

"Certainly."

"Well, the morrow's Sunday, an' oi'd loike yez to foind me a moighty foine dinner."

Mr. Bishop is authority for the statement that the hero of this occasion received a "goold" half-sovereign. "It was about the best advertisement I ever had," said he.

He also tells that while in New Zealand the King of the Maoris was so desirous of viewing an exhibition of the Professor's unusual powers that he obtained a private *séance*. After some parleying it was decided that his dusky Highness himself should conceal an article which Bishop was to discover. Mr. Bishop was taken from the room, and on the Maori King's signifying his readiness, the mind-reader was brought blindfolded into the kingly presence, and at once began the search. In a few minutes Mr. Bishop turned to the monarch's mouth as the place where the article was concealed. His Highness grunted an emphatic dissent to the place located by the Professor as containing the article for which he was in search. Bishop insisted that it was there, and finally demanded that the royal mouth should be opened wide. After considerable refusal and persevering persistence on the part of the King and the Professor, the mouth was slowly and reluctantly opened. The next instant, however, the King began to cough violently, which resulted in a button being expelled. The King, finding the place had been correctly located, attempted to swallow the button, and thus defeat the determined mind-reader. What might have happened to Bishop had the Maoris lost their King, is one of those things we tremble to contemplate.

R. W. S.

A GOOD story came to me recently from a thoroughly reliable source, which gives evidence of that quickness of thought and readiness of expression so proverbial of the Irish. On Sundays, in Belfast, open-air meetings are permitted on the steps of the Custom-house, near the quay. It is not unusual to see six or

seven conflicting denominations holding forth in an afternoon—sometimes half a dozen at a time. It happened that a "Mormon" Elder had been widely advertised to speak there one Lord's-day afternoon, and as the people there are very pronounced in their religious views, a large concourse had assembled to hear the doctrines of this sect of polygamous believers. The Elder began speaking about the conflicting religions which were the progeny of Christianity, and insisted that only one of the denominations could be right—that there was but one right way, and not seven hundred. To give emphasis, he quoted from Paul to the Ephesians, with the interruption as it is given here: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism—"

"And *wan* woife!" rang out a voice as clear as a bell.

The Elder did not resume for a few seconds.

R. W. S.

UP at Sandy Hill, when they have reason to dedicate the new court-house, the lawyers do not propose to ask the Rev. Mr. Parry to assist, for at the ceremony of selecting the site the hymn that he suggested to them as appropriate to the occasion began:

Ye living men, come, view the ground  
Where ye shall shortly *lie*.

ON a recent trip through Tasmania, writes a correspondent, our travelling party happened to visit the graveyard at Launceston, and among the various epitaphs discovered the following on a slate-stone slab:

Beneath this rustic pile of stones  
Lie the remains of Mary Jones.  
Her name was Lloyd; it was not Jones;  
But Jones was put to rhyme with stones.

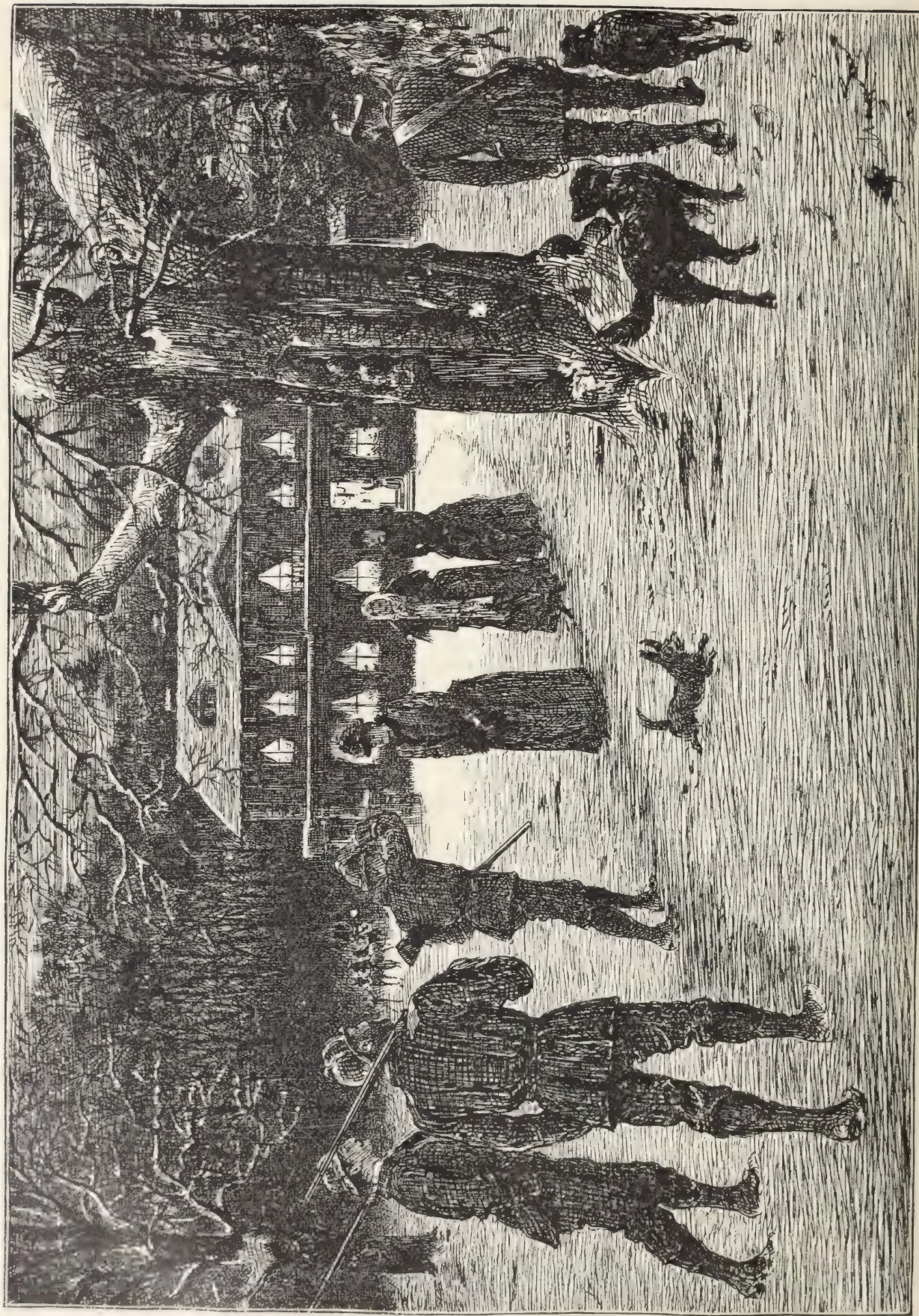
This was considered fairly good, but on our return our host capped it. In the early days of the colony a rich merchant's wife died. Anxious to provide her a suitable monument, the bereaved husband sent far and wide for a stone-cutter, and by rare good luck found one capable of reading. The inscription was to begin with the verse, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The first five words went on one line, leaving room for two more letters. "Crown" could not be divided, but there was another resource. To the stone-cutter a crown was "five bob," so he promptly inserted the symbol 5/, and the difficulty was surmounted.

Our host was nearly ninety years old, and fond of boasting of Tasmania's perfect climate, and its conduciveness to longevity.

"But," objected one of our party, "the ages shown on the tombstones here are not very great."

"That may be well enough," was the ready reply; "for, you see, we're a young colony, and the old ones aren't dead yet."



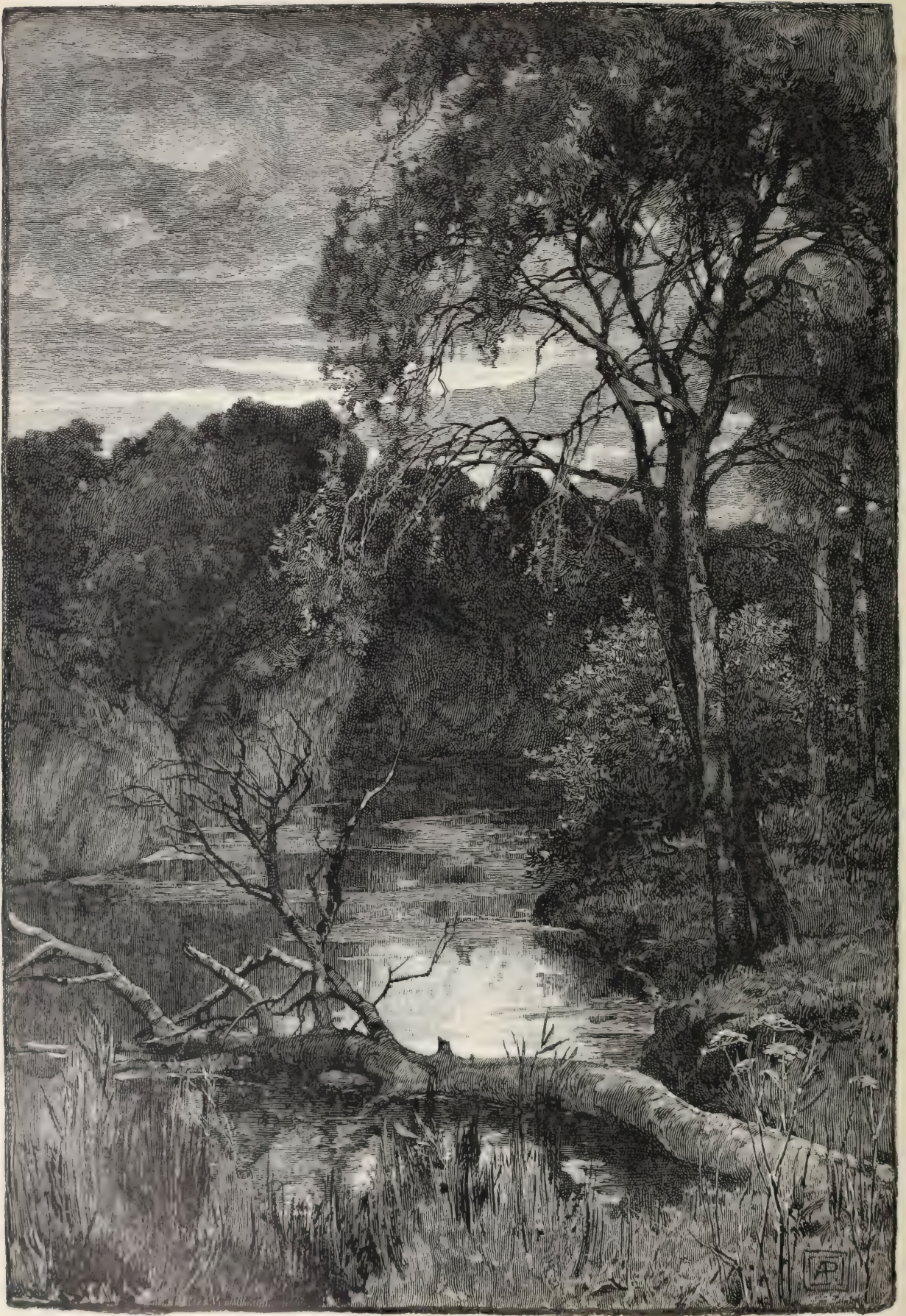


JUST IN TIME FOR A CUP OF TEA.—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.









CORPSE-WALK PIT.  
From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.—[See "Springhaven," page 760.]



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE SOUTHERN GATEWAY OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.



**I**T is the custom to speak of this continent as the New World, but modern science has discovered it to be in reality the old one. The rocks give evidence that it was in existence anterior to the time when Europe and Asia first emerged from their long bath of salt-water; and hence it is in America that the explorer must look for the remains of really old cities. Here, accordingly, he finds them "older than the hills"—being entombed in them—and strewn so thickly over the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as to bespeak a population acquainted with many of the arts of civilization long before the age of history.

Of these remains, among the most remarkable are those which have been discovered at and near Chattanooga, in Tennessee. The early settlers found here, near the site of the present depot of the Western and Atlanta Railroad, an immense mound filled with human bones and warlike implements, evidently the relics of some great battle fought in very ancient times for the possession of this pass through the mountains. Here, too, are traces of a large city, which doubtless existed far back in the twilight ages, before Troy was founded, or the Asiatic people began the study of the dead languages at the Tower of Babel. These facts are interesting, as they point to the conclusion that Chattanooga has been the home of three successive races, with perhaps an unbroken existence since the time of the mound-builders. They also indicate that those vanished people chose this as the site of a city for the same reason that the Cherokees made it a stronghold, and the modern engineer has laid here the tracks of eight important railways—because it is the southern gateway of the Alleghanies.

The Appalachian chain of mountains divides in West Virginia into two parallel ranges—the Alleghanies on the east, and the Cumberland on the west, and these, converging again at Chattanooga, are broken through by the Tennessee, which is here a broad river, already fed by half a dozen navigable streams that drain wide and fertile regions. The course of the river from this point to the Ohio is northwest, and hence it must form a link in any through line of water communication between the Northwestern and South Atlantic States. Chattanooga commands this river, and also the great Appalachian valleys which extend through Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama; and the topography of the country is such that no practicable connection between the southwest and northeast can be had except at this crossing of the Tennessee. The location is the apex of an inverted triangle, whose diverging lines reach to the far northeast and northwest, and hence nature has distinctly marked it out as the site of a great city.

Though itself only seven hundred feet above the sea, Chattanooga is surrounded by mountains, and in the midst of natural scenery as grand and picturesque as any in this

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country. The best near view of the town is from Cameron Hill, but from the summit of Lookout Mountain, only two and a half miles away, the prospect is of almost unparalleled magnificence. The eye there ranges over portions of five States, across spreading forests, cultivated fields, scattered farm-houses, and thickly settled towns, nestling among high mountains, which roll away in gigantic billows, as if they were the crested waves of some fearfully disturbed ocean, arrested and petrified in its onward sweep ages before man was created. The tall cliffs of Cumberland Gap, one hundred and thirty miles northeast, may be distinctly seen, and through the whole wide landscape winds, like a silver thread, the beautiful Tennessee—now hidden by some overhanging wood, now emerging into some grass-covered valley, and ever broadening as it comes, till it sweeps past the city in a rushing torrent half a mile in width. Then, as if loath to leave the abodes of men, it turns back upon itself in a sharp curve, forming what—from its resemblance to a human foot—is called Moccasin Bend, and then it plunges into a narrow gorge between the jutting crags of Walden's Ridge and Raccoon Mountain, and winds again its tortuous way till it is lost to sight in the far northwest, amid scenery that is beautiful beyond description. In a broad plain at the base of Lookout lies the scattered city, bathed for a distance of four miles by the winding river, and encircled completely with mountains—Walden's Ridge on the north, towering upward a thousand feet, Missionary Ridge on the east, rising in sharp acclivities only two and a half miles away, and Lookout, at the same distance on the south, soaring nearly eighteen hundred feet into the air. Beautiful the scene is in repose; but how sublime it must have appeared in war! So grand was it that Sherman says, "Many a time, in the midst of the carnage and noise, I could not help stopping to look across that vast field of battle to admire its sublimity."

Every acre of land and water within a radius of ten miles of the present city is pregnant with events worthy of a place in the nation's history. I refer not only to the conflicts of recent years, on which hung the fate of the Union, but to those also of an earlier time, when the white man met the red, and John Sevier, with a handful of riflemen, routed the

"hosts of Wyuca" on the identical spot where, eighty years later, Hooker had the skirmish with the Confederates which is known as the "battle above the clouds." The actors in those early events were few; but some of them were of the order of heroes. Their story, if rightly written, would form one of the most thrilling pages in our history; and what they did had a most important bearing on American destiny, for it was they—this handful of riflemen in buckskin leggings and hunting shirts—who decided the long conflict between civilization and savagery which was waged beyond the Alleghanies.

This is not the place to tell their history, but without straying from my subject I may briefly refer to one of their achievements, for it led directly to the subsequent transfer of this region to the whites, and thus opened Chattanooga to civilized settlement.

In the time of the Revolution this region was tenanted by a fierce tribe of Indians called Chickamaugas. The first settlers of Nashville came into collision with them when they took their perilous way down the Tennessee to that remote outpost of civilization, and for many years they waged an unrelenting war upon the whites. Time and again Sevier invaded their strongholds at and near Chattanooga, burned their towns, destroyed their crops, and drove the bravest of their warriors like frightened deer to the mountains. But they could not be subdued until Sevier could discover their secret fastnesses. Hiding in them till the storm was over, the miscreants would again emerge into the daylight, rebuild their birch-bark cabins, and resume their barbarous warfare.

For eighteen years they were the terror of the entire border. Sevier was well-nigh everywhere, but even his sleepless vigilance could not guard every scattered dwelling. Issuing in small parties, these wretches would fall at midnight upon some unprotected farm-house, plunder and slay the occupants, and be back in their inaccessible haunts before pursuit could be undertaken. Every white man prayed for vengeance upon them, but until their secret haunts were known the prayer could not be answered. At last, however, came the stripling David who was to meet this Goliath of Gath, and through him the power of the Chickamaugas was broken.





LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MOCCASIN BEND FROM THE PINE WOODS OF CAMERON HILL.

He was a boy of fifteen, named Joseph Brown, and his story is a remarkable instance of long-studied vengeance in one so young; but space will allow me to refer to only two of its incidents. His father had been awarded some lands in the vicinity of Nashville for services in the Revolution, and in 1788 he set out, with his family, to settle upon them. Within a few miles of Chattanooga his boat was suddenly surrounded by about forty Indian canoes, and in a few moments his headless body lay at the bottom of the Tennessee. His two oldest sons and four other young men were at once murdered, and his wife and four younger children made prisoners. Joseph's captor was a young half-breed brave named Chia-chattalla, who spared his life that he might be the slave of his mother, a degraded French woman who had been brought up and

married among the Chickamaugas. He took Joseph to her cabin, and then returned to the boat to secure his share of the plunder. He had scarcely gone when there appeared at the door of the cabin Cutte-atoy, the head chief of the small town of Tuskegee, opposite Chattanooga, with a dozen of his warriors, demanding the boy from the French woman. He said the lad was old enough to notice everything, and if allowed to live would escape, and some day pilot there an army to destroy them all. The boy could not understand his words, but he did his actions, for the savage very soon drew his knife and stepped forward to despatch him. But the woman threw herself between them, declaring the lad should not be killed in her cabin. To this the chief assented, and seizing Joseph, he pitched him headlong among a circle of warriors



who stood outside the doorway. The boy thought his last moment had come, and fell upon his knees, saying the words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." A dozen knives and tomahawks gleamed in the air above him, but they did not fall, for again the woman sprang before the boy, declaring now that he should not be murdered. The Indians tore her away, but just then one of them proposed that the lad should be stripped of his clothes, lest they should be stained, and so ruined, by his execution. All this while Joseph had been upon his knees; and now the woman, regardless in her fury of her personal safety, turned fiercely upon the chieftain, and threatened him with the vengeance of Chia-chatt-alla if he should take the life of his captive. At last she had hit upon the right argument. By Cherokee law the boy's life could not be taken without consent of his captor. Life for life was their code; hence the chief's own life would be forfeit to Chia-chatt-alla. Incited by his hag of a mother, might he not exact of Cutte-atoy the penalty? This is probably what the chief thought, for he suddenly lifted the boy from his knees and handed him over to the woman, retaining, however, his clothes, all but his trousers.

For more than a year the boy was a prisoner among the Chickamaugas, enduring all sorts of hardships, but meanwhile discovering all their hiding-places in the mountains. Then he was liberated by John Sevier, and returned to his friends in South Carolina.

Then the words of Cutte-atoy came to him: "He is old enough to notice everything, and some day he will escape and pilot an army here." Again and again the words came to the boy, till the idea became his controlling thought. Gradually then it began to dawn upon him that God had saved his life for a purpose, and that purpose was vengeance upon the Chickamaugas.

But he kept his thoughts to himself, for experience had taught him to be silent and patient and wary. So he waited till he was nearly nineteen, and had grown to the stature of manhood. Then he proposed to his mother to carry out his father's intention of settling on their lands near Nashville. This he did to be within striking distance of the Chickamaugas.

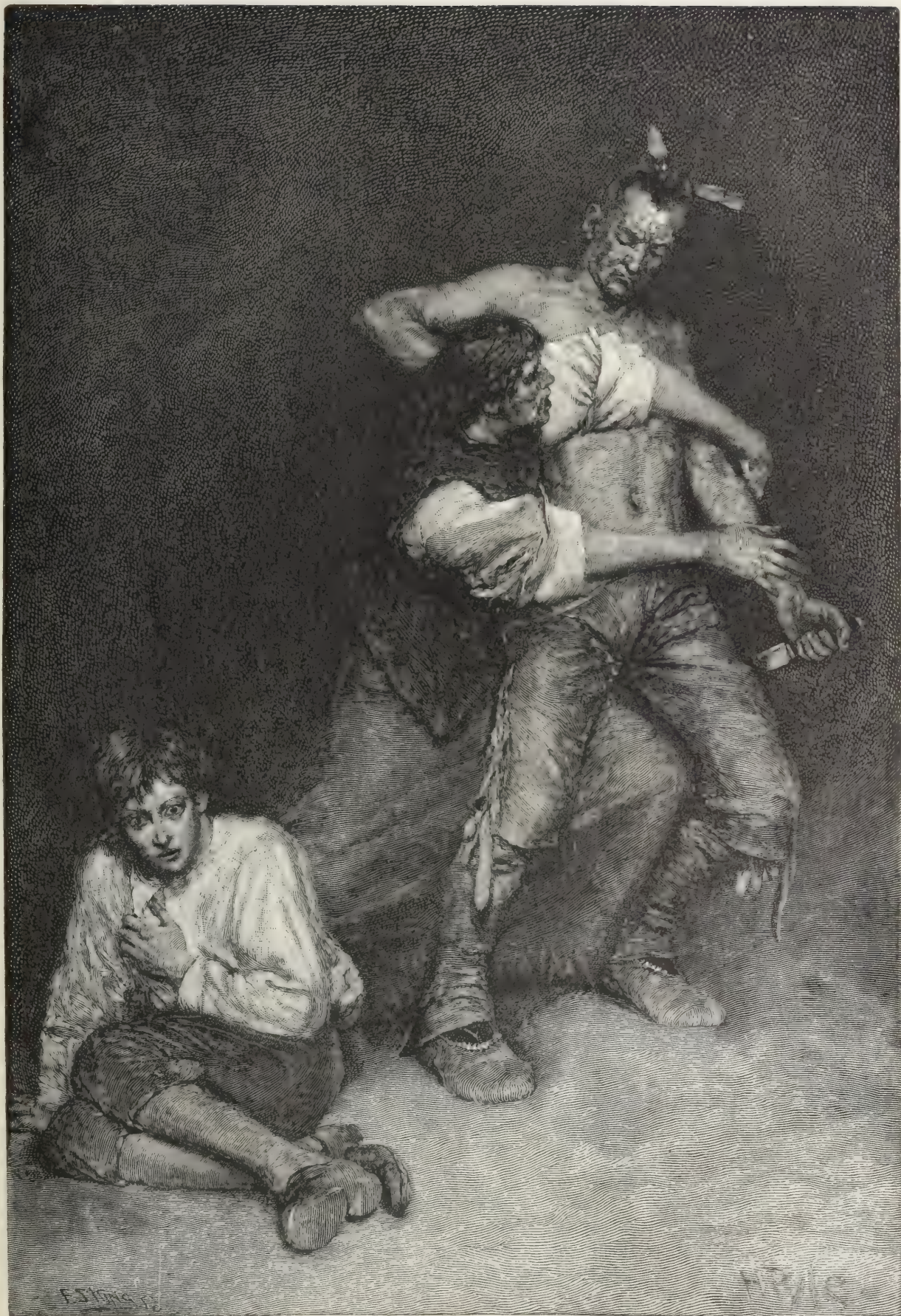
They travelled overland to Nashville, and on his father's lands the boy, not yet

nineteen, built a cabin, and assumed the duties of head of the family. Soon the Cherokees were reported to be marauding over the country; and on the morning of October 1, 1792, word was brought to the boy that they were besieging Buchanan's Station, four miles south from Nashville. Seizing his rifle, he hurried to the fort. The fight was over, but there at the entrance, just as he had fallen, with a burned-out torch in his grasp, lay the man at whose hands he had suffered so much wrong and indignity, the French woman's son, Chia-chatt-alla. He had been shot while attempting to set fire to the building.

Now the youth thought himself old enough to take a part in the bloody drama that was being enacted everywhere about him. He repaired to James Robertson, who had military command of the Nashville district, and told him that he knew the secret fastnesses of the river Indians, and could pilot an army to their rear which might destroy them. Robertson heard him gladly, but shook his head, saying that he could do nothing. The orders of the government were imperative that both he and Sevier should act strictly on the defensive, and under no circumstances again invade the Cherokee country. Spain held Louisiana and the mouths of the Mississippi, and was in alliance with the Creeks and Cherokees. An attack upon them would provoke a collision with her, and that the infant republic was not prepared for, while all the wisdom and prudence of Washington were required to avoid another war with Great Britain. So for two years Sevier and Robertson held their hands, while death lurked beside every man's dwelling. The farmer could not fell a tree, gather a crop, or sit in his doorway without a loaded rifle beside him. In a population of 7040 in the Nashville district the killed were from sixty to seventy yearly. At last, when some of the first men in the district had fallen, the Nashville people rose, enrolled themselves, and demanded to be led against the Chickamaugas. Then Robertson gave way, and sending for young Brown, asked him to find a route for an army through the woods to Nicojack.

It was more than a hundred miles, through a trackless forest where never white man had been, and behind every tree might lurk a Chickamauga; but with





"THE WOMAN TURNED FIERCELY UPON THE CHIEFTAIN."





NICOJACK CAVE.

two or three companions the young man went and returned in safety. By the route he had blazed, a force of five hundred and fifty men soon followed, and the rest is history. The head chief of the Chickamaugas was killed, and seventy of his warriors, and their towns were laid in ashes. But more than this—the Indians were shown that their secret haunts had been discovered, and hence that further conflict with the whites would result in their own extermination.

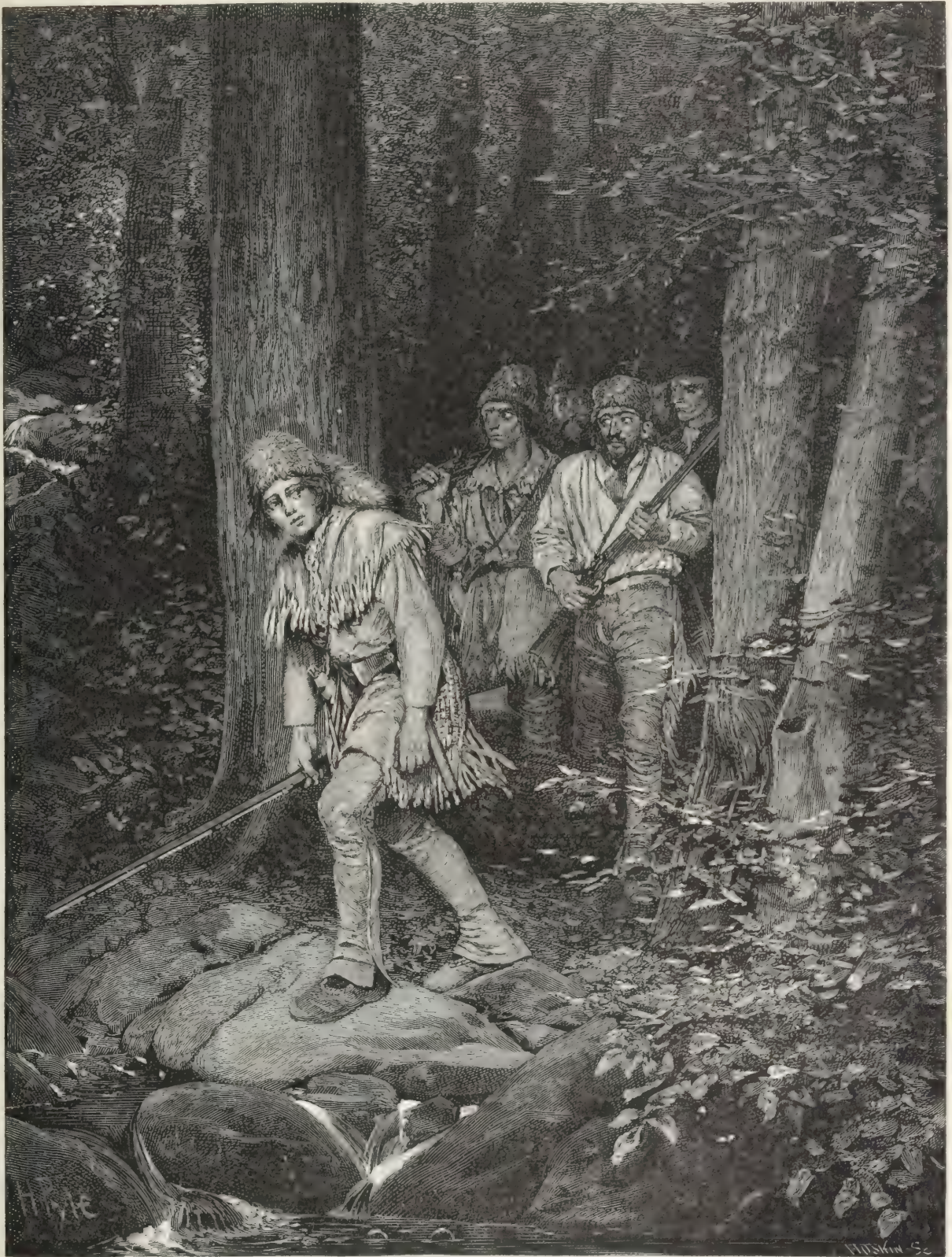
In the fight young Brown was intrusted with the command of a company detailed to intercept a flight of the Indians to the cave of Nicojack. When it was over he returned to the town, and asked if any prisoners had been taken. He was directed to a cabin where about twenty were confined, and entering it, found there, crouching in a corner, his former mistress, the old French woman. All the captives recognized him, and were terror-stricken, for they remembered his murdered kindred. The woman was the only one to speak. She pleaded for their lives, reminding Joseph that she had saved him

when he was about to be murdered by Cutte-atoy. "We are white people," he answered; "we do not kill women and children." "Oh, co-tan-co-ney" (Oh, that is good news to the wretched), she cried.

Brown at the age of eighty-six wrote out the narrative from which the foregoing is taken. He had then, as in his youth, the feeling that he was God's avenger. "The judgment of Heaven," he says in his narrative, "fell upon the Indians."

From this time forward the fact that their hiding-places were known to the whites restrained the Chickamaugas; and soon a new generation of them sprang up who learned the arts of peace, and "walked not in the ways of their fathers." Piece by piece they sold their lands to the government, till in 1817 their once broad territory was reduced to a narrow mountain tract on the south side of the Tennessee. Here they hoped to plant their corn in peace; but "manifest destiny" had its eye upon this pass through the mountains, and in another score of years the last Cherokee took his farewell look at the





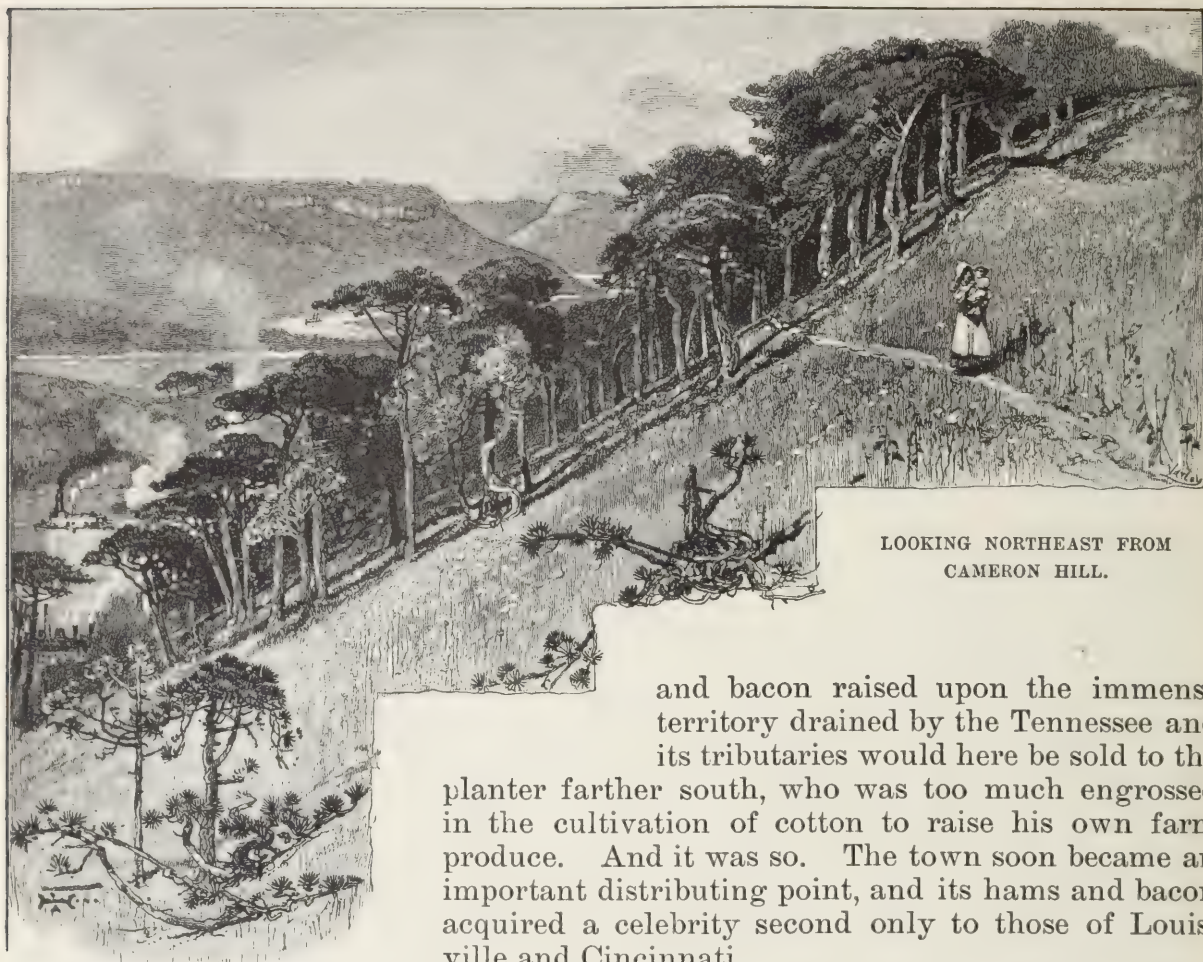
JOSEPH BROWN LEADING HIS COMPANY TO NICOJACK.

graves of his ancestors, and wended his way beyond the Mississippi. Then (in 1838) Chattanooga came into possession of the whites—the last of the three races who have held this gateway of the Alleghanies.

No sooner had the white man come in contact with the beautiful valley of the

Lookout than Chattanooga sprang into being. In April, 1839, the site was divided into lots, and in 1841 the place was an incorporated town, with a considerable population. The first settlers had regard to its position as a commercial centre, and expected that the grain





LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM  
CAMERON HILL.

and bacon raised upon the immense territory drained by the Tennessee and its tributaries would here be sold to the planter farther south, who was too much engrossed in the cultivation of cotton to raise his own farm produce. And it was so. The town soon became an important distributing point, and its hams and bacon acquired a celebrity second only to those of Louisville and Cincinnati.

But the trade of the town was at first altogether barter. In the years succeeding the financial crisis of 1837 there were no banks in Tennessee, and the "shinplasters" in circulation lacked the stability of the famous 'coon-skin currency of 1784-88. They would not "keep overnight," and the countryman from Powell's River or the north fork of the Holston, though rude of manner and uncouth of garb, had a large stock of "horse-sense," and all the shrewdness of his Scotch-Irish ancestors. He was altogether too "smart" to stuff his wallet or his wife's stocking with "irresponsible paper money." So it was a flitch of bacon for a pair of brogans, and a whole hog for five gallons of whiskey. This total lack of a circulating medium might be supposed to embarrass trade, and restrict it to very narrow limits. But it did not, for the "trading animal" can accommodate himself to almost any circumstances. The business of Chattanooga grew to large dimensions. The spring and fall freshets, which render navigable streams that in midsummer may be crossed without wetting one's feet, brought down such fleets of flat-boats from the "up-country" that they were often crowded together along the entire river frontage. In these boats the countryman brought to market his surplus produce, and took back his year's supply of tea, coffee, salt, whiskey, wearing apparel, and "fancy fixin's" for the goddess of his household. The prices exacted of him were high; but what was that to him, so long as he manufactured his own currency? Like the bank officials of "wildcat" times, who issued their notes so long as they could find strength to affix their signatures, his exchequer could not be exhausted while he could use his right hand in creating a surplus.

Prices were high. Salt, for instance, during many years, ranged at from six to ten dollars a barrel. In 1839 fifteen hundred barrels were sold at Chattanooga for eight dollars each. All of this indispensable article consumed in East Tennessee and Northern Alabama was manufactured on the north fork of the Holston, in Virginia, and floated in flat boats to the various landings along the river. This could be done only during freshets, and hence boats and cargoes were gotten ready in ad-



vance, and when the rise of water came were despatched, often in large fleets.

Grain and other produce were brought to market in the same way. Logs were usually cut and hauled in summer-time to the banks of streams, often a long distance "up-river"; and these, at low-water, were made into rafts, on which a booth of poles was erected, where the raftsmen could prepare their meals, and sleep when anchored for the night to some large tree that stood upon the river-bank. Often the rafts, one following another, would extend along the stream for miles, looking, to the unfamiliar eye, as they wound their devious way down the winding river, like a company of "great American sea-serpents" out for a holiday excursion. The voyage frequently occupied several days, and when it was over, and the logs disposed of, the raftsmen took their way on foot through the woods to their homes, sometimes as far away as the borders of Virginia. Steam has brought about a revolution in all other kinds of business carried on at Chattanooga, but its timber trade is still conducted in this primitive fashion. The traveller will see in the

river there, after every considerable freshet, enough oak, walnut, and poplar to roof, if sawed into boards, the entire State of Rhode Island.

And so Chattanooga bought and sold, and traded in timber and swine's flesh, like other Gentile towns, till 1850, by which time its business had greatly increased, and its population numbered about fifteen hundred. But not ten of these people knew of the infinite wealth which nature had stored away among its mountains, or dreamed of its future as a great iron-manufacturing centre.

The year 1849 was an important era in the history of Chattanooga. A few men had for some time dreamed of a rail communication which should supersede the slow and hazardous water transportation; but the wiseacres had shaken their heads, and asserted that no railroad could be built among these mountains that would ever pay interest upon the expenditure. While they were saying this, the State of Georgia went quietly to work, and one pleasant December day in 1849 drove the iron horse snorting into the valley of Lookout. It bore a bottle of water from the ocean, and



FLAT-BOATS ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER.



this, poured into the Tennessee, symbolically wedded Chattanooga to the Atlantic. This road, which connected the town with Atlanta, was soon followed by others that gave it direct communication with Nashville, Memphis, and Norfolk.

Chattanooga felt at once the influence of this increase in its transportation facilities. The river trade was so largely augmented that the Atlanta road could not move the south-bound produce nearly as fast as it arrived. In this emergency the road adopted the barbers' rule of "first come, first served," and required shippers to register the arrival of their produce in a book kept in its office; but it was generally weeks before grain could be sent forward, and often as many as 200,000 bushels were waiting upon the wharf, shielded only by rude sheds from the weather. Manufacturing also sprang into being under the new facilities. A foundry and machine shop was erected for the manufacture of freight cars, which soon demonstrated that no better car wheels can be made than from the cold-blast charcoal iron of East Tennessee. Other foundries and manufacturing establishments soon followed, and by the close of the decade the population of the town had nearly doubled, and its business increased in a much larger proportion.

Then came the war, and Chattanooga suffered severely. The engineers of both armies saw its vast advantages as a depot of supplies and base of operations; and hence it was contended for, till its inhabitants were scattered and its industries swept away. But, the war over, it rose from its ruins, and then was exhibited the surprising energy of the Southern character. Men and women who had been brought up to despise labor, and were wholly unacquainted with it, displayed an adaptiveness to circumstances and an extent of practical resources that wrought miracles, created something out of nothing, and in an incredibly short time built up a thriving city. In 1865 the place was a military post, though there were many permanent residents; in 1870 it had a population of 6093.

On the 19th of February, 1866, Andrew Johnson announced by proclamation that the civil war in America was ended. The forces of the Union were rapidly disbanded, and within three months Chattanooga, which had been the rendezvous of twenty thousand men, contained only a few

hundred bluecoats, who had resolved to remain and become permanent citizens. With them, however, lingered some of the débris of the army—the human scum which gathers upon the surface of hostile operations. Then returned many of the former residents, some of whom had served in the Confederate ranks.

The inhabitants of the new city had not only to begin anew; they had to clear away the wreck of former things—a stranded social and labor system—and with totally disorganized materials "build again the waste places."

The task was Herculean, and it was made the greater by the presence of a disorderly white element, and a numerous black population, who, reversing Judge Taney's opinion, thought the white man had no rights the negro is bound to respect. Moreover, the civil authorities were composed of such creatures as come to the front in times of transition and disorder. They were wellnigh powerless to protect life and property. It was difficult to preserve even semblance of social order; but still it was done, for the majority were cool, determined, clear-headed men, who had belonged to both armies. Acting together, they kept the anarchical elements in subjection; but they resorted to no violence, for they recognized that the town would soon outgrow its superficial disorder, and slough off its worthless and criminal population. The emergency brought Northern and Southern men into close connection, and thus it was that in Chattanooga was the first exhibition of the absolute reconstruction which now so happily prevails throughout the Union.

The marvellous growth of Chattanooga is shown by the rapid increase of its population, which, from almost nothing in 1865, sprang to 6093 in 1870, to 13,000 in 1880, and by a census of May 1, 1885, numbered 25,101, and is growing at the rate of nearly three thousand yearly. Much of this rapid growth is, of course, due to its natural advantages, but more, I think, to the wonderful energy of its men and women—its men who have done the work, and its women who have inspired the doing. It is the Southern women who have made the New South. When husbands and brothers came out of the war, broken in health and fortune, and disheartened by defeat, it was their wives and sisters who bade them hope, infused into them new life and energy, and transformed a





VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

multitude of idle, spendthrift youth, who had never done a useful thing in their lives, into earnest, active, enterprising men, who have rebuilt the waste places,

and made the South of to-day the most prosperous section of the Union.

Let us catch a brief glimpse of the Chattanooga of to-day. Major George C.



Connor thus describes the view as seen from Cameron Hill:

"A carriageway of easy grades winds along the western brow of this natural observatory. From your seat you will observe the dark clouds of smoke rushing from the stacks of the Roane Iron and Steel Works; on your left, and just beyond, the beautiful Tennessee, flowing gently around the 'Moccasin Bend,' whose beauties are fully seen from the 'Point' of Lookout.

"Soon you reach the lower ridge of the hill, and a partial view of the city is obtained. Right at this point, on the left-hand side of the road, stood the platform and catafalque on the 22d of September, 1881, when the greeting to the Society of the Army of the Cumberland was extended by the Society of ex-Confederate Soldiers, and where the solemn requiem services were held in memory of President James A. Garfield, whose remains then lay in state at the national capital.

"Your carriage continues up to the extreme summit, where the flag-staff stands on which the United States flag was hoisted, by both Federals and Confederates, on the memorable occasion just referred to. You will now descend from your carriage and enjoy the exquisite panorama spread out around you.

"First glance at old Lookout, for the view is more imposing from this point than any other. Then move along over the rugged valley, through which the railroads struggle out from among the tall mountains, by the narrow gateway through which the Tennessee escapes, along the rocky bluff of Walden's Ridge, up northeasterly, catching occasional glimpses of the silvery curves of the river, until you halt at the base of the elevation known as Missionary Ridge. Just there, of a sunny day, you see the white piers of the magnificent iron bridge of the Cincinnati Southern Railway.

"Just in front, beyond the city, which lies at your feet, is the Citizens' Cemetery, on the farther side of which you can see the tall shaft of the Confederate monument, lifted above the dense shrubbery. Then your eyes pass over Fort Wood, and halt at the National Cemetery, whose flag-staff stands on the summit of the beautiful knoll where sleep the ashes of the Federal dead. Beyond is clearly seen the narrow valley on which the serried hosts manoeuvred in the days of war, but which is

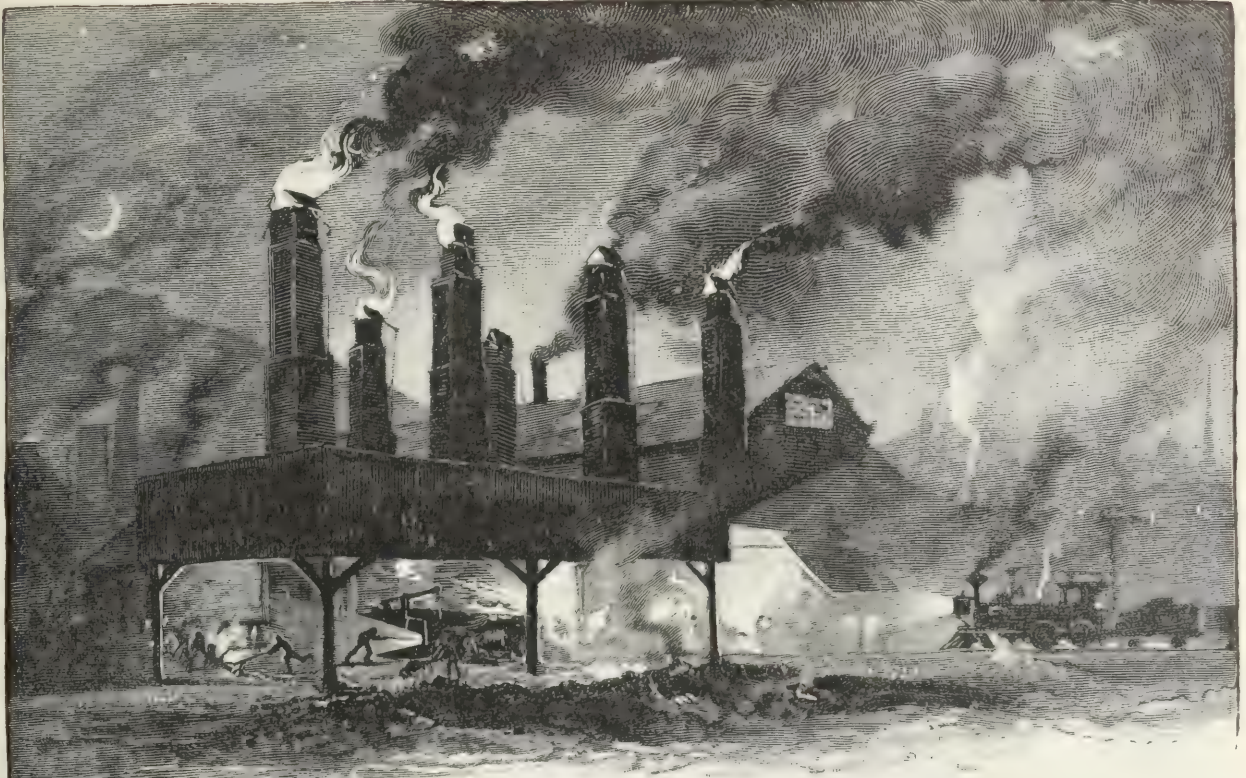
as peaceful now in its corn, fruits, and flowers as if the angel of peace and concord had always hovered over its fertile fields.

"To the right the Stanton House looms up sharply, and further still are the smokestacks of the rolling-mill, cotton factory, car-works, pipe-works, boiler-works, nail-works, plough factory, steam-tannery, blast-furnace, and fire-brick works, and the somewhat straggling section of the city known as the Fifth Ward.

"Facing directly to the east, we glance down at the city. Bounding it on the north is the beautiful broad river, from the centre of which comes up an immense stream into the city reservoir, a few feet below, on the eastern brow of the hill. The view is very effective, especially when the shade trees are covered with foliage, and the warmth of summer prevents the emission of smoke from the chimneys."

Northern men have been important factors in the development of Chattanooga, and without disparagement to others who have shown perhaps equal enterprise and energy, I may speak of one of them who has been identified with the town since the close of the war, and whose operations illustrate its industrial progress. He was a general officer in the Union service, a practical iron-worker, and somewhat acquainted with geology and mineralogy. While going about on army duty he observed the surface indications of iron and coal throughout this region, gathered specimens, and made a record of various outcrops and their localities. The war ended, he resigned his commission, and mounting his horse, explored the Cumberland range. Everywhere he found abundant ore, but at a locality about five miles west of the Clinch River, and seventy north of Chattanooga, he hit upon immense fields of iron, coal, and limestone in such close juxtaposition as to be within rifle range of one another. Returning to the North, he formed an iron company, and soon had in operation here a furnace of about 9000 tons yearly capacity. Before the war only seven small furnaces—"blast-pots" they were called—having a total capacity of 20,000 tons, were in operation in all Tennessee. They used charcoal for smelting, but this gentleman began with coke, and thus was the pioneer in the making of coke iron south of the Ohio River. His enterprise was a success from the start. In 1869 the company bought the government roll-



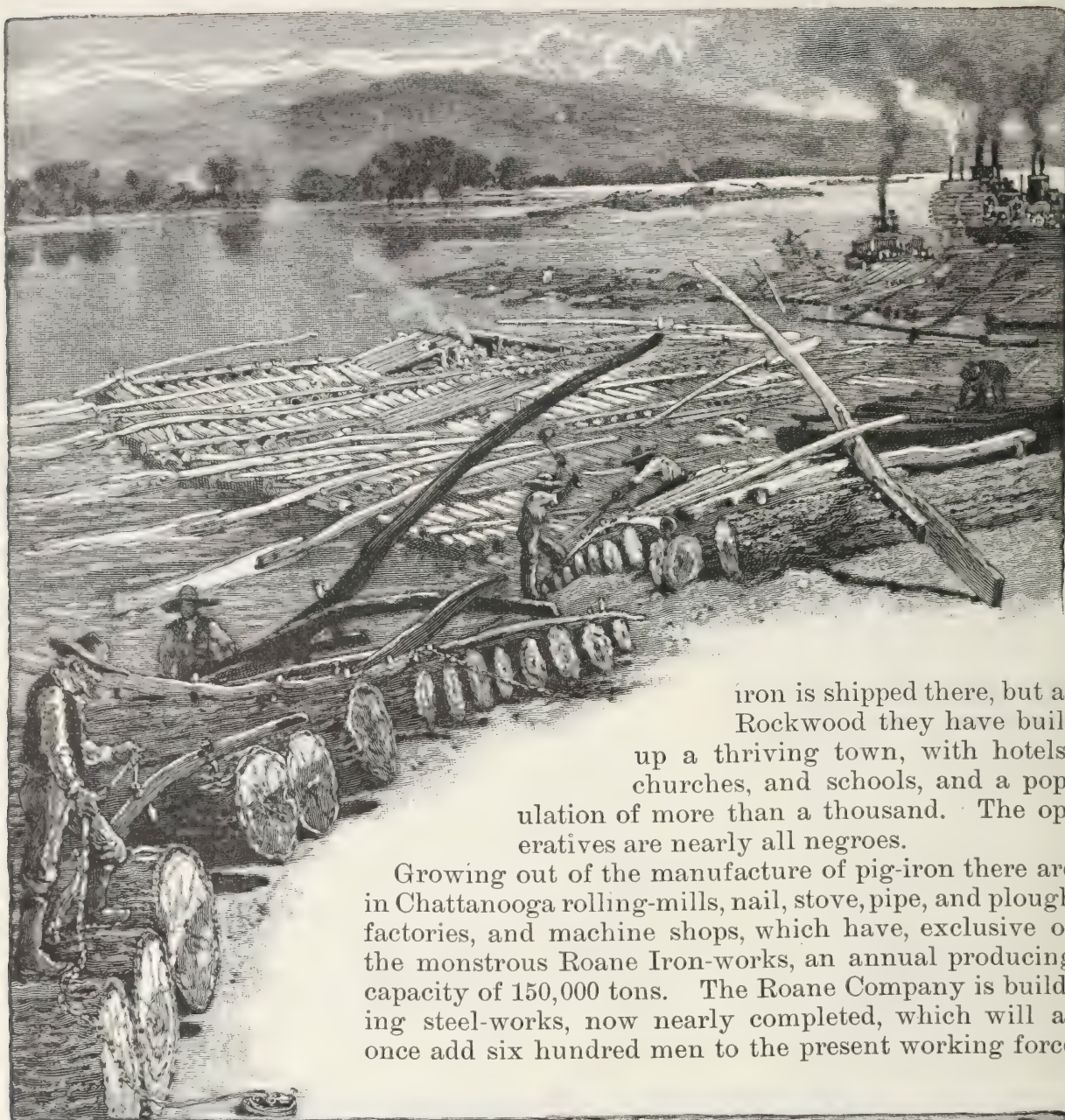


ing-mill at Chattanooga, erected puddling furnaces there, and began the manufacture of 40,000 tons of iron rails yearly, and in 1871 they put up a larger furnace at Rockwood—their up-country location—which augmented their annual production of iron to 20,000 tons. This they soon enlarged to 40,000 tons. Their capital was at first \$125,000, was soon increased to \$600,000, and has since been forced up by the expansion of their business to \$1,000,000. Chattanooga is the head-quarters of their operations, and all their



AMONG THE IRON WORKERS.





iron is shipped there, but at Rockwood they have built up a thriving town, with hotels, churches, and schools, and a population of more than a thousand. The operatives are nearly all negroes.

Growing out of the manufacture of pig-iron there are in Chattanooga rolling-mills, nail, stove, pipe, and plough factories, and machine shops, which have, exclusive of the monstrous Roane Iron-works, an annual producing capacity of 150,000 tons. The Roane Company is building steel-works, now nearly completed, which will at once add six hundred men to the present working force



RAFTS ON THE TENNESSEE.



of Chattanooga. This establishment in operation, the total iron product of the place will not be less than \$6,000,000 annually.

In addition, other branches of manufacture in which iron is not the only factor are successfully prosecuted at Chattanooga. Among these, besides the lumber and flouring mills, are cotton and furniture factories, marble-works, and two tanneries, the larger of which turns out three million dollars in leather yearly—more, it is said, than any similar establishment in the country. All told, these establishments yield an annual product of \$5,000,000. Besides these, there are within a radius of fifty miles of the town various mills, furnaces, and machine shops, which are tributary to Chattanooga, and have helped to build up its wholesale trade to a yearly volume of \$7,500,000. Ten years ago there were only two wholesale houses in the city; now they number eighty-eight, and are being added to yearly. Recent statistics show the annual business in various branches to be as follows: Agricultural implements, \$650,000; produce, \$300,000; furniture, \$200,000; grain, \$1,250,000; groceries, \$1,500,000; hardware and iron supplies, \$1,750,000; liquors, \$260,000; and house-furnishing goods, \$450,000. The comparatively small amount of spirits sold indicates that an "intolerable deal of sack" does not enter into the household supplies of the Tennessee country people. The total business of the town is estimated at \$15,000,000, and it is said that eighty per cent. of its manufacturing capital of \$7,500,000 is from the North. Of its business men, there is about an equal proportion from the North and from the South, those from the North being chiefly engaged in manufacture, and those from the South in mercantile pursuits.

The business men are mostly of the active, enterprising character usually seen in new communities. They have been drawn here by the favorable climate and business possibilities, and have found that skill, energy, and industry, acting in a fair field, are sure to be rewarded. Some of them have built up considerable fortunes, and fewer failures are reported to occur among them than among any similar number of mercantile men in the country.

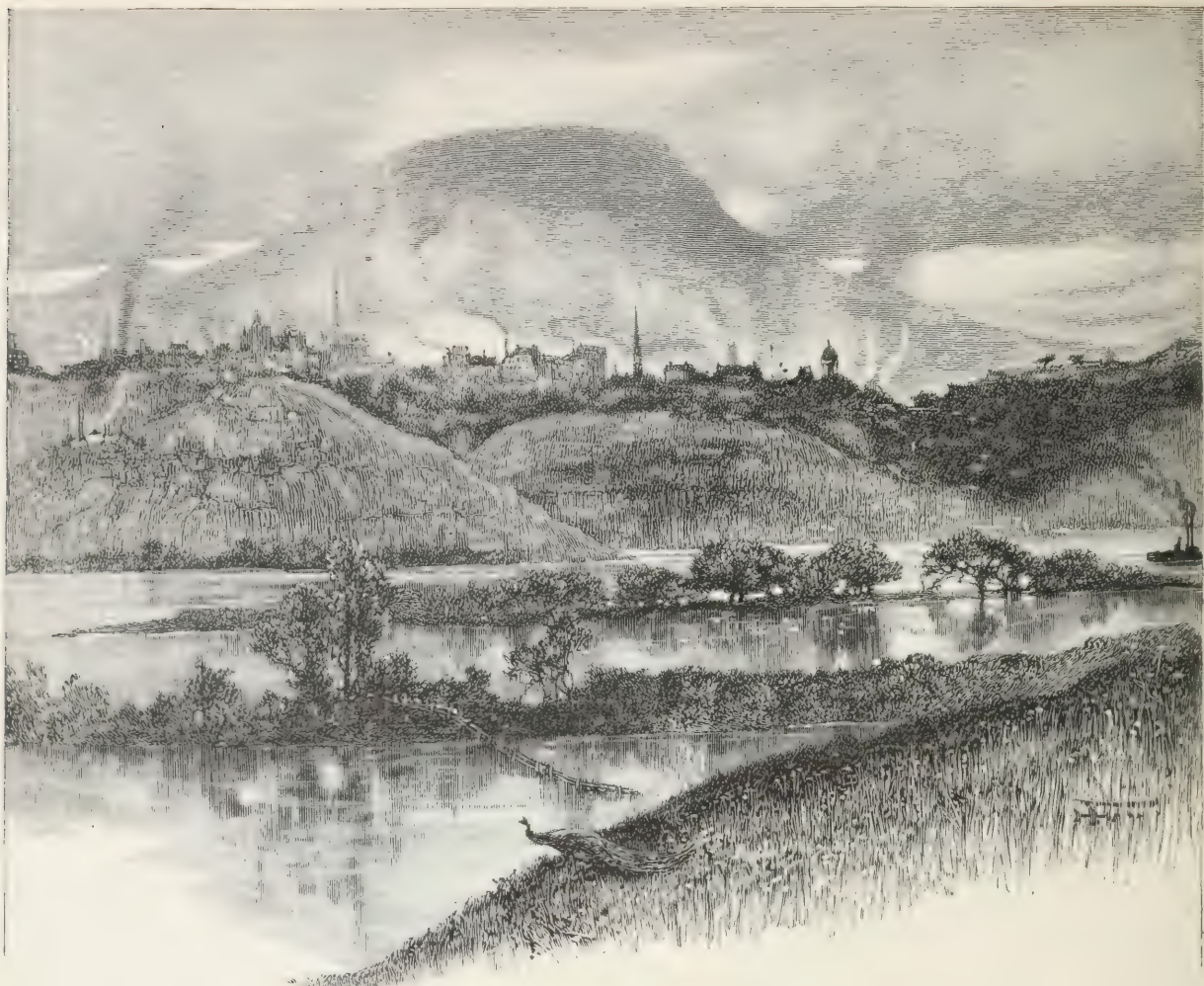
Chattanooga is very favorably situated for commerce. Its location midway between the cotton-growing and grain-raising States gives it decided advantages as

a wholesale market. By direct lines of railway it now has trade with northern Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, southern Kentucky, and East and West Tennessee, and by river with East Tennessee and northern Alabama. The removal of the obstructions to the Tennessee at Muscle Shoals will give it water communication nine months in the year with the Ohio, Cumberland, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers, and bring New Orleans and St. Louis as near to it as they are now to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Already the general government has expended nearly \$5,000,000 upon these obstructions, and another \$300,000 will complete the work. Chattanooga will then have transportation facilities unsurpassed by those of any inland city in the Union.

According to Buckle, there is no instance in history of a people attaining to a high degree of civilization without the help of a fertile soil and a genial climate. The soil of Chattanooga is fertile in iron. It underlies the very city, and everywhere ribs the vast mountains which surround it and stretch away on every side as far as the eye can reach. But iron dug out of the ground is mixed with impurities that need to be purged away before it is fit for its multitudinous uses. These auxiliary materials are generally found at such distances from the ore as to involve a heavy cost in transportation. But in this section they lie side by side and all together, the iron with the coal needed for coke, the limestone for smelting the ore, and the fire-clay and sandstone for the construction of furnaces. An idea of these mineral resources thus tributary to Chattanooga cannot better be given than in the words of General John T. Wilder, the founder of the iron-works at Rockwood, and the gentleman of whom I have spoken as having fully explored the whole territory. He says:

"The coal-field of Tennessee extends entirely across the State, from Kentucky to Georgia and Alabama, being an extension of the Appalachian coal-fields, whose northern extremity is in northern Pennsylvania, and extends southwesterly across Pennsylvania, West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, Tennessee, and ends in central Alabama. The coal-field of Tennessee covers 5100 square miles, there are about 4000 square miles in Alabama, and 250 square miles in Georgia, all belonging to the lower coal measures; all these broad





NORTH END OF CHATTANOOGA.

acres, excepting a small area in Alabama, form a covering for the Cumberland tableland, raised above the surrounding country, with an outcrop above the drainage of the valleys on either side, easily opened, ventilated, and drained."

Throughout this extensive region are wonderful beds of fossiliferous red hematite iron ore, none of it more than fifteen miles from the eastern outcrop of the coal measures, and all of it covered by the great limestone beds of the subcarboniferous period. "All these formations lie like the leaves of a book, flat, bedded on each other, and generally tilted up and broken into high ridges, or folded into deep synclinal troughs or valleys, in either case exposing the edges of the ore beds, making it easy to find, ready to mine, abundant in quantity, always accessible. These beds usually average four to five feet in thickness, sometimes more." The General adds in regard to one species of the timber of this region: "The largest forests of chestnut-oak in the United States, producing the

best quality of tan-bark, cover the coal-fields of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, supplying the largest oak tannery on the continent, at Chattanooga, and furnishing tan-bark for the towns of St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati. They are sufficient in area to supply 300,000 cords per year for an indefinite period without exhaustion, as the tree reaches maturity in our climate in forty years, and grows on an area of over 7,000,000 acres, and if cut once in forty years, and producing only two cords per tree, it would produce perpetually 350,000 cords each year. One cord of chestnut-oak tan-bark grown in this latitude produces thirty-three percent. more tannin than all the bark grown north of the Kanawha River."

Other woods equally valuable surround Chattanooga. The city is in the midst of a vast forest, where not one-sixth of the land has yet been subjected to cultivation. Besides oak, there are chestnut and black-walnut standing there in almost inexhaustible supply and primeval



grandeur. Here, too, is hickory enough to make the wagons of a continent, and a sufficient supply of red cedar is growing on the Clinch River alone to furnish hollow-ware to every American house-keeper for another century.

More need not be said to show that the country of which Chattanooga is the centre fulfils the first of the two requirements which Buckle deems essential to the attainment of a high civilization. Of the other, it may be affirmed that the climate of Chattanooga is genial beyond description. The town is in a happy mean between extremes. Flowers bloom in March; and May is the New England June, when, "if ever, come perfect days." Then are the mocking-birds carolling among the trees, and the barefooted little black boys crying the luscious red strawberries about the streets. The days are simply delightful, and the nights—one needs only a quiet conscience to sleep soundly through them if an earthquake should be rumbling beneath him. And this is true of all the year, except, it may be, the latter part of July and the month of August.

Then, when the blazing sun has drawn the great river up to the clouds, it comes down again at night in drops of scalding steam, as hot as a Russian bath, and not nearly so invigorating. But there is an easy escape from this in a tramp to the top of Lookout Mountain. Three hundred feet of altitude is equivalent to one degree of latitude, so, by a walk of two and a half miles, and an ascent of eighteen hundred feet, one may here transport himself to the climate of the Hudson Highlands. Up there, when all the world is sweltering below him, he may rest at night as cool as if packed in a refrigerator; and by day may revel in scenes that are all alive with poetry and history.

Here the visitor may wander through Rock City, a product of nature's own handiwork, through streets paved with natural stone, and beneath domes and pinnacles that nature itself has erected to its great Creator. Near here are the statues of the "Sisters," carved in stone, and the profile of "The Old Man of the Mountain," a huge rock on the ledge forming what is known as the Natural Bridge.



BROAD STREET, CHATTANOOGA.





STREET IN ROCK CITY.

The stranger should visit the national cemetery, on the slope of the mountain, where sleep thirteen thousand Union soldiers. The enclosure, approached through a lofty gateway of Alabama limestone, includes seventy-five acres. The ground rises toward a central eminence one hundred feet above the avenue which winds around the cemetery. From a flag-staff one hundred and fifty feet high on the top of this mound floats the ensign of the Union. Driving on around the eastern side of the cemetery, and past Fort Wood, we come to the Confederate cemetery, where, under the weeping-willows, lie thousands of soldiers who wore the gray in the late war. The monument on the hill above, with a shaft thirty feet high, bears the simple inscription, "Our Confederate Dead." Mrs. G. C. Connor was president of the association under whose auspices it was constructed. The larger portion of the funds for this object was given by Northern-born citizens, and United States troops participated in the laying of the corner-stone.

From Lookout Point one looks down on the theatre of events that will never go out of this nation's history. Up that narrow pass climbed John Sevier with his riflemen; and across that deep gorge marched General Hooker and his blue-coated army, each to do efficient battle on the same cloud-capped field for their country; yonder, where the clustering grape now hangs thick and red with the life-blood of more than a thousand heroes, Sheridan scaled the beetling heights of Missionary Ridge, and turned the scale to victory; and farther east, across that broad, stream-threaded field, Garfield rode in hot haste to warn Thomas that Longstreet was coming to Chickamauga. But all this, and more, is already history. It is written in these hills of iron, these mountains of coal, and these forests of timber that Chattanooga has a great future. In the very nature of things it cannot be many years before it is the metropolis of the central South, and the iron emporium of the whole country.



## COLLINSIA VERNA.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

“**B**Y the Vermilion, God sows blazing phlox,  
Collinsia, and blossoms blue and gold,  
Puccoon, and clematis with plummy locks;  
And the still current, rolled

“Between two lusty banks, is strange to see.”  
So sang the thrushes in the vernal morn,  
And warblers calling from the apple-tree,  
Ruddy with blooms fresh born.

May shone. We two, an eight-year child and I,  
Across the prairie took our pensive way;  
Along the black sad fields and patient sky  
The yellow sunshine lay.

Into that sunshine's still and yellow sea  
We passed, we left behind the smoky town;  
No shadow from the cloud or any tree  
Made the brown road more brown.

Shorn lines of Osage-orange left and right  
Were covert for the happy, large-eyed birds:  
We heard across the waves of slumbrous light  
Leap out their silvery words.

At length we saw a bridge that spanned the stream;  
We crossed, and turning toward the sunset, stood  
Folded, as in the splendor of a dream,  
Within a bourgeoned wood.

Oh, beauty of the earth! We saw the glow  
That kindled all her form, her eyes; we saw  
The joy around her leap, the radiance flow,  
In rapture tinged with awe.

We saw the snowy crown upon the thorn,  
The crab-tree's rosy torch of spicy bloom;  
The Judas-tree, fresh from the baths of morn,  
Lit the faint emerald gloom.

Fresh shone May's happy flowers of many a hue;  
Martensia, lily, rose, ranunculus,  
Geranium, phlox, looked up and smiled, and threw  
Their incense after us.

To the warm ground large slumbrous shadows grew,  
Born of tall boles and spreading boughs half fledged;  
Long scarlet gleams along the silence flew  
From hickory buds blood-edged.

From the slow stream three sheeny fish I drew,  
With quivering fin, vain gasp, and voiceless pain:  
The child could not their writhings brook, and threw  
Them to the flood again.

Along the lichened aisles great mild-eyed cows  
Cropped the translucent spray or starting grass;  
They stood, and through the long low-hanging boughs  
Looked up to see us pass.

Around the neck of one some hand had hung,  
To mark where she might rove, a telltale bell:  
Strangely, the gray majestic trunks among,  
Its music rose and fell.

A tranquil spirit brooded on the air,  
Folding all things—the shadows broad and brown,  
The grass, the boughs, the river sliding there,  
Voicelessly, slowly down





Through drowsy banks. I stood as if a breath  
 From that vast world whose valleys round us lie  
 Unseen went past. Of lands unscathed by death  
 I felt the presence nigh.

But never thing so filled the place with light,  
 Or round our hearts so sweet a bondage threw,  
 As the Collinsia's clusters, milky white,  
 White and divinest blue.

All up and down the shady wilds they beamed;  
 Their sweet eyes made the faded hollows sweet;  
 Or, set in dainty knots apart, they dreamed,  
 And nodding, touched our feet.

Oh, can it be that He whose right hand bars  
 The sea with rocks, with thunder and with power  
 Clothes the black storms, and curbs the rushing stars,  
 Stoops to a little flower,

Paints two twin lobes with summer's vault to vie,  
 And two the whiteness of the mountain snow,  
 Then plants in these His gardens wild, where I  
 Doubting and troubled go?



While day departs, dim, dewy night comes on.  
 To me, of all the hours have brought, what gain?  
 May all into five barren words be drawn—  
*Dead pictures on the brain?*

O fleeting shapes! O world that mocks desire!  
 Might but my eye beneath your vestments go,  
 To learn what vital force, what mystic fire,  
 Lurks in the vast below!

Or is this truth?—All is a dream so strange  
 And void that, knowing love and joy and woe,  
 Forms, hues, and sounds, man in his narrow range  
 Knows all God gives to know?

Quickly ye came, as quickly ye are gone,  
 Hues, odors, sounds, leaves, shadows faintly seen,  
 Flowers, birds, and thou, strange river, slowly drawn  
 Through banks of deepening green—

Gone like a face that died, like yesterday,  
 But leaving in my heart a shadowy pain,  
 The sting of all fair things that pass away  
 Never to come again.

## NARKA.

### A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE weather had improved, the wind had fallen, and it was now possible to get out. The deep snow of course put riding out of the question, which Narka regretted; for she was a perfect horse-woman, and there was a favorite Arab of Sibyl's at the castle which was always at her orders. Her fearless command of the strong, spirited animal that bore her along with a stride as swift as a hound's gave her a sense of power that was exhilarating. While she was in the saddle, flying through the air like a bird, she felt like a prisoner enjoying a momentary escape from captivity. The flight of the body seemed to liberate the spirit and give her breathing space. In-doors she was obliged to keep strict guard over every look and gesture; her very thoughts she had to keep down with a strong hand lest they should find their way into her face, and betray her to Madame Larik's watchful eyes. This constant pressure on her life—that inner life which, to Narka, was so much more vital than the outward—made her sometimes feel as if she were, like the rivers, frozen and locked up in ice; then she would take out the betrothal ring that she wore round her neck like an amulet, and she would slip it on her finger, and

recall every word, every caress, of Basil's when he had placed it there, and her spirits would rise and her heart expand, and she would look forward to the coming spring, when the sun would shine out upon her life, and unlock its frozen stream and set its waters free.

The next best thing to a ride was a drive; so the very first day the weather grew genial enough to admit of it she sent up to the castle, where there were horses and vehicles of all sorts, to say she wanted a sleigh that afternoon. It was at the door at the hour she named.

The winter landscape was beautiful. The cabins and cottages, sheeted in smooth hard snow, looked like marble shrines and tombs, from which the smoke curled up in blue spirals, like incense from thuribles. The sleigh turned into the forest, and just at that moment the sun shone out, and the spectacle was so dazzling that Narka made the driver pull up, and paused to admire it. The wilderness of white trees stretched on and on as far as the eye could reach, and tossed up their arms in every fantastic form against the sky; every bough was festooned with garlands of snow flowers, or laden with bunches of crystals that sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight. The forest might have been a cathedral in ruins, so profound was the



silence. Not the faintest murmur of insect life disturbed the deep hush. The very air held its breath. Suddenly a branch, not strong enough to support its mass of glittering stalactites, snapped and fell with a crash that broke the stillness for a moment, but only to make it seem more profound the next.

There was something very impressive in this death-like silence of the white solitude that held so many secrets buried in its depths, so many mysteries that would never be revealed in this world. The forest was like the sea, it seldom gave up its dead. There was a pile of stones on the spot where Larchoff had been found. It had risen slowly; every stone that went to the heap had been flung with a curse, and this was the only monument which had been raised to the murdered man. As Narka noticed the snow-crueted trophy, a chill crept over her. Would that dark secret ever be revealed? The thought of Father Christopher made her heart sick, and yet she could not deny that the crime—or the accident—might have been followed by even a more unbearable sacrifice than his cruel captivity.

She told the man to drive on. She was sorry she had stopped; the sight of that mound, now thickly covered with the snow, chased away every other thought, and poisoned the pleasure of the drive. The sleigh bounded along for nearly an hour. Then she turned homeward, taking another road, that led past Ivan Gorff's house.

The absence of Ivan and Sophie was a great loss. They were not close friends; but Narka had known them all her life, and they were kind and pleasant neighbors. Moreover, Ivan would be sure to have had news of Basil. Ivan's resources were numerous, sometimes mysteriously so. As the sleigh was passing the gate, Narka was surprised to see the windows of the first story, where Sophie's rooms were, open. Could the Gorffs have returned? She desired the driver to turn in. The gate stood open, and as the sleigh flew up the broad walk to the house, she saw Ivan appear at a window. Before they had reached the door, he was in the hall waiting for her.

"This is a good omen," he said, his whole countenance beaming with delightful surprise. "I only arrived an hour ago. I was just going to see you." He was radiant with pleasure, but his face

wore deep traces of suffering, either moral or physical; perhaps both.

"How are you, Ivan?" said Narka, in a tone of kind anxiety that he was not used to from her.

"I am well," he answered, with a shrug of his broad shoulders; "better than I ought to be, considering. Sophie is not well."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Narka, feelingly. "Is it her chest?"

"Yes. She has a cough that shakes her to pieces. It is always in my ears like a death-knell. But I am a fool. She is better out of the world than in it. Have you had any news lately?" he asked, turning abruptly from the subject. It was evidently one he could not bear to discuss.

"No. Sibyl is afraid to give me much news."

"She can't be too careful, or you either," Ivan added, with a significant nod. "That is why Basil does not dare write. Every line you write or receive is read. He is in good health. I saw him ten days ago. He was—"

"Ten days ago!" Narka interrupted, eagerly; "and you saw them all? How are they? What is Basil doing?"

"He is waiting," said Ivan, in his quiet way. "Have you heard about his confession?"

"Confession?" repeated Narka, and she changed color. "No."

"As soon as he heard the trick they had played him about Father Christopher's release, he wrote to the Prince, telling him that it was he who had shot Larchoff."

"Who?—Basil?"

"Yes. He said he had fired on him by mistake; that he would have acknowledged it at the moment, but he had not the courage to declare that he had accidentally taken the life of a man whom he was known to hate—to be on bad terms with. When Father Christopher was accused, he thought the best thing to do was to go to St. Petersburg and sue for his release. And they cheated him into believing he had made it all right."

"And when he confessed it, what did the Prince do?"

Ivan gave a slow smile. "He sent him word that his confession came too late to do any good to Father Christopher. Basil might have known this. What is written is written. The Prince said if he wanted to play heroics he might come back and give himself up as the murderer, and get



sentence of death added to the sentence that was ready awaiting him for his other misdemeanors. This would not in the smallest degree help Father Christopher, but it would be a fine thing to do."

"And what did Basil say to that?"

"He wrote a letter to the Emperor, telling the whole story, and pledging his honor to go back and deliver himself up to justice, if his Majesty would sign an order for the father's liberation."

"Well?"

"I never could have believed Basil was such a fool," continued Ivan, turning his face to Narka, with his slow smile, and his eyes brimming over with hilarity. "What do you think he did? He guessed, as the Prince had so many good friends in the imperial closet, there was little chance of this letter being allowed to reach the Emperor's hands, so he confided it to the servant who had brought him the Prince's letter, and gave him a lot of money to take it to a person in St. Petersburg, who was to convey it to the Emperor. Could you have believed Basil would be such a fool?" Ivan seemed quite to enjoy the revelation of Basil's foolishness.

"The servant did not deliver the letter?" said Narka, breathless.

"He did deliver it—to the Prince, of course."

"Ah! And what did the Prince do?"

"He put it into the fire. What else could he do?"

Narka tried to steal a deep breath of relief unnoticed. "I suppose," she said, "one could not expect he would have done otherwise." Then, after a pause, "Did Basil try anything more?"

"Basil, in due course, received an answer from Prince W——, his Majesty's secretary, informing him that his august master was not deceived by his generous subterfuge for saving the life of Father Christopher; and, moreover, admitting even that this particular charge against Father Christopher was false, there were a score of others proved, some that would have hanged him had not the imperial clemency been extended toward him for the sake of Prince Zorokoff. After this, Basil gave up the game. He had played badly, luckily for himself."

Narka, in her heart, echoed "luckily for himself." But she was proud to know that Basil had done his utmost to set Father Christopher free, even at the sacrifice of his own liberty, and the risk of his life.

After a pause, she said, "Do you believe Basil shot Larchoff?"

"No, I don't," said Ivan.

"You think he accused himself to obtain the father's release?"

"No, I don't."

"Then what do you think?" asked Narka, impatiently.

"I believe he *thought* he shot Larchoff. He told me he fired at what he took for a fox crouching behind a tree; there was a sound of something falling with a heavy thud on the dry brambles, but as it was growing dark, he did not care to grope to the spot and examine his game; he meant to tell the keeper; but when he came home he forgot all about it, and it was only when the news was brought of Larchoff's being found murdered that, like a flash of lightning, he saw he had shot him."

"It looks likely enough," observed Narka.

"If it had been Larchoff, he would have cried out, for he was not shot dead, nor did he lose consciousness; he was sensible to the last, and the doctor said he had been bleeding for a couple of hours, and that half an hour earlier he would still have had strength most likely to tell everything. It was loss of blood that did for him."

"Then who do you suppose shot him?" inquired Narka.

Ivan's big shoulders went slowly up, and then slowly down. "It may as likely have been Father Christopher. The wood was too dark for any one to take aim with safety; but everybody was on the *qui vive* about the wolf, and anxious to get the reward Basil had put on the brute's head."

"Father Christopher would not have been looking out for that; and he did not carry arms when he went on sick calls," argued Narka.

"Not in a general way. But there was the wolf, remember. I don't want to fasten it on Father Christopher," Ivan continued, turning his candid glance on her; "I only want to show that it was as likely to be his doing as Basil's. I did my best to make Basil see this, but he will have it that his bullet hit Larchoff. And he accuses himself of having killed Father Christopher, as well as Larchoff, by not acknowledging the accident at once. If I had not come in the nick of time, he would have been off to St. Petersburg, and given himself up as a prisoner."



"Oh!" Narka exclaimed, with a shudder; "that *would* have been madness."

"Utter madness, and without compensation of any sort. In the first place, he would not have released Father Christopher, and in the next place, he would have ruined Princess Sibyl—probably the Prince; the property would have been confiscated, and the sin of the son would most likely have been visited immediately on the father. But I had hard work to make Basil see this."

"But you did make him see it?"

"Yes, I finally did."

"How did you hear all about the mis-carriage of his letter?" Narka asked—"about the forged answer sent from the Emperor?"

"Not forged, false; the letter *was* written by Prince W—. Prince Zorokoff told me the story himself when I went to him to St. Petersburg with a letter from Basil."

It apparently did not occur to Ivan that there was anything shameful in the systematic trickery of the Prince, or in his, Ivan's, making himself a tacit accomplice in it. To Narka it was a genuine satisfaction, an intense relief, to learn that Basil had endeavored to undo the wrong he had done, and to feel at the same time that Ivan and the Prince stood between him and any future rash proceedings of honor and remorse.

"Are you going to make any stay here?" she asked.

"No; I leave to-morrow morning."

"You are not likely to see Basil soon again?"

"I shall see him at Easter. By-the-way, he gave me a letter for you," Ivan said, casting about for his pocket-book, as if it were by chance he had remembered it.

"And to think of your not telling me that at once!" said Narka, as he handed her the letter.

"I had more to tell you than Basil has put in his letter; that I'll swear to," replied Ivan, good-humoredly. "Are you going? Won't you wait to read it?"

"No; it has waited so long, it can wait till I get home." Narka was not going to open that precious letter before him, and run the chance of betraying herself. "Give my love to Sophie," she said, "and ask her to write to me. Write to me yourself, and give us news of her; that will be better."

Ivan accompanied her down-stairs, and

assisted her into the sleigh, and stood watching her as it drove down the avenue and disappeared along the road.

## CHAPTER XII.

NARKA went straight home, and hurried up to her room, and having locked the door, took out Basil's letter. It was not a long one. This is what he said:

"You have not misunderstood my silence. It was safest for you, and you are my first care in life. It was enough for each of us to know that the other was well. Don't lose heart. The time will not be long, please Heaven! Let this hope sustain you, as it does me. Every day I remember our last moments together. I am yours forever, through life and death."

It was a cold love-letter. But Narka read between the lines all that she wanted to see written there, and the very absence of terms of endearment had in it a strength of assurance that satisfied her. It surprised her a little that Basil should not have confided the truth about their mutual relationship to Ivan; but she quickly reminded herself that this contrast between his reserve toward a true and devoted friend and his absolute trust in her was only a new proof of his whole-hearted love. "And so have I loved you all my life," he had said to her when he was placing his mother's ring on her finger. And the memory of those words thrilled her with such a great joy that for the moment fear, doubt, anxiety, every feeling but perfect trust and secure happiness in his love, gave way. What could Sibyl and Marguerite and all the world together do against that love which had grown with his growth, and was strong enough to make him trample pride and every worldly interest underfoot? Narka kissed the precious letter, put it into her pocket, and made herself ready to go down-stairs.

By the time she had taken off her things she was calm enough to meet her mother, and tell her of the unexpected meeting with Ivan, and the good news of his having seen Basil. This gave them enough to talk about for the rest of the day. Narka's spirits had risen suddenly to overflowing gayety, and when that evening she sat down to the piano, Madame Larik could not have compared her voice to the crying of a soul in Purgatory. It sounded more like the singing of one of the blessed in



heaven, so thrilling was its jubilation, so melting sweet its tenderness, filling the whole house with melody, as the song of the bird overflows its cage and floods the surrounding air with music.

And yet, for all she was so happy, Narka slept uneasily that night. She had lain down full of sweet thoughts of Basil, but when she fell asleep she dreamed a dreadful dream about him. He came to fetch her, she thought, and they drove away together. The sleigh flew over the snow for miles and miles; at last they stopped at a stone house standing in the wilderness, with miles of snow stretching round on every side. Basil got out of the sleigh, and lifted her in his strong arms into the low-roofed house, and kissed her, and disappeared. Then she found herself alone with a man in a black mask, and wearing the uniform of the police; he stood looking at her in silence through the holes of his mask, until the silent stare made her blood run cold; at last he slowly removed the mask, and she beheld the dead face of Larchoff. The horror of the sight awoke her.

It was not much to be wondered at that the emotions of the day should have been followed by an agitated night, but this dream was so vivid that it left Narka nervous for some time after she awoke.

She dressed herself quickly, and went down to make the coffee, which she always carried up to her mother in bed. As she passed the entry into the little parlor there was a ring, and presently the maid ushered in a man wearing the hated uniform of the police.

"You are Narka Larik?" he said, with the abrupt directness of a person whose business can dispense with formality.

"Yes, I am Narka Larik."

"You are in correspondence with Prince Basil Zorokoff?"

"No, I am not."

"You are kept informed of his plans, and he left papers in your keeping."

"He left me nothing, and I know nothing of his plans," Narka answered, meeting the sharp scrutiny of the police officer without quailing.

He seemed staggered, she thought, by her confident bearing.

"Will you swear to that?" he demanded.

"I am not in the habit of swearing," she replied, with quiet hauteur. "To those who know me my word suffices."

"But to those who do not know you it

does not suffice," observed the officer; and he drew from his pocket a long flat case, opened it, and discovered an image of St. Nicholas. "Swear upon that," he said, holding it out to her. "Swear by the blessed St. Nicholas that you have in your possession no papers belonging to Basil Zorokoff."

For one moment Narka hesitated. For one moment conscience staggered back from the dreadful consummation; her tongue was held, as the murderer's finger is held on the trigger before he pulls it; red lightnings danced before her; then everything was a blank. She laid her hand on the icon, and said, "I swear it."

The officer deliberately closed the case and put it back into his pocket. "Another time I will take your word," he said, with a cruel smile. "You have perjured yourself, and you are my prisoner. Come!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE De Beaucrillons were at Naples.

M. de Beaucrillon had gone for a cruise in a friend's yacht, and Basil, who was staying at a hotel close by, had come to accompany Sibyl and Marguerite in their afternoon ride. Just as the party were about to start, however, Sibyl was seized with a shivering fit, and said she had taken a chill, and would stay at home. Marguerite declared she did not in the least mind giving up the ride, and was quite ready to stay with her; but Sibyl scouted the notion of this, and insisted on her going for her ride with Basil. Marguerite, reluctant to leave her, and shrinking a little from the long tête-à-tête with Basil, gave in, as everybody did to Sibyl, and the two set out together.

Sibyl watched them from the window as they mounted and rode away, and said within herself, impatiently, "If he has any sense he will have decided his own future and Marguerite's before I see them again."

Basil suspected that the chill had been invented in order to provide him precisely with this opportunity, and it annoyed him. Sibyl had done her utmost to induce him to pay his court to Marguerite, and cure her of the silly delusion about her call to be a Sister of Charity; but Basil had positively refused to make any such attempt. "If she has set her heart on a grand ideal," he said, "I am not such a fop as to imagine



I could turn her from it by making love to her."

His manner toward Marguerite was perfect—a mixture of chivalrous respect and brother-like familiarity—and it irritated Sibyl the more because she could not find fault with him. It had seemed to her, however, that within the last few days Basil showed signs of falling, unconsciously perhaps, but unmistakably, under the spell of Marguerite's charm, and she was determined to give him every opportunity of becoming hopelessly enslaved. To-day, however, the chill had been an honest chill, though it served her purpose.

But the manœuvring did not further her designs. The ride was a success as a ride, but an absolute failure as an opportunity for flirtation, or even conversation.

On returning to the hotel they found that Sibyl was in her room. She had grown rapidly worse, and the doctor had been sent for, and ordered her to bed at once. She sent word that Basil was to stay and dine, and she hoped after an hour or two's rest to be better, and able to see him in the evening. This was all very clever, but Basil was not duped by it; it annoyed him, and he would have gone back to dine at his hotel if he had not been afraid it might have seemed to Marguerite rude or stupid. So they dined alone. After dinner Sibyl's maid came to say that Madame la Comtesse had a frightful headache, and could not see either of them.

Basil went away about nine o'clock. It was the end of January, but the weather was balmy as if it had been September. The sky was deep blue, and full of stars, Orion prominent, striding across the zenith with his glittering belt and his sword and his dogs. Basil wondered whether he was shining more brilliantly in the Northern skies at Yrakow than here at Naples, and whether Narka was looking at the same constellations from her window amid the snow. He thought a great deal about Narka. Since Marguerite's arrival she was seldom out of his mind. The loyalty of his nature was in arms to protect her rights from the peril of Marguerite's presence. He said to himself a score of times a day, "She is a noble woman, she loves me, and I owe her my life." Narka might have looked into his heart all the day long and not detected one disloyal throb there. And yet, if she could have seen how sternly his honor was mounting

guard over her image, it might have pained her more, perchance, than a passing infidelity, for which a warmer love would have quickly atoned.

He was loath to go in-doors, the night was so glorious. He sauntered along the Chiaja, listening to the angry growl of Vesuvius, and watching the blue waters of the bay, so calm that they reflected the stars like a second sky. It was past midnight when he went back to his hotel.

Next morning he was dawdling over his coffee when a servant knocked at the door of his room, and said there was a gentleman outside wanting to see him. Basil, surprised at so early a visit, desired him to be shown in. He uttered a loud exclamation of pleasure on beholding Ivan Gorff, grasped his hand, and pushed him into a chair, laughing and rejoicing. But Ivan, instead of responding in his usual quiet way, remained ominously silent.

"What is the matter?" said Basil, in quick alarm. "My father?"

"He is well. I saw him four days ago. But there is other trouble. Narka Larik is in prison."

Basil sprang to his feet with a cry, and then dropped back into his chair.

Ivan told the story that we know.

"It was a providential chance that I heard of the arrest at all," he added. "I was to have left early next morning to catch the first train from X., but I overslept, and missed it, so I went out to see the Lariks, and heard what had happened an hour before. It was pitiable to see the poor mother; she was half mad with grief. I went straight to St. Petersburg, and told the Prince. He was terribly distressed. He could not have been more shocked if Narka had been his daughter. He went off at once to the police to learn where she was, and then to the Minister, and set every engine at work."

"Where is she?"

Ivan hesitated. "Well," he said, "you will have to know. She is at Kronstadt."

"Oh, my God!" Basil stood up, and walked the length of the room, muttering to himself. "*Kronstadt!* Oh God! it is too horrible. Narka! Narka! why was I born to bring this horror upon thee?" He let himself drop into a chair, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Ivan waited a moment to let the first violence of his agitation spend itself before he spoke. "You did, then, leave papers in her keeping?"



"I did—curses on me for a blind fool! Did the police find them first, or did they force her to give them up?"

"They did neither. They turned the cottage inside out, but they found nothing; and Narka denied that she had anything belonging to you. She had stuck to that denial when I came away. They got nothing out of her after ten days in Kronstadt. The Prince—"

Basil put up his hand with a quick gesture, as if to stop Ivan from saying something that he could not bear.

"I was going to say," continued Ivan, "that she has suffered nothing worse than imprisonment so far. The Prince has managed that, and he will keep on paying to prevent it."

Basil drew a deep breath. "I must at all risks go at once to St. Petersburg; and see my father, and—"

"That would be madness, and it would not help Narka," interrupted Ivan.

"Listen," said Basil. And he related rapidly the history of his threatened danger, his escape through Narka's assistance, and his troth plighted to her before they parted.

Ivan's round blue eyes grew rounder as he listened. But no one could have guessed that the story excited in him any stronger emotion than astonishment.

"You see, at all risks I must go," Basil continued. "I must go and stand by her; I must tell my father the whole truth, and ask him to come with me to the Emperor and obtain her instant release."

Ivan laid his broad hand heavily on Basil's shoulder. "Take care that you don't close the prison door on her altogether by overhaste in trying to open it. Your father is now moving heaven and earth in her interest; but do you think if he knew that as soon as she was free you meant to make her Princess Zorokoff, he would work as hard for her release? He would feel it his first duty to himself and you to leave her safe where she is. He would not go to the Emperor and sue him to liberate a low-born Jewess that she might be set up at the head of the Zorokoffs. It would be a choice of sacrificing her or you. Do you think he would hesitate?"

"When he hears that I owe her my life?" insisted Basil; but there was more vehemence than conviction in the way he said it. The hard logic of Ivan's reasoning fell upon him like the blows of a ham-

mer; his whole will rose in rebellion against it, but he felt that it was stronger than his will. "Then, in Heaven's name, what am I to do?" he cried, with the petulant despair of impotence.

"Ask Princess Sibyl to go to St. Petersburg and throw herself at the feet of the Empress, and implore her to obtain an order for Narka's release. That is the only thing you can do that will avail. But trust me, keep your secret as close from the Princess as from your father; she is a Zorokoff, and it would be sacrilege in her eyes to set the coronet of her house on the head of a Jewess."

Basil winced. He felt the full truth of this, and it exasperated him to find himself powerless, stopped at every turn from lifting a finger for the woman who had saved his liberty, and been herself dragged into such trials through his fault. It was like being pinioned in a strait-waistcoat and forced to look on while one dear to him was tortured.

"I will go to Sibyl," he said, "and you will tell her what has happened."

They went at once to Sibyl's house. The valet met them at the door. "I was coming to fetch you, Prince," he said. "Madame la Comtesse is very ill. M. le Comte has been sent for."

The chill had been no pretence. Sibyl was in high fever, tossing on her pillow, delirious.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE fever ran its course. Sibyl's life was never in actual danger, but it was six weeks before she was able to leave her room, and then nearly a month elapsed before the physicians said that her husband might venture to tell her of Narka's imprisonment. Even then, though he broke it to her with the gentlest precautions, the shock affected her health seriously for some days.

Of course the proposal of her taking the journey to St. Petersburg, with such excitement awaiting her at the end of it, was postponed indefinitely. The typhoid fever had left mischief behind it, and as soon as she was strong enough to bear the fatigue she was to go to Schwalbach for the baths and waters.

All these delays were terrible to Basil. Without Ivan he could not have borne them. But Ivan was a staff to them all.



He lived on the railway between St. Petersburg and Kronstadt and Naples, taking flying visits to the Crimea, where Sophie was fading away. Owing to the largess he scattered with royal generosity to the greedy wolves at the fortress, he was able to obtain many alleviations for Narka, and to convey written messages from her to her mother. He paid without counting, wherever there was a man to be bribed or a chance secured.

Marguerite had remained with Sibyl up to the present. Her purpose was still unshaken. Basil's companionship had not made her falter, and after the severe test of many months' temptation she was more convinced than ever that Heaven called her to renounce all things for God's sake, and for the service of the poor. Gaston, from the first, had not attempted to oppose her, and when Sibyl was pronounced strong enough to go to Schwalbach, Marguerite bade her farewell, and returned to Paris, accompanied by her brother.

The De Beaucrillons had given saints to the cloister and heroes to every battlefield, the Church, the State, and the camp, and more than one fair virgin face, shrouded in the veil, looked down on Gaston de Beaucrillon from the walls of his ancestral home. The moment had come for him to prove that the high courage he had inherited from a knightly race had not degenerated. He loved his young sister with the tenderest emotion, but when the day came, he went with her to the Rue du Bac, and in that whitewashed *parloir* that has so often seen enacted the humble but divine drama of a life's sacrifice the brother and sister kissed and parted.

Then M. de Beaucrillon rejoined his wife.

Prince Zorokoff was working in Narka's behalf with a zeal that did credit to his heart, but, as his family well knew, this particular exercise of zeal was precisely what best suited his taste and capacity. The atmosphere of a court was to him the very breath of heaven; he was in his element in the midst of its intrigues and ambitions; the splendid and awful chances which made life under the eye of a despot a standing lottery, where the prizes were wealth and titles and honors and miraculous rescues, and the blanks torture, captivity, exile, and death; were to this loyal Muscovite exhilarating as wine. He was impatient for Sibyl to come

and play her part in the present drama, and exert her influence with the Empress, which would be creditable to him as well as serviceable to Narka. Finding, at last, that in spite of his urgent appeals M. de Beaucrillon insisted on his wife's carrying out the doctor's injunctions to the last point, without sacrificing one bath, the Prince resolved to act on his own unaided resources, and to entreat the Empress himself.

"Our sovereign's birthday is approaching," he wrote to Sibyl, "and I will petition her on that occasion for Narka. Her Majesty delights to bestow happiness at all times, but more especially does she love, in her adorable goodness, to make this auspicious anniversary a day of consolation to the sorrowful, and of rejoicing for all her subjects."

Nothing in Russian life and character puzzled M. de Beaucrillon so much as this servile worship of the Czar. The abject tone used by a proud nobleman like Prince Zorokoff in speaking of the despot who destroyed or destituted human beings with no more compunction than the mower cuts down the poppies in drawing his scythe through the grass was a mystery that Gaston gave up trying to solve. So inveterate was the habit of slave-like homage in the Russian mind that even when writing to his own daughter the Prince's language was as sycophantic as if he were addressing his imperial master in person, or speaking to a brother courtier who might repeat his words. And the way Sibyl acquiesced in her father's blind adoration was still more incomprehensible.

The autocratic *régime* had, however, its redeeming point—it was exciting, it was fruitful in emotions. They were generally of a painful kind, but a joyful one was just now in reserve for even Gaston. Sibyl had nearly completed her course of baths at Schwalbach, and was making ready to set out for St. Petersburg, when she received a letter from her father saying the Emperor had pardoned Basil, and appointed him Chamberlain to the Empress, while the Empress, on her side, had implored and obtained Narka's release. The Prince was on the point of starting with Ivan Gorff to Kronstadt with the order for her immediate liberation, and they would then convey her back to Tante Nathalie at Yrakow.

Sibyl's joy was only equalled by her



gratitude. "I always felt certain that the Emperor would grant both petitions if they were properly presented to him," she said, crying and laughing with delight. "Our sweet Empress! our grand, magnanimous Emperor! May their goodness bring down every blessing on their heads!" She clasped her hands, and raised her drowned eyes to Heaven in devoutest supplication.

M. de Beaucrillon was going to retort, but he shut his lips tight, with a widening grimace expressive of determination to keep them shut. He was too thankful for the cause of these ardent benedictions to sneer at his wife's loyal effusions; but what, in the name of justice and common-sense, had Narka done to call forth this gratitude to the Emperor for having ordered her to be let out of prison? Basil had misbehaved himself, though how far his misconduct deserved the severe punishment that had overtaken him, and the still severer fate that he had escaped, had never been explained. But Narka on some vague suspicion had been thrown into a dungeon, and kept there five months, although the active researches of the police had failed to produce anything to substantiate the smallest charge against her. And because she was now liberated the heavens were to break and rain down dew upon the heads of the sweet Empress and the magnanimous Emperor! Truly it was strange to see Sibyl, the child of a freeborn French mother, so completely the victim of inherited paternal blindness as to invest the caprice of an irresponsible tyrant with the character of divine clemency.

It was a great relief in every way that the journey to St. Petersburg was given up. M. de Beaucrillon felt as if he had himself been let out of prison when he set his face toward France, with the prospect of respite, for a time at least, from those sudden catastrophes and hair-breadth escapes which made life within breathing distance of a Russian atmosphere a constant gasp and strain.

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## CHAPTER XV.

A YEAR had gone by since Narka's release and Basil's restoration to imperial favor. In that interval many things had happened. Madame Larik and Sophie Gorff had died, Sibyl had become a mo-

ther, and Marguerite de Beaucrillon had passed her novitiate, and put on the gray gown and white cornette of a Sister of Charity.

Narka, after her mother's death, left Yrakow and went to Koenigsberg, where some old friends of her mother resided. She took with her nothing but her books and a few little household gods, and her piano—Sibyl's gift to her before her marriage. So long as her mother lived she had accepted Prince Zorokoff's generous kindness, but when she was left alone she refused to remain a pensioner on his bounty, and went to Koenigsberg, and supported herself by giving lessons in singing.

She and Basil had not met. His request for a passport and short *cong  * to go and see his sister was met by a peremptory refusal, and an intimation that he had better not repeat the demand for at least a year. He chafed, but submitted. Rebellion was useless. He corresponded regularly with Narka, and though his letters were guarded in their expressions, Basil being, as he was aware, under close surveillance, he was able to make her feel that she was his chief object in life. He was bitterly distressed at not being able to repay her even a portion of his debt; but the Prince never had a ruble to spare; he was hard set to find money for his own extravagant expenses, and to supply Basil with the means of keeping up the costly decencies of his position at court. He kept him, in fact, like a school-boy, allowing him to run up what bills he liked, but never giving him any money to spend.

Narka was, however, so far, in no straits. She had a little sum from the sale of her furniture to start with, and she had found pupils enough to keep her moderate wants supplied. The separation from Basil was her great trial. But though she suffered, she was far from unhappy. She loved him, and she believed undoubtingly in his love for her. She was therefore like one kept waiting at the gate of Paradise, and soon to be admitted to its lovely shade and sweet-scented alleys.

Basil's plan was by patience to disarm all suspicion of his purpose, and then obtain a passport under pretence of going to see Sibyl; once free, he would marry Narka, and trust to his father's forgiving him. It was a vague enough plan, but it was the only one that held any hope of accom-



plishing their union; so Narka was content to abide by it, keeping her heart quiet with blissful dreams of the future that each day drew nearer to her.

Sibyl had written affectionately, offering her a home after Tante Nathalie's death; but Narka had refused to accept it. She preferred, and she knew that Basil preferred, that she should remain independent of Sibyl for the present. She gave, however, as a reason for her refusal that she hoped to find a centre of work very easily at Koenigsberg, and that for a time at least it would be better for her to be occupied and amidst new scenes and people. Sibyl agreed that change of association and work might, indeed, be the best thing for her, after all that she had gone through. Narka ought to have been satisfied, but so inconsistent is human nature that it sent a pang through her heart to see Sibyl assenting to her reasons, instead of contradicting and trying to overrule them.

She had been six months at Koenigsberg when Sibyl's baby was born. Nothing could be more cheering than Sibyl's manner of announcing the joyful event to her. "I feel," she wrote, "as if my joy in him would not be complete until I see my baby in your arms, my Narka. Ah! does the future hold in reserve for me the delight of holding *your* baby in *my* arms? I believe it does, *ma chérie*. I believe that all the sorrow that has gone before was a preparation for some great happiness in store for you."

Narka read the letter many times over. Did Sibyl guess? Or was it her own overflowing happiness that made her prophetic?

Life seemed now, indeed, a perfect joy for Sibyl, and her letters were electric in their communication of it. The baby was a little magician whose wand made everything beautiful. When in due course he performed the seemingly unparalleled feat of lisping his mother's name, the wonder was that things went on as usual, that the sun rose and set just as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Sibyl's great anxiety was lest Narka should not see him until the glory of his infant graces had departed, and he should have entered on another phase of intelligence and fascination. But these fears were suddenly dissipated by a prospect as unexpected as it was blissful to Narka.

She received a letter from Basil telling her that he was appointed to the post of

Secretary to the Russian Embassy in Paris, and was to enter on his new duties in about three months. Prince Krinsky, the newly named Ambassador, had asked for him, alleging that his thorough knowledge of European languages would make him a valuable auxiliary, and that he knew no other young man so suitable for the post.

"My father is very pleased," said Basil, "though the appointment will cost him a lot of money. He has, however, found means of raising it at once, and has been so generous that I am able to send you two thousand rubles, which the bearer of this letter will hand you in German money. You will go, immediately on receiving it, to Paris, and there await my arrival. Sibyl will want you to go to her; but I prefer that you should not. We will make her understand the reason soon. I am in hopes that things will favor us more readily than I had dared expect. Of course there will be a great row. But the Empress is really kind, and I count on her support to bring round my father. That done, we shall have no more trouble. The Fates seem as if they were going to be good to us at last.

"I have written to Ivan to go and accompany you to Paris. He will find a nice lodging for you, and make you feel less lonely on arriving in the strange place. Sibyl is at Biarritz, which is just as well, under the circumstances.

"*Au revoir* soon, my own beloved one.  
"BASIL."

Narka could hardly believe that this wonderful news was true. Three short months, and Basil would meet her and make her his wife! Gladly would she have started that same hour for Paris, so eager was she to obey him and to find herself in the city where he appointed to meet her; but it is only people in the story-books who can follow instantaneously the dictates of their will, and put into execution a plan the moment it is formed. Some few arrangements were necessary before breaking up her little temporary home, and a week must elapse before she could leave Koenigsberg. Meantime she must write to Sibyl and announce her intended departure. Her heart beat with a new delight at the thought of meeting Sibyl, of the welcome she would receive from her.



Singing and smiling to herself, Narka sat down to write. It was only when she took the pen in her hand that she remembered it was impossible for her to give the true reason of this sudden resolution of going to live in Paris. And yet it was absolutely necessary to give some reason. She rested her chin in her hand, and sat turning the pen in her fingers, considering what she could say. It did not much matter what reason she gave, provided it was a plausible enough one to satisfy Sibyl for the moment. After long deliberation she determined to say that people who knew assured her that her talent would find much wider scope and larger remuneration in Paris, and that she had finally made up her mind to follow this indication, and the longings of her own heart, and come and live within reach of her beloved Sibyl's companionship. Narka's conscience pricked her as she wrote this made-up story, but the next moment she laughed at her scruples. "I will tell her the truth soon enough," she said to herself, "and meantime I must do what Basil wishes."

By return of post she received an answer from Sibyl. With a pleasant flutter at her hungry heart, she opened the violet-scented envelop with its delicate gold cipher, all so suggestive of Sibyl, and read:

"Oh, my Narka, what a wonderful surprise this is! What a delight it will be to clasp you to my heart, and gaze into those beautiful eyes that have been like two fountains of love and sympathy to me all my life! And then the pleasure of seeing my boy in his aunt Narka's arms, learning to love her and tyrannize over her! But, my precious one, have you sufficiently weighed the risks you run in leaving your present home for a great wilderness like Paris? It is quite true your glorious voice and your rare

musical genius would in time secure you both fame and fortune; but you must first be known, and it is very uphill work in this great Paris for a stranger to become known. I hear and see a good deal of this kind of struggle, and many a time when I have been watching the disappointments and heart-sinkings of a young artist the thought of you has brought the tears to my eyes, and I have thanked God you were spared the misery of having to fight the battle of life under such cruel conditions. For though lessons are no doubt paid much more highly here than in Koenigsberg, the necessities of life also are very much dearer.

"Darling, I feel it is kinder to tell you all this before you take a step which may lead to bitter regret. Of course, if you still decide on coming, I can only rejoice selfishly for my own sake. Seeing you will be like a breeze of sweet air from Yrakow. Ever thine own SIBYL."

If Narka had been asked what effect this letter produced on her, she would have likened it to a sudden chill. Yet there was no stint of tender expressions in it from first to last, and it was perhaps inevitable that Sibyl, who was the most impractical of human beings, should be scared at the idea of one like Narka coming to try her fortune in a place like Paris. Sibyl only realized two manners of existence—her own, gliding smoothly through broad, flowering meads, and that of the people sweating and toiling to keep her chariot wheels well oiled; she had no practical knowledge of any intervening states. Narka repeated these reasons to herself, and tried to take comfort in dwelling on the caressing endearments that were sprinkled through Sibyl's letter like dew-drops over the dry dust of her cold, repelling arguments.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HORSE-CHESTNUTS.—A FANCY.

BY M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

MY heart, my heart,  
 To life did start,  
 And blossom with the blooming spring;  
 My soul did move  
 With April love,  
 And grew with every greening thing.



Fair buds the beech—  
Too fair for speech  
Of mine to show its changing mien.  
How soft and slow!—  
First a green glow,  
And then a mist, a cloud of green.

Soft covering they,  
The tassels gray  
That hang the willow branches all,  
And soft the blush  
That pink doth flush  
The apple-trees above the wall.

Not so, not so,  
My love did grow  
As these do sprout—invisibly;  
Scarce can one tell,  
Nor reckon well,  
The day, the hour, their birth did see.

But mark the way  
That long ere May  
The fans do clothe the chestnut-trees;  
On each curved twig  
The bud grows big,  
And shineth bronze-like in the breeze.

To-day it's sheathed,  
To-morrow breathed  
Upon by every wind of morn,  
And the tree stands  
With thousand hands  
Of young green, since the midnight born.

And so—yes, so—  
My love did grow,  
Fed by the breezes and the sun,  
Till, bathed in dew,  
My spirit knew  
Its fragrant summer-time begun.

In thy sweet eyes  
My sun did rise;  
Thy voice made April wind-puffs rude,  
And at its call  
My longings all  
Full-budded into lovings stood.

One day, one hour,  
And all the power  
Of love I'd sought not mastered me,  
And all my mind  
No thought could find  
Not green with new-born hopes of thee.



# THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

## I.



THE Comédie Française is not only a national monument, but a historical monument most intimately connected with the history of French literature. It has been in existence more than two centuries; besides the French Academy, it is the only institution of the old *régime* that has deserved to survive. It was one of the glories of France under Louis XIV.; it remains one of the glories of France under the third republic, and, by the admission of all, the first theatre in the world. Time never respects that which has been created without its aid, it has been said, and so, like all that is durable, the Comédie Fran-

çaise is the work of time. Its origin dates back to the reign of Henri IV., when some comedians came and established themselves near the Hôtel Saint-Paul, and founded the Théâtre du Marais. A few years later other comedians built a new theatre, which Corneille and Rotrou soon rendered illustrious; this was the theatre

of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Next we find the theatres of the Petit Bourbon and the Palais Royal, where Molière's pieces were first played, and Racine's maiden piece, *La Thébaïde*. In 1673 Molière died; his company divided; and up to 1680 we find three theatres in Paris—the theatre of the Marais, the company of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the company of the Théâtre Guénégaud. In 1680 Louis XIV. ordered the amalgamation of the two principal companies, under the title of Comédie Française, and created a monopoly in favor of this new theatre, "in order to render the representations of the comedians more perfect." The foundation of the Comédie Française forms part of the grand scheme of centralization which Louis XIV. realized during his long reign. His Majesty "Le Roi Soleil" organized literature and the arts, and made Versailles the capital of all the artistic manifestations whose splendors he sought to legitimate and codify by associating them with grand institutions, the function of which was to carry everything to its highest degree of perfection, to realize an ideal type. The Academy, the Opera, and the Comédie Française were organized by Louis XIV. with very high aims, and not merely with a view to the distraction of himself and of his courtiers. The theatre was largely founded, as the old historian Chapuzeau says of the Academy, to spread the influence of the king in spreading the French language, "for a prince nowadays with the French tongue alone, which has spread everywhere, has the same advantages that Mithridates had with twenty-two."

In the precious archives of the Comédie Française, in the Register of Lagrange, the friend and fellow-actor of Molière, is preserved the *lettre de cachet*, dated October 21, 1680, by which Louis XIV. constituted the association and partnership of the comedians. But, as we have seen, this date cannot be regarded as that of their origin. In the order of time the Hôtel de Bourgogne is the true ancestor





EXTERIOR OF THE THEATRE.

of the Comédie Française, and the year 1548 should figure on its letter-paper rather than 1680. In the reign of Charles VI. the Confrères de la Passion obtained the privilege of opening the first theatre known in France, on the express condition of playing only sacred pieces; but November 17, 1548, the Parliament consented to renew their privilege, on the equally express condition that they should play only profane pieces, "*des pièces prophanes, honnestes et licites.*" Thereupon the "Confrères" withdrew, and the true comedians arrived, and built themselves a theatre in an appurtenance of the hôtel of the Dukes of Burgundy in the Rue Mauconseil. This theatre during one hundred and thirty-two years was the delight of the Parisians; it was there that the plays of Iodelle, Garnier, Larivey, Rotrou, Corneille, and Racine were originally performed; and when it was united by order of the king with the theatre of the successors of Molière, its repertory became in the main the classical repertory which is still played at the theatre of the Rue Richelieu at the present day.

Since 1680 the Comédie Française has frequently changed its home. We find it successively in the Palais Royal, then

Rue Mazarin, in a tennis-court, the site of which is now marked by the Passage du Pont Neuf; then, in 1689, in the Rue des Fossés Saint-Germain, now called Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, opposite the Café Procope. In this latter house were played the pieces of Regnard and Dancourt, of Dufresny and Destouches, of Crebillon, Lesage, Voltaire, Marivaux, Gresset, Piron, Diderot, and Sedaine. In 1770 the Comédie Française migrated to the Tuileries, where it remained until 1782. It was there that Beaumarchais had his *Barbier de Séville* played, and there that Voltaire's *Irène* was made the pretext for that unheard-of triumph which Bachaumont has described in the minutest details in his secret memoirs, and which has been immortalized by engraving; the marble bust of Voltaire was crowned on the stage in presence of the living model, and amidst the acclamations of an enthusiastic crowd. In our own days Victor Hugo was the hero of a similar triumph.

In 1782 the comedians took possession of a new theatre, now called the Odéon, where they remained until they were suppressed by the Revolution in 1793. During these troublous times the actors were imprisoned, and the existence of the Comé-

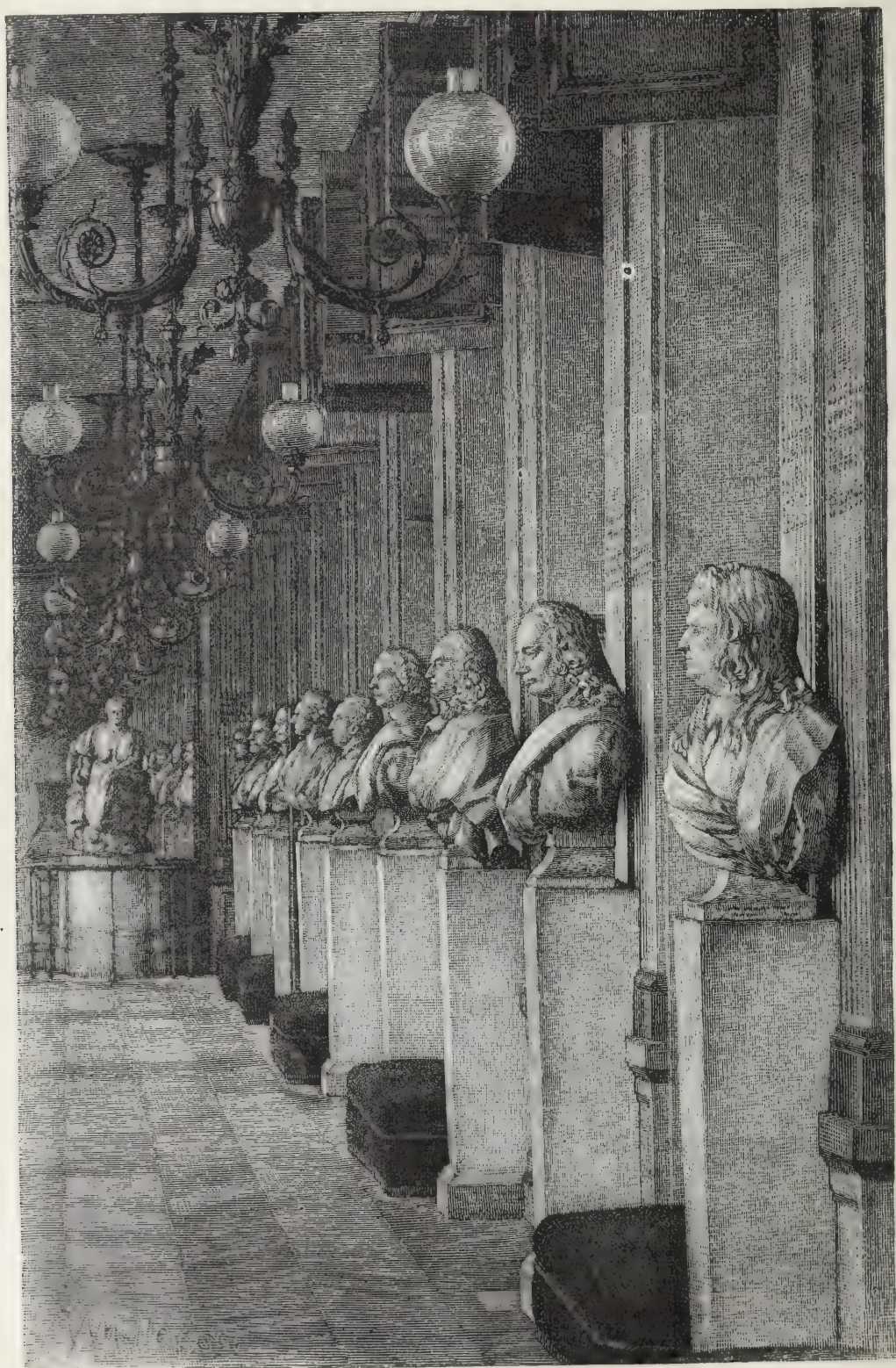




STATUE OF CORNEILLE IN THE VESTIBULE.



die Française was interrupted until the First Consul reconstituted the theatre in 1799, and installed it in the house in the never seem to have paid much heed to their remoter origin. They prefer to regard Molière as their ancestor and found-



GALLERY OF BUSTS.

Rue Richelieu where it has remained ever since.

Here, indeed, is a glorious past and incontestable antiquity, but the comedians

er. As has been said by M. Regnier, a former *sociétaire*, and the historian of the Comédie, "the great king, in constituting their partnership, in giving them a





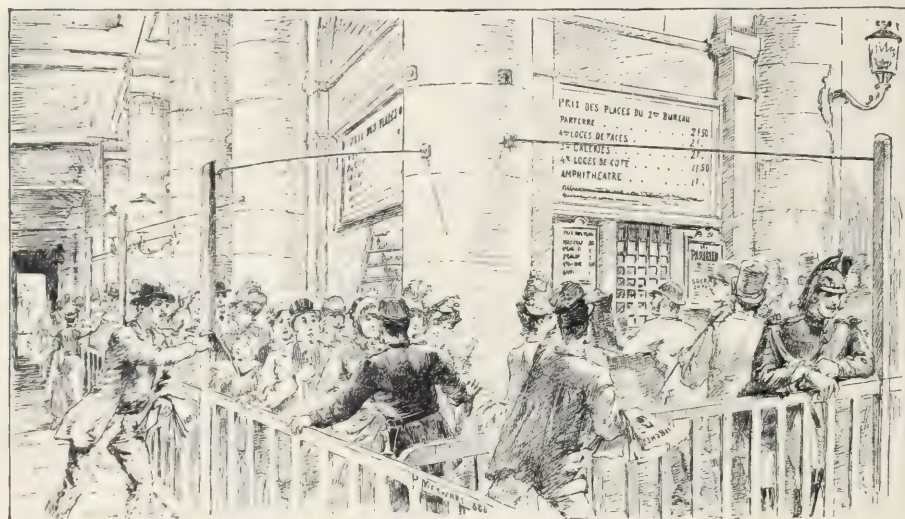
VESTIBULE OF THE THEATRE.



pension, in reserving for himself the final admission or rejection of new members, and in making them his comedians in ordinary, gave them, it is true, durability and material existence; but the great poet gave them his glory and his name, which in times of danger has proved more efficacious than contracts and regulations in protecting the House of Molière." It was, indeed, the name of Molière that raised

that these things have been so for centuries; to change them would be like removing landmarks of tradition. The narrow entrance doors of indescribable color, and innocent of all ornament, charm you because they remind you of another age. And the grand vestibule, which looks like a Florentine crypt, that spacious vaulted rotunda peopled with statues, the walls covered with antique mirror-glass in small

squares, the stairways that radiate on all sides, guarded by the ushers of the Comédie, correct and courteous, with their heavy silver chains of office hanging round their necks, how different from anything one has ever seen! The *contrôle*, that sort of counter - bureau, softly lighted by oil lamps, where sit the three judges who examine



TICKET OFFICE.

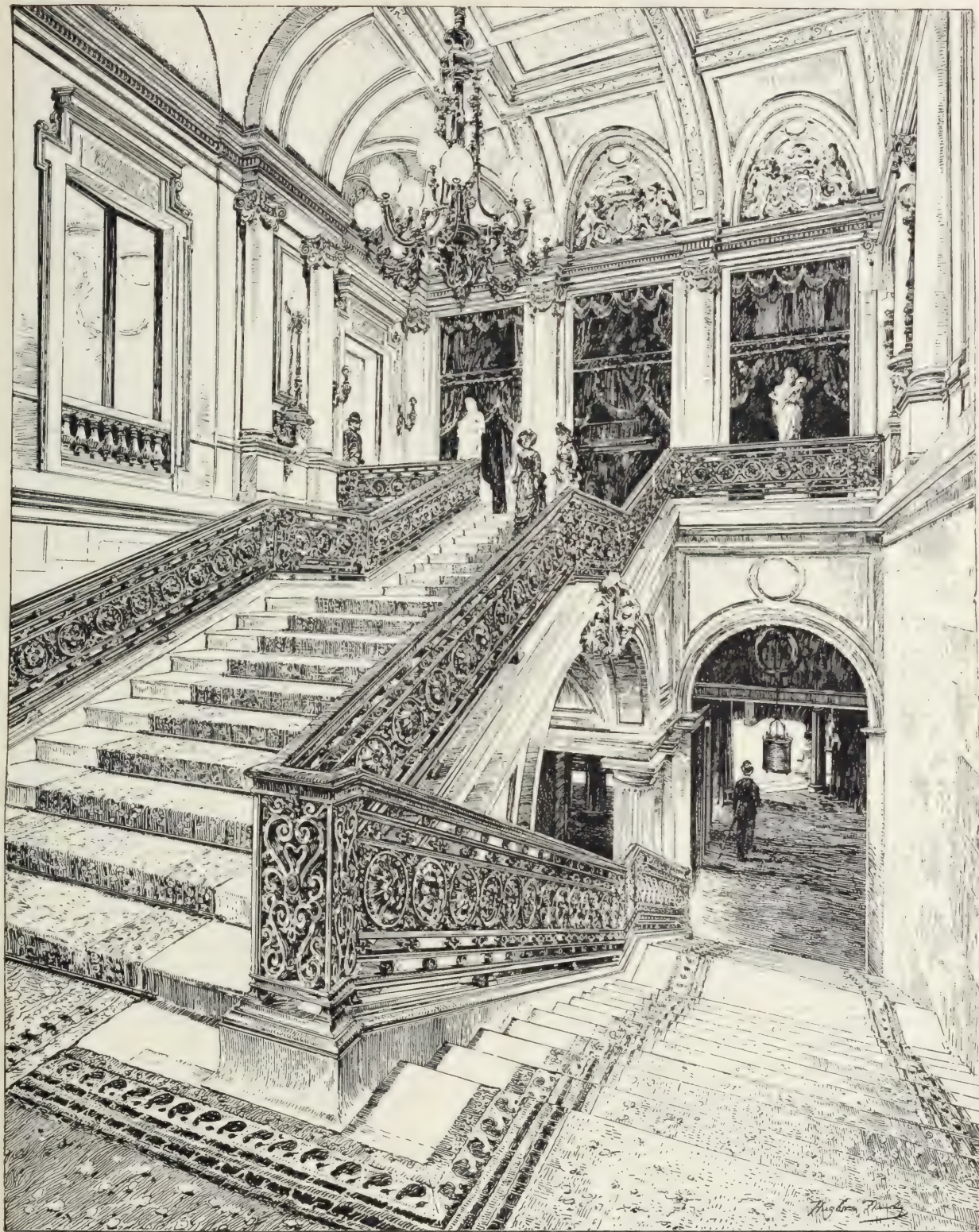
the theatre from its ruins in the year VIII; it was the name of Molière that saved it in 1834, when there was talk of allowing to degenerate into a common commercial enterprise an institution which, founded by Louis XIV., and re-established by Napoleon, had continued to bear the name of the Maison de Molière.

## II.

It is a superb monument, this house of Molière, a veritable Grand Seigneur's palace, with sumptuous saloons, a staircase adorned with statues, galleries full of pictures, busts, and statuary, and the thousand souvenirs that bear eloquent witness to a long and glorious past. The exterior, from the surrounding colonnade to the lantern on the summit of the roof, gives one the impression of immutable and grandiose stability. Even the *guichets*, so primitive and so inconvenient, where the public buys its checks, even the wooden movable palisading that contains the *queue*—the closely packed crowd, like sheep in a fold under the watchful and paternal eyes of a policeman and a soldier of the municipal guard—do not offend at the Comédie Française, for one reflects

port, and pronounce the magic words, "*Au premier à gauche*," "*Au deuxième à droite*," the "open sesame" of this temple of the muses! These three examiners, or *contrôleurs*, are there to protect three financial interests—that of the theatre, that of the authors, who are constituted into a Société des Auteurs dramatiques, and that of the poor, represented by the Administration des Hôpitaux. But let us neglect for the moment questions of administration, and rather feast our eyes on the splendors of art that we find on all sides. Facing the *contrôle* stands a marble statue by David d'Angers representing Talma studying a rôle, in the costume and attitude of a Cæsar thinking of the destinies of his empire. On either side of Talma are allegoric statues of Tragedy and Comedy by Duret, and to the left Clesinger's statue of Rachel, also representing Tragedy, draped in an antique peplum, and holding a poniard in her hand. In the vestibule of the entrance from the Place du Palais Royal, seated in niches softly lighted by two modest reflectors, are the two tutelary geniuses of the house, Molière and Corneille, chiselled in marble by the sculptors Audron and





THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Falguière. Let us pass along the broad lobby between two rows of marble busts and walk up the grand staircase, which is comparatively recent, having been added by the architect M. Chabrol, when the Théâtre Français was enlarged in 1864, thanks to land gained by street improvements on the side of the Place du Palais

Royal. The public foyer and the whole south façade of the theatre date from the same year. This staircase, with its marble caryatides by Carrier Belleuse, its rich iron balustrade, its fine architectural lines, deserves nothing but praise. Unfortunately it leads only to a lobby, and one must turn to the left to enter the pub-



lic foyer or crush-room. This foyer looks like a rich and artistic salon, with its profusion of delicate gilding, its pilasters, its mirrors, its graceful ornamentation, and fine decorative paintings. Seated comfortably in an arm-chair or on a sofa, one can contemplate at one's ease a rare collection of masterpieces of French sculpture of the eighteenth century placed around the room. In the midst of a mass of verdure and flowers Voltaire occupies the place of honor at one end, not as a dramatic author, not as one of the grand ancestors of the house, but because his statue is the finest that Houdon ever made. At the other end of the room, on each side of the monumental chimney-piece, are busts of Molière and Corneille, and in front of each of the sixteen fluted pilasters that divide the walls into panels stands on its pedestal a marble bust of some celebrated author, by Houdon, Caffieri, Pajou, Boizot, or others—an admirable series, which is continued along the adjoining gallery, at the end of which we admire Clesinger's seated statue of George Sand. The foyer and the gallery of busts constitute for the public the museum of the Comédie Française. But these two rooms contain only a very small part of the artistic treasures of the house. In every passage, in every room, on every stairway, on every wall, there are busts, pictures, engravings, historical souvenirs, which the public does not see. The artists' greenroom, the committee-room, the directors' cabinet in particular, are most interesting, but of course unless you have friends at court you cannot enter these rooms. Happily, as far at least as the sculpture is concerned, the greater part of the masterpieces is placed permanently within the public view, in the foyer and the passages.

Considering the antiquity of the Comédie, the museum is of comparatively recent origin; its creation, in fact, only dates from the last century. In 1743 there was only one portrait in the greenroom, namely, that of Mademoiselle Duclos as Ariane, by Largillière—a most beautiful work to begin with. Gradually other portraits were added, but the idea of creating a museum or a really historical gallery at the Théâtre Français was not formulated until the sculptor Jean Jacques Caffieri suggested to the artists that they might make their greenroom "*le dépôt des portraits de ceux qui ont illustré la scène*." It was in 1773 that Caffieri first entered into re-

lations with the comedians by offering to make a bust of Piron, who had just died, on condition of receiving his entries for life. The comedians accepted the offer, and henceforward, in exchange for each bust that he made, Caffieri received a life entry from the Comédie Française, with the right of transferring it to a third person. Thus the comedians were able to decorate their greenroom without opening their purses, and Caffieri did not lose his pains, since he thus received indirectly full price for work which he might have found it difficult to sell otherwise. From the correspondence preserved in the archives of the Théâtre Français I find that Caffieri estimated his busts in marble at 3000 francs each, which sum represented precisely the price of a life entry to the Comédie. The comedians possess Caffieri's masterpiece, the magnificent bust of Rotrou, and busts by him in marble of Piron, La Chaussée, De Belloy, J. B. Rousseau, Thomas Corneille, Pierre Corneille, and two exquisite busts in terra-cotta of Quinault and La Fontaine, which now stand on the staircase leading to the administrative department, where the public does not see them.

Other artists having become acquainted with the system of indirect payment proposed by Caffieri and accepted by the Comédie, offered their services to the comedians on the same conditions. In 1778 Houdon offered to make the bust of Voltaire in exchange for a life entry. Pajou, Foucou, Boizot, and Moret made busts of eminent authors on the same terms, and year by year the greenroom grew richer and richer in works of sculpture. In 1780 Madame Duvivier, niece and heiress of Voltaire, gave to the Comédie the pearl of its museum, that superb marble figure of Voltaire by Houdon which is now the chief ornament of the public foyer. At the present day the riches of the Comédie are so abundant that for want of room even masterpieces have to be left in dark corners, unseen and almost forgotten. At the Comédie Française, in the actors' greenroom and in the public foyer, almost all the master-portraitists of the eighteenth century, sculptors and painters alike, may be studied in their best work. The sculpture is particularly admirable. The statues and busts of the museum of the Comédie may be compared with the antique treasures of the museums of Italy, and the conclu-





PUBLIC FOYER, WITH STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

sion will be that the sculptor's art never achieved its end with more truth and more of the ideal than it did by the chisel

of Houdon, Caffieri, Pajou, and David d'Angers. For they are really splendid and radiant with beauty and genius, these



busts to which time has contributed the master-touches, giving life to the flesh, and accentuating the expression according to the sculptor's indications.

### III.

After this digression on the history of the museum of the Comédie, let us resume our visit to the building, and enter at once the private apartments through the doorway on the Place du Palais Royal, over which is written, "Administration." Opening the folding-doors covered with green moleskin, we find ourselves at the foot of a simple and dimly lighted staircase, but at each landing there are marble busts—Corneille, Molière, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mademoiselle Mars by David d'Angers, La Fontaine and Quinault by Caffieri; the walls are covered with portraits of the famous comedians of old—Mesdames Champmeslé, Dangeville, Préville, Favart, Bourgoïn, Raucourt—charming apparitions that one sees through the luminous golden glaze of age, smiling and passing gracefully against backgrounds of verdure and gardens, reminding one of the beribboned pastorals of Watteau and Lancret. Here, more severe in aspect, is the portrait of Talma by Lagrenée the younger, and the portrait of Rachel by Gérôme. Turning to the right, we pass the offices of the two secretaries and enter the cabinet of the administrator general—a charming room, entirely draped in tapestry, where M. Jules Claretie now directs the fortunes of the theatre. The medallions over the doors represent Molière and Corneille; on the console is a statuette in terra-cotta of Corneille by Caffieri, and terra-cotta busts of Lekain and Mademoiselle Clairon, the latter by Lemoyne. From this cabinet we pass into the committee-room, where Pajou's masterpiece, a terra-cotta bust of Bertinazzi, has the place of honor on the chimney-shelf. This committee-room is the meeting-place of the tribunal of comedians, who hear and judge the plays offered to them by dramatic authors, and it is here that the *sociétaires*, assembled in committee, under the presidency of the general administrator, manage all the affairs and interests of the House of Molière. Quitting this committee-room, which, like all the rooms in the building, is a museum in itself, we pass between a mute escort of portraits along the passage leading to the stage, to the greenroom, to

the dressing-rooms, and all that part of the theatre which may be spoken of as being behind the curtain, and therefore full of mystery to the public. The greenroom of the Théâtre Français must be a most delightful place, one thinks, and it must be a great privilege to be able to go there of an evening and gossip with the artists. The greenroom is certainly a delightful place for all sorts of reasons. It is full of interesting pictures and precious souvenirs of the past. In this double frame hung over a Louis XV. table is an autograph signature of Molière, a rare relic, for the autographs of Molière hitherto discovered do not amount to a dozen. In the same frame is a venerable parchment, being the decree signed by Louis XIV. and countersigned by Colbert, granting a pension of 12,000 francs a year to the comedians, his Majesty "*voulant gratifier et traiter honorablement la troupe de ses comédiens françois en considération des services qu'ils rendent à ses divertissements.*" This decree is dated from Versailles, 24th August, 1682. Look at the spinet in the corner to the right of the chimney-piece. It is signed: "Sebastien Erard et Frère. Compag. Privilégiée du Roi. Rue du Mail No. 37 à Paris 1790." This is the instrument which has served now for nearly a century in the performances of the *Barbier de Séville*, Beaumarchais's delicious and youthful imbroglio. On the chimney-piece is a bronze of Houdon, the bust of Préville as Mascarille; opposite the chimney-piece are busts of Samson and Provost; between the windows an old *régulateur* clock, signed by "Robin, Horloger du Roy," marks the hours and the minutes, surmounted by a bust of Molière. Opposite is Largillière's portrait of Molière, and from the chair rail to the ceiling every inch of wall space is covered with pictures and portraits of Clairon, Talma, Rachel, Vestris, Poisson, Préville, and all the great actors and actresses of the last two centuries. The greenroom, or one might better say the salon of the artists, is at once simple and magnificent in aspect. There is no gilding and tinsel; the oak floor is waxed and without carpet; the furniture is in the Louis XIV. and Louis XV. styles—two sofas, stools, arm-chairs carved in massive oak and upholstered in green Utrecht velvet, simple mirrors running up to the ceiling, three or four tables, a piano, a few busts on marble pedestals.





THE GREENROOM.





SCENE IN A DRESSING-ROOM BEFORE A PERFORMANCE OF "SOCRATE ET SA FEMME."

One of the most amusing corners of the Comédie at night is the little Salon des Travestissements, to the left of the lobby leading from the greenroom to the stage. In this room the artists make such slight changes in costume or coiffure as are needed in the course of an act. Lighted by oil lamps placed on each side of large looking-glasses, the Salon des Travestissements offers an amusing group of comédiennes, tire-women, and actors, of antique costume and modern costume, the whole reflected by the mirrors and the cheval-glass, and set in a frame of busts, pictures, and engravings. In our illustration the room is seen as it appeared one night before the curtain rose on Théodore de Banville's comedy *Socrate et sa Femme*. In the foreground we see Myrrhine, wearing her graceful antique costume; a dresser is arranging Xantippe's tunic; Socrates is seated on the sofa; and an *habitué* of the Comédie is retailing the gossip of the day.

Let us return now to the less mysterious region of the dressing-rooms, each of which betrays more or less the temperament of the occupant. The dressing-room of the elder Coquelin is hung with fine old tapestry, the floor is strewn with Smyrna carpets, pictures and rare en-

gravings adorn the walls, and the whole aspect is that of an elegant and artistic boudoir. The younger Coquelin, more fantastic and gay than his great brother, amuses himself by hanging caricatures of himself on the walls of his room; on the chimney-piece is a bronze bust of the painter Gérôme; on one wall is a long glass case containing a collection of autograph letters addressed to the comedian by contemporary celebrities. Mounet-Sully lives in the midst of a picturesque confusion which is the despair of the sweeper, Dennis. "One must touch nothing, disturb nothing. Those dusty yellow papers must be left there on the chimney-piece just as they are. *Faut pas toucher.*" And on the walls, in lieu of pictures, are dusty wreaths of paper laurel and oak leaves, radiant with faded ribbons and inscriptions in letters of gold, that record by-gone scenic triumphs. The portières are old silk stuffs; the furniture consists of Spanish coffers bristling with wrought-iron clasps and arabesques; the ornaments are antique arms, bows and arrows, Homeric quivers, Æschylean javelins—a queer mixture of players' trappings and bric-à-brac. The dressing-rooms of the women betray equally the



tastes and nature of their proprietors. Mlle. Marsy, in love with her own youthful beauty, has her dressing-room lined with mirrors on every wall, and even on the ceiling. Mlle. Bartet delights in a most refined and tasteful Louis XV. interior, with dainty furniture, and delicate draperies looped up and festooned like the paniers of a Pompadour gown. Mlle. Lloyd affects the more severe luxury of carved ebony furniture and mirrored wardrobes that reflect her opulent charms. Mlle. Reichemberg dresses in a gay and maidenly chamber hung with creamy flowered chintz. From these specimens and indications the reader will have rightly concluded that the dressing-rooms of the Comédie Française are in harmony with the general splendor and comfort of the establishment.

We will now go downstairs and visit the stage, taking a glance, as we pass, at the "*musée*," or small property-room near the stage-door. The "*musée*" looks like a marine store or a toy bazar. There are all kinds of things in it: flower-pots, feather dusters, clocks, statuettes in carton-bronze, antique tragic and comic masks which serve in apotheoses and commemorative performances, a mummy case in card-board (one of the accessories of Sardou's *Pattes de Mouches*), a stuffed pheasant, hunting and fishing utensils, inkstands, and *tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*, as Scribe says in his comedies, and a thousand other objects which help in a play to complete the illusion. Close by the "*musée*" the property man has his little office, opposite which is the larder, where he keeps his card-board chickens, his *pâtés de foie gras*, and his dishes and bottles. Passing through green baize folding-doors, we descend half a dozen steps, and here we are on the stage. In the House of Molière it is the usage for visitors to take their hats off on the stage, whereas on the stage of the Opera it is the usage to remain covered. The general aspect of the stage is much the same as that of

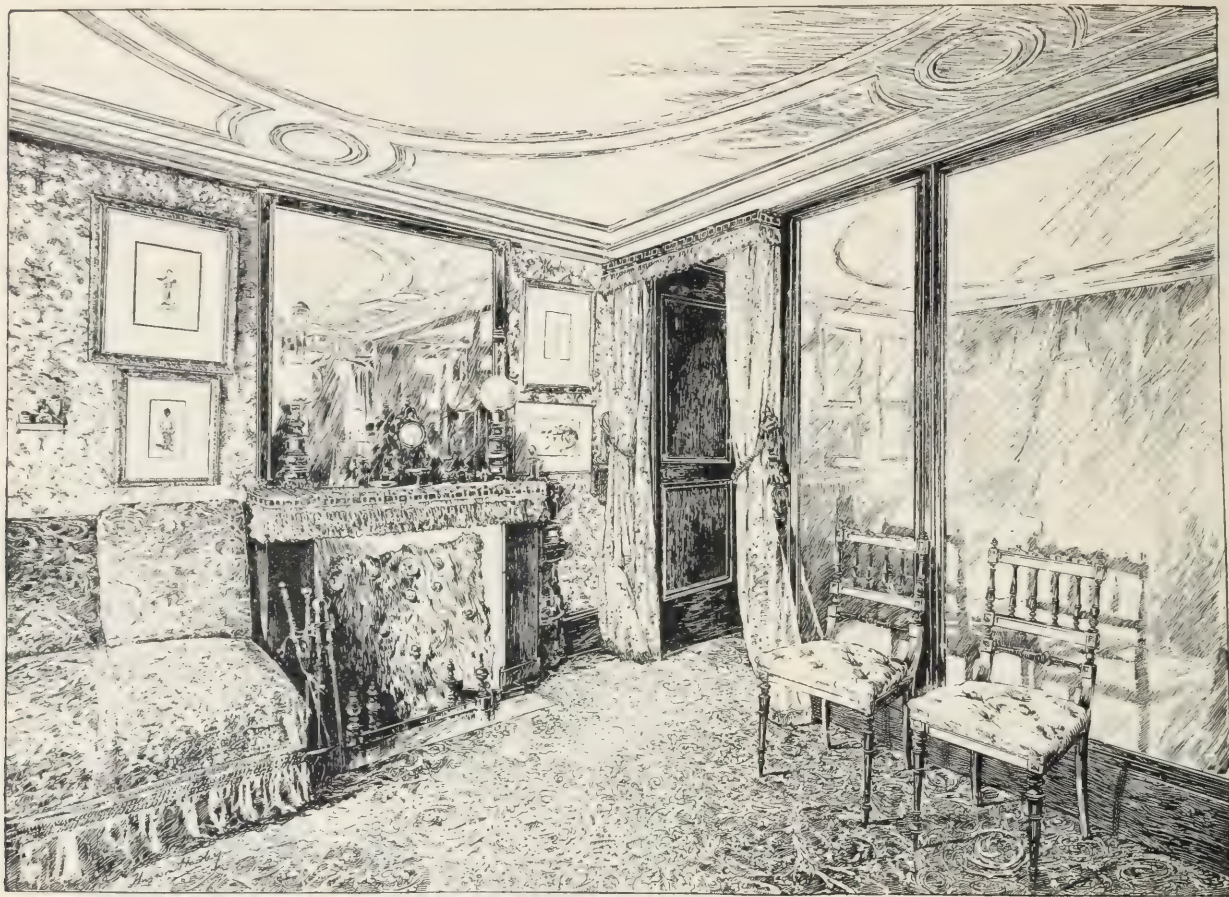
any ordinary theatre; on the boards you see the back of the scenery, with the numbers and various indications roughly written; overhead you see a maze of ropes and hanging canvas and swinging lights. But there the resemblance ceases. The stage of the Théâtre Français is almost as much a salon as is the greenroom. The scene-shifters do not shout to each other or do their work noisily; there is no hurrying or indecent haste, for long *entr'actes* are the usage in Paris, where almost every-



WAITING FOR HER CUE.

body leaves his seat between the acts, and goes for a walk and a talk in the public foyer. At the Comédie Française you never hear any ringing of bells in the lobbies; even the curtain cannot be said to be rung up. Continuing an antique usage which dates from the time of Molière, and which was borrowed, doubtless, from the custom of the halberdiers and ushers, who struck the floor with their staffs as they preceded and announced the king or any grand dignitary, the *régisseur* of the Comédie Française announces the beginning of the play, and gives the sig-





DRESSING-ROOM OF Mlle. LLOYD.

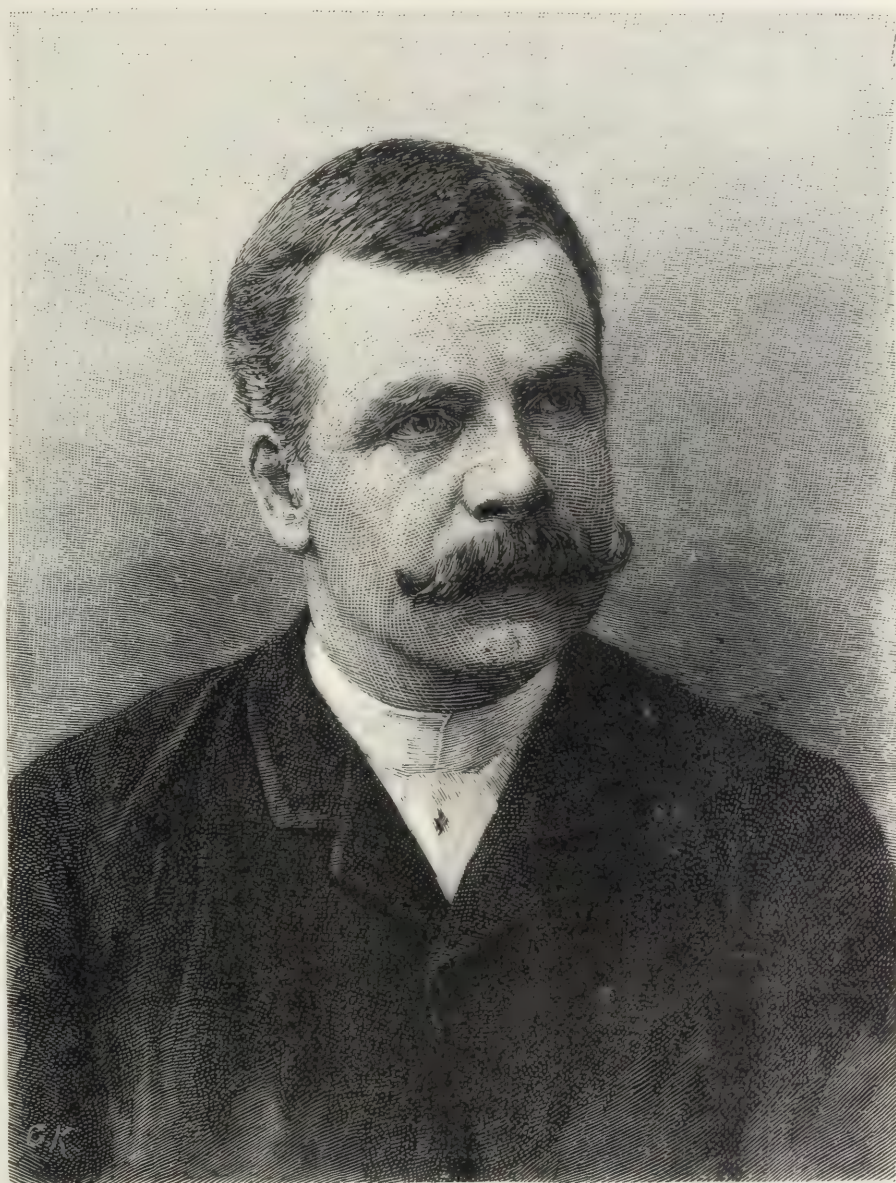
nal for the curtain to rise, by striking the stage with a staff. In our illustration this important functionary is seen, in hieratic pose, in the act of giving the three traditional knocks—*frapper les trois coups*. He holds in his hand a thick staff painted black, the top of which is bound round with green velvet studded with brass nails. He stands at one side of the stage, and strikes gravely and heavily, pausing about a second between each stroke; then he hurries away, and the curtain rises majestically and discloses the scene and the actors. The play begins. We who are behind the scenes can scarcely hear now and then a word; the applause reaches our ears faintly, as if coming from a great distance. The piece is played in a salon. It is Molière's *Femmes savantes*, for instance. The scenes—that is to say, the walls of the salon—are planted with the aid of uprights, or *portants*, which slide in the grooves, or *coulisses*, that stripe the floor of the stage; flexible gas-pipes issue from trap-doors under our feet, curl and coil along, climb up the framework of the scenery, and blossom forth in long jets of flame. Here is the door of the salon seen

from behind; an actress is listening for her cue or password; two scene-shifters are seated somnolently, one on each side, ready to pull the cords and hold the spring-doors open while the actress enters, for the actors, it may be remarked, never open or shut a door themselves. One of these scene-shifters wears wooden sabots; the other wears slippers and trousers tightened round the ankle, so that he can glide cat-like and unembarrassed amongst the cords and pulleys overhead. Here and there on the stage are *machinistes*, or scene-shifters, waiting for the end of the act. A toilet-table is placed against the back of a scene, and two actresses are putting the finishing touches to their attire, while a fireman watches them indiscreetly, though at a respectful distance. Walking on tiptoe along the strip of carpet that is laid across the back of the stage, we come to the *guignol*—an institution quite peculiar to the Comédie Française. The *guignol* is a box about ten feet square, one side of which is open. The interior is painted white; the floor is carpeted; the sitting accommodation consists of a bench and a few chairs covered with red velvet;



in the corners are little shelves of white marble, always covered with powder boxes; at the back is a looking-glass, with a lamp on each side. In this *guignol* the actors and actresses wait and rest between their exits and entries. The *guignol* is nowadays the true greenroom of the Comédie Française, for it is here that the

*loge du semainier*, that is to say, of the *sociétaire* who during the week undertakes the direction of the stage, superintends the rehearsals, and does the honors of the house to the princes and eminent persons who may happen to come to the theatre while he is on service. Each *sociétaire* takes his turn of *semainier*.



BENOÎT-CONSTANT COQUELIN.—From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

real *habitues* of the house come to gossip and pay homage to the charming servants of the Muses. Our illustration gives the aspect of the *guignol*, with Got, Coquelin cadet, Thiron, Madame Baretta-Worms, and Mademoiselle Muller sitting there in the costumes of *Les Femmes savantes*. Beyond the *guignol*, through the door over which a lamp is seen burning, is the

The *loge*, or office, of the *semainier*, was formerly the dressing-room of the great Talma, and it communicated directly with the "Imperial," "Royal," or "State" box, Napoleon I. having so arranged it in order to be able at his ease to come and chat between the acts with his favorite actor. The clock is the only relic of Talma that now remains there.





STAGE-MANAGER WITH HIS STAFF.

## IV.

We will now examine the organization of the Comédie Française. Its first charter and rules were signed, as we have seen, by Louis XIV. During the gravest events of the Russian campaign, Napoleon I. found time to date from Moscow a decree which once more fixed the respective rights of the comedians and of the state. Finally this decree was modified in 1850 and 1859, and since then other slight changes have been introduced into the administration. The result of all these decrees and modifications is a constitution as difficult to define as the constitution of England. One may say summarily that the Comédie Française is a company or *société civile* subsidized and administered by the state. This curious organization, hybrid as it is, has certainly exercised an excellent influence on the actors' profession. By giving them in a way the character of functionaries it brought them

within the social order, and contributed not a little to destroy the absurd prejudices of which they were formerly victims. The greenroom of the Théâtre Français was one of the most brilliant salons of Paris as long as there were any salons, and now that there are no longer any salons it is still, as M. Emile Augier has said, "*un des plus agréables parloirs de la capitale.*" From the stairway to the corridor, from the vestibule to the scene-loft, the Comédie Française has preserved a certain grand air that one does not find elsewhere. The comedian cannot achieve a higher distinction than that of belonging to it; theatrical art has no more glorious temple. Remark, too, that with rare exceptions, like Rachel, the Comédie Française is sustained less by the prestige of a few stars than by the distinction and excellence of the whole company. Nowhere do we find a more perfect general execution. The *sociétariat*, the keystone of the Comédie, so favorable to the dignity and the interests of the artists, finds its justification from the point of view of art in the fact that it has preserved intact, amidst all the literary, social, and political crises of France, a classical company and a classical repertory.

We need say nothing about the administrative history of the Comédie Française: that subject has been exhaustively treated by M. Jules Bonassies and other erudite writers. What is the state of affairs at the present day? At the head of the Comédie we find a general administration appointed by the state, with a salary of 30,000 francs a year, plus 6000 francs for expenses. The general administrator, who is usually chosen from amongst the most distinguished literary men of the day, is now M. Jules Claretie. It is his office to represent the state toward the comedians, and at the same time to represent the comedians toward the state, and his duties demand the exercise of great tact and of all the other qualities of the perfect diplomatist. The *société civile*, or copartnership of the Comédie, comprises twenty-four members, or *sociétaires*. All the business and interests of the company are managed by an administrative committee of six members and two deputy-members, chosen amongst the *sociétaires* by the general administrator, who is president of the committee, and whose choice requires the ratification of the Minister of Fine Arts. This administrative committee





ACTORS BEHIND THE SCENES (IN THE GUIGNOL).



nominates new *sociétaires*, who are chosen, with rare exceptions, from amongst the *pensionnaires*, that is to say, the artists who are engaged by the year at fixed salaries, and without participation in the profits of the company. According to the Moscow decree a *sociétaire* is elected for a period of twenty years, but a modification has since been introduced, in virtue of which, at the end of ten years' service, the committee may dismiss the so-

ing worth 12,000 francs, and divisible into twelve twelfths of 1000 francs each. Three or four of these shares are reserved for various uses, and the remaining shares are distributed unequally amongst the twenty-four *sociétaires*. At the end of the year the profits of the period are divided amongst the *sociétaires* proportionately to their rights of participation; but only half their share of the profits is paid to them in cash, while the other half is

deposited at the Mont de Piété, where it accumulates to form the "*fonds social*" which the *sociétaire* receives when he retires. The interest of these "*fonds sociaux*" is reserved by the Comédie Française, and used to pay the pensions of the retired members. At present these "*fonds sociaux*" deposited at the Mont de Piété amount to more than two millions of francs. A *sociétaire* when first appointed very rarely receives at once a whole share, and never less than three and a half twelfths. He may receive an additional twelfth every year if the committee judge him worthy of augmentation. At present MM. Got, Maubant, Coquelin, Febvre, and Thiron receive whole shares, as also do Mesdames Jouassain and Reichemberg. The other ladies and gentlemen receive from five twelfths to eleven twelfths of a share.

# V.

All the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française are attached to the establishment in virtue of a decree signed by the

Minister of Fine Arts, in which is specified the nature of the rôles they are to play, their "*emploi*," as it is called. The rôles are still denominated by curious special terms. The old men are divided into three classes, "*pères nobles*," "*grîmes*," and "*ganaches*"; old women are called "*duègnes*" and "*mères*"; young men are called "*jeunes premiers*," "*pre-*



HAT AND CLOAK ROOM.

*ciétaire*, who, however, has not on his side the right to retire if the committee wish him to remain. At the end of twenty years' service the *sociétaire* has a right to a pension of 5000 francs a year, and for each supplementary year of service his pension is augmented by 200 francs. The Moscow decree fixed the number of *sociétaires*' shares at twenty-four, each be-





JULES CLARETIE, DIRECTOR, IN HIS CABINET.

*miers amoureux*," "*seconds amoureux*," and "*grands jeunes premiers*"; young women are called "*jeunes mères*," "*grandes jeunes premières*," "*amoureuses*," "*grandes coquettes*," "*ingénues*," "*ingénues comiques*"; then come "*valets*," "*soubrettes*," "*rôles marqués*," "*rôles à caractère*," and "*grands rôles*," such as *Alceste* and *Tartuffe*; and finally the list ends with "*utilités*," the servants who bring in letters and the walking gentlemen. The public does not pay much attention to these latter actors, but they nevertheless

contribute to the general excellence of a company. It is one of the superiorities of the Comédie Française to have these minor and often mute rôles played by actors familiar with the traditions of the house, and not by "*supers*" recruited from all quarters. Another point to be noticed as contributing to the dignity of the Comédie Française: it is the only theatre in Paris where the administration pays for the modern toilettes worn by the modern actress. In all the other theatres the ladies find their own modern dresses.



## VI.

We will now give a *résumé* of the *personnel* and expenses of the Comédie Française as they appear in the accounts of 1885, which may be considered an average year.

The administration comprises the general administrator, M. Claretie, a general financial *contrôleur*, a cashier, two readers, a secretary-accountant, and an archivist secretary. The salaries of these seven functionaries amount to 70,000 francs a year.

The company consists of twenty-four *sociétaires* and thirty-three *pensionnaires*, whose fixed salaries amount respectively to 261,000 francs and 185,400 francs a year.

The theatre, besides the actors and actresses, has twelve heads of departments, or "*chefs de service*," and employés: a *secrétaire-régisseur*; two prompters; two call-men; a "*chef de la figuration*"; a head property man; a head musician and four employés. The salaries in this department amount to 30,000 francs a year.

The "*Magasin*" has a *personnel* composed of thirty-four persons: stage-carpenters, costumers, dress-makers, tailors, upholsterers, dressers, etc., whose salaries amount to 41,400 francs a year.

The auditorium, or "*la salle*," as it is called, in contradistinction to "*le théâtre*," which means all that is behind the curtain, is managed by 71 persons, whose salaries make a total of 34,100 francs a year. Next we find 17 scene-shifters, whose salaries amount to 40,000 francs, and 10 "*comparses*" or "*coryphées*," male and female, who are paid 10,400 francs a year. The "*figuration*"—that is to say, the "*supers*"—varies in number according to the requirements of the programme. The employés included in this summary are only such as are regularly attached to the theatre.

Finally we have the non-active *personnel*, the invalids and pensioners, namely: 13 *sociétaires*, male and female, whose pensions amount to 76,416 francs a year; 5 *pensionnaires*, male and female, 15,800 francs; 1 ex-general administrator, 4000 francs; 7 employés, 11,925 francs; 25 widows and daughters of artists and former employés, 17,960 francs. In all 51 pensioners, receiving annually 126,101 francs.

The total of the active *personnel* is 208 persons, receiving in all salaries to the amount of 798,701 francs. The reader

will remark that these figures are exclusive of the division of the profits, according to the system above explained.

In 1885 the total receipts of the Comédie were 2,331,814 francs, the expenses 1,805,000 francs, and the share or "*part de sociétaire*" was worth 28,000 francs. The receipts consisted of 1,850,000 francs taken at the door, and the residue of interest, *rentes*, and other funds, including the government subvention of 240,000 francs a year.

A detail of the expenses omitted in the above *résumé* is the "*feux*." Each artist receives 10 francs "*feux*" every night that he or she plays, and 15 francs for playing in two pieces in the same evening. This item of "*feux*" amounts to 25,000 francs a year. No mention, either, is made of the "*claque*," or hired applauders. The reason is that the "*claque*" was suppressed in 1878. At present the Comédie Française pays a man 300 francs a month permanently, and whenever a piece needs to be sustained this man receives ten places, five in the pit and five in the gallery, and it is his business to improvise a very discreet "*claque*." This excellent innovation is due to the late director, M. Perrin. It was M. Perrin also who introduced the fashion of subscription nights. During the six months of the Paris season the fashionable people have their boxes and their stalls reserved by subscription at the Comédie on Tuesdays and Thursdays, just as they do on the subscription nights at the Opéra and the Opéra Comique. The subscribers, or "*abonnés*," of the Comédie have the privilege of going behind the scenes and into the greenroom.

Yet other details in the expenses of the theatre are the authors' fees and the tax paid to the hospitals, or *droit des pauvres*, respectively 15 and 10 per cent. of the gross nightly receipts. The 15 per cent. of the authors is distributed proportionately to the acts. For example, if a play by M. Dumas, for instance *Le Demi-Monde*, is performed alone, M. Dumas receives 15 per cent. on the gross receipts. If the programme is composed of a piece in one act, a piece in three acts, and a piece in four acts, the authors receive 3, 5, and 7 per cent. respectively, and so forth proportionately, the total of 15 per cent. being divided according to the various combinations which may occur in a programme, the minimum for one act being 3 per cent. of the gross receipts.





STATUE OF MOLIERE.

## VII.

Our visit to the Comédie Française is not finished yet. Away up at the top, in a gallery running along the Rue Montpensier, are stored the archives and the library, of which we must say a few words. The regular foundation of these two departments only dates from 1855, when M. Léon Guillard first put the papers of the house in order and began to form the library, which has prospered brilliantly since then under the care of M. Guillard's successors, the poet François Coppée and the present archivist, M. Monval. In the library we find, besides a very rich

collection of books relating to the theatre and to dramatic art, the precious *Registre de Lagrange*, which gives, so to speak, day by day the diary of Molière's dramatic life. Then we have the journals of La Thorillière and of Molière's company before 1680, and then begins the series of the registers and account-books of the Comédie, which have been kept day by day, with one single interruption and one gap—in 1793, when the comedians were dispersed, and the year 1740, the register of which has been lost—down to the present day. These venerable registers are stout folios, bound in green vellum or brown sheep-skin, with fine



printed title-pages, and blank schedules filled up in manuscript. The early registers bear on the title-page the mention: "*Registre pour les seuls comédiens du Roy.*" Each day the receipts, expenses, and profits are noted, and brief mention is made of notable events in the life of the theatre. On another shelf in the library are other stout folios, labelled, "*Ordres des Gentilshommes de la Chambre.*" These orders, together with the three hundred thousand letters and other documents preserved in the archives of the Comédie, initiate us fully into the private life of the theatre. Early in the reign of Louis XIV. the gentlemen of the chamber of the king were charged with the supreme direction of the comedians, whom they had a right to imprison if they thought proper. In the seventeenth century their interference in the affairs of the theatre was dignified and rare, but under Louis XV. their reign began to be despotic and irritating, and lovers of queer details and scandal will find much amusing reading in these volumes of their orders. The power of the Gentlemen of the King's Chamber and of the *Intendants des menus Plaisirs du Roy* lasted until the Revolution. During the first Empire and the Restoration the Comédie was administered by an imperial or a royal commissioner; and finally, in 1834, the government began to be represented by a director or general administrator, a post which has since been successively filled by MM. Jouslin de la Salle, Vedel, Buloz, Lockroy, Seveste, Arsène Houssaye, Empis, Édouard Thierry, Émile Perrin, and Jules Claretie.\*

#### VIII.

The subvention of 240,000 francs a year paid by the state to the Comédie Française is destined to make up for any loss that the theatre might incur in playing the pieces of the old repertory, and in giving three or four free performances a year, by order of the government, on the occasion of certain fêtes. Evidently a comedy by Molière or a tragedy by Corneille, unless there be a Rachel or some exceptional

\* Under the administration of M. Arsène Houssaye the receipts of a normal year exceeded 634,000 francs; under M. Empis they attained 800,000 francs; under M. Thierry in 1869 they reached 995,000 francs; and under M. Perrin in 1872 the million was reached and passed, the total being 1,360,000 francs. The prosperity of the Comédie Française has thus gone on gradually increasing since the beginning of the century.

artist to play the great rôles, exercises a smaller attraction over the public than a new comedy by Dumas or Pailleron, and the receipts show a proportionate difference. But it is only on condition of immortalizing on the stage the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, Molière, Regnard, Marivaux, and Beaumarchais that the Comédie Française enjoys all its privileges. However, nowadays the theatre is becoming more and more the victim of its too great riches; the old repertory and the new are equally extensive and almost equally popular, and on the other hand the public is so great that it is impossible to satisfy it. Formerly, before railways brought crowds of foreigners and provincials to the capital, thirty performances exhausted the success of a piece, whereas now the receipts do not begin to decline until after two or three hundred representations. Hence the variety of the programme at the Française is not so great as it used to be; the modern repertory tends to crowd out the ancient repertory, and nevertheless the modern authors complain that they have to wait for years and years to see their pieces played. In vain the actors of the Comédie play every night in the week, including Sunday; in vain they give matinées and keep their theatre open all the year round; they cannot fully utilize their repertory, which is amply sufficient to supply two theatres. The best solution of the difficulty would be to double the Comédie Française, and thus have a classical theatre and a modern theatre.

#### IX.

How does the Comédie Française recruit its repertory? What is the history of a new play from the time the author has written it to the time when it is produced before the public? Every play offered to the Comédie Française is examined by the two readers, MM. Lavoix and Decourcelle, who draw up a summary report, which is submitted to the reading committee, and preserved afterward in the archives. This reading committee, or *comité de lecture*, is composed of twelve *sociétaires* nominated by the Minister of Fine Arts on the recommendation of the general administrator, who is president of this committee, just as he is president of the administrative committee. If the examination of the two readers is favorable, the author is invited to read his manuscript before the assembled committee.



An author who has already had a piece played has the right of reading his play to the committee at once at his own request, and without previous examination by the two readers. The reading takes place in the committee-room, the *sociétaires* being seated around the table, covered with the traditional green cloth. Generally the author reads his manuscript himself, which is a real treat for the committee when the author is named Dumas, Augier, or Sardou, for each of these celebrated men not only reads his manuscript, but acts it as he reads. The reading finished, the author withdraws, and the committee proceeds to vote with white, black, and red balls—the white signifying “accepted,” the black “refused,” and the red “*reçu à correction*”—a polite form of refusal, for no author has ever discovered what the committee wished him to correct in his manuscript.

The piece having been accepted, the committee distributes the rôles, and the rehearsals begin in due course. “You should see them rehearse,” said M. Dumas one day, speaking of Delaunay and Coquelin. “They do not content themselves with seeking on their own account; the novice, their comrade, whether *pensionnaire* or *débutant*, who acts with them, is the object of their attention and their zeal. They help him with advice, with their experience, and also with all the peculiar gifts which have given them the position they hold on the first stage in the world.” The rehearsals begin in the public foyer, at one end of which are placed screens and simple scenery, forming a framework in which the piece may be developed. Work begins about one o’clock in the afternoon, and during some twenty rehearsals the author, the administrator general, the stage-manager, the actors, and the actresses toil at the mysterious process of materializing the manuscript, of giving it soul and body in the attitudes, gestures, intonations, and expression of the artists, of communicating to the written words the shades, the accent, the vibration of life. After these twenty preliminary rehearsals the play is thoroughly on its feet; meanwhile the scenery has been prepared, the frame elaborated, the living picture is transferred to the stage, and the *répétitions sur la scène* begin. The spectacle is curious. The auditorium is enveloped in white holland coverings, and

plunged in obscurity, relieved only by square patches of light that stream in through the little windows of the boxes, or through some gallery door accidentally left open, and through which darts a ray of afternoon sun laden with dancing particles of dust; the lustre sparkles with the reflection of these rare specks of light like a mass of stalactites hanging from the vault of some dark cavern. The stage alone is lighted by the fifty oil lamps that form the traditional foot-lights of the Comédie, and by the gas jets that illuminate the scenery. Overhead, through the cords and scaffolding, penetrate patches of bluish light, and on the stage men and women in ordinary costume are acting. In the middle of the stage, over the prompter’s box, sits the author in his *guignol*—a sort of sentry-box designed to shelter him from draughts. In the winter the stage is dotted over with sentry-boxes, each provided with a foot-warmer, and the artists sit in them and rehearse their rôles at their ease. On the left of the stage sits the prompter at a little table, and near him the stage-manager. The general administrator watches over the whole, either from a chair on the stage, or more usually from the *avant-scène*—a box close to the stage.

Thus day by day the comedians, aided and directed by the author and all the other experienced officers of the company, continue the slow and laborious process of creating a play. Five or six rehearsals on the stage suffice, and next comes the final dress rehearsal, or *répétition générale*, to which the dramatic critics, the friends of the author, and a privileged and special public are invited. Then follows the great and solemn day of the first performance, *la première*. All the seats have been given away, sold, or bartered; all Paris is there, the President of the Republic, the President of the Chamber, the social, political, and literary celebrities of the capital; the orchestra stalls are full of journalists and writers; the directors of the great Parisian newspapers are enthroned in the best boxes with their wives and friends; almost every man and woman in the house bears a name well known in art, letters, fashion, or finance; everybody is looking at everybody; opera glasses scrutinize the depths of *baignoires* and *loges*, there is a hum of busy tongues, an exchange of greetings, a feverish expectation that brings the color to every cheek. At last the traditional



three knocks are heard; the buzzing of conversation ceases, or rather it seems to glide down from the top gallery and sink into the pit, like the sails of a ship falling down the masts as she enters port. Then the huge red simile-drapery of the curtain rises, and the first word of the new piece is sent vibrating into space. The idea of the play begins to take form like a colored arabesque on a dark background, and it becomes gradually plaster, bronze, marble, or gold, according to the will of those four or five hundred experienced spectators, who form the Tout-Paris of the Parisian stage, who are always to be seen at first nights at the theatres, and whom it is useless to name specially and individually, for, as M. Alexandre Dumas has said of this Tout-Paris, we all think we are in it and of it—" *nous croyons tous en être.*"

### THE DEATH OF WINTER.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

**P**IERCED by the sun's bright arrows, Winter lies  
 With dabbled robes upon the blurred hill-side;  
 Fast flows the clear cold blood; in vain he tries  
 With cooling breath to check the flowing tide.

He faintly hears the footsteps of fair Spring  
 Advancing through the woodland to the dell.  
 Anon she stops to hear the waters sing,  
 And call the flowers, that know her voice full well.

Ah, now she smiles to see the glancing stream;  
 She stirs the dead leaves with her anxious feet;  
 She stoops to plant the first awakening beam,  
 And wooes the cold Earth with warm breathings sweet.

"Ah, gentle mistress, doth thy soul rejoice  
 To find me thus laid low? So fair thou art!  
 Let me but hear the music of thy voice;  
 Let me but die upon thy pitying heart.

"Soon endeth life for me. Thou wilt be blessed:  
 The flowering fields, the budding trees be thine.  
 Grant me the pillow of thy fragrant breast;  
 Then come, oblivion, I no more repine."

Thus plead the dying Winter. She, the fair,  
 Whose heart hath love, and only love, to give,  
 Did quickly lay her full warm bosom bare  
 For his cold cheek, and fondly whispered, "Live."

His cold white lips close to her heart she pressed;  
 Her sighs were mingled with each breath he drew;  
 And when the strong life faded, on her breast  
 Her own soft tears fell down like heavenly dew.

O ye sweet blossoms of the whispering lea,  
 Ye fair, frail children of the woodland wide,  
 Ye are the fruit of that dear love which she  
 Did give to wounded Winter ere he died.

And some are tinted like her eyes of blue,  
 Some hold the blush that on her cheek did glow,  
 Some from her lips have caught their scarlet hue,  
 But more still keep the whiteness of the snow.





HEAD OF RUSSIAN PEASANT.

## THROUGH THE CAUCASUS.

BY RALPH MEEKER.

### Part I.

NO country is more interesting to study than Russia, and no country having railways and telegraphs is so little known. Every type of civilization and every grade of barbarism are found within its boundaries. From sacred Ararat to Novaia Zemlia the Russian knows but one duty—to worship God and adore the Czar. The



seal-hunter in the north and the camel-driver in the south are under his dominion, and, as in the days of ancient Rome, all roads lead to the throne.

Exclusive of Siberia, Russia is greater in extent than the rest of Europe, while Siberia alone, with the outlying provinces, covers nearly one-third of the Asiatic continent. It is an empire by itself. Some conception of its vastness may be formed when English authority asserts that one may travel ten thousand miles in almost a straight line without crossing a foreign boundary. Considering the extent of the Russian Empire and its varied population of one hundred million, it is not strange that the political problems are difficult to solve. Fanatical sects abound which are unheard-of in America. Many of the exiles are men of intelligence and resource, and they undoubtedly play an important part in moulding public opinion. They have unsuspected friends and political sympathizers who exert a powerful influence. A majority of the young men of St. Petersburg favor reform, while those of noble blood who have lived in Paris or London are even more republican in their tendencies.

Moscow is the seat of imperialism. Its wealth and nobility are represented by illustrious aristocrats who believe in military despotism, large land holdings, and the infallibility of the Czar. The elegantly dressed countess who smokes cigarettes and converses in all the languages of Europe asserts with a Parisian shrug that God will never desert the empire.

The most interesting part of Russia is Transcaucasia, which is filled with remnants of the ancient races of the world. Historians have described the grandeur of the mountains, and poets have celebrated the beauty of the women. Here dwell the Circassians and Georgians amid scenes of Arcadian enchantment.

In June, 1877, the writer arrived at Odessa, on his way to Fort Kars, beyond the Caucasus. The war with Turkey had already begun, and the Russian ports of the Black Sea were closed. From Odessa it was useless to proceed without authority from the government, and a week's delay was necessary to obtain an imperial passport from St. Petersburg. The condition of things in this city was often critical. Fifty thousand inhabitants had already fled from Odessa in fear of a Turkish bombardment. At night a powerful

revolving electric light was flashed over the sea, sweeping the horizon in a circuit of a hundred miles. Once a reconnoitring gun-boat was discovered, and an "iron-clad" sent to overhaul her, but she escaped. Private detectives and government spies haunted the hotels; strangers were shadowed, and a careful watch was kept of the movements of the English consul. Finding it necessary to communicate with Paris, the writer filed a long despatch in the chief telegraph bureau. The uniformed agent in charge glanced haughtily at the message, and refused to send it. The American consul, who was present, explained that Russian citizens were required to uncover their heads in the presence of a telegraph official. The hat was then removed, the man bowed, and began to compute the words. At least ten despatches might have been disposed of by an American telegraph clerk while the forty words were being counted. A short dash was made with a pen under each word. As this useless ceremony is a part of the red-tape system of Russia, it is never dispensed with. If a physician is telegraphed for to save the life of a dying man, the sender must take off his hat, and wait until all the words in the message have been underscored. This rule is observed even in little way-stations; but from these very offices one can send a telegram to Madrid in Spanish, to Paris in French, to Naples in Italian, to Berlin in German, to London in English, as well as to St. Petersburg in all languages. Most of the telegraph operators have a semi-military education; they are frequently the sons of the upper classes, and have a fair knowledge of European languages.

Odessa is well built, in large square blocks like Chicago, and at the beginning of the war with Turkey it had two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. While waiting for the Emperor's permission to travel through the Caucasus we inspected the city. Its massive stone buildings and wide paved streets are the wonder of American travellers, because they are so substantial and clean. Droskies, which are a kind of phaeton-carriage, dash along the magnificent boulevards with three or four horses harnessed abreast, and for twenty-five cents one can whirl through the town as if participating in a Roman chariot race. The hotels are usually very good, but the cooking grows somewhat monotonous, as the Franco-





A TEA SHOP.

Russian *chefs* seem abettors in a conspiracy to have no variety in their methods of preparing dishes. The steak of December tastes exactly like the steak of September.

The Oriental domes and mosque-like pinnacles of Odessa suggest Constantinople or Bagdad, and the filthy beggars who lounge within the court-yards of the sacred edifices make the illusion disgustingly real. It is in this great wheat-market city, called "the Chicago of Russia," that the stranger gets his first glimpse of Eastern life. The stately public buildings, the

bazar-like shop windows, the abject appearance of the beggars, the ferocity of the fleas, and the infinite number of dogs are more real than the *Arabian Nights* to an imaginative mind. The summer nights are cool, but during the day the sun floods the earth with its scorching rays. The evenings are usually spent at the tea-gardens, which are a feature of all Russian towns. They are like the large beer-gardens of Germany, only tea is drunk instead of beer. It is called "*chai*" (pronounced "chi"), and served in Bohemian cut-glass "tumblers," with lumps of



loaf-sugar and slices of lemon. Chai is the universal drink, and the samovar in which it is made is a symbol of Russian hospitality. This curious teapot is a brass or copper vessel, shaped not unlike an urn. The ordinary household samovar is from one to two feet high, and ten inches in diameter, polished in the highest style of art. It is so ingeniously constructed that, with a hot charcoal fire burning in its little furnace, it may stand on a table for hours without scorching the cloth. Some of the very expensive samovars are as large as a barrel and as high as a man's head, but all are made on the same principle; that is, a straight pipe or flue runs perpendicularly through the centre of the vessel, which is filled with water. The flue projects at the top of the samovar like a little round chimney. When the charcoal is well kindled, and the water boils, a few spoonfuls of black tea is put in a small china teapot, which is filled with hot water drawn from the faucet of the samovar. Then the teapot is set over the chimney, in which a series of holes just below its mouth prevents stoppage of the draught. When the tea is thoroughly "steeped" and the liquid very dark, a little is poured into the guest's glass, which is then filled with boiling water from the samovar. There is a saying in Russia that hospitality never ceases while there is water in the samovar. The water in the teapot is never allowed to boil, and only the best tea that the host can afford is used. It costs all the way from one to thirty dollars a pound, and merchants make a business of bringing it overland across the deserts from China by expensive tea caravans. It is generally believed in Russia that a sea-voyage destroys the peculiar flavor of the chai. The best quality—such as is used for the imperial table—is transported in leather bags enclosed in carefully sealed cases to prevent contact with the atmosphere. This kind of tea is worth from thirty to forty dollars a pound. Various grades of Russian tea are sold in Paris, where also samovars of beautiful designs can be purchased for twenty or thirty dollars apiece. The ordinary tea of Russia is far superior to any tea drunk in this country or in England; in fact its delicious flavor is unknown, and cannot be imitated by the most skilful preparation of English tea. Crystallized white sugar is used by the Russian tea-drinkers, and a slice of

lemon gives the liquid an exquisite flavor, but cream or milk is never seen on a tea-table. Wealthy people often use jellies. From six to twenty glasses of chai are often drunk by a single person at a sitting, and at private parties the guests remain until very late. In the tea-gardens bands of musicians play regular programmes during the evenings, while the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city drink tea and discuss the gossip of the hour. The nights in Odessa were charming. The gardens overlook the sea, and the view of the harbor, the imposing white buildings, the silent streets, and the soft sea-air, with a semi-tropical moon shedding splendor upon the water, made the scene a picture of enchantment. But the tranquillity of these lovely summer evenings could not dispel the gloom that overhung the city. A fleet of Turkish war vessels might come at any hour. Palaces were stripped of their paintings, gorgeous tapestries from Persia were carted away like bales of matting. Children seldom appeared in the streets. There was no commerce; most of the great warehouses were closed; no sails whitened the sea; and when a Russian saw three men with gaunt faces, long priestly coats dangling at their heels, and a lock of hair hanging over each ear, he said, "More government spies."

These Polish Jews should not be confounded with the thrifty Jews of America. They are another class of people. Their features, their manners, the cut of their hair, and the fashion of their clothing are different from what one is accustomed to see in New York. The number of blonds among them is surprisingly large. They seldom travel alone, but in companies roam the plains of Russia and Poland, ever talking, ever restless; watched, feared, and hated; and they in turn, ever watching, ever hating, are never afraid, yet distrust ever lurks in their finely chiselled faces. The general opinion expressed by the Russians is that while Polish Jews are spies by nature, they have remarkable gifts for business, and that when one of them is so fortunate as to get a considerable sum of money and embark in wheat speculations, he speedily grows rich, gathers his clannish friends about him, forms a colossal combination, through which, if not prevented by oppression or legalized conspiracy on the part of his jealous neighbors, he in time is





POLISH JEWS.

able to control the business of his neighborhood. It is not until one has seen these Polish Jews, watched their strangely expressive faces, and studied their peculiar character that he appreciates that they are direct descendants of the Jews of history, who for ages suffered unspeakable outrages. The wrongs described by historians are plainly written in their faces, and as they glide noiselessly along the streets, with restless, Jesuitical countenances, one feels suspicious in spite of himself. Many of these people are undoubtedly obnoxious. I have seen

a weary woman struggle through the crowd at a railway station to get water for her little ones, when a priestly-looking dervish snatched the cup from her hand and drank the water with the manners of a beast. Why these yellow-haired wanderers always travel in squads of three, no one explains. They swarm the country. The cruelties of centuries have given them a ferocious, hunted look, and made them as brutal as animals, yet their intellect lifts them above their oppressors, who call them "spies."

Early one morning a telegraph de-



spatch came, saying that the Emperor had granted us especial permission to travel on the military roads in the Caucasus. Hastily packing our baggage, we bade the polyglot hotel-keeper adieu. The depot station was thronged with travellers of all nations. Noblemen and military officers in resplendent uniforms were pushing through the miscellaneous mob of unwashed pilgrims, some of whom were ticketed for Austria to escape the draft, others were going to join the bridge-building corps on the Danube, while others, who were peasants, were *en route* for the country to fill the places of farm laborers absent in the war. Our baggage was ticketed for the Moscow junction by an official who jabbered to the crowd in the *patois* of half a dozen languages. As we filed through the last gateway, a distinguished-looking lady gave her hand to a young officer. He kissed it with a reverential bow, and as he did so she bowed and kissed his forehead. "This is the country for me," softly murmured an English traveller, as he "tipped" the porter a ruble. The handsome young officer was deeply affected at parting, and with great reluctance he took the military train for the "front," while she entered a first-class American car in our train for Kharkov. Her graceful manner and exquisite pronunciation can be appreciated by those who have heard the matchless elocution of Modjeska. Several officials who were in the car showed her marked attention. Presently she took a cigarette from a jewelled travelling case, and commenced to smoke with as much *nonchalance* as if she were embroidering a scarf in her boudoir. From an officer we learned that she was a countess from Moscow, and that the gentleman who had kissed her hand at the station was connected with the royal family, and held a high position on the Grand-Duke's staff.

The sun was lifting the vapors from the sea when our train rolled out of the city. For two or three miles freight trains laden with soldiers filled the tracks on either side; then we passed a train composed entirely of palace-cars. Each car was about twice as long as a Pullman sleeper. It was the imperial train from St. Petersburg, and was evidently conveying members of the royal family to the scenes of hostility on the Danube. In half an hour we were whirling through the wheat fields of the Black Sea, where

the dark prairie shows inexhaustible fertility, and as far as the eye could reach we saw only the undulating landscape of the steppe. This word, pronounced step, is the Russian name for "prairie" or "plain." A steppe is not necessarily a desert or an unproductive wilderness, as many people imagine. Those who think that America has a monopoly of curiosities in landscape should visit Russia. There are great plains which dwarf the prairies of Illinois, and plateaus far more extensive than the famous table-lands of Colorado. The vast territory of wheat fields that stretches north from the Caspian to the Baltic Sea, and west from the Ural Mountains to the Austrian frontier, mocks the insignificance of American vanity. The resources of Russia are so varied and so vast that, with honest legislation and a comprehensive system of liberal education, the empire might speedily rival the other powers of Europe. However, great advance has been made since the era of reform began, and even Englishmen admit that there have been remarkable developments.

In the course of a journey of fifteen hundred miles we saw from our car windows hundreds of English steam-engines propelling American threshing-machines in the open wheat fields of the steppe. The Russians are ready to adopt foreign machinery, and yet after seeing the Turks with their wooden ploughs, the writer heard Professor Huxley ask an English traveller if a comparison between Russians and Turks did not prove the Muscovite to be the more barbarous people. There are many evidences of ignorance, and even barbarism, in this great empire, but the severest critic of Russian shiftlessness is the Russian himself. The representative nihilist is not an ignorant drayman who delivers addresses from a cart, but a graduate of the best schools in Europe, and he is often allied to a noble family. It must be admitted that the Russian situation is difficult to understand, because there is so great a variety of conditions in the empire. A man who has been a serf or an outlaw, according to the Imperial Code, may yet speak several languages, and have a superior education, with occasional ideas in regard to state government that would be considered worthy of a statesman in our own country. A gentleman who spent several years in St. Petersburg in an official ca-





HEAD OF RUSSIAN JEW.

capacity gave an account of his visit to one of these ostracized families. The head of the household was an accomplished scholar, and his seven daughters could speak six languages. They were familiar with Italian, French, and German literature.



They conversed pleasantly in English, and eluded the difficulties of the grammar with surprising ease, and yet, said the gentleman, an American must visit this worthy family in secret, and take his leave of them at night as if they were criminals and outlaws. He added that the bitterness expressed among these educated but ostracized classes was intense; but in the heart of Russia, even on the confines of Siberia, the peasant sang his evening hymn with gratitude to God for prolonging the life of the Czar, and giving the people "the best government in the world."

Another gentleman said, "We eat with the Russians, we visit their families, our children play together, and we discuss literature and art, yet there are certain things countenanced by these same educated people that in any other country no civilized man would endure." Their customs in regard to cleanliness are something inexplicable. They wear expensive linen and avoid water, reminding one of the old English days of Thomas à Becket. When assassinated he sank upon the tessellated floor of Canterbury Cathedral, clad in the richest vestments that the looms of the East could weave, yet under his snow-white garments vermin were found involved in the links of his coat of mail in such profusion that the pious monks who had crossed continents to visit him fell upon their knees, and with tears running down their cheeks exclaimed, in pious adoration, "Praise be to God, he was a true monk!" So it is with the Russians; they have some of the highest traits of civilization, yet often evidences of the lowest barbarism. They will send you a telegraph message in four languages, and yet your private business despatches will be viséd or mutilated by a censor, and your letters will come to you from the post-office only when they have been inspected by a government spy. It is this unwholesome state of affairs in Russia that creates unrest among many of the educated classes, and it is not surprising that there is a growing desire to do away with these extreme exhibitions of power; to diminish the grandeur of the palace, and increase the comfort of the peasant's hovel; to reduce the nobles who live on the labors of the poor; to have fewer imperial turnpikes, and more passable highways over which all persons may travel without fear of an arrest or a search for "in-

cendiary documents"; to have fewer military establishments where sons of noblemen are educated at the expense of the state, and more free schools for the taxpayers.

As we journeyed northward in the direction of Moscow the appearance of the country improved, and unfenced wheat fields gave place to gardens and orchards. In the night we were awakened at a large depot by cries of the porters, and found it was necessary to have our luggage transferred to the Kharkov train. It was after midnight; none of the officials who could speak French or German were around, and as we had not mastered the Russian travelling vocabulary it was impossible to make the baggage-master understand us. At this moment the Moscow countess appeared, and as she came forward the mob of porters and brakemen fell back with uncovered heads. She gave the proper directions concerning our baggage, and added something about "Americain correspondents." The moment the word "Americain" was pronounced, both porters and officials turned to us with profound salutations, repeating the word "Americain" among themselves. Our travelling bags were handed in to us, and when the conductor came around, the countess told him that we were to receive every attention by order of the Emperor.

When morning dawned the field flowers were wet with dew, and the landscape was charming. We were approaching Kharkov, and it was not long before the gilded domes of that nihilistic town glittered on the horizon. As the train drew near to the city a passenger from a second-class car entered our state-room and joyfully greeted us in Chatham Street English, which was quite welcome while we were so far from home. "I am an American, thank God," said he, expanding his chest to the fullest extent possible for a naturalized citizen. He went on to say that he had been a merchant in Galveston, Texas, where he sold goods cheaper than any man in the South. He had made a fortune, and was now on a return visit to his branch establishment in Kharkov. He styled his store "the American Bazar." This tribute to the country discovered by Columbus and saved by George Washington made him quite popular among the Russians, "particularly," he added, "because the bazar is managed by my daughter. Gentlemen," said he,



"if you will stop over one train, I will show you the city and introduce you to the young lady. She likes Americans." The invitation was declined, but when the train stopped we alighted long enough to eat a very good dinner in the spacious railway dining hall. On resuming our journey the monotony was agreeably broken by the appearance of some Russian officers who had taken passage in the train while we were dining, and as they spoke French and English quite fluently, conversation became general, and we naturally inquired about the veracity of the bazar man. "His statements are entirely correct," said a captain; "but did he not give you a description of his daughter?" "No; what about her?" "What about her! Everything. She is the handsomest woman in southern Russia."

The country around Kharkov is fertile and gently rolling. Its suburbs contain many substantial villas, and the unprejudiced American traveller can easily imagine it in the neighborhood of Rochester, New York. The schools of Kharkov are said to be the best in southern Russia, and it is here that many of the secret plots of the nihilists have been found to originate. It is situated nearly midway between Odessa and Moscow, and two hundred and twenty miles north of the Sea of Azof and the Crimea. The next town of importance is Rostov, at the mouth of the river Don, where it enters the Sea of Azof, three hundred miles southeast of Kharkov. Rostov is a prosperous shipping port. Lumber and all the kinds of merchandise transported on the Black Sea are among its entries and shipments. The English consul was a man of unusual intelligence and information. He had lived on the Don for twenty years, and reared an interesting family. His daughters were members of the Rostov Beethoven Club. During the afternoon they surprised their visitors by playing a symphony and a sonata. One of the young ladies performed on the grand piano, while the others executed their respective parts on violins and other stringed instruments. At another time they sang some songs from Schubert, and their father accompanied them.

Rostov at first sight seems like an Asiatic town. The flat-roofed houses are very low, the streets are filled with dogs and rubbish, and the swarthy faces of the Bashi-Bazouk-looking strangers who walk

in the middle of the streets, in Oriental costumes, were not over-inviting to European visitors. The Sea of Azof, as we saw it at low tide, was merely a very wet swamp. It only redeemed itself when the water came in. The sun beat upon the town until the air was like a furnace. "Can there be any civilization in this wretched village?" we asked; but when we had refreshed our parched throats at the consul's and listened to the music, dear old America seemed near. After a well-cooked English dinner the consul gave a remarkably interesting account of his twenty years' life among the Russians. He said it would require days to enumerate all the shortcomings of the natives. "The government is corrupt; there is no legal protection for business. After a man has invested a million rubles in developing trade and the resources of the country, there is no guarantee that he may not be robbed by the government, and his property sold for a song. This entire region for a thousand miles between the Volga and the Dnieper rivers is underlaid with the best anthracite coal, but the government will dictate to the mine owner just how he must conduct his operations, and even the weighing of the coal will be watched, and perhaps directed, while if the mine prove of especial value, the government may confiscate it. The drawback to all enterprise is government interference. So long as private life and private property require the protection of just and efficient laws which cannot be annulled by the caprice of a Czar, there can be no encouragement for Russia's future. Yet, notwithstanding this unfavorable condition of things, I must say that the best people desire reform. I read the London papers regularly, and I know that many of their statements are false. The people are not barbarous, nor particularly cruel. I find them very hospitable, and the Tartars and Cossacks are entirely misrepresented. My daughters have grown up under the care of Tartar servants. A kinder, more affectionate, and faithful people do not exist. They would die for my family were it necessary. Our trust in them is unlimited."

Under the guidance of the consul we visited the rooms of the Rostov Musical Society, and later witnessed a school exhibition in a gymnasium. Many cultivated and agreeable people were found at an aristocratic club, where a cordial wel-





CIRCASSIAN DWELLINGS.

come and "come again" were heartily extended. As the fierce sun sank into the west the temperature cooled until the atmosphere became delicious. When the tide came in, the Sea of Azof shone in tranquil splendor, and by moonlight it was as inviting as the Bay of Naples. Throngs of people repaired to the summer garden, and when the band struck up a grand march the scene was picturesque and gay. One could scarcely imagine this resplendent spectacle to be within a thousand miles of the baking, straggling wretchedness that we had seen in the noonday sun. Further investigation showed Rostov to be a town of commercial importance, with mills, ship-yards, factories, and grain warehouses.



From Rostov our journey toward the Caucasus continued in a southeasterly direction. The distance in a straight line is



four hundred miles. Since leaving Odesa we have travelled through the great southern wheat belt which is embraced in what is called "the steppe system of agriculture." Now we were rapidly approaching the famous pastoral region that begins at the Caucasus, extends north-easterly, and swings around the Caspian Sea into the country of the ancient Scythians. The railway was in fair condition, and the American locomotive sniffed the June air, and hurried on toward the land of Circassia. The Steppe swelled into wide sweeping billows, and every mile increased our altitude. Here is the home of the Cossacks, and these silent horsemen appeared at intervals, flying over the plains like centaurs of old. They were at every station, some mounted on lithe Cossack horses, others in wagons loaded with grain.

Before the military roadway was built through the mountains in the time of the Crimean war, this region was thought by the people of Moscow to be more desolate than Siberia, and it was considered a fearful punishment to be banished to the Caucasus. It is said that immense numbers of Cossacks for political and criminal offenses were condemned to this fate; but the exiles soon discovered that it was an exceedingly fertile country, and they became masters of the situation by making raids on the Circassians for wives. The supply proved highly satisfactory, and in due time, under domestic influences, the rough warriors of the North were persuaded to adopt the beautiful Circassian costumes, together with their splendid weapons of warfare, and to-day it is often difficult to distinguish a Cossack from a Circassian.

When the conservative politicians of Moscow investigated the matter, they were surprised at the changes which had taken place in the entire social and political aspect of Transcaucasia. This change is evident to every observer, and as soon as we entered this region we were also surprised at the remarkable improvement in the people, as well as in the atmosphere and in the landscape. For more than a week we had journeyed over the black prairie of the wheat belt, where, except in the cities, the people were as solemn as the silent steppe. Even the boys at the railway stations were quiet. The peasants seldom smiled; the station-master, the porters, the conductors, the brakemen,

the switch-tenders, and the teamsters performed their duties in a grave, passionless way that was sadly in keeping with the houseless, fenceless, treeless landscape of the steppe. One might travel the world over, outside of Turkey, and nowhere find wheat so white, bread so black, ignorance so dense, and houses so wretched as among the peasant farmers of southern Russia. So many men had gone to the war that women were employed to display the railway signal flags at every verst along the lines for a thousand miles. Had those little signal flags and the women who held them been cast in bronze, they would not have appeared more lifeless than they did when our train thundered by them. In every instance the little flag-staff was held in "regulation position," as if it were a soldier's gun under the scrutiny of a general in personal command. "I will see if the woman at the next post is alive," said an American, tying a smoked herring to a fishing-tackle. As the train approached her he suspended the line from the car window and dangled it in her face. She simply looked at the herring, but still kept the signal flag in position, and as long as we could see her she was maintaining the discipline of Russia's extensive railway service. Various kinds of humorous devices were tried on the peasant boys at the stations, but they neither smiled nor "talked back." As examples of silence and devotion to duty the Russian boys are certainly remarkable. It is to be doubted if a thousand rubles could induce them to see any fun in participating in a watermelon expedition after dark, or smearing pitch on the steps of a young ladies' boarding-school.

As we entered the pastoral regions of the Caucasus the monotony of the great interior was gladly forgotten. The scorching sun and the heated landscape recalled the plains of Lombardy. Handsome boys with dark eyes and long black hair, mounted on Cossack ponies, dashed up to the waiting train, and galloped beside it as it moved from the station. The air was exhilarating, and the general features of the country resembled Colorado. But, unlike the brown herbage of Colorado, the grass was vividly green, and its luxuriance increased every hour. Presently mesas and buttes began to appear; the people grew handsomer, and the costumes more picturesque. Bright-eyed children with fine aquiline features and teeth like ivory



scampered in and out of the stations, indifferent to the roaring safety-valves of the American engine. In the neighborhood of Piatigorsk the buttes grew bolder, and the rarefied air was like invisible elixir.

Piatigorsk is a charming semi-mountainous watering-place a few miles west of the main line of railway, and about one hundred miles from Vladi-Kavkas. A branch line of railway makes it easy of access. The view of the mountains is said to be unsurpassed, and snowy Elbruz, the highest peak in Europe, is plainly visible. The healthful and invigorating climate of Piatigorsk is celebrated throughout Russia. Hither wealthy invalids from the North repair during the heated months, and all travellers agree that the mineral springs, pure air, and the picturesque scenery make it a most delightful resort.

At noon the whitest of Vienna rolls,



SIGNAL WOMAN.

and the most delicious Russian tea in delicately cut glasses, were served to the first-class passengers, with chicken and hard-boiled eggs. In two or three hours there was a decided change in the atmosphere, and the passengers were in excitement over the prospects of the day. Occasional trout-streams of cold sparkling water showed that we were approaching the mountains. The grade increased, and our two locomotives shook the earth with exhausting puffs.

At the next stopping-place some Circassian boys in long black coats with silver girdles brought wild strawberries in wooden vases that resembled the pictures of ancient pottery in our Sunday-school books. The fruit tasted like the old-fashioned meadow strawberries which everybody used to seek and never find when he was a boy; but the berries were very large, with a flavor of rare perfume. Who would not be a Cossack banished to such a country as this? Every hour brought new beauty and fresh marvels. Although we were steaming up a heavy grade, the illusion prevailed, as it does in approaching all mountain countries, that the traveller is journeying down-hill, and our train seemed to be descending a series of magnificent meadows, with the delights of paradise opening all around us. Suddenly, as we emerged from a depression in the plain, a vast sea of verdure burst upon us, and from its sunlit waves towered the mighty domes of the Caucasus. On either hand they stretched away, their white summits extending eight hundred miles from the Sea of Azof down to the peninsula of Apsheron. The entire country between the Black and Caspian seas is divided east and west by the Caucasian range. Fifteen of the peaks reach an altitude of more than fifteen thousand feet. Kazbek, where Prometheus was chained, is two thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak. It stood directly in front of us, with the snow of centuries on its brow. We fancied we felt its icy breath, but it was sixty miles away. To the right of Kazbek is Elbruz. From its summit on a clear day can be seen Mount Ararat on the Persian line, and the snowy peaks that feed the Tigris and the Euphrates. Colchis, where Jason sought the golden fleece for his Medea, ancient Albania, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and the Euxine Sea are also visible; while almost at Elbruz's feet are Circassia, Georgia, Da-





MOUNT ELBRUZ.

ghestan, Imeritia, Mingrelia, and twenty other historic places famous for religion, wars, and women. Strabo, Herodotus, Virgil, and all the other great writers of antiquity have immortalized the region around this mountain. Xenophon saw its snowy peak when he returned from the Persian wars. The Greeks wrote strange stories of the savages who ages ago hunted in its mighty shadow. The Scythians passed it on their way to de-

vastate the fields of Persia; and at last two Americans saw it, fresh and marvelous, with all the heroes of the past dead and scattered to the winds.

On that clear summer day its beauty was like a vision. Soaring far above the loftiest Alps, there it stood overlooking Europe and Asia. Majestic, imperishable, and without stain, its holy whiteness caught glory from the sun, and shone like Sinai above the clouds.

## THE STUBBLEFIELD CONTINGENTS.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"What should discontent him,  
Except he thinks I live so long?"—DENHAM.

### I.

MR. MAPP STUBBLEFIELD and his sister Cynthia dwelt together at their hereditary home a mile north of the village. Their joint estate consisted of about twenty negroes, five hundred acres of land on this and three hundred on the other side of the creek, besides plantation stock and some money at interest. The smaller tract had been occupied for some years by their cousins, Mrs. Polly Stub-

blefield and her son Wiley, who yet owed the greater part of the purchase-money.

By the last will and testament of their father the property had been bequeathed to Mapp and his sister jointly, with right of survivorship to the whole in the event of either's dying without heirs; but such decedent was empowered to dispose by will, and not otherwise, of his or her moiety to any wife or husband whom he or she might leave.



Neither the brother nor the sister had ever been entirely satisfied with the terms of the will. Mapp, who from early childhood had evinced an eager love of ownership, had been heard often to say that, being the younger and a man, he ought to have been left over half, and the sole management of the whole. His sister, well knowing his disposition, had always regretted that her interest had been complicated with the contingencies annexed.

They were very unlike. Mapp, somewhat under middle height, was stout, strong, loud and voluble of speech, and light, sometimes even jolly, hearted. Miss Cynthy was rather tall, spare, taciturn, and of late habitually pale. He was far from believing such a thing, yet she was quite superior to him in understanding, and especially in intelligence. Visiting little, she was quite a reader for those times (forty years ago), while he had gotten, he doubted not, a far greater wisdom from contact with the world, and from discussions, in which few men were more fond to indulge.

The one intimate friend of Miss Stubblefield was her cousin Mrs. Polly. With her she spoke occasionally of her conviction that her brother had always counted upon succeeding to the whole estate with an eagerness that had been ever increasing, and becoming more and more painful to her to contemplate. In her young womanhood, now more than twenty years gone, suspecting the purpose of the frequent visits of a young man named Norris, Mapp had treated him with such rudeness in her presence that he abruptly ended his attentions. None knew whether or not there had been any affair of the heart. After that, young men seldom came to the house, and the few who did were known or confidently believed to be without matrimonial intentions. Mapp, especially when at home, habitually spoke of marriage as a state of bondage to which a free person would act wisely to not become subjugated.

Merry, even jocund, as he could be, yet he was liable to subside suddenly into great depression. A severe toothache, a drought in summer, an alarmingly grassy cotton patch, the insolvency or absconding of a debtor, however small, was enough to bring on such a condition. Never what might be called harsh to his sister, he had lately been growing quite considerate of the few wishes she uttered.

This change was due partly to what he seemed to believe a very rapid decline of her health, caused by a cough, and her consequent increase of sadness, that gave him a consciousness of manful and brotherly compassion for one whose few and evil days appealed for support, and partly to the fact that he was beginning to revolve upon other duties that he owed possibly to society, certainly to posterity. He had even styled himself the "residiary legatee o' the prop'ty," and now when the contingencies respecting it had lapsed into long-desired certitude, he reflected that he might become even somewhat tender with one whom he assumed to regard as an aged invalid, especially in view of the fair prospect that was now to open before his own robust, perennial youth.

The Pritchetts dwelt about a mile away, on the Polly Stubblefield side of the creek. Miss Lorinda was heiress-apparent of four hundred acres of land, and ten or twelve negroes. This young lady, about twenty years of age, stout, somewhat commanding of presence, though quite amiable, Wiley Stubblefield, now in his twenty-fifth year, had a decided notion to marry. What might have been done in time by a youth, tall, very handsome, industrious, honorable, as Wiley, but for certain accidents, could only be conjectured. What these accidents were will appear from the following conversation between him and his mother:

"And you say, my son, the widder Flynt have fooled your cousin Mapp, an' he have sot in at the Pritchetts?" asked the mother. "Um hum! I knowed he'd bait his hook thar ef the tother fish 'scaped it, and ef so, you well hang up your fiddle, for in that an' which ewents old man Pritchett (an' he's head thar, cert'n shore) will put him through. Made out like he was tryin' to help you? Aha! Jes the deference between him an' your cousin Cynthy, an' which she have too much sense, an' principle too, to meddle or 'tend to meddle in sich business. Mapp Stubblefield think he's pow'ful smart, gittin' fixed up at last in them calc'lations he's been makin' all him and his sister's life, an' a-always makin' her out sickly, an' old as Merthooslum to boot, an' which he know to be to the contrary."

"How old is Cousin Cynthy, ma? Ever since that time, away long ago, when I accident'ly called her Aunt Cynthy, she never seemed to like me much."





MAPP AND CYNTHY.

"And which you no business to of done, because them kind o' accidents hurts female persons just as bad as when they're done o' purpose. As for Cynthy's age, Cynthy Stubblefield never made a practice o' goin' about noratin' about *my* age, an' I'm not a-goin' to do deffernt. But she's young compared 'ith some, an' not nigh as old as her own brother want to make her out, he know for why. Ah, law me! But it's no business o' mine, and you'll find that the Pritchetts no business o' yourn."

She proved to have been a true prophet. During the fixing of the preliminaries, the Pritchetts, who were excellent people, were properly touched by the affectionate manner in which the suitor spoke of his poor declining sister.

"A-not'ithstandin' I'm to be an' is the residiary legatee o' the whole prop'ty, yit I can't but feel—an' nobody know how *I* feel—about po' sis' Cynthy."

When alone with his sister he was wont to speak of his approaching marriage as a mournful duty, in order to hinder the property from descending to the collateral line—a result which, if their father had foreseen it, he would have grievously deplored.

"I like Rindy, brother, and hope it will all be for the best," said Miss Cynthy.

"It's jest obleeged to go right, sister, 'ith them that love the Lord."

He felt suddenly some moisture in his eyes, and a pleasant warmth in his nostrils. He was ever fond of trying to quote Scripture, especially on solemn occasions, and now he felt that he was as affectionate a brother as any aged, sickly, forlorn maiden sister ever had.

"Poor Wiley!" she said, after some moments of compassionate abstraction.

"Good gracious, laws o' mercy, sister!" he answered. "Wiley! I'd 'a never put



in thar if— Oh, Wile Stubblefield!—he nothin' but a boy. Time enough for him. He'll do well in time."

"I suppose so—at least I hope so," she said, languidly.

## II.

The wedding and the infair were attended, of course, by Wiley and his mother. The latter, plucky, hearty, independent woman that she was, enjoyed everything. Wiley was somewhat cool, though not wanting in expressions of good wishes. Such a disappointment hurts a candid, single-minded youth more than one of bolder ambition. Mr. Pritchett, generally rather complaining, had now his jokes and pleasant prophesyings, and everything passed off well. After the infair the newly married started off in the gig on a tour (then very rare) to Augusta, which, with its five or six thousand inhabitants, was the pride of all middle Georgia country folk. Mr. Stubblefield, expensive as it was, acceded to his bride's proposition the more readily, perhaps, because he prudently thought that the first transports of the enormous happiness he was destined to impart might be better extended over a wide space and among vast multitudes than partaken in one quiet mansion, and witnessed by only a poor invalid.

A week afterward, on the evening of the return, when they were a few miles from home, the bride said:

"I'm glad sister Cynthy seem so friendly. You think she'll like the present I bought her, Mr. Stubblefield?"

"Nary doubt about that, honey. Sister know how to knock under when she know she's obleeged to."

"I've often wondered why such a smart, good-looking woman never married."

"My goodness gracious, child! in them ewents I'd 'a never been the residiary legatee o' the prop'ty."

"Of course not."

"Well, that's jist what I never wanted."

A sadness, the first since the marriage, came over the wife's face, which the husband did not notice, or which he ignored.

"It's jist as 't ought to be, Rindy. Jes as our parents would of wanted. Sister 'll be all right. She ain't one o' them kind that jes grabs holt an' tells people how she love 'em, like—like me, aha! Go 'long, Jim; whut you stop fur, sir? We'll all have to bar an' ferbar fur a short time, mo' or less, when the prop'ty 'll be palmed off whar it belong. Git up, Jim."

The travellers were welcomed becomingly. Mrs. Stubblefield, in answer to questions, enlarged upon the greatness of the city, the crowds of people, wagons and other vehicles, the certainty that any careless person would be crushed in those multitudinous throngs, and (you wouldn't believe it, but) the crossing that great bridge, and taking view, brief and hazardous as it was, of the strange tribes that got their living somehow (goodness knew, she didn't) on the Carolina shore.

"An' don't you know, sis Cynthy, that everybody knew we were just married? I said 'twas because we looked an' behaved so quare; but Mr. Stubblefield said them Augusty people know everybody the minute they lay eyes on 'em."

"An' you say, Rindy, your nice present was brother's choice?"

"Yes indeed, sister," said Mapp. "I thought how lonesome you wuz, an' I told Rindy I knowed you'd ruther have something—ah—dilikit, an'—ah—"

"Mourning, eh?"

"Ne-o; not adzackly *moanin'*, sister; but—ah—dilikit—dilikit, you know, sister."

"Thank you. Very kind in both; very kind."

When they were in their own chamber, Mrs. Stubblefield said, "I told you I didn't think she'd like that frock pattern an' trimmings."

"Well, well, well, with her bad health, an' at her times o' life, I should supposen she'd be a-reflectin' that death's a mollencholy sound, as the hyme-book say."

"Mister Stubblefield, you talk like sis Cynthy—she may 'outlive you an' me both."

He stared at his wife, but said no more on the subject.

Two days afterward Miss Stubblefield went to see her cousin Polly.

"An' how *do* they 'pear to start, Cynthy? Do tell me."

"Oh, right well, Cousin Polly; loving, as usual; particularly brother Mapp, though he's rather serious sometimes—for him, at least. I'm going to love Rindy. Childish as she is, yet she's considerate, and she's straightforward, which, somehow, poor brother can't be. Think he didn't make Rindy get me in Augusta a mourning frock pattern and trimmings!" Then she smiled faintly.

"My goodness gracious, patience everlasting me!" exclaimed Mrs. Polly. "Cyn-



thy Stubblefield, it's none o' my business, but *I* should let people know that I weren't nother a widder, ner a old-fashioned piece

caused, as he believed, by his unfortunate remark, she had been ever an indulgent creditor, while Mapp had exacted consid-



"SHE STROLLED WITH WILEY ABOUT THE YARD."

o' chaineey to be hid away on the shelf; not ef Polly Stubblefield know herself, she wouldn't."

Notwithstanding a little estrangement between Miss Stubblefield and Wiley,

erable yearly payments or excessive interest. The society of the two ladies must now become more intimate, when one must bear a sadder if not more complaining part, and the other a consoling and advisory.



The next night after this last-mentioned visit Wiley said: "Ma, coming from town this evening I saw Cousin Cynthy walking in the road by the gate. She looked better, and was chattier, than I've noticed in a long time."

"Did—did you? The child's blood's up."

Then she told about the present, and hinted her belief that Miss Stubblefield in her opinion would not much longer brook Mapp's selfish calculations.

"Ma, you don't mean—"

"Yes, sir, but I do."

"With her cough, and her age?"

"The marryin' o' people, Wiley Stubblefield, my expeunce is, don't allays 'pend on thar healths ner thar times o' life. It 'pends, my expeunce is, on a powidin' people, two at a time—my meanin' is, in co'se, consatin' they ruther change thar kinditions than keep single. Cynthy Stubblefield ain't the ageable person Mapp make out. An' as for her cough, I've knowed warous people to have 'em a constant, an' yit outlass a many another that hadn't ner didn't, like old man Lozenberry, an' which his own wife told me he ofting hacked an' racked of a night so that even the dogs couldn't sleep, an' went to barkin' an' howlin', an' that for fifty year, an' he retched eighty-sebn. An' besides, Cynthy told me herself her cough were a heap better; an' I've told her freckwent it were jes a habit she got into thar stayin' by herself, an' ef she'd peruse round in s'iety like other girls, she'd git over it intire. Cynthy know well as me an' you what Mapp been a-countin' on, and silent, say-nothin' person as she is, she's the smartest 'oman I know anything about. You heerd me."

### III.

None who knew the Pritchetts had ever even dreamed that the wife, who was many years younger than her husband, would decease before him. Yet this event occurred a few weeks after the wedding. The daughter's sorrow was doubtless the sadder from remembering that her mother, though submitting without complaining words, had not favored her marriage. Far more pronounced were the lamentations of the father. I may not dwell on that period wherein the stricken widower was heard to cry out time and time again:

"I jes tell you what it is, folks, ef thar's anybody can stand sech a racket *always*, he ain't me, ner I ain't him."

Mr. Stubblefield made every effort within the scope of his genius to comprehend the situation, and had to admit frankly that he could not. Nigh overwhelmed by such a shock upon the fitness of things, yet he knew he had duties to perform, particularly to his desperate father-in-law. At first Mr. Stubblefield endeavored to dwell, and did dwell, on the mercy was shown that such an affliction had not befallen until now, when the excellent man was so far spent in years that he might safely hope to rejoin his beloved companion in a very short time, more or less.

"Law bless my soul, Mapp Stubblefield!" Mr. Pritchett would answer, looking with wondering face at his consoler, "whut—whut you preachin' sich talk as that to me fer?"

Mr. Stubblefield would have convinced him that afflictions were blessings in disguise.

"Don't b'lieve 'em. Leastways ain't so 'ith me. May be so 'ith tother people. Ain't so 'ith me, cert'n, shore. Talk 'bout my jindin' along o' Sooky? In co'se I want to do that, an' go to hebn too, *when the time come*. But I ain't ready to go thar *now*, Mapp Stubblefield, an' I ain't *now* a-countin' on goin' *nowhars*, whar I got to die befo' I git thar. The man talk to me like he done got his lisons an' gone to preachin', like I were a Methooslum, when he know my wife dyin' were a accident, an' he no chicken hisself. *The good Lord!*"

Disappointed in argument from so high authority, Mr. Stubblefield's fertile mind resorted to others with the desperate wailer. Mr. Pritchett was reminded that, at all events, if he had lost as good a wife as any man or any set of men ever had, yet that in the very nick of time, so to speak, he had gained a son-in-law, who, without wishing to compare himself with the various sons-in-law of various people, that is, square, according to the scale, you may say, yet he was willing, open and above-board, to leave it to time *and* eternity to say who was who, and what was what, in the various matters and things in general of a man who, so far as *he* was concerned—

"Mapp Stubblefield," the mourner would break in hereabout, "want know whut you 'mind me of, 'ith your million o' multiplyin' words? You 'mind me o' the harricane I heern ole people tell about that tore everything up pooty nigh in crea-



tion. You well go 'long home; I'll work my case 'ithout your help."

Mr. Pritchett's good native physical constitution was a faithful support to his afflicted mind. In time he rose from his ashes, put off his sackcloth, got him new clothes, even linen and broadcloth, and one Sunday, while at the house of his son-in-law, among a great number of others made to Miss Stubblefield the following remark: "I tell ye what's a fack, Cynthy. I hain't felt as young an' active not in ten year; an' not only so, but I feels myself as much a man as they in genil makes 'em."

These words were not so unexpected by Miss Stubblefield as by her brother. Yet even before the death of Mrs. Pritchett he had noticed with interest incipient color in his sister's cheeks, somewhat more elasticity in her step, a slightly enhanced pronouncement of language and manners, and an increase in attention to dressing. One day when she had gone to Mrs. Polly's he said to his wife: "I've heerd folk say figgers *won't* tell lies. 'Tain't so. Who'd of thought your pa'd outlass your ma? an' which *she'd* 'a been satisfied to stay at home an' take keer o' the prop'ty. An' look at sis Cynthy, ef you please. Rindy Stubblefield, this here sum *we've* got have got whar it's to be ciphared out by the *Double Rule o' Three*. Understan' me?"

"Don't say *we*, Mr. Stubblefield. *I've* got no sum, and my advice with you is to let your sums and your cal'lations go, and let the good Lord manage such matters as you're cipharing about as He pleases, and which He's certain to do, whether you let Him or not."

That very night at the supper table Mr. Stubblefield, while carefully spreading the butter over his biscuit, said, "Rindy, how young your pa do look!"

She made no answer. The sister, raising her cup of coffee contentedly, said, "Yes, very young, considering."

"An' as for his *gaits*, that man's gaits is even younger'n his looks. I see him hop over a ditch in his cornfield yistiday, same's a hoppergrass, a heap activer than I could, not to save my life."

On one of Mr. Pritchett's visits (which were becoming more and more frequent) Miss Stubblefield was at the gate, about to mount her own horse for a visit to Mrs. Polly.

"Mayn't a feller have the pledger o'

keepin' company 'ith you as fur as Missis Stubblefield's gate?"

"Certainly, sir, and go in, if you please. Cousin Polly is a hospitable woman, you know, and always glad to see any of her friends or mine."

Aware that the Stubblefields over the creek had been a little hurt in their feelings, the old man was gratified by the opportunity of meeting them under so safe conduct. On the way he would have told of some thoughts that had been forming lately in his mind with great rapidity, but for a respectful brief allusion of the lady to his late wife. Knowing Miss Stubblefield to be a stickler for proprieties, he reflected that he might make surer progress by hastening slowly. Mrs. Polly was not a person to harbor resentments. Mr. Pritchett was highly pleased with the reception, the dinner to which he was invited to remain, and everything else. It was polite in Miss Stubblefield for half an hour or so after dinner to leave him and her cousin Polly together, while she strolled with Wiley about the yard, the horse lot, the cow pen, looking at the poultry, the colt, and the young calves. Wiley was touched by the deportment of his cousin, softer than its wont. He did not doubt that it was meant to conciliate him toward Mr. Pritchett, the gracious reception of whose pronounced attentions he had seen. So when that gentleman was taking his hand, in a manful way he expressed his pleasure from the visit, and asked him to repeat it.

"Ef I don't do it, Wiley," answered Mr. Pritchett, "people may call me a liar and welcome."

During the family chat that night Wiley said: "Ma, it looks like Cousin Cynthy is going to take Mr. Pritchett. Don't you think so?"

"I ain't no prophic, Wiley. Her mind's makin' up for somethin', cert'n shore. Ef it's to take up 'ith him, you 'n' me got to pull up stakes, for Cynthy couldn't help us even if she wanted, because the law, as you know yourself, give the husband every blessed thing a woman got etsep the close on her back. Law mercy me! I wish I *war* a man jes onnly for the present time bein'."

"Good gracious, ma!"

"Oh yes, I know it'd be good gracious; and I'm that pestered I don't know, ner neither do I know whut to want to be, ner whut to want to do."



## IV.

The words that could not longer be suppressed were spoken by the impetuous lover. In accordance with becoming usage, Miss Stubblefield asked time for self-examination and for counselling with her only confidante, Mrs. Polly. Mr. Pritchett hoped that his anxiety might not be strained too far, and prudently hinted that persons at their time, with thoughts of making hay, ought to avail themselves of all, beginning with the earliest, sunshine that presented itself.

"Mr. Pritchett," she said, at the close of this interesting interview, "delicate matters ought not to be talked about generally. If brother does not already know of your intentions, he will not find them out from me."

"Blame Mapp Stubblefield!" said he, resentfully. "He want to preach to me to git ready to die. Coted Scriptor on me an' every hyme in the hyme-book. But yit he's pow'ful for you an' me to jine in the banes. Keep prop'ty in the fambly—see?"

"I see, I see. Good-by."

As soon as he reached home Mr. Pritchett sent a negro boy to Mrs. Polly's with the following message:

"Sim, take this bastit o' Muscoby duck aigs to Missis Polly Stubblefield, an' tell her my respects of her, an' tell her a-know-in' she have none but puddles, I has sont her these here; an' tell her they'll hatch under a puddle well—howsonever, she know that. Go 'long. Kyar the messenge right, break none of 'em, you git a biscuit."

The following day Miss Stubblefield spent at Mrs. Polly's. As Wiley looked at her, so improved in health, so cheery of words, and trying (he suspected) to be so cheery of heart, he felt what a sin was this sacrifice of the innocent by the selfish, and he was glad that the pressing work called him to the field. A long talk his mother and cousin had. Sometimes there were tears, occasionally smiles, subdued as usual, on Miss Stubblefield's face, but hearty on the round, smooth, ruddy face of Mrs. Polly. The guest was about starting homeward, when Wiley returned from the field. She delayed a few moments, hoped that cotton would bring a good price the coming fall, suggested his putting in as much small grain as possible, and, at a degree of distance that evinced both delicacy and kindness,

expressed willingness to help him, when so needed, in planting and harvesting. He thanked her in few, simple words, set her upon her horse, and as she rode cantering away, looked at her until she was out of sight. In the usual after-supper conference the mother said:

"Ah, laws of mercy me! Ef I could be king o' this country for about three weeks, I'd stop *some* o' Mapp Stubblefield's projeckins."

"Ma," said Wiley, petulantly, "can't Cousin Cynthy take care of herself? I *can't* believe she's afraid of Cousin Mapp."

"It ain't that she's afeard o' Mapp, Wiley; but the child's jes wore out 'ith his calc'lations, an'—an' 'ith lonesomeness."

"Well, ma, don't she know Mr. Pritchett's not the only man in the world?"

"Cynthy Stubblefield ain't a person to traipse and pe-ruse around a-huntin' for 'em, but she know well as anybody thar's warous vocations o' men persons, but she have respects of herself, an' she not run arfter them. Now as for Mr. Pritchett, nobody have never denied that he were a good husband ontwil his kimpanion were tuck away. Cynthy know that, an'—an' yit—one thing—Ef she did like, or ef she didn't—Ther! I no business—" She paused, and looked down.

"Liked what, ma? Do tell me what you mean by such talk."

"Him a-sendin' o' me o' them duck aigs."

"Law, ma, do hush!"

"No, Wiley, I shall not hush, if even that were the onnliest way fer a child to talk to its parrents, an' you know I never counted on him a-sendin' me them duck aigs, no more'n o' thar drappin' spang out the moon under old Mollie, an' which she gittin' ready to go to settin' on that very day of our Lord, an' it look 'most like a marracle, an'—"

"Oh, ma, you needn't take on so. I didn't mean to *order* you to hush; I was just surprised at Cousin Cynthy making anything out of nothing."

"Tall oaks from little aco'ns grows," as I've not only heerd, but I've saw printed." She looked for several moments at him as he sat silently gazing into the small light-wood fire; then drawing from her bosom a paper, she said, before handing it to him: "Ef a angel from hebn had a-told me so, my feelinks wouldn't of been worked up powerfuler. Read that paper, boy."





"I GOT NO PHYSIC FOR SUCH A CASE."—[SEE PAGE 737.]

It was their joint promissory note to Miss Stubblefield, on which the mother's name was erased and a credit of half the amount then due endorsed in the payee's hand. Wiley laid his head upon the table, and when she heard his first sob she shouted in a rapture of thankfulness:

"Yes, she say no matter what happen, me 'n' you got to keep this place, an' she done it as she were startin' home, an' before I could gether up my senses to thank her she put her blessed hand *on* my mouth, she *varnished from* the sight, she *marched to* her horse, an' *as* she *e-loped* away I couldn't keep *out* my mind them passages o' Scriptor, 'Oh, turn, *sinner*, turn; why *will* ye die?'"

The next day Mr. Stubblefield, coming in from the field, said: "Ah! Wiley been here, eh? Um hum! Say he talk mostly 'ith sister? Aha! Want to git her to git your pa not be too brash on him 'bout his note. I don't blame him. Scriptor say git friends for yourself when you has the chance."

Wiley had been over to thank his cousin for her most generous kindness to his mother, and he did so in a way unsatisfactory to himself; yet out of the struggling words of simple gratitude a good woman like Miss Stubblefield can sometimes "pick a welcome" above that imparted by

"the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."



## V.

On that same morning Mr. Pritchett rode to Mrs. Polly's, who, after the salutation, said, "And I do think, Mr. Pritchett, it were the diliketest and the dimestickest thing, as I told Cynthy. I were no more a-countin' on that settin' o' them Muscoby duck aigs, though she know herself and can't denies I been a-wantin' to git in the breed of 'em."

"Glad you liked 'em, mum. Cynthy say anything 'bout 'em? Ast anybody's adwices about me, mum?"

"Now look here, Mr. Pritchett, Cynthy Stubblefield, female though she be, nobody but a lone female, she know how to paddle her own canoes, and in co'se I could see mighty plain that she have things on her mind; but she's one o' them that allays would take her time about tellin' her secrets an' makin' up her mind; an' as for the sendin' a neighbor jes one lone settin' o' duck aigs, in co'se Cynthy *ought* to of knowed that there were nothin' o' the kind, nary thing, and—"

There she stopped suddenly, and pressed her lips closely together. The guest smiled, and sat out his morning visit with only occasional allusions to Miss Stubblefield, to which Mrs. Polly rather vaguely and mysteriously responded.

"Joe," said Mr. Pritchett to his horse, as, after having mounted, he rode away, "women's women, Joe. Hit ain't jes one; hit's all of 'em."

It was well for Mr. Pritchett that such a present, artfully managed, as he believed, had been sent to as good a woman and as affectionate a cousin as Mrs. Polly. Even as it was, he found Miss Stubblefield (for he had gone there straightway from Mrs. Polly's) rather distant in manner, comparatively, though she said that she was not quite well. The visit was less satisfactory than he had hoped, and when he had taken his leave, being anxious, lonesome, instead of going home, he returned to Mrs. Polly's. It very soon appeared what a stanch, sensible, true-hearted woman Mrs. Polly was. For in two days' time all misunderstandings were adjusted, and everybody was perfectly cheerful, even bright, except Wiley. Wiley, poor fellow, sincere, deep-feeling man that he was, could not but feel rather cool toward Mr. Pritchett for a while; yet when he saw that matters were definitely settled, he became, if not entirely cordial, at least entirely respectful.

After this Miss Stubblefield rose to a cheerfulness that surprised her brother, sometimes even humming snatches of merry tunes while at her work. For now she was making her needle fly, both at home and at Mrs. Polly's, who was a famous cutter and fitter.

"Rindy," said Mr. Stubblefield, "I never knowed sis Cynthy try to sing before, exceptin' of a hyme, an' not makin' but monst'ous little o' them, for why, she never 'peared to have no hear ner voice for singin', like me; but blame ef I didn't hear her to-day in the gyarden, blazin' away on 'Betsy Baker.' Jes as the Scripter say, when people, young or old, git to waxin' in fat, they goes to kickin'. Hit's a-gainin' on 'em, shore. They talk to you any? They don't to me. I hinted to your pa, but he say he don't want no gyardyen, an' I had to let him drap, I did."

"Pa knows, Mr. Stubblefield, that I'm obliged to think he might have waited a little longer—"

"Good gracious laws of mercy, Rindy! When a person is oncet dead—"

"Stop that, Mr. Stubblefield. You think nothing of my feelings because you've got your own projects. They've neither of 'em said a word to me, and I'm glad they haven't."

One morning at the breakfast table, when the meal was nearly over, Miss Stubblefield said: "Brother, I'm going to spend the day with Cousin Polly. Don't be uneasy if I do not get back to-night. I'm busy with some things she's helping me about." She blushed deeply.

Her brother smiled, said, "All right, sister; take good keer o' yourself," then left the table and the house.

Putting some things into a large basket, and despatching them by a negro boy, she took her sister-in-law's hand, saying: "Good-by, dear, dear Rindy. I hope—I do hope the good Lord will bless us all."

Tears came into the eyes of both, and they were clasped for a moment in each other's arms.

The disrespectful remark made by Mr. Stubblefield touching the veracity of figures he had often told his wife that, as a man of honor, he withdrew. He had indeed trembled at the death of his mother-in-law, and until the easy, rapid coalescence of the widower with Miss Cynthy relieved him of all apprehension. After



he had gotten into his bed that night, his wife, who was yet up reading her Bible, heard him muttering, "I'm like the feller that were shot at by a double-bar'l, by George! and jes skipped bein' of hit. Yes, sir, *Fractions* was too little for that sum. The figgers that done the business were the Double Rule o' Three."

After awakening next morning, Mr. Stubblefield was suddenly attacked with illness so violent that a messenger was despatched in great haste for his family physician. This gentleman, a man of capacity, though bluff in manner, on arrival approached the bed, where the patient lay flat upon his back, his face covered with a handkerchief, underneath which ghastly moanings were uttered. The wife, pale and sad, had risen at his entrance and retired.

"Hello, Stubblefield!" said the doctor, uncovering his face and feeling his pulse. "What's all this racket about? Pulse good as mine. Where's your pain?"

"In my bres, doc," he answered, feebly; "not my *actil* bres, doc, but the feelinks inside thar."

"Hippo, by George! Hippo again."

"My laws, man, don't begin 'ith the cotin' o' yer everlastin' hippo on me, when I'm ruined, an' broke, an' busted, an' sick, an' mighty nigh dead. The Izzleites has run away with the Phlistians. Rindy's pa goned an' married to Polly Stubblefield; an' sis Cynthy she goned an' tuck up 'long o' Wile!"

The doctor, in deference to Mrs. Stubblefield, who at that moment re-entered, repressed the laughter he would have uttered.

"Well, Stubblefield," he said, "this is no case to put a man like you, just married, flat of his back. You got to divide with Wiley. That's all right, of course. Don't doubt Mrs. Stubblefield will say the same."

"I've said the same to him, doctor; and I begged him not to send for you."

"Aha! I knew it. Stubblefield, you ought to get down on your knees every day and thank God for such a wife."

"Sh-she!" said the husband, turning his head away.

"Confound such a creature!" muttered Dr. Lewis, as composedly, yet with a flush upon his face, he looked down upon the utterer of the insult. Taking his leave abruptly, he turned when he had reached the door, and said: "Stubblefield, I got no physic for such a case. Mrs. Stubble-

field is the doctor for you, if you'll ever find it out. Good-by again."

The disappointment of Mr. Stubblefield's calculations had not been produced as capriciously as may have appeared. Mrs. Polly had never dreamed of wedding Mr. Pritchett until that good man, with the promptness of lovers at his age, feeling the necessity of hay-making in his limited remnant of sunshine, turned from the fair field whose gates were shut upon him to the next adjoining. Mrs. Polly rejected him at once, saying she would marry neither the king's son nor the king himself, unless she could foresee some good to come to Wiley by such marriage. Now Wiley had been indulging in two blessed emotions—pity and thankfulness. He scarcely knew all of what was on his mind on the morning of his late visit to his cousin. Eagerness to rescue her from a destiny with shameless selfishness planned struggled with what he felt to be due to Mr. Pritchett. When he found that she never had even thought of making such a marriage, something in her face and something in his own heart led to the offer of himself.

"Oh, Wiley! Wiley! I am far—I am entirely too old for you; but—but I've loved you all your life." Then she would have fallen but for his strong arm.

The very next day Mr. Pritchett, who had traded with Mapp for the promissory note, came to Mrs. Polly's, and the paper with innumerable cancellations was thrown with a force approximating violence into her lap. "Now whut?" said he, with the manner of a mower whetting his scythe.

What *could* Mrs. Polly do besides crying with an overflowing breast? Wiley was reluctant to view this unexpected turn in the proper light; but he prudently submitted at last to the inevitable.

After their return from Mrs. Polly's, whither Mrs. Stubblefield had virtually dragged her husband in order to make their congratulations, she said:

"You see, Mr. Stubblefield, people have to let live as well as live themselves. As for you and me, we've got to get away. This place is not big enough to be divided, and sister's the oldest, and it'll suit her and Wiley both to keep it. Besides, it's best for us to get out of this neighborhood."

It was always remarkable how soon some women in emergencies can become heroines. The influence obtained by this



woman, had it been earlier, might have been salutary. He accepted without thanks the several advantages accorded him in the division, and having purchased a plantation several miles south of the village, removed there, saying over and over, both before and while on the way to his new home, "I feels adzackly like the Izzleites when they was tuck pris'ners." The reflection that his calculations were to begin again on other contingencies and a diminished slate weighed heavily upon him,

and he became yet more prone to compare himself with noted Scripture characters who, once great, had fallen into low estate. His wife, generally, not always, patient, kept up, as well as she could, him and herself. Finally he began to get some comfort from morning drams, and was moderately thankful for that. He seldom visited his relations, but his wife did, and seldom returned without some substantial token of their affection, especially from her step-mother.

## SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER LVII.

#### BELOW THE LINE.

OF the British Admirals then on duty, Collingwood alone, so far as now appears, had any suspicion of Napoleon's real plan.

"I have always had an idea that Ireland alone was the object they have in view," he wrote in July, 1805, "and still believe that to be their ultimate destination—that they [*i. e.*, the Toulon fleet] will now liberate the Ferrol squadron from Calder, make the round of the bay, and taking the Rochefort people with them, appear off Ushant, perhaps with 34 sail, there to be joined by 20 more. Cornwallis collecting his out-squadrons may have 30 and upwards. This appears to be a probable plan; for unless it is to bring their great fleets and armies to some point of service—some rash attempt at conquest—they have been only subjecting them to chance of loss; which I do not believe the Corsican would do, without the hope of an adequate reward. This summer is big with events."

This was written to Lord Nelson upon his return to Europe, after chasing that Toulon fleet to the West Indies and back again. And a day or two later, the same Vice-Admiral wrote to his friend very clearly, as before:

"Truly glad will I be to see you, and to give you my best opinion on the present state of affairs, which are in the highest degree intricate. But reasoning on the policy of the present French government, who never aim at little things while great objects are in view, I have considered the

invasion of Ireland as the real mark and butt of all their operations. The flight to the West Indies was to take off the naval force, which is the great impediment to their undertaking. The Rochefort squadron's return confirmed me. I think they will now collect their force at Ferrol—which Calder tells me are in motion—pick up those at Rochefort, who, I am told, are equally ready, and will make them above thirty sail; and then, without going near Ushant or the Channel fleet, proceed to Ireland. Detachments must go from the Channel fleet to succour Ireland, when the Brest fleet—21 I believe of them—will sail, either to another part of Ireland, or up the Channel—a sort of force that has not been seen in those seas, perhaps ever."

Lord Nelson just lately had suffered so much from the disadvantage of not "following his own head, and so being much more correct in judgment than following the opinion of others," that his head was not at all in a receptive state; and like all who have doubted about being right, and found the doubt wrong, he was hardened into the merits of his own conclusion. "Why have I gone on a goose-chase?" he asked; "because I have twice as many ears as eyes."

This being so, he stuck fast to the conviction which he had nourished all along, that the scheme of invasion was a sham, intended to keep the British fleet at home, while the enemy ravaged our commerce and colonies afar. And by this time the country, grown heartily tired of groundless alarms and suspended menace, was beginning to view with contempt a camp that was wearing out its own encamp-



ment. Little was it dreamed in the sweet rose gardens of England, or the fragrant hay-fields, that the curl of blue smoke while the dinner was cooking, the call of milkmaids, the haymaker's laugh, or the whinny of Dobbin between his mouthfuls, might be turned (ere a man of good appetite was full) into foreign shouts, and shriek of English maiden, crackling homestead, and blazing stack-yard, blare of trumpets, and roar of artillery, cold flash of steel, and the soft warm trickle of a father's or a husband's blood.

But the chance of this hung upon a hair just now. One hundred and sixty thousand soldiers—the finest sons of Mars that demon has ever yet begotten—fifteen thousand warlike horses, ready to devour all the oats of England, cannons that never could be counted (because it was not always safe to go near them), and ships that no reckoner could get to the end of, because he was always beginning again.

Who was there now to meet all these? Admiral Darling, and Captain Stubbard, and Zebedee Tugwell (if he found them intrusive), and Erle Twemlow, as soon as he got his things from London. There might be a few more to come forward, as soon as they saw the necessity; but Mr. John Prater could not be relied on—because of the trade he might expect to drive; Mr. Shargeloes had never turned up again; and as for poor Cheeseman, he had lost himself so entirely now that he made up the weight of a pound of sausages, in the broad summer light, with a tallow candle. Like others concerned in this history, he had jumped at the stars, and cracked his head against a beam, in manner to be recorded.

The country being destitute thus of defenders—for even Stubbard's battery was not half manned, because it had never been wanted—the plan of invasion was thriving well, in all but one particular. The fleet under Villeneuve was at large, so was that under Lallemand, who had superseded Missiessy, so was the force of Gravina and another Spanish admiral; but Ganteaume had failed to elude the vigilance of that hero of storms, Cornwallis. Napoleon arrived at Boulogne on the 3rd of August, and reviewed his troops, in a line on the beach some eight miles long. A finer sight he had never seen, and he wrote in his pride: "The English know not what is hanging over their ears. If we are masters of the passage for twelve

hours, England is conquered." But all depended on Villeneuve, and happily he could not depend upon his nerves.

Meanwhile the young man who was charged with a message which he would gladly have died to discharge was far away, eating out his heart in silence, or vainly relieving it with unknown words. At the last gasp, or after he ceased to gasp for the time, and was drifting insensible, but happily with his honest face still upward, a Dutchman, keeping a sharp lookout for English cruisers, espied him. He was taken on board of a fine bark bound from Rotterdam for Java, with orders to choose the track least infested by that ravenous shark Britannia. Scudamore was treated with the warmest kindness and the most gentle attention, for the captain's wife was on board, and her tender heart was moved with compassion. Yet even so, three days passed by, with no more knowledge of time on his part than the face of a clock has of its hands; and more than a week was gone before both body and mind were in tone and tune again. By that time the stout Dutch bark, having given a wide berth to the wakes of war, was forty leagues west of Cape Finisterre, under orders to touch no land short of the Cape, except for fresh water at St. Jago.

Blyth Scudamore was blest with that natural feeling of preference for one's own kin and country which the much larger minds of the present period flout, and scout as barbarous. Happily our periodical blight is expiring, like cuckoo-spit, in its own bubbles; and the time is returning when the bottle-blister will not be accepted as the good ripe peach. Scudamore was of the times that have been (and perhaps may be coming again, in the teeth and the jaw of universal suffrage), of resolute, vigorous, loyal people, holding fast all that God gives them, and declining to be led by the tail, by a gentleman who tacked their tail on as his handle.

This certainty of belonging still to a firm and substantial race of men (whose extinction would leave the world nothing to breed from) made the gallant Scudamore so anxious to do his duty, that he could not do it. Why do we whistle to a horse overburdened with a heavy load uphill? That his mind may grow tranquil, and his ears train forward, his eyes lose their nervous contraction, and a fine sense of leisure pervade him. But if he has a long hill to surmount, with none to restrain his



ardour, the sense of duty grows stronger than any consideration of his own good, and the best man has not the conscience needful to understand half his emotions.

Thus the sense of duty kept Blyth Scudamore full of misery. Every day carried him further from the all-important issues; and the chance of returning in time grew faint, and fainter at every sunset. The kindly Dutchman and his wife were aware of some burden on his mind, because of its many groaning sallies while astray from judgment. But as soon as his wits were clear again, and his body fit to second them, Blyth saw that he could not crave their help, against the present interests of their own land. Holland was at enmity with England, not of its own accord, but under the pressure of the man who worked so hard the great European mangle. Captain Van Oort had picked up some English, and his wife could use tongue and ears in French, while Scudamore afforded himself and them some little diversion by attempts in Dutch. Being of a wonderfully happy nature—for happiness is the greatest wonder in this world—he could not help many a wholesome laugh, in spite of all the projects of Napoleon.

Little things seldom jump into bigness, till a man sets his microscope at them. According to the everlasting harmonies, Blyth had not got a penny, because he had not got a pocket to put it in. A pocketful of money would have sent him to the bottom of the sea, that breezy April night, when he drifted for hours, with eyes full of salt, twinkling feeble answer to the twinkle of the stars. But he had made himself light of his little cash left, in his preparation for a slow decease, and perhaps the fish had paid tribute with it to the Cæsar of this Millennium. Captain Van Oort was a man of his inches in length, but in breadth about one-third more, being thickened and spread by the years that do this to a body containing a Christian mind. "You will never get out of them," said Mrs. Van Oort, when he got into her husband's large smallclothes; but he who had often jumped out of a tub felt no despair about jumping out of two. In every way Scudamore hoped for the best—which is the only right course for a man who has done his own best, and is helpless.

Keeping out of the usual track of commerce, because of the privateers and other

pests of war waylaying it, they met no sail of either friend or foe until they cast anchor at St. Jago. Here there was no ship bound for England, and little chance of finding one, for weeks or perhaps for months to come. The best chance of getting home lay clearly in going yet further away from home, and so he stuck to the good ship still, and they weighed for the Cape on the 12th of May. Everything set against poor Scuddy—wind, and wave, and the power of man. It had been the 16th of April when he was rescued from the devouring sea; some days had been spent by the leisurely Dutchman in providing fresh supplies, and the stout bark's favourite maxim seemed to be, "the more haste the less speed." Baffling winds and a dead calm helped to second this philosophy, and the first week of June was past before they swung to their moorings in Table Bay.

"What chance is there now of my doing any good?" the young Englishman asked himself, bitterly. "This place is again in the hands of the Dutch, and the English ships stand clear of it, or only receive supplies by stealth. I am friendless here, I am penniless; and worst of all, if I even get a passage home, there will be no home left. Too late! too late! What use is there in striving?"

Tears stood in his blue eyes, which were gentle as a lady's; and his forehead (usually calm and smooth and ready for the flicker of a very pleasant smile) was as grave and determined as the brow of Caryl Carne. Captain Van Oort would have lent him 500 guilders with the greatest pleasure, but Scudamore would not take more than fifty, to support him until he could obtain a ship. Then with hearty good-will, and life-long faith in each other, the two men parted, and Scudamore's heart was uncommonly low—for a substance that was not a "Jack-in-the-box"—as he watched from the shore the slow fading into dream-land of the *Katterina*.

Nothing except patriotic feeling may justify a man, who has done no harm, in long-continued misery. The sense of violent bodily pain, or of perpetual misfortune, or of the baseness of all in whom he trusted, and other steady influx of many-fountained sorrow, may wear him for a time, and even fetch his spirit lower than the more vicarious woe can do. But the firm conviction that the family of man to which one belongs, and is proud of belong-



ing, has fallen into the hands of traitors, eloquent liars, and vile hypocrites, and cannot escape without crawling in the dust—this produces a large deep gloom, and a crushing sense of doom beyond philosophy. Scudamore could have endured the loss and the disillusion of his love—pure and strong as that power had been—but the ruin of his native land would turn his lively heart into a lump of stone.

For two or three days he roved about among the people of the water-side—boatmen, pilots, shipping agents, store-keepers, stevedores, crimps, or any others likely to know anything to help him. Some of these could speak a little English, and many had some knowledge of French; but all shook their heads at his eagerness to get to England. “You may wait weeks, or you may wait months,” said the one who knew most of the subject; “we are very jealous of the English ships. That country swallows up the sea so. It has been forbidden to supply the English ships; but for plenty money it is done sometimes; but the finger must be placed upon the nose, and upon the two eyes what you call the guinea; and in six hours where are they? Swallowed up by the mist from the mountain. No, sir! If you have the great money, it is very difficult. But if you have not that, it is impossible.”

“I have not the great money; and the little money also has escaped from a quicksand in the bottom of my pocket.”

“Then you will never get to England, sir,” this gentleman answered, pleasantly; “and unless I have been told things too severely, the best man that lives had better not go there, without a rock of gold in his pocket grand enough to fill a thousand quicksands.”

Scudamore lifted the relics of his hat, and went in search of some other Job’s comforter. Instead of a passage to England, he saw in a straight line before him the only journey which a mortal may take without paying his fare.

To save himself from this gratuitous tour, he earned a little money in a porter’s gang, till his quick step roused the indignation of the rest. With the loftiest perception of the rights of man, they turned him out of that employment (for the one “sacred principle of labour” is to play), and he, understanding now the nature of democracy, perceived that of all the many short-cuts to starvation, the

one with the fewest elbows to it is—to work.

While he was meditating upon these points—which persons of big words love to call “questions of political economy”—his hat, now become a patent ventilator, sat according to custom on the back of his head, exposing his large calm forehead, and the kind honesty of his countenance. Then he started a little, for his nerves were not quite as strong as when they had good feeding, at the sudden sense of being scrutinized by the most piercing gaze he had ever encountered.

The stranger was an old man of tall spare frame, wearing a shovel-hat and long black gown drawn in with a belt, and around his bare neck was a steel chain supporting an ebony cross. With a smile, which displayed the firm angles of his face, he addressed the young man in a language which Scudamore could not understand, but believed to be Portuguese.

“Thy words I am not able to understand. But the Latin tongue, as it is pronounced in England, I am able to interpret, and to speak, not too abundantly.” Scudamore spoke the best Latin he could muster at a moment’s notice, for he saw that this gentleman was a Catholic priest, and probably therefore of good education.

“Art thou, then, an Englishman, my son?” the stranger replied, in the same good tongue. “From thy countenance and walk, that opinion stood fast in my mind at first sight of thee. Every Englishman is to me beloved, and every Frenchman unfriendly—as many, at least, as now govern the state. Father Bartholomew is my name, and though most men here are heretical, among the faithful I avail sufficiently. What saith the great Venusian? ‘In straitened fortunes quit thyself as a man of spirit and of mettle.’ I find thee in straitened fortunes, and would gladly enlarge thee, if that which thou art doing is pleasing to the God omnipotent.”

After a few more words, he led the hapless and hungry Englishman to a quiet little cot which overlooked the noble bay, and itself was overlooked by a tall flag-staff bearing the colours of Portugal. Here in the first place he regaled his guest with the flank of a kid served with cucumber, and fruit gathered early, and some native wine, scarcely good



enough for the Venusian bard, but as rich as ambrosia to Scudamore. Then he supplied him with the finest tobacco that ever ascended in spiral incense to the cloud-compelling Jove. At every soft puff, away flew the blue-devils, pagan, or Christian, or even scientific; and the brightness of the sleep-forbidden eyes returned, and the sweetness of the smile so long gone hence in dread of trespass. Father Bartholomew, neither eating, drinking, nor smoking, till the sun should set—for this was one of his fast-days—was heartily pleased with his guest's good cheer, and smiled with the large benevolence which a lean face expresses with more decision than a plump and jolly one. "And now, my son," he began again, in Latin more fluent and classical than the sailor could compass after Cicero thrown by, "thou hast returned thanks to Almighty God, for which I the more esteem thee. Oblige me, therefore, if it irk thee not, among smoke of the genial Nicotium, by telling thy tale, and explaining what hard necessity hath driven thee to these distant shores. Fear not, for thou seest a lover of England, and hater of France the infidel."

Then Scudamore, sometimes hesitating and laughing at his own bad Latin, told as much of his story as was needful, striving especially to make clear the importance of his swift return, and his fear that even so it would be too late.

"Man may believe himself too late, but the Lord ariseth early," the good priest answered, with a smile of courage refreshing the heart of the Englishman. "Behold how the hand of the Lord is steadfast over those who serve him! To-morrow I might have been far away; to-day I am in time to help thee. Whilst thou wert feeding, I received the signal of a swift ship for Lisbon, whose captain is my friend, and would neglect nothing to serve me. This night he will arrive, and with favourable breezes, which have set in this morning, he shall spread his sails again to-morrow, though he meant to linger perhaps for three days. Be of good cheer, my son; thou shalt sail to-morrow. I will supply thee with all that is needful, and thank God for a privilege so great. Thou shalt have money as well for the passage from Lisbon to England, which is not long. Remember in thy prayers—for thou art devout—that old man, Father Bartholomew."

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## IN EARLY MORN.

ONE Saturday morning in the month of August, an hour and a half before sunrise, Carne walked down to the big yew-tree, which stood far enough from the brink of the cliff to escape the salt, and yet near enough to command an extensive sea-view. This was the place where the young shoemaker, belonging to the race of Shanks, had been scared so sadly that he lost his sweetheart, some two years and a half ago; and this was the tree that had been loved by painters, especially the conscientious Sharples, a pupil of Romney, who studied the nicks and the tricks of the bole, and the many fantastic frets of time, with all the loving care which ensured the truth of his simple and powerful portraits. But Sharples had long been away in the West; and Carne, having taste for no art except his own, had despatched his dog Orso, the fiercer of the pair, at the only son of a brush who had lately made ready to encamp against that tree; upon which he decamped, and went over the cliff, with a loss of much personal property.

The tree looked ghostly in the shady light, and gaunt armstretch of departing darkness, going as if it had not slept its sleep out. Now was the time when the day is afraid of coming, and the night unsure of going, and a large reluctance to acknowledge any change keeps everything waiting for another thing to move. What is the use of light and shadow, the fuss of the morning, and struggle for the sun? Fair darkness has filled all the gaps between them, and why should they be sever'd into single life again? For the gladness of daybreak is not come yet, nor the pleasure of seeing the way again, the lifting of the darkness leaves heaviness beneath it, and if a rashly early bird flops down upon the grass, he cannot count his distance, but quivers like a moth.

"Pest on this abominable early work!" muttered Carne with a yawn, as he groped his way through the deep gloom of black foliage, and entered the hollow of the ancient trunk; "it is all very well for sailors, but too hard upon a quiet gentleman. Very likely that fellow won't come for two hours. What a cursed uncomfortable maggotty place! But I'll have out the sleep he has robbed me of." He stretched



his long form on the rough bench inside, gathered his cloak around him, and roused the dull echo of the honey-combed hollow with long loud snores.

"Awake, my vigilant commander, and behold me! Happy are the landsmen, to whom the stars bring sleep. I have not slept for three nights, and the fruits are here for you."

It was the lively voice of Renaud Charron; and the rosy fan of the dawn, unfolded over the sea and the gray rocks, glanced with a flutter of shade into the deep-ribbed tree. Affecting a lofty indifference, Carne, who had a large sense of his own dignity, rose slowly and came out into the better light. "Sit down, my dear friend," he said, taking the sealed packet; "there is bread and meat here, and a bottle of good Maçon. You are nearly always hungry, and you must be starved now."

Charron perceived that his mouth was offered employment at the expense of his eyes; but the kernel of the matter was his own already, and he smiled to himself at the mystery of his chief. "In this matter, I should implore the tree to crush me, if my father were an Englishman," he thought; "but every one to his taste; it is no affair of mine." Just as he was getting on good terms with his refreshment, Carne came back, and watched him with a patronising smile.

"You are the brother of my toil," he said, "and I will tell you as much as it is good for you to know. A few hours now will complete our enterprise. Napoleon is at Boulogne again, and even he can scarcely restrain the rush of the spirits he has provoked. The first Division is on board already, with a week's supplies, and a thousand horses, ready to sail when a hand is held up. The hand will be held up at my signal, and that I shall trust you to convey to-night, as soon as I have settled certain matters. Where is that sullen young Tugwell? What have you done with him?"

"Wonderfully clever is your new device, my friend," Charron replied, after a long pull at the bottle. "To vanquish the mind by a mind superior is a glory of high reason; but to let it remain in itself and compel it to perform what is desired by the other, is a stroke of genius. And under your pharmacy he must do it—that has been proved already. The idea was grand, very noble, magnificent. It

never would have shown itself to my mind."

"Probably not. When that has been accomplished, we will hang him for a traitor. But, my dear friend, I have sad news for you, even in this hour of triumph. The lady of your adoration, the Admiral's eldest daughter, Faith, has recovered the man for whom she has waited four years, and she means to marry him. The father has given his consent, and her pride is beyond description. She has long loved a mystery—what woman can help it? And now she has one for life, a husband eclipsed in his own hair. My Renaud, all rivalry is futile. Your hair, alas, is quite short and scanty. But this man has discovered in Africa a nut which turns a man into the husk of himself. No wonder that he came out of the sea all dry!"

"Tush! he is a pig. It is a pig that finds the nuts. I will be the butcher for that long pig, and the lady will rush into the arms of conquest. Then will I possess all the Admiral's lands, and pursue the fine chase of the rabbits. And I will give dinners, such dinners, my faith! Ha! that is excellent said—embrace me—my Faith will sit at the right side of the table, and explain to the English company that such dinners could proceed from nobody except a French gentleman commingling all the knowledge of the joint with the loftier conception of the hash, the mince—the what you call? Ah, you have no name for it, because you do not know the proper thing. Then, in the presence of admiring Englishmen, I will lean back in my chair, the most comfortable chair that can be found—"

"Stop. You have got to get into it yet," Carne interrupted, rudely; "and the way to do that is not to lean back in it. The fault of your system has always been that you want to enjoy everything before you get it."

"And of yours," retorted Charron, beginning to imbibe the pugnacity of an English landlord, "that when you have got everything, you will enjoy what? Nothing!"

"Even a man of your levity hits the nail on the head sometimes," said Carne, "though the blow cannot be a very heavy one. Nature has not fashioned me for enjoyment, and therefore affords me very little. But some little I do expect in the great inversion coming, in the upset of



the scoundrels who have fattened on my flesh, and stolen my land, to make country gentlemen—if it were possible—of themselves. It will take a large chimney to burn their title-deeds, for the robbery has lasted for a century. But I hold the great Emperor's process signed for that; and if you come to my cookery, you will say that I am capable of enjoyment. Fighting I enjoy not, as hot men do, nor guzzling, nor swigging, nor singing of songs; for all of which you have a talent, my friend. But the triumph of quiet skill I like; and I love to turn the balance on my enemies. Of these there are plenty, and among them all who live in that fishy little hole down there."

Carne pointed contemptuously at Springhaven, that poor little village in the valley. But the sun had just lifted his impartial face above the last highland that balked his contemplation of the home of so many and great virtues; and in the brisk moisture of his early salute the village in the vale looked lovely. For a silvery mist was flushed with rose, like a bridal veil warmed by the blushes of the bride, and the curves of the land, like a dewy palm leaf, shone and sank alternate.

"What a rare blaze they will make!" continued Carne, as the sunlight glanced along the russet thatch, and the blue smoke arose from the earliest chimney. "Every cottage there shall be a bonfire, because it has cast off allegiance to me. The whole race of Darling will be at my mercy—the pompous old Admiral, who refused to call on me till his idiot of a son persuaded him—that wretched poetaster, who reduced me to the ignominy of reading his own rubbish to him—and the haughty young woman that worships a savage who has treated me with insult. I have them all now in the hollow of my hand, and a thorough good crumpling is prepared for them. The first house to burn shall be Zebedee Tugwell's, that conceited old dolt of a fishing fellow, who gives me a nod of suspicion, instead of pulling off his dirty hat to me. Then we blow up the church, and old Twemlow's house, and the Admiral's, when we have done with it. The fishing-fleet, as they call their wretched tubs, will come home, with the usual fuss, to-night, and on Monday it shall be ashes. How like you my programme? Is it complete?"

"Too much, too much complete; too barbarous," answered the kindly hearted

Frenchman. "What harm have all the poor men done to you? And what insanity to provoke enemies of the people all around who would bring us things to eat! And worse—if the houses are consumed with fire, where will be the revenue that is designed for me, as the fair son of the Admiral? No, no; I will allow none of that. When the landing is made, you will not be my master. Soult will have charge of the subjects inferior, and he is not a man of rapine. To him will I address myself in favour of the village. Thus shall I ascend in the favour of my charming, and secure my property."

"Captain, I am your master yet, and I will have no interference. No more talk; but obey me to the letter. There is no sign of any rough weather, I suppose? You sailors see things which we do not observe."

"This summer has not been of fine weather, and the sky is always changing here. But there is not any token of a tempest now. Though there is a little prospect of rain always."

"If it rains, all the better, for it obscures the sea. You have fed enough now to last even you till the evening; or if not, you can take some with you. Remain to the westward, where the cliffs are higher, and look out especially for British ships of war that may be appearing up Channel. Take this second spy-glass; it is quite strong enough. But first of all tell Perkins to stand off again with the pilot-boat, as if he was looking out for a job, and if he sees even a frigate coming eastward, to run back and let you know by a signal arranged between you. Dan Tugwell, I see, was shipped yesterday on board of *Prame* No. 801, a very handy vessel, which will lead the van, and five hundred will follow in her track on Sunday evening. My excellent uncle will be at the height of his eloquence just when his favourite Sunday-school boy is bringing an addition to his congregation. But the church shall not be blown up until Monday, for fear of premature excitement. By Monday night about two hundred thousand such soldiers as Britain could never produce will be able to quell any childish excitement such as Great Britain is apt to give way to."

"But what is for me, this same Saturday night? I like very much to make polite the people, and to marry the most



beautiful and the richest; but not to kill more than there is to be helped."

"The breaking of the egg may cut the fingers that have been sucked till their skin is gone. You have plagued me all along with your English hankerings, which in your post of trust are traitorous."

Charron was accustomed to submit to the infinitely stronger will of Carne. Moreover, his sense of discipline often checked the speed of his temper. But he had never been able to get rid of a secret contempt for his superior, as a traitor to the race to which he really belonged, at least in the Frenchman's opinion. And that such a man should charge him with treachery was more than his honest soul could quite endure, and his quick face flushed with indignation as he spoke:

"Your position, my commander, does not excuse such words. You shall answer for them, when I am discharged from your command; which, I hope, will be the case next week. To be spoken of as a traitor by you is very grand."

"Take it as you please," Carne replied, with that cold contemptuous smile which the other detested. "For the present, however, you will not be grand, but carry out the orders which I give you. As soon as it is dark, you will return, keep the pilot-boat in readiness for my last despatch, with which you will meet the frigate *Torche* about midnight, as arranged on Thursday. All that and the signals you already understand. Wait for me by this tree, and I may go with you; but that will depend upon circumstances. I will take good care that you shall not be kept starving; for you may have to wait here three or four hours for me. But be sure that you do not go until I come."

"But what am I to do if I have seen some British ships, or Perkins has given me token of them?"

"Observe their course, and learn where they are likely to be at nightfall. There will probably be none. All I fear is that they may intercept the *Torche*. Farewell, my friend, and let your sense of duty subdue the small sufferings of temper."

## CHAPTER LIX.

### NEAR OUR SHORES.

"THIS is how it is," said Captain Tugwell, that same day, to Erle Twemlow: "the folk they goes on with a thing, till

a man as has any head left twists it round on his neck, with his chin looking down his starn-post. Then the enemy cometh, with his spy-glass and his guns, and afore he can look round, he hath nothing left to look for."

"Then you think, Tugwell, that the danger is not over?—that the French mean business even now, when every one is tired of hearing of it? I have been away so long that I know nothing. But the universal opinion is—"

"Opinion of the universe be dashed!" Master Zebedee answered, with a puff of smoke. "We calls ourselves the universe, when we be the rope that drags astarn of it. Cappen, to my mind there is mischief in the wind, more than there hath been for these three years; and that's why you see me here, instead of going with the smacks. Holy Scripture saith a dream cometh from the Lord; leastways, to a man of sense, as hardly ever dreameth. The wind was so bad again us, Monday afternoon, that we put off sailing till the Tuesday, and Monday night I lay on my own bed, without a thought of nothing but to sleep till five o'clock. I hadn't taken nothing but a quart of John Prater's ale—and you know what his measures is—not a single sip of grog; but the Hangel of the Lord he come and stand by me in the middle of the night. And he took me by the hand, or if he didn't it come to the same thing of my getting there, and he set me up in a dark high place, the like of the yew-tree near Carne Castle. And then he saith, 'Look back, Zeb'; and I looked, and behold Springhaven was all afire, like the bottomless pit, or the thunder-storm of Egypt, or the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. And two figures was jumping about in the flames, like the furnace in the plain of Dura, and one of them was young Squire Carne, and the other was my son Daniel, as behaveth below his name. And I called out, 'Daniel, thou son of Zebedee and Kezia Tugwell, come forth from the burning fiery furnace'; but he answered not, neither heeded me. And then Squire Darling, Sir Charles is now the name of him, out he come from his Round-house, and by the white gate above high-water mark, to order out the fire, because they was all his own cottages. But while he was going about, as he doth for fear of being hard upon any one, out jumps Squire Carne, from the thickest of the blazes, and takes



the poor Squire by the forepart of his neck, which he liketh to keep open when he getteth off of duty, and away with him into the burning fiery furnace made of his own houses! That was more than I could put up with, even under the Hangel, and I give such a kick that Kezia, though she saith she is the most quietest of women, felt herself a-forced to bounce me up."

"A dream of that sort deserves notice," answered Erle, who had passed many months among sailors; "and over and above that, I see proofs of a foolish security in England, and of sharp activity in France. Last Monday I was only five miles from Boulogne, on board of our frigate the *Melpomene*, for I wanted the captain's evidence to help me in my own affairs; and upon my word I was quite amazed at the massing of the French forces there, and the evident readiness of their hundreds of troop-ships. Scores of them even had horses on board, for I saw them quite clearly with a spy-glass. But the officers only laughed at me, and said they were tired of seeing that. And another thing I don't like at all is the landing of a French boat this side of Pebble-ridge. I was coming home after dark one night, and as soon as they saw me they pushed off, and pretended to be English fishermen; but if ever I saw Frenchmen, these were French; and I believe they had a ship not far away, for I saw a light shown and then turned off. I examined the place in the morning, and saw the footprints of men on a path up the cliff, as if they had gone inland towards Carne Castle. When the Admiral came home, I told him of it; but he seemed to think it was only some smuggling."

"Ah, there's smoglin' of a bad kind over there, to my belief. I wouldn't tell your honour not a quarter what I thinks, because of the young gentleman being near akin to you. But a thing or two have come to my ears, very much again a young squire over that way. A man as will do what he have done is a black one in some ways; and if some, why not in all?"

"Tell me what you mean," said Twemlow, sternly. "After saying so much, you are bound to say more. Caryl Carne is no friend of mine, although he is my cousin. I dislike the man, though I know but little of him."

"For sartin then a kind gentleman like

you won't like him none the better for betraying of a nice young maid as put her trust in him, as lively and pretty a young maid as ever stepped, and might have had the pick of all the young men in the parish."

"What!" exclaimed Erle, with a sudden chill of heart, for Faith had not concealed from him her anxiety about Dolly. "Tugwell, do you mean to say—"

"Yes, sir; only you must keep it to yourself, for the sake of the poor young thing; though too many knows it already, I'm afeared. And that was how poor Jem Cheeseman changed from a dapper money-turning man, as pleasant as could be, to a down-hearted, stick-in-doors, honest-weighted fellow. Poor little Polly was as simple as a dove, and her meant to break none of the Lord's commandments, unless it was a sin to look so much above her. He took her aboard her father's trading-craft, and made pretence to marry her across the water, her knowing nothing of the lingo, to be sure; and then when there come a thumping boy, and her demanded for the sake of the young 'un that her marriage should be sartified in the face of all the world, what does he do but turn round and ask her if she was fool enough to suppose that a Carne had married a butter-man's daughter? With a few words more, she went off of her head, and have never been right again, they say; and her father, who was mighty proud to have a grandson heir to an old ancient castle, he was so took aback with this disappointment that he puzzled all the village, including of me, as I am free to own, by jumping into his own rope. 'Twas only now just that I heard all this; and as the captain of this here place, I shall ask leave of Cheeseman to have it out with Master Carne, as soon as may be done without hurting the poor thing. If she had been my child, the rope should have gone round his neck first, if it come to mine therearter!"

"The — villain!" Twemlow used a strong short word, without adding heavily, it may be hoped, to the score against him: "And to think that all this time he has been daring to address himself— But never mind that now. It will be a bad time for him when I catch him by himself, though I must not speak of Polly. Poor little Polly! what a pretty child she was! I used to carry sugar-plums on



purpose for her. Good-bye, Tugwell; I must think about all this."

"And so must I, sir. What a strapping chap 'a be!" Captain Zebedee continued to himself, as Twemlow strode away with the light step of a mountain savage, carrying a long staff from force of habit, and looking even larger than himself from the flow of chestnut hair and beard around him. "Never did see such a hairy chap. Never showed no signs of it when 'a was a lad, and Miss 'Liza quite smooth in the front of her neck. Must come of Hot-tentot climate, I reckon. They calls it the bush, from the folk been so bushy. I used to think as my beard was a pretty good example; but, Lord bless me and keep me, it would all go on his nose! If 'a spreadeth that over the face of Squire Carne, 'a will ravish him, as the wicked doth ravish the poor."

Twemlow had many sad things to consider, and among them the impending loss of this grand mane. After divers delays, and infinitude of forms, and much evidence of things self-evident—in the spirit which drove Sir Horatio Nelson to pin a certificate of amputation to the sleeve of his lost arm—this Twemlow had established that he was the Twemlow left behind upon the coast of Africa, and having been captured in the service of his country, was entitled at least to restoration. In such a case small liberality was shown in those days, even as now prevaieth, the object of all in authority being to be hard upon those who are out of it. At last, when he was becoming well weary, and nothing but an Englishman's love of his country and desire to help in her dangers prevented him from turning to private pursuits—wherein he held a key to fortune—he found himself restored to his rank in the Army, and appointed to another regiment, which happened to be short of officers. Then he flung to the winds, until peace should return, his prospect of wealth beyond reckoning, and locked in a black leather trunk materials worth their weight in diamonds. But, as life is uncertain, he told his beloved one the secret of his great discovery, which she, in sweet ignorance of mankind, regarded as of no importance.

But as wars appear and disappear, nations wax and wane, and the holiest principles of one age become the scoff of the next, yet human nature is the same throughout, it would be wrong to cast no

glance—even with the French so near our shores—at the remarkable discovery of this young man, and the circumstances leading up to it. For with keen insight into civilized thought, which yearns with the deepest remorse for those blessings which itself has banished, he knew that he held a master-key to the treasures of Cræsus, Mycerinus, Attalus, and every other King who has dazzled the world with his talents. The man who can minister to human needs may, when he is lucky, earn a little towards his own; the man who contributes to the pleasure of his fellows must find reward in his own; but he who can gratify the vanity of his race is the master of their pockets.

Twemlow had been carried from the deadly coast (as before related by Captain Southcombe) to the mountainous district far inland, by the great King Golo of the Quackwas nation, mighty warriors of lofty stature. Here he was treated well, and soon learned enough of their simple language to understand and be understood; while the King, who considered all white men as of canine origin, was pleased with him, and prepared to make him useful. Then Twemlow was sent, with an escort of chiefs, to the land of the Houlas, as a medicine-man, to win Queen Mabonga for the great King Golo. But she—so strange is the perversity of women—beholding this man of a pearly tint, as fair as the moon, and as soft as a river—for he took many months to get properly tanned—with one long gaze of amazement yielded to him what he sought for another. A dwarf and a whipster he might be among the great darkies around her—for he had only six feet and one inch of stature, and forty-two inches round the chest—but, to her fine taste, tone and quality more than covered defect of quantity. The sight of male members of her race had never moved her, because she had heard of their wickedness; but the gaze of this white man, so tender and so innocent, set her on a long course of wondering about herself. Then she drew back, and passed into the private hut behind, where no one was allowed to disturb her. For she never had felt like this before, and she wanted nobody to notice it.

But the Houla maidens, with the deepest interest in matters that came home to them outside their understanding, held council with their mothers, and these imparted to the angelic stranger, as plainly



as modesty permitted, the distressing results of his whiteness, and implored him to depart, before further harm was done. Twemlow perceived that he had tumbled into a difficult position, and the only way out of it was to make off. Giving pledges to return in two moons at the latest, he made his salaam to the sensitive young Queen, whose dignity was only surpassed by her grace, and expecting to be shortened by the head, returned with all speed to the great King Golo. Honesty is the best policy—as we all know so well that we forbear to prove it—and the Englishman saw that the tale would be darker from the lips of his black attendants. The negro monarch was of much-enduring mind, but these tidings outwent his philosophy. He ordered Twemlow's head to come off by dinner-time, and, alas, that royal household kept very early hours; and the poor captain, corded to a tree, sniffed sadly the growth of good roast, which he never should taste, and could only succeed in succession of fare. For although that enlightened King had discarded the taste of the nations around him, it was not half so certain as the prisoner could have wished that his prejudice would resist the relish of a candid rival in prime condition.

While Twemlow was dwelling upon this nice question, and sympathising deeply with the animal on the spit, Tuloo, the head councillor of the realm, appeared, an ancient negro full of wisdom and resource. Discovering that the white man set more value on his head than is usual with these philosophers, he proposed conditions which were eagerly accepted, and releasing the captive, led him into his own hut. Here the man of wisdom spat three times into his very ample bosom, to exorcise evil spells, and took from a hole in the corner something which he handled very carefully, and with a touch as light as possible. Following everything with his best eyes, Twemlow perceived in the hand of Tuloo a spongy-looking substance of conical form, and in colour and size very like a morel, but possessing a peculiar golden glow. "Kneel here, my son, and move not until I tell you," the old man whispered, and was obeyed. Then he stripped off all covering from the white neck and shoulders, and beginning immediately below the eyes, brushed all the cheeks and the chin, throat and neck and upper part of the bosom, with the substance

in his hand, from which a yellow powder passed, moist rather than dusty, into the open pores. "In one moon you will be a beast of the woods, and in two you shall return to the Queen that loves you," said Councillor Tuloo, with a sly little grin.

But Twemlow was robbed of no self-respect by the growth of a forest about him; and when he was sent again to Queen Mabonga, and the dewy glance of love died at the very first wink into a stony glare—because of his face being covered with hair—he said to himself that he knew where he could inflict a very different impression upon ladies. For these cannot have too much hair in England, at the back of their own heads, and front of their admirers'.

Councillor Tuloo was gifted with a deep understanding of a thing which looks shallow to a man who has never yet heard of false bottoms. He said to King Golo: "I know what women are. As long as she never had thought about men, you might crawl, and be only a hog to her. But her eyes have been opened to this white man, and there is room for a black one to go into them. And unless you are at hand, it will be done by some one else."

In short, all was managed so beautifully that in six more moons the coy Mabonga split the Durra straw with King Golo, amid vast rejoicings and in din almost equal to that which a wedding in Wales arouses. But from time to time it was considered needful to keep up her Majesty's repulsion by serving Erle Twemlow with another dose of that which would have created for the English fair capillary attraction. Thus he became a great favourite with the King, who listened with deep interest to his descriptions of the houseful of beads and buttons to be earned in England by a little proper management of Tuloo's magic dust. Before very long it was arranged that as soon as a good supply of *Pong* could be collected, Twemlow should be sent back to the coast and placed under the charge of Bandeliah, who was now a tributary of this great King. And here he might have waited years and years—for the trading station was abandoned now—but for the benevolence of Captain Southcombe, who, being driven to the eastward of his course upon one of his returns from India, stood in a little further to enquire about his friend, and with no small pleasure conveyed him home.



## CHAPTER LX.

## NO DANGER, GENTLEMEN.

THE little dinner at Springhaven Hall, appointed for that same Saturday, had now grown into a large one. Carne had refused Dolly's offer to get him an invitation, and for many reasons he was not invited. He ought to have been glad of this, because he did not want to be there; but his nature, like a saw's, was full of teeth, and however he was used, he grated. But without any aid of his teeth, a good dinner, well planned and well served, bade fair in due course to be well digested also by forty at least of the forty-two people who sat down to consider it. For as yet the use of tongue was understood, and it was not allowed to obstruct by perpetual motion the duties of the palate. And now every person in the parish of high culture—which seems to be akin to the Latin for a knife, though a fork expels nature more forcibly—as well as many others of locality less favoured, joined in this muster of good people and good things. At the outset, the Admiral had intended nothing more than a quiet recognition of the goodness of the Lord in bringing home a husband for the daughter of the house; but what Englishman can forbear the pleasure of killing two birds with one stone?

It was Stubbard who first suggested this, and Sir Charles at once saw the force of it, especially with the Marquis of Southdown coming. Captain Stubbard had never admired anybody, not even himself—without which there is no happiness—much less Mr. Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or the King, until justice was done to the race of Stubbard, and their hands were plunged into the Revenue. But now, ever since the return of the war to its proper home in England, this Captain had been paid well for doing the very best thing that a man can do, *i. e.*, nothing. He could not help desiring to celebrate this, and as soon as he received his invitation, he went to the host and put it clearly. The Admiral soon entered into his views, and as guests were not farmed by the head as yet at tables entertaining self-respect, he perceived the advantage of a good dinner scored to his credit with forty at the cost of twenty; and Stubbard's proposal seemed thoroughly well timed, so long was it now since the leaders of Defence had celebrated their own vigil-

ance. Twenty-two, allowing for the ladies needful, were thus added to the score of chairs intended, and the founder of the feast could scarcely tell whether the toast of the evening was to be the return of the traveller, or the discomfiture of Boney. That would mainly depend upon the wishes of the Marquis, and these again were likely to be guided by the treatment he had met with from the government lately and the commanders of his Division.

This nobleman was of a character not uncommon eighty years ago, but now very rare among public men, because a more flexible fibre has choked it. Steadfast, honourable, simple, and straightforward, able to laugh without bitterness at the arrogant ignorance of mobs, but never to smile at the rogues who led them, scorning all shuffle of words, foul haze, and snaky maze of evasion, and refusing to believe at first sight that his country must be in the wrong and her enemies in the right, he added to all these exterminated foibles a leisurely dignity now equally extinct. Trimmers, time-servers, and hypocrites feared him, as thieves fear an honourable dog; and none could quote his words against one another. This would have made him unpopular now, when perjury means popularity. For the present, however, self-respect existed, and no one thought any the worse of his lordship for not having found him a liar. Especially with ladies, who insist on truth in men as a pleasant proof of their sex, Lord Southdown had always been a prime favourite, and an authority largely misquoted. And to add to his influence, he possessed a quick turn of temper, which rendered it very agreeable to agree with him.

Lord Southdown was thinking, as he led Miss Darling to her chair at the head of the table, that he never had seen a more pleasing young woman, though he grieved at her taste in preferring the brown young man on her left to his elegant friend Lord Dashville. Also he marvelled at hearing so much, among the young officers of his acquaintance, concerning the beauty of the younger sister, and so little about this far sweeter young person—at least in his opinion. For verily Dolly was not at her best; her beautiful colour was gone, her neck had lost its sprightly turn, and her gray eyes moved heavily instead of sparkling. "That girl has some burden upon her mind," he thought as he watched her



with interest and pity; "she has put on her dress anyhow, and she does not even look to see who is looking at her!"

For the "Belle of all Sussex," as the young sparks entitled her, was ill at ease with herself, and ready to quarrel with every one except herself. She had conscience enough to confess, whenever she could not get away from it, that for weeks and months she had been slipping far and further from the true and honest course. Sometimes, with a pain like a stitch in the side, the truth would spring upon her; and perhaps for a moment she would wonder at herself, and hate the man misleading her. But this happened chiefly when he was present, and said or did something to vex her; and then he soon set it to rights again, and made everything feel delightful. And this way of having her misgivings eased made them easier when they came again with no one to appease them. For she began to think of what he had done, and how kind and considerate his mind must be, and how hard it must seem to mistrust him.

Another thing that urged her to keep on now, without making any fuss about it, was the wonderful style her sister Faith had shown since that hairy monster came back again. It was manifest that the world contained only one man of any high qualities, and nobody must dare to think even twice about any conclusion he laid down. He had said to her, with a penetrating glance—and it must have been that to get through such a thicket—that dangerous people were about, and no girl possessing any self-respect must think of wandering on the shore alone. The more she was spied upon and admonished, the more she would do what she thought right; and a man who had lived among savages for years must be a queer judge of propriety. But, in spite of all these defiant thoughts, her heart was very low, and her mind in a sad flutter, and she could not even smile as she met her father's gaze. Supposing that she was frightened at the number of the guests, and the noise of many tongues, and the grandeur of the people, the gentle old man made a little signal to her to come and have a whisper with him, as a child might do, under courtesy of the good company. But Dolly feigned not to understand, at the penalty of many a heart-pang.

The dinner went on with a very merry sound, and a genuine strength of enjoy-

ment, such as hearty folk have who know one another, and are met together not to cut capers of wit, but refresh their goodwill and fine principles. And if any dinner party can be so arranged that only five per cent. has any trouble on its mind, the gentleman who whips away the plates, at a guinea a mouth, will have to go home with a face of willow pattern.

The other whose mind was away from her food, and reckless of its own nourishment, was Blyth Scudamore's mother, as gentle a lady as ever tried never to think of herself. In spite of all goodness, and faith in the like, she had enough to make her very miserable now, whenever she allowed herself to think about it, and that was fifty-nine minutes out of sixty. For a brief account of her son's escape from Etaples had reached her, through the kindness of Captain Desportes, who found means to get a letter delivered to the Admiral. That brave French officer spoke most highly of the honourable conduct of his English friend, but had very small hope of his safety. For he added the result of his own inquiries to the statement of M. Jalais, and from these it was clear that poor Scuddy had set forth alone in a rickety boat, ill found and ill fitted to meet even moderate weather in the open Channel. Another young Englishman had done the like, after lurking in the forest of Hardelet, but he had been recaptured by the French at the outset of his hopeless voyage. Scudamore had not been so retaken; and the Captain (who had not received his letter until it was too late to interfere, by reason of his own despatch to Dieppe) had encountered a sharp summer gale just then, which must have proved fatal to the poor old boat. The only chance was that some English ship might have picked up the wanderer, and if so the highly respected Admiral would have heard of it before he received this letter. As no such tidings had been received, there could be little doubt about the issue in any reasonable mind. But the heart of a woman is not a mind, or the man that is born of her might as well forego the honour.

However, as forty people were quite happy, the wisest course is to rejoin them. The ladies were resolved upon this occasion to storm the laws of usage which required their withdrawal before the toasts began; and so many gentle voices challenged the garrison of men behind their



bottles that terms of unusual scope were arranged. It was known that the Marquis would make a fine speech—short, and therefore all the finer—in proposing the toast of the evening, to wit, “Our King, and our Country.” Under the vigorous lead of Mrs. Stubbard, the ladies demanded to hear every word; after which they would go, and discuss their own affairs, or possibly those of their neighbours. But the gentlemen must endure their presence till his lordship had spoken, and the Admiral replied. Faith was against this arrangement, because she foresaw that it would make them very late; but she yielded to the wishes of so many of her guests, consoled with the thought that she would be supported by some one on her left hand, who would be her support for life.

When all had done well, except the two aforesaid, and good-will born of good deeds was crowning comfort with jocund pleasure, and the long oak table, rich of grain and dark with the friction of a hundred years, shone in the wavering flow of dusk with the gleam of purple and golden fruit, the glance of brilliant glass that puzzles the light with its claim to shadow, and the glow of amber and amethyst wine decanted to settle that question—then the bold Admiral, standing up, said, “Bring in the lights, that we may see his lordship.”

“I like to speak to some intelligence,” said the guest, who was shrewd at an answer. And Dolly, being quick at occasion, seized it, and in the shifting of chairs left her own for some one else.

The curtains were drawn across the western window, to close the conflict between God’s light and man’s, and then this well-known gentleman, having placed his bottle handily—for he never “put wine into two whites,” to use his own expression—arose with his solid frame as tranquil as a rock, and his full-fronted head like a piece of it. Every gentleman bowed to his bow, and waited with silent respect for his words, because they would be true and simple.

“My friends, I will take it for granted that we all love our country, and hate its enemies. We may like and respect them personally, for they are as good as we are; but we are bound to hate them collectively, as men who would ruin all we love. For the stuff that is talked about freedom, democracy, march of intellect, and

so forth, I have nothing to say, except to bid you look at the result among themselves. Is there a man in France whose body is his own if he can carry arms, or his soul if it ventures to seek its own good? As for mind—there is only the mind of one man; a large one in many ways; in others a small one, because it considers its owner alone.

“But we of England have refused to be stripped of all that we hold dear, at the will of a foreign upstart. We have fought for years, and we still are fighting, without any brag or dream of glory, for the rights of ourselves and of all mankind. There have been among us weak-minded fellows, babblers of abstract nonsense, and even, I grieve to say—traitors. But, on the whole, we have stood together, and therefore have not been trodden on. How it may end is within the knowledge of the Almighty only; but already there are signs that we shall be helped, if we continue to help ourselves.

“And now for the occasion of our meeting here. We rejoice most heartily with our good host, the vigilant Defender of these shores, at the restoration to his arms—or rather, to a still more delightful embrace—of a British officer, who has proved a truth we knew already, that nothing stops a British officer. I see a gentleman struck so keenly with the force of that remark, because he himself has proved it, that I must beg his next neighbour to fill up his glass, and allow nothing to stop him from tossing it off. And as I am getting astray from my text, I will clear my poor head with what you can see through.”

The Marquis of Southdown filled his glass from a bottle of grand old Chamberlain—six of which had been laid most softly in a cupboard of the wainscote for his use—and then he had it filled again, and saw his meaning brilliantly.

“Our second point is the defeat of the French, and of this we may now assure ourselves. They have not been defeated, for the very good reason that they never would come out to fight; but it comes to the same thing, because they are giving it over as a hopeless job. I have seen too many ups and downs to say that we are out of danger yet; but when our fleets have been chasing theirs all over the world, are they likely to come and meet us in our own waters? Nelson has anchored at Spithead, and is rushing up



to London, as our host has heard to-day, with his usual impetuosity. Every man must stick to his own business, even the mighty Nelson; and he might not meddle with Billy Blue, or anybody else up Channel. Still, Nelson is not the sort of man to jump into a chaise at Portsmouth if there was the very smallest chance of the French coming over to devour us.

"Well, my friends, we have done our best, and have some right to be proud of it; but we should depart from our nature if we even exercised that right. The nature of an Englishman is this—to be afraid of nothing but his own renown. Feeling this great truth, I will avoid offence by hiding as a crime my admiration of the glorious soldiers and sailors here, yet beg them for once to remember themselves, as having enabled me to propose, and all present to pledge, the welfare of our King and Country."

The Marquis waved his glass above his head, without spilling a single drop, although it was a bumper, then drained it at a draught, inverted it, and cleverly snapped it in twain upon the table, with his other hand laid on his heart, and a long low reverence to the company. Thereupon up stood squires and dames, and repeating the good toast, pledged it, with a deep bow to the proposer; and as many of the gentlemen as understood the art, without peril to fair neighbours, snapped the glass.

His lordship was delighted, and in the spirit of the moment held up his hand, which meant, "Silence, silence, till we all sing the National Anthem!" In a clear loud voice he led off the strain, Erle Twemlow from his hairy depths struck in, then every man, following as he might, and with all his might, sustained it, and the ladies, according to their wont, gave proof of the heights they can scale upon rapture.

The Admiral, standing, and beating time now and then with his heel—though all the time deserved incessant beating—enjoyed the performance a great deal more than if it had been much better, and joined in the main roar as loudly as he thought his position as host permitted. For although he was nearing the haven now of threescore years and ten, his throat and heart were so sea-worthy that he could very sweetly have outroared them all. But while he was preparing just to prove this, if encouraged, and smiling very plea-

santly at a friend who said, "Strike up, Admiral," he was called from the room, and in the climax of the roar slipped away for a moment, unheeded, and meaning to make due apology to his guests as soon as he came back.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### DISCHARGED FROM DUTY.

WHILE loyalty thus rejoiced and throve in the warmth of its own geniality, a man who was loyal to himself alone, and had no geniality about him, was watching with contempt these British doings. Carne had tethered his stout black horse, who deserved a better master, in a dusky dell of dark-winged trees at the back of the eastern shrubbery. Here the good horse might rest unseen, and consider the mysterious ways of men; for the main approach was by the western road, and the shades of evening stretched their arms to the peaceful yawn of sunset. And here he found good stuff spread by nature, more worthy of his attention, and tucking back his forelegs, fared as well as the iron between his teeth permitted.

Then the master drew his green riding-coat of thin velvet closer round him, and buttoned the lappet in front, because he had heavy weight in the pockets. Keeping warily along the lines of shadow, he gained a place of vantage in the shrubbery, a spot of thick shelter having loops of outlook. Above and around him hung a curtain of many-pointed ilex, and before him a barberry bush, whose coral clusters caught the waning light. In this snug nook he rested calmly, leaning against the ilex trunk, and finished his little preparations for anything adverse to his plans. In a belt which was hidden by his velvet coat he wore a short dagger in a sheath of shagreen, and he fixed it so that he could draw it in a moment, without unfastening the riding-coat. Then from the pockets on either side he drew a pair of pistols, primed them well from a little flask, and replaced them with the butts beneath the lappets. "Death for at least three men," he muttered, "if they are fools enough to meddle with me. My faith, these Darlings are grown very grand, on the strength of the land that belongs to us!"

For he heard the popping of champagne corks, and the clink of abundant silver, and tuning of instruments by the band,



and he saw the flash of lights, and the dash of serving-men, and the rush of hot hospitality; and although he had not enough true fibre in his stomach to yearn for a taste of the good things going round, there can be little doubt, from what he did thereafter, that his gastric juices must have turned to gall.

With all these sounds and sights and scents of things that he had no right to despise, his patience was tried for an hour and a half, or at any rate he believed so. The beautiful glow in the west died out, where the sun had been ripening his harvest-field of sheafy gold and awny cloud; and the pulse of quivering dusk beat slowly, so that a man might seem to count it, or rather a child, who sees such things, which later men lose sight of. The forms of the deepening distances against the departure of light grew faint, and prominent points became obscure, and lines retired into masses, while Carne maintained his dreary watch, with his mood becoming darker. As the sound of joyful voices, and of good-will doubled by good fare, came to his unfed vigil from the open windows of the dining-room, his heart was not enlarged at all, and the only solace for his lips was to swear at British revelry. For the dining-room was at the western end, some fifty yards away from him, and its principal window faced the sunset, but his lurking-place afforded a view of the southern casements obliquely. Through these he had seen that the lamps were brought, and heard the increase of merry noise, the clapping of hands, and the jovial cheers at the rising of the popular Marquis.

At last he saw a white kerchief waved at the window nearest to him, the window of the Admiral's little study, which opened like a double door upon the eastern grass-plot. With an ill-conditioned mind, and body stiff and lacking nourishment, he crossed the grass in a few long strides, and was admitted without a word.

"What a time you have been! I was giving it up," he whispered to the trembling Dolly. "Where are the candles? I must strike a light. Surely you might have brought one. Bolt the door, while I make a light, and close the curtains quietly, but leave the window open. Don't shake, like a child that is going to be whipped. Too late now for nonsense. What are you afraid of? Silly child!"

As he spoke he was striking a light in

a little French box containing a cube of jade, and with very little noise he lit two candles standing on the high oak desk. Dolly drew a curtain across the window, and then went softly to the door, which opened opposite the corner of a narrow passage, and made pretence to bolt it, but shot the bolt outside the socket.

"Come and let me look at you," said Carne, for he knew that he had been rough with her, and she was not of the kind that submits to that. "Beauty, how pale you look, and yet how perfectly lovely in this evening gown! I should like to kill the two gentlemen who sat next to you at dinner. Darling, you know that whatever I do is only for your own sweet sake."

"If you please not to touch me, it will be better," said the lady, not in a whisper, but a firm and quiet voice, although her hands were trembling; "you are come upon business, and you should do it."

If Carne had but caught her in his arms, and held her to his heart, and vowed that all business might go to the devil while he held his angel so, possibly the glow of nobler feelings might have been lost in the fire of passion. But he kept his selfish end alone in view, and neglected the womanly road to it.

"A despatch from London arrived to-day; I must see it," he said, shortly; "as well as the copy of the answer sent. And then my beauty must insert a *not* in the order to be issued in the morning, or otherwise invert its meaning, simply to save useless bloodshed. The key for a moment, the key, my darling, of this fine old piece of furniture!"

"Is it likely that I would give you the key? My father always keeps it. What right have you with his private desk? I never promised anything so bad as that."

"I am not to be trifled with," he whispered, sternly. "Do you think that I came here for kissing? The key I must have, or break it open; and how will you explain that away?"

His rudeness settled her growing purpose. The misery of indecision vanished; she would do what was right, if it cost her life. Her face was as white as her satin dress, but her dark eyes flashed with menace.

"There is a key that opens it," she said, as she pointed to the bookcase; "but I forbid you to touch it, sir."

Carne's only reply was to snatch the



key from the upper glass door of the book-shelves, which fitted the lock of the Admiral's desk, though the owner was not aware of it. In a moment the intruder had unlocked the high and massive standing-desk, thrown back the cover, and placed one candlestick among the documents. Many of them he brushed aside, as useless for his purpose, and became bewildered among the rest, for the Commander of the Coast-defence was not a man of order. He never knew where to put a thing, nor even where it might have put itself, but found a casual home for any paper that deserved it. This lack of method has one compensation, like other human defects, to wit, that it puzzles a clandestine searcher more deeply than cypher or cryptogram. Carne had the Admiral's desk as wide as an oyster thrown back on his valve, and just being undertucked with the knife, to make him go down easily. Yet so great was the power of disorder that nothing could be made out of anything. "Watch at the door," he had said to Dolly; and this suited her intention.

For while he was thus absorbed, with his back towards her, she opened the door a little, and presently saw the trusty Charles come hurrying by, as if England hung upon his labours. "Tell my father to come here this moment; go softly, and say that I sent you." As she finished her whisper she closed the door, without any sound, and stood patiently.

"Show me where it is; come and find it for me. Everything here is in the vilest mess," cried Carne, growing reckless with wrath and hurry. "I want the despatch of this morning, and I find tailors' bills, way to make water-proof blacking, a list of old women, and a stump of old pipe! Come here, this instant, and show me where it is."

"If you forget your good manners," answered Dolly, still keeping in the dark near the door, "I shall have to leave you. Surely you have practice enough in spying, to find what you want, with two candles."

Carne turned for a moment, and stared at her. Her attitude surprised him, but he could not believe in her courage to rebel. She stood with her back to the door, and met his gaze without a sign of fear.

"There are no official papers here," he said, after another short ransack; "there

must have been some, if this desk is the one. Have you dared to delude me by showing the wrong desk?"

Dolly met his gaze still, and then walked towards him. The band had struck up, and the company were singing with a fine patriotic roar, which rang very nobly in the distance—"Britannia, rule the waves!" Dolly felt like a Briton as the words rolled through her, and the melody lifted her proud heart.

"You have deluded yourself," she said, standing proudly before the baffled spy; "you have ransacked my father's private desk, which I allowed you to do, because my father has no secrets. He leaves it open half the time, because he is a man of honour. He is not a man of plots, and wiles, and trickery upon women. And you have deluded yourself, in dreaming that a daughter of his would betray her Country."

"By the God that made me, I will have your life!" cried Carne in French, as he dashed his hand under his coat to draw his dagger; but the pressure of the desk had displaced that, so that he could not find it. She thought that her time was come, and shrieked—for she was not at all heroic, and loved life very dearly—but she could not take her eyes from his, nor turn to fly from the spell of them; all she could do was to step back; and she did so into her father's arms.

"Ho!" cried the Admiral, who had entered with the smile of good cheer and good company glowing on his fine old countenance; "my Dolly and a stranger at my private desk! Mr. Carne! I have had a glass or two of wine, but my eyes must be playing me extraordinary tricks. A gentleman searching my desk, and apparently threatening my dear daughter! Have the kindness to explain, before you attempt to leave us."

If the curtain had not been drawn across the window, Carne would have made his escape, and left the situation to explain itself. But the stuff was thick, and it got between his legs; and before he could slip away, the stout old Admiral had him by the collar with a sturdy grasp, attesting the substance of the passing generation. And a twinkle of good-humour was in the old eyes still—such a wonder was his Dolly that he might be doing wrong in laying hands of force upon a visitor of hers. Things as strange as this had been within his knowledge, and proved to be of





"CARNE AROSE QUICKLY, AND BOLTED THE DOOR."

little harm—with forbearance. But his eyes grew stern, as Carne tried to dash his hand off.

"If you value your life, you will let me go," said the young man to the old one.

"I will not let you go, sir, till you clear up this. A gentleman must see that he is bound to do so. If I prove to be wrong, I will apologise. What! Are you going to fire at me? You would never be such a coward!"

He dropped upon the floor, with a bullet in his brain, and his course of duty ended. Carne dashed aside the curtain, and was nearly through the window, when two white arms were cast round his waist. He threw himself forward with all his might, and wrenched at the little hands clasped around him, but they held together like clenched iron. "Will you force me to kill you?" "You may, if you like"—was the dialogue of these lovers.

The strength of a fit was in her despair. She set her bent knees against the window-frame, and a shower of glass fell between them; but she flinched not from her convulsive grasp. "Let me come back, that I may shoot myself," Carne panted, for his breath was straitened;

"what is life to me after losing you?" She made no answer, but took good care not to release so fond a lover. Then he threw himself back with all his weight, and she fell on the floor beneath him. Her clasp relaxed, and he was free; for her eyes had encountered her father's blood, and she swooned away, and lay as dead.

Carne arose quickly, and bolted the door. His breath was short, and his body trembling, but the wits of the traitor were active still. "I must have something to show for all this," he thought as he glanced at the bodies on the floor. "Those revellers may not have heard this noise. I know where it is now, and I will get it."

But the sound of the pistol, and shriek of the girl, had rung through the guests, when the wine was at their lips, and all were nodding to one another. Faith sprang up, and then fell back trembling, and several men ran towards the door. Charles, the footman, met them there, with his face whiter than his napkin, and held up his hands, but could not speak. Erle Twemlow dashed past him and down the passage; and Lord Southdown said: "Gentlemen, see to the ladies. There has



been some little mishap, I fear. Bob, and Arthur, come with me."

Twemlow was first at the study door, and finding it fastened, struck with all his force, and shouted, at the very moment when Carne stood before the true desk of office. "Good door, and good bolt," muttered Carne; "my rule is never to be hurried by noises. Dolly will be quiet for a quarter of an hour, and the old gentleman forever. All I want is about two minutes."

Twemlow stepped back a few yards, and then with a good start delivered a rushing kick; but the only result was a jar of his leg through the sole of his thin dress sandal.

"The window!" cried the Marquis. "We'll stop here; you know the house; take the shortest cut to the window. Whoever is there, we shall have him so. I am too slow. Boy Bob, go with him."

"What a fool I was not to think of that!" shouted Twemlow, as he set off for the nearest house door, and unluckily Carne heard him. He had struck up the ledge of the desk with the butt of the pistol he had fired, and pocketing a roll of fresh despatches, he strode across the body of the Admiral, and with a glance at Dolly—whose eyes were wide open, but her face drawn aside, like a peach with a split stone—out he went. He smiled as he heard the thundering of full-bodied gentlemen against the study door, and their oaths, as they damaged their knuckles and knee-caps. Then he set off hot-foot, but was stopped by a figure advancing from the corner of the house.

This was not a graceful figure, as of gentle maiden, nor venerable and slow of foot, as that of an ancient mariner, but a man in the prime of strength, and largely endowed with that blessing—the mate of truth. Carne perceived that he had met his equal, and perhaps his better, in a bout of muscle, and he tried to escape by superior mind.

"Twemlow, how glad I am that I have met you! You are the very man I wanted. There has been a sad accident in there with one of the Admiral's pistols, and the dear old man is badly wounded. I am off for a doctor, for my horse is at hand. For God's sake run in, and hold his head up, and try to staunch the bleeding. I shall be back in half an hour with the man that lives at Pebbleridge. Don't lose a moment. Particulars hereafter."

"Particulars now!" replied Twemlow, sternly, as he planted himself before his cousin. "For years I have lived among liars, and they called a lie *Crom*, and worshipped it. If this is not *Crom*, why did you bolt the door?"

"You shall answer for this, when time allows. If the door was bolted, he must have done it. Let me pass; the last chance depends on my speed."

Carne made a rush to pass, but Twemlow caught him by the breast, and held him. "Come back," he said, fiercely, "and prove your words. Without that, you go no further."

Carne seized him by the throat, but his mighty beard, like a collar of hemp, protected him, and he brought his big brown fist like a hammer upon the traitor's forehead. Carne wrenched at his dagger, but failed to draw it, and the two strong men rolled on the grass, fighting like two bull-dogs. Reason, and thought, and even sense of pain were lost in brutal fury, as they writhed, and clutched, and dug at one another, gashing their knuckles, and gnashing their teeth, frothing with one another's blood, for Carne bit like a tiger. At length tough condition and power of endurance got the mastery, and Twemlow planted his knee upon the gasping breast of Carne.

"Surrend," he said, for his short breath could not fetch up the third syllable; and Carne with a sign of surrender lay on his back, and put his chin up, and shut his eyes as if he had fainted. Twemlow with self-congratulation waited a little to recover breath, still keeping his knee in the post of triumph, and pinning the foe's right arm to his side. But the foe's left hand was free, and with the eyes still shut, and a continuance of gasping, that left hand stole its way to the left pocket, quietly drew forth the second pistol, pressed back the hammer on the grass, and with a flash (both of eyes and of flint) fired into the victor's forehead. The triumphant knee rolled off the chest, the body swung over, as a log is rolled by the woodman's crowbar, and Twemlow's back was on the grass, and his eyes were closed to the moonlight.

Carne scrambled up and shook himself, to be sure that all his limbs were sound. "Ho, ho, ho!" he chuckled; "it is not so easy to beat me. Why, who are you? Down with you, then!"

Lord Robert Chancton, a lad of about





"THE TWO STRONG MEN ROLLED ON THE GRASS, FIGHTING LIKE TWO BULL-DOGS."

sixteen, the eldest son of the Marquis, had lost his way inside the house, in trying to find a short-cut to the door, and coming up after the pistol was fired, made a very gallant rush at the enemy. With a blow of the butt Carne sent him sprawling; then dashing among the shrubs and trees, in another minute was in the saddle, and galloping towards the ancestral ruins.

As he struck into the main road through the grounds, Carne passed and just missed by a turn of the bridle another horseman ascending the hill, and urging a weary animal. The faces of the men shot past each other within a short yard, and gaze met gaze; but neither in the dark flash knew the other, for a big tree barred the moonlight. But Carne, in another moment, thought that the man who had passed must be Scudamore, probably fraught with hot tidings. And the thought was confirmed, as he met two troopers riding as hard as ride they might; and then saw the beacon on the headland flare. From point to point, and from height to height, like a sprinkle of blood, the red lights ran; and the roar of guns from the moon-

lit sea made echo that they were ready. Then the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum arose, and the thrilling blare of trumpet; the great deep of the night was heaved and broken with the stir of human storm; and the staunchest and strongest piece of earth—our England—was ready to defend herself.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### THE WAY OUT OF IT.

"MY father! my father! I must see my father. Who are you, that dare to keep me out? Let me know the worst, and try to bear it. What are any of you to him?"

"But, my dear child," Lord Southdown answered, holding the door against poor Faith, as she strove to enter the room of death, "wait just one minute, until we have lifted him to the sofa, and let us bring your poor sister out."

"I have no sister. She has killed my father, and the best thing she can do is to die. I feel that I could shoot her, if I



had a pistol. Let me see him, where he lies."

"But, my poor dear, you must think of others. Your dear father is beyond all help. Your gallant lover lies on the grass. They hope to bring him round, God willing! Go where you can be of use."

"How cruel you are! You must want to drive me mad. Let his father and mother see to him, while I see to my own father. If you had a daughter, you would understand. Am I crying? Do I even tremble?"

The Marquis offered his arm, and she took it in fear of falling, though she did not tremble; so he led her to her father's last repose. The poor Admiral lay by the open window, with his head upon a stool which Faith had worked. The ghastly wound was in his broad smooth forehead, and his fair round cheeks were white with death. But the heart had not quite ceased to beat, and some remnant of the mind still hovered somewhere in the lacerated brain. Stubbard, sobbing like a child, was lifting and clumsily chafing one numb hand; while his wife, who had sponged the wound, was making the white curls wave with a fan she had shaped from a long official paper found upon the floor.

Dolly was recovering from her swoon, and sat upon a stool by the bookcase, faintly wondering what had happened, but afraid to ask or think. The corner of the bookcase, and the burly form of Stubbard, concealed the window from her, and the torpid oppression which ensues upon a fit lay between her and her agony. Faith, as she passed, darted one glance at her, not of pity, not of love, but of cold contempt and satisfaction at her misery.

Then Faith, the quiet and gentle maid, the tranquil and the self-controlled (whom every one had charged with want of heart, because she had borne her own grief so well), stood with the body of her father at her feet, and uttered an exceeding bitter cry. The others had seen enough of grief, as every human being must, but nothing half so sad as this. They feared to look at her face, and durst not open lips to comfort her.

"Don't speak. Don't look at him. You have no right here. When he comes to himself, he will want none but me. I have always done everything for him since dear mother died; and I shall get

him to sit up. He will be so much better when he sits up. I can get him to do it, if you will only go. Oh, father, father, it is your own Faith come to make you well, dear, if you will only look at me!"

As she took his cold limp hand and kissed it, and wiped a red splash from his soft white hair, the dying man felt, by nature's feeling, that he was being touched by a child of his. A faint gleam flitted through the dimness of his eyes, which he had not the power to close, and the longing to say "farewell" contended with the drooping of the underlip. She was sure that he whispered, "Bless you, darling!" though nobody else could have made it out; but a sudden rush of tears improved her hearing, as rain brings higher voices down.

"Dolly too!" he seemed to whisper next; and Faith made a sign to Mrs. Stubbard. Then Dolly was brought, and fell upon her knees, at the other side of her father, and did not know how to lament as yet, and was scarcely sure of having anything to mourn. But she spread out her hands, as if for somebody to take them, and bowed her pale face, and closed her lips, that she might be rebuked without answering.

Her father knew her; and his yearning was not to rebuke, but to bless and comfort her. He had forgotten everything, except that he was dying, with a daughter at each side of him. This appeared to make him very happy, about everything, except those two. He could not be expected to have much mind left; but the last of it was busy for his children's good. Once more he tried to see them both, and whispered his last message to them—"Forgive and love each other."

Faith bowed her head, as his fell back, and silently offered to kiss her sister; but Dolly neither moved nor looked at her. "As you please," said Faith; "and perhaps you would like to see a little more of your handiwork."

For even as she spoke, her lover's body was carried past the window, with his father and mother on either side, supporting his limp arms and sobbing. Then Dolly arose, and with one hand grasping the selvage of the curtain, fixed one long gaze upon her father's corpse. There were no tears in her eyes, no sign of anguish in her face, no proof that she knew or felt what she had done. And without a word she left the room.



"Hard to the last, even hard to you!" cried Faith, as her tears fell upon the cold forehead. "Oh, darling, how could you have loved her so?"

"It is not hardness; it is madness. Follow your sister," Lord Southdown said. "We have had calamities enough."

But Faith was fighting with all her strength against an attack of hysterics, and fetching long gasps to control herself. "I will go," replied Mrs. Stubbard; "this poor child is quite unfit. What on earth is become of Lady Scudamore? A doctor's widow might have done some good."

The doctor's widow was doing good elsewhere. In the first rush from the dining-room, Lady Scudamore had been pushed back by no less a person than Mrs. Stubbard; when at last she reached the study door she found it closed against her, and entering the next room, saw the flash of the pistol fired at Twemlow. Bravely hurrying to the spot by the nearest outlet she could find, she became at once entirely occupied with this new disaster. For two men who ran up with a carriage lamp declared that the gentleman was as dead as a door-nail, and hastened to make good their words by swinging him up heels over head. But the lady made them set him down and support his head, while she bathed the wound, and sent to the house for his father and mother, and when he could be safely brought in-doors, helped with her soft hands beneath his hair, and then became so engrossed with him that the arrival of her long-lost son was for several hours unknown to her.

For so many things coming all at once were enough to upset any one. Urgent despatches came hot for the hand that now was cold for ever; not a moment to lose, when time had ceased for the man who was to urge it. There were plenty of officers there, but no one clearly entitled to take command. Moreover, the public service clashed with the personal rage of the moment. Some were for rushing to the stables, mounting every horse that could be found, and scouring the country, sword in hand, for that infernal murderer. Some, having just descried the flash of beacon from the headland, and heard the alarm-guns from shore and sea, were for hurrying to their regiments, or ships, or homes and families (according to the head-quarters of their life), while

others put their coats on to ride for all the doctors in the county, who should fetch back the Admiral to this world, that he might tell everybody what to do. Scudamore stood with his urgent despatches in the large well-candled hall, and vainly desired to deliver them. "Send for the Marquis," suggested some one.

Lord Southdown came, without being sent for. "I shall take this duty upon myself," he said, "as Lord-Lieutenant of the county. Captain Stubbard, as commander of the nearest post, will come with me and read these orders. Gentlemen, see that your horses are ready, and have all of the Admiral's saddled. Captain Scudamore, you have discharged your trust, and doubtless ridden far and hard. My orders to you are a bottle of wine and a sirloin of roast beef at once."

For the sailor was now in very low condition, weary, and worried, and in want of food. Riding express, and changing horses twice, not once had he recruited the inner man, who was therefore quite unfit to wrestle with the power of sudden grief. When he heard of the Admiral's death, he staggered as if a horse had stumbled under him, and his legs being stiff from hard sticking to saddle, had as much as they could do to hold him up. Yet he felt that he could not do the right thing now; he could not go and deal with the expedient victuals, neither might he dare intrude upon the ladies now; so he went out to comfort himself by attending to the troubles of his foundered horse, and by shedding unseen among the trees the tears which had gathered in his gentle eyes.

According to the surest law of nature, that broken-down animal had been forgotten as soon as he was done with. He would have given his four legs—if he could legally dispose of them—for a single draught of sweet delicious rapturous ecstatic water; but his bloodshot eyes sought vainly, and his welted tongue found nothing wet, except the flakes of his own salt foam. Until, with the help of the moon, a sparkle (worth more to his mind than all the diamonds he could draw)—a sparkle of the purest water gleamed into his dim eyes from the distance. Recalling to his mind's eyes the grand date of his existence when he was a colt, and had a meadow to himself, with a sparkling river at the end of it, he set forth in good faith, and, although



his legs were weary, "negotiated"—as the sporting writers say—the distance between him and the object of his desire. He had not the least idea that this had cost ten guineas—as much as his own good self was worth; for it happened to be the first dahlia seen in that part of the country. That gaudy flower at its first appearance made such a stir among gardeners that Mr. Swipes gave the Admiral no peace until he allowed him to order one. And so great was this gardener's pride in his profession that he would not take an order for a rooted slip or cutting, from the richest man in the neighbourhood, for less than half a guinea. Therefore Mr. Swipes was attending to the plant with the diligence of a wet-nurse, and the weather being dry, he had soaked it overhead, even before he did that duty to himself.

A man of no teeth can take his nourishment in soup; and nature, inverting her manifold devices—which she would much rather do than be beaten—has provided that a horse can chew his solids into liquids, if there is a drop of juice in their composition, when his artificial life has failed to supply him with the bucket. This horse, being very dry, laid his tongue to the water-drops that sparkled on the foliage. He found them delicious, and he longed for more, and very soon his ready mind suggested that the wet must have come out of the leaves, and there must be more there. Proceeding on this argument, he found it quite correct, and ten guineas' worth of dahlia was gone into his stomach by the time that Captain Scudamore came courteously to look after him.

Blyth, in equal ignorance of his sumptuous repast, gave him a pat of approval, and was turning his head towards the stable yard, when he saw a white figure gliding swiftly through the trees beyond the belt of shrubbery. Weary and melancholy as he was, and bewildered with the tumult of disasters, his heart bounded hotly as he perceived that the figure was that of his Dolly—Dolly, the one love of his life, stealing forth, probably to mourn alone the loss of her beloved father. As yet he knew nothing of her share in that sad tale, and therefore felt no anxiety at first about her purpose. He would not intrude upon her grief; he had no right to be her comforter; but still she should have some one to look after her, at that time of night, and with so much excite-

ment and danger in the air. So the poor horse was again abandoned to his own resources, and being well used to such treatment, gazed as wistfully and delicately after the young man Scudamore as that young man gazed after his lady-love.

To follow a person stealthily is not conducive to one's self-respect, but something in the lady's walk and gesture impelled the young sailor to follow her. She appeared to be hastening, with some set purpose, and without any heed of circumstance, towards a part of the grounds where no house was, no living creature for company, nor even a bench to rest upon. There was no foot-path in that direction, nor anything to go to, but the inland cliff that screened the Hall from northeastern winds, and at its foot a dark pool having no good name in the legends of the neighbourhood. Even Parson Twemlow would not go near it later than the afternoon milking of the cows, and Captain Zeb would much rather face a whole gale of wind in a twelve-foot boat than give one glance at its dead calm face when the moon like a ghost stood over it.

"She is going towards Corpse-walk pit," thought Scuddy—"a cheerful place at this time of night! She might even fall into it unawares, in her present state of distraction. I am absolutely bound to follow her."

Duty fell in with his wishes, as it has a knack of doing. Forgetting his weariness, he followed, and became more anxious at every step. For the maiden walked as in a dream, without regard of anything, herself more like a vision than a good substantial being. To escape Mrs. Stubbard she had gone upstairs and locked herself in her bedroom, and then slipped out without changing dress, but throwing a dark mantle over it. This had fallen off, and she had not cared to stop or think about it, but went on to her death exactly as she went in to dinner. Her dress of white silk took the moonlight with a soft gleam like itself, and her clustering curls (released from fashion by the power of passion) fell, like the shadows, on her sweet white neck. But she never even asked herself how she looked; she never turned round to admire her shadow: tomorrow she would throw no shade, but be one; and how she looked, or what she was, would matter, to the world she used to think so much of, never more.

Suddenly she passed from the moon-





WHERE THE FIRST SNOW-DROPS GREW.—[SEE LAST CHAPTER.]

light into the blackness of a lonely thick-  
et, and forced her way through it, without  
heed of bruise or rent. At the bottom of  
the steep lay the long dark pit, and she  
stood upon the brink and gazed into it.  
To a sane mind nothing could look less  
inviting. All above was air and light,  
freedom of the wind and play of moon  
with summer foliage; all below was gloom  
and horror, cold eternal stillness, and ob-  
livion everlasting. Even the new white  
frock awoke no flutter upon that sullen  
breast.

Dolly heaved a sigh and shuddered, but

she did not hesitate. Her mind was wan-  
dering, but her heart was fixed to make  
atonement, to give its life for the life de-  
stroyed, and to lie too deep for shame or  
sorrow. Suddenly a faint gleam caught  
her eyes. The sob of self-pity from her  
fair young breast had brought into view  
her cherished treasures, bright keepsakes  
of the girlish days when many a lover  
worshipped her. Taking from her neck  
the silken braid, she kissed them, and laid  
them on the bank. "They were all too  
good for me," she thought; "they shall  
not perish with me."



Then, with one long sigh, she called up all her fleeting courage, and sprang upon a fallen trunk which overhung the water. "There will be no Dan to save me now," she said as she reached the end of it. "Poor Dan! He will be sorry for me. This is the way out of it."

Her white satin shoes for a moment shone upon the black bark of the tree, and, with one despairing prayer to Heaven, she leaped into the liquid grave.

Dan was afar, but another was near, who loved her even more than Dan. Blyth Scudamore heard the plunge, and rushed to the brink of the pit, and tore his coat off. For a moment he saw nothing but black water heaving silently; then something white appeared, and moved, and a faint cry arose, and a hopeless struggle with engulfing death began.

"Keep still, don't struggle, only spread your arms, and throw your head back as far as you can," he cried, as he swam with long strokes towards her. But if she heard, she could not heed, as the lights of the deep sky came and went, and the choking water flashed between, and gurgled into her ears and mouth, and smothered her face with her own long hair. She dashed her poor helpless form about, and flung out her feet for something solid, and grasped in dim agony at the waves herself had made. Then her dress became heavily bagged with water, and the love of life was quenched, and the night of death enveloped her. Without a murmur, down she went, and the bubbles of her breath came up.

Scudamore uttered a bitter cry, for his heart was almost broken—within an arm's-length of his love, and she was gone for ever! For the moment he did not perceive that the clasp of despair must have drowned them both. Pointing his hands and throwing up his heels, he made one vain dive after her, then he knew that the pit was too deep for the bottom to be reached in that way. He swam to the trunk from which Dolly had leaped, and judging the distance by the sullen ripple, dashed in with a dive like a terrified frog. Like a bullet he sank to the bottom, and groped with three fathoms of water above him. Just as his lungs were giving out, he felt something soft and limp and round. Grasping this by the trailing hair, he struck mightily up for the surface, and drew a long breath, and sustained above water the head that fell back upon his panting breast.

Some three hours later, Dolly Darling lay in her own little bed, as pale as death, but sleeping the sleep of the world that sees the sun; while her only sister knelt by her side, weeping the tears of a higher world than that. "How could I be so brutal, and so hard?" sobbed Faith. "If father has seen it, will he ever forgive me? His last words were—'forgive, and love.'"

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## CHAPTER LXIII.

### THE FATAL STEP.

As Carne rode up the hill that night towards his ruined castle, the flush of fierce excitement and triumphant struggle died away, and self-reproach and miserable doubt struck into him like ague. For the death of Twemlow—as he supposed—he felt no remorse whatever. Him he had shot in furious combat, and as a last necessity; the fellow had twice insulted him, and then insolently collared him. And Faith, who had thwarted him with Dolly, and been from the first his enemy, now would have to weep and wail, and waste her youth in constancy. All that was good; but he could not regard with equal satisfaction the death of the ancient Admiral. The old man had brought it upon himself by his stupid stubbornness; and looking fairly upon that matter, Carne scarcely saw how to blame himself. Still, it was a most unlucky thing, and must lead to a quantity of mischief. To-morrow, or at the latest Monday, was to have crowned with grand success his years of toil and danger. There still might be the landing, and he would sail that night to hasten it, instead of arranging all ashore; but it could no longer be a triumph of crafty management. The country was up, the Admiral's death would spread the alarm and treble it; and worst of all, in the hot pursuit of himself, which was sure to follow when people's wits came back to them, all the stores and ammunition, brought together by so much skill and patience and hardihood, must of necessity be discovered and fall into the hands of the enemy. Farewell to his long-cherished hope of specially neat retribution, to wit, that the ruins of his family should be the ruin of the land which had rejected him! Then a fierce thought crossed his mind, and became at once a stern resolve. If he could never restore Carne Castle, and



dwelt there in prosperity, neither should any of his oppressors. The only trace of his ancestral home should be a vast black hole in earth.

For even if the landing still succeeded, and the country were subdued, he could never make his home there, after what he had done to-night. Dolly was lost to him for ever; and although he had loved her with all the ardor he could spare from his higher purposes, he must make up his mind to do without her, and perhaps it was all the better for him. If he had married her, no doubt he could soon have taught her her proper place; but no one could tell how she might fly out, through her self-will and long indulgence. He would marry a French woman; that would be the best; perhaps one connected with the Empress Josephine. As soon as he had made up his mind to this, his conscience ceased to trouble him.

From the crest of the hill at the eastern gate many a bend of shore was clear, and many a league of summer sea lay wavering in the moonlight. Along the beach red torches flared, as men of the Coast-Defence pushed forth, and yellow flash of cannon inland signalled for the Volunteers, while the lights gleamed (like windows opened from the depth) where sloop and gun-boat, frigate and ship of the line, were crowding sail to rescue England. For the semaphore, and when day was out the beacon-lights, had glowed along the backbone of the English hills, and England called every Englishman to show what he was made of.

"That will do. Enough of that, John Bull!" Defying his native land, Carne shook his fist in the native manner. "Stupid old savage, I shall live to make you howl. This country has become too hot to hold me, and I'll make it hotter before I have done. Here, Orso and Leo, good dogs, good dogs! You can kill a hundred British bull-dogs. Mount guard for an hour, till I call you down the hill. You can pull down a score of Volunteers apiece, if they dare to come after me. I have an hour to spare, and I know how to employ it. Jerry, old Jerry Bowles, stir your crooked shanks. What are you rubbing your bleary eyes at?"

The huge boar-hounds, who obeyed no voice but his, took post upon the rugged road (which had never been repaired since the Carnes were a power in the land), and sat side by side beneath the crumbling

arch, with their long fangs glistening and red eyes rolling in the silver moonlight, while their deep chests panted for the chance of good fresh human victuals. Then Carne gave his horse to ancient Jerry, saying, "Feed him, and take him with his saddle on to the old yew-tree in half an hour. Wait there for Captain Charron, and for me. You are not to go away till I come to you. Who is in the old place now? Think well before you answer me."

"No one now in the place but her"—the old man lifted his elbow, as a coachman does in passing—"and him down in the yellow jug. All the French sailors are at sea. Only she won't go away; and she moaneth worse than all the owls and ghosts. Ah, your honour should never 'a done that—respectable folk to Springhaven too!"

"It was a slight error of judgment, Jerry. What a mealy lot these English are, to make such a fuss about a trifle! But I am too soft-hearted to blow her up. Tell her to meet me in half an hour by the broken dial, and to bring the brat, and all her affairs in a bundle such as she can carry, or kick down the hill before her. In half an hour, do you understand? And if you care for your stiff old bones, get out of the way by that time."

In that half-hour Carne gathered in small compass, and strapped up in a little "mail"—as such light baggage then was called—all his important documents, despatches, letters, and papers of every kind, and the cash he was entrusted with, which he used to think safer at Springhaven. Then he took from a desk which was fixed to the wall a locket bright with diamonds, and kissed it, and fastened it beneath his neck-cloth. The wisp of hair inside it came not from any young or lovely head, but from the resolute brow of his mother, the woman who hated England. He should have put something better to his mouth; for instance, a good beef sandwich. But one great token of his perversion was that he never did feed well—a sure proof of the unrighteous man, as suggested by the holy Psalmist, and more distinctly put by Livy in the character he gives Hannibal.

Regarding as a light thing his poor unfurnished stomach, Carne mounted the broken staircase, in a style which might else have been difficult. He had made up



his mind to have one last look at the broad lands of his ancestors, from the last that ever should be seen of the walls they had reared and ruined. He stood upon the highest vantage-point that he could attain with safety, where a shaggy gnarl of the all-pervading ivy served as a friendly stay. To the right and left and far behind him all had once been their domain—every tree, and meadow, and rock that faced the moon, had belonged to his ancestors. "Is it a wonder that I am fierce?" he cried, with unwonted self-inspection; "who, that has been robbed as I have, would not try to rob in turn? The only thing amazing is my patience and my justice. But I will come back yet, and have my revenge."

Descending to his hyena den—as Charon always called it—he caught up his packet, and took a lantern, and a coil of tow which had been prepared, and strode forth for the last time into the sloping court behind the walls. Passing towards the eastern vaults, he saw the form of some one by the broken dial, above the hedge of brambles, which had once been of roses and sweetbriar. "Oh, that woman! I had forgotten that affair!" he muttered, with annoyance, as he pushed through the thorns to meet her.

Polly Cheeseman, the former belle of Springhaven, was leaning against the wrecked dial, with a child in her arms and a bundle at her feet. Her pride and gaiety had left her now, and she looked very wan through frequent weeping, and very thin from nursing. Her beauty (like her friends) had proved unfaithful under shame and sorrow, and little of it now remained except the long brown tresses and the large blue eyes. Those eyes she fixed upon Carne with more of terror than of love in them; although the fear was such as turns with a very little kindness to adoring love.

Carne left her to begin, for he really was not without shame in this matter; and Polly was far better suited than Dolly for a scornful and arrogant will like his. Deeply despising all the female race—as the Greek tragedian calls them—save only the one who had given him to the world, he might have been a God to Polly if he had but behaved as a man to her. She looked at him now with an imploring gaze, from the gentleness of her ill-used heart.

Their child, a fine boy about ten months

old, broke the silence by saying "booh, booh," very well, and holding out little hands to his father, who had often been scornfully kind to him.

"Oh, Caryl, Caryl, you will never forsake him!" cried the young mother, holding him up with rapture, and supporting his fat arms in that position; "he is the very image of you, and he seems to know it. Baby, say 'Da-da.' There, he has put his mouth up, and his memory is so wonderful! Oh, Caryl, what do you think of that—and the first time of trying it by moonlight?"

"There is no time for this nonsense, Polly. He is a wonderful baby, I dare say; and so is every baby, till he gets too old. You must obey orders, and be off with him."

"Oh no! You are come to take us with you. There, I have covered his face up, that he may not suppose you look cross at me. Oh, Caryl, you would never leave him behind, even if you could do that to me. We are not grand people, and you can put us anywhere, and now I am nearly as well as ever. I have put up all his little things; it does not matter about my own. I was never brought up to be idle, and I can earn my own living anywhere; and it might be a real comfort for you, with the great people going against you, to have somebody, not very grand, of course, but as true to you as yourself, and belonging altogether to you. I know many people who would give their eyes for such a baby."

"There is no time for this," Carne answered, sternly; "my arrangements are made, and I cannot take you. I have no fault to find with you, but argument is useless."

"Yes, I know that, Caryl; and I am sure that I never would attempt to argue with you. You should have everything your own way, and I could attend to so many things that no man ever does properly. I will be a slave to you, and this little darling love you, and then you will feel that you have two to love you, wherever you go, and whatever you do. And if I spoke crossly when first I found out that—that I went away for nothing with you, you must have forgiven me by this time, and I never will remind you again of it; if I do, send me back to the place I belong to. I belong to you now, Caryl, and so does he; and when we are away from the people who know me, I shall be



pleasant and cheerful again. I was only two-and-twenty the day the boats came home last week, and they used to say the young men jumped into the water as soon as they caught sight of me. Try to be kind to me, and I shall be so happy that I shall look almost as I used to do, when you said that the great ladies might be grander, but none of them fit to look into my looking-glass. Dear Caryl, I am ready; I don't care where it is, or what I may have to put up with, so long as you will make room for your Polly, and your baby."

"I am not at all a hard man," said Carne, retreating as the impulsive Polly offered him the baby, "but once for all, no more of this. I have quite forgiven any strong expressions you may have made use of when your head was light; and if all goes well, I shall provide for you and the child, according to your rank in life. But now you must run down the hill, if you wish to save your life and his."

"I have run down the hill already. I care not a pin for my own life; and hard as you are you would never have the heart to destroy your own little Caryl. He may be called *Caryl*—you will not deny him that, although he has no right to be called *Carne*. Oh, Caryl, Caryl, you can be so good, when you think there is something to gain by it. Only be good to us now, and God will bless you for it, darling. I have given up all the world for you, and you cannot have the heart to cast me off."

"What a fool the woman is! Have you ever known me change my mind? If you scorn your own life, through your own folly, you must care for the brat's. If you stop here ten minutes, you will both be blown to pieces."

"Through my own folly! Oh, God in heaven, that you should speak so of my love for you! Squire Carne, you are the worst man that ever lived; and it serves me right for trusting you. But where am I to go? Who will take me and support me, and my poor abandoned child?"

"Your parents, of course, are your natural supporters. You are hurting your child by this low abuse of me. Now put aside excitement, and run home, like a sensible woman, before your good father goes to bed."

She had watched his face all the time, as if she could scarcely believe that he

was in earnest, but he proved it by leaving her with a wave of his hat, and hastening back to his lantern. Then taking up that, and the coil of tow, but leaving his package against the wall, he disappeared in the narrow passage leading to the powder vaults. Polly stood still by the broken dial, with her eyes upon the moon, and her arms around the baby, and a pang in her heart which prevented her from speaking, or moving, or even knowing where she was.

Then Carne, stepping warily, unlocked the heavy oak door at the entrance of the cellarage, held down his lantern, and fixed with a wedge the top step of the ladder, which had been made to revolve with a pin and collar at either end, as before described. After trying the step with his hand, to be sure that it was now wedged safely, he flung his coil into the vault and followed. Some recollection made him smile as he was going down the steps: it was that of a stout man lying at the bottom, shaken in every bone, yet sound as a grape ensconced in jelly. As he touched the bottom he heard a little noise as of some small substance falling, but seeing a piece of old mortar dislodged, he did not turn round to examine the place. If he had done so he would have found behind the ladder the wedge he had just inserted to secure the level of the "Inspector's step."

Unwinding his coil of tow, which had been steeped in saltpetre to make a long fuse, with a toss of his long legs he crossed the barricade of solid oak rails about six feet high securely fastened across the vault, for the enclosure of the dangerous storage. Inside it was a passage, between chests of arms, dismantled cannon, and cases from every department of supply, to the explosive part of the magazine, the devourer of the human race, the pulp of the marrow of the Furies—gunpowder.

Of this there was now collected here, and stored in tiers that reached the roof, enough to blow up half the people of England, or lay them all low with a bullet before it; yet not enough, not a millionth part enough, to move for the breadth of a hair the barrier betwixt right and wrong, which a very few barrels are enough to do with a man who has sapped the foundations. Treading softly for fear of a spark from his boots, and guarding the lantern well, Carne approached one of the casks in the lower tier, and lifted the tarpaulin.



Then he slipped the wooden slide in the groove, and allowed some five or six pounds to run out upon the floor, from which the cask was raised by timber baulks. Leaving the slide partly open, he spread one end of his coil like a broad lamp-wick in the pile of powder which had run out, and put a brick upon the tow to keep it from shifting. Then he paid out the rest of the coil on the floor like a snake some thirty feet long, with the tail about a yard inside the barricade. With a very steady hand he took the candle from inside the horn, and kindled that tail of the fuse; and then replacing his light, he recrossed the open timber-work, and swiftly remounted the ladder of escape. "Twenty minutes' or half an hour's grace," he thought, "and long before that I shall be at the yew-tree."

But, as he planted his right foot sharply upon the top step of the ladder, that step swung back, and cast him heavily backwards to the bottom. The wedge had dropped out, and the step revolved like the treadle of a fox-trap.

For a minute or two he lay stunned and senseless, with the lantern before him on its side, and the candle burning a hole in the bubbly horn. Slowly recovering his wits, he strove to rise, as the deadly peril was borne in upon him. But instead of rising, he fell back again with a curse, and then a long-drawn groan; for pain (like the thrills of a man on the rack) had got hold of him and meant to keep him. His right arm was snapped at the elbow, and his left leg just above the knee, and the jar of his spine made him feel as if his core had been split out of him. He had no fat, like Shargeloes, to protect him, and no sheath of hair like Twemlow's.

Writhing with anguish, he heard a sound which did not improve his condition. It was the spluttering of the fuse, eating its merry way towards the five hundred casks of gunpowder. In the fury of peril he contrived to rise, and stood on his right foot with the other hanging limp, while he stayed himself with his left hand upon the ladder. Even if he could crawl up this, it would benefit him nothing. Before he could drag himself ten yards, the explosion would overtake him. His only chance was to quench the fuse, or draw it away from the priming. With a hobble of agony he reached the barricade, and strove to lift his crippled frame over it. It was hopeless; the power of

his back was gone, and his limbs were unable to obey his brain. Then he tried to crawl through at the bottom, but the opening of the rails would not admit his body, and the train of ductile fire had left only ash for him to grasp at.

Quivering with terror, and mad with pain, he returned to the foot of the steps, and clung till a gasp of breath came back. Then he shouted, with all his remaining power, "Polly, oh, Polly, my own Polly!"

Polly had been standing, like a statue of despair, beside the broken dial. To her it mattered little whether earth should open and swallow her, or fire cast her up to heaven. But his shout aroused her from this trance, and her heart leaped up with the fond belief that he had relented, and was calling her and the child to share his fortunes. There she stood in the archway and looked down, and the terror of the scene overwhelmed her. Through a broken arch beyond the barricade pale moonbeams crossed the darkness, like the bars of some soft melody; in the middle the serpent coil was hissing with the deadly nitre; at the foot of the steps was her false lover—husband he had called himself—with his hat off, and his white face turned in the last supplication towards her, as hers had been turned towards him just now. Should a woman be as pitiless as a man?

"Come down, for God's sake, and climb that cursed wood, and pull back the fuse, pull it back from the powder. Oh, Polly! and then we will go away together."

"It is too late. I will not risk my baby. You have made me so weak that I could never climb that fence. You are blowing up the castle which you promised to my baby; but you shall not blow up him. You told me to run away, and run I must. Good-bye; I am going to my natural supporters."

Carne heard her steps as she fled, and he fancied that he heard therewith a mocking laugh, but it was a sob, a hysterical sob. She would have helped him, if she dared; but her wits were gone in panic. She knew not of his shattered limbs and horrible plight; and it flashed across her that this was another trick of his—to destroy her and the baby, while he fled. She had proved that all his vows were lies.

Then Carne made his mind up to die like a man, for he saw that escape was



impossible. Limping back to the fatal barrier, he raised himself to his full height, and stood proudly to see, as he put it, the last of himself. Not a quiver of his haughty features showed the bodily pain that racked him, nor a flinch of his deep eyes confessed the tumult moving in his mind and soul. He pulled out his watch and laid it on the top rail of the old oak fence: there was not enough light to read the time, but he could count the ticks he had to live. Suddenly hope flashed through his heart, like the crack of a gun, like a lightning fork—a big rat was biting an elbow of the yarn where some tallow had fallen upon it. Would he cut it, would he drag it away to his hole? would he pull it a little from its fatal end? He was strong enough to do it, if he only understood. The fizz of saltpetre disturbed the rat, and he hoisted his tail and skipped back to his home.

The last thoughts of this unhappy man went back upon his early days; and things, which he had passed without thinking of, stood before him like his tombstone. None of his recent crimes came now to his memory to disturb it—there was time enough after the body for them—but trifles which had first depraved the mind, and slips whose repetition had made slippery the soul, like the alphabet of death, grew plain to him. Then he thought of his mother, and crossed himself, and said a little prayer to the Virgin.

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Charron was waiting by the old yew-tree, and Jerry sat trembling, with his eyes upon the castle, while the black horse, roped to a branch, was mourning the scarcity of oats and the abundance of gnats.

"Pest and the devil, but the coast is all alive!" cried the Frenchman, soothing anxiety with solid and liquid comforts. "Something has gone wrong behind the tail of everything. And there goes that big Stoobar, blazing with his sordid battery! Arouse thee, old Cheray! The time too late is over. Those lights thrice accursed will display our little boat, and John Bull is rushing with a thousand sails. The Commander is mad. They will have him, and us too. Shall I dance by a rope? It is the only dancing probable for me in England."

"I have never expected any good to come," the old man answered, without moving. "The curse of the house is

upon the young Squire. I saw it in his eyes this morning, the same as I saw in his father's eyes, when the sun was going down the very night he died. I shall never see him more, sir, nor you either, nor any other man that bides to the right side of his coffin."

"Bah! what a set you are of funerals, you Englishmen! But if I thought he was in risk, I would stay to see the end of it."

"Here comes the end of it!" the old man cried, leaping up and catching at a rugged cord of trunk, with his other hand pointing up the hill. From the base of the castle a broad blaze rushed, showing window and battlement, arch and tower, as in a flicker of the Northern lights. Then up went all the length of fabric, as a wanton child tosses his Noah's ark. Keep and buttress, tower and arch, mulioned window and battlement, in a fiery furnace leaped on high, like the outburst of a volcano. Then, with a roar that rocked the earth, they broke into a storm of ruin, sweeping the heavens with a flood of fire, and spreading the sea with a mantle of blood. Following slowly in stately spires, and calmly swallowing everything, a fountain of dun smoke arose, and solemn silence filled the night.

"All over now, thank the angels and the saints! My faith, but I made up my mind to join them," cried Charron, who had fallen, or been felled by the concussion. "Cheray, art thou still alive? The smoke is in my neck. I cannot liberate my words, but the lumps must be all come down by this time, without adding to the weight of our poor brains. Something fell in this old tree, a long way up, as high as where the crows build. It was like a long body, with one leg and one arm. I hope it was not the Commander; but one thing is certain—he is gone to heaven. Let us pray that he may stop there, if St. Peter admits a man who was selling the keys of his country to the enemy. But we must do duty to ourselves, my Cheray. Let us hasten to the sea, and give the signal for the boat. *La Torche* will be a weak light after this."

"I will not go. I will abide my time." The old man staggered to a broken column of the ancient gateway which had fallen near them, and flung his arms around it. "I remember this since I first could toddle. The ways of the Lord are wonderful."

"Come away, you old fool," cried the



Frenchman; "I hear the tramp of soldiers in the valley. If they catch you here, it will be drum-head work, and you will swing before morning in the ruins."

"I am very old. My time is short. I would liefer hang from an English beam than deal any more with your outlandish lot."

"Farewell to thee, then! Thou art a faithful clod. Here are five guineas for thee, of English stamp. I doubt if napoleons shall ever be coined in England."

He was off while he might—a gallant Frenchman, and an honest enemy; such as our country has respected always, and often endeavoured to turn into fast friends. But the old man stood and watched the long gap, where for centuries the castle of the Carnes had towered. And his sturdy faith was rewarded.

"I am starving"—these words came feebly from a gaunt, ragged figure that approached him. "For three days my food has been forgotten; and bad as it was, I missed it. There came a great rumble, and my walls fell down. Ancient Jerry, I can go no further. I am empty as a shank bone when the marrow-toast is serving. Your duty was to feed me, with inferior stuff at any rate."

"No, sir, no;" the old servitor was roused by the charge of neglected duty. "Sir Parsley, it was no fault of mine whatever. Squire undertook to see to all of it himself. Don't blame me, sir; don't blame me."

"Never mind the blame, but make it good," Mr. Shargeloes answered, meagrely, for he felt as if he could never be fat again. "What do I see there? It is like a crust of bread, but I am too weak to stoop for it."

"Come inside the tree, sir." The old man led him, as a grandsire leads a famished child. "What a shame to starve you, and you so hearty! But the Squire clean forgotten it, I doubt, with his foreign tricks coming to this great blow-up. Here, sir, here; please to sit down a moment, while I light a candle. They French chaps are so wasteful always, and always grumbling at good English victual. Here's enough to feed a family Captain Charron has throwed by—bread, and good mutton, and pretty near half a ham, and a bottle or so of thin nasty foreign wine. Eat away, Sir Parsley; why, it does me good to see you. You feeds something like an Englishman. But you know, sir,

it were all your own fault at bottom, for coming among them foreigners a-meddling."

"You are a fine fellow. You shall be my head butler," Percival Shargeloes replied, while he made such a meal as he never made before, and never should make again, even when he came to be the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London.

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## CHAPTER LXIV.

### WRATH AND SORROW.

THE two most conspicuous men of the age were saddened and cast down just now—one by the natural kindly sorrow into which all men live for others, till others live into it for them; and one by the petulant turns of fortune, twisting and breaking his best-woven web. Lord Nelson arrived at Springhaven on Monday, to show his affection for his dear old friend; and the Emperor Napoleon, at the same time, was pacing the opposite cliffs in grief and dudgeon.

He had taken his post on some high white land, about a league southward of Boulogne, and with strong field-glasses, which he pettishly exchanged in doubt of their power and truth, he was scanning all the roadways of the shore and the trackless breadths of sea. His quick brain was burning for despatches overland—whether from the coast road past Etaples, or further inland by the great route from Paris, or away to the southeast by special courier from the Austrian frontier—as well as for signals out at sea, and the movements of the British ships, to show that his own were coming. He had treated with disdain the suggestions of his faithful Admiral Decrès, who had feared to put the truth too plainly, that the fleet ordered up from the west had failed, and with it the Master's mighty scheme. Having yet to learn the lesson that his best plans might be foiled, he was furious when doubt was cast upon this pet design. Like a giant of a spider at the nucleus of his web, he watched the broad fan of radiant threads, and the hovering of filmy woof, but without the mild philosophy of that spider, who is versed in the very sad capriciousness of flies.

Just within hearing (and fain to be further, in his present state of mind) were several young officers of the staff, making



little mouths at one another, for want of better pastime, but looking as grave, when the mighty man glanced round, as school-boys do under the master's eye. "Send Admiral Decrès to me," the Emperor shouted, as he laid down his telescope and returned to his petulant to-and-fro.

In a few minutes Admiral Decrès arrived, and after a salute which was not acknowledged, walked in silence at his master's side. The great man, talking to himself aloud, and reviling almost every one except himself, took no more notice of his comrade for some minutes than if he had been a poodle keeping pace with him. Then he turned upon him fiercely, with one hand thrown out, as if he would have liked to strike him.

"What then is the meaning of all this?" He spoke too fast for the other to catch all his words. "You have lost me three days of it. How much longer will you conceal your knowledge? Carne's scheme has failed, through treachery—probably his own. I never liked the man. He wanted to be the master of me—of me! I can do without him; it is all the better, if my fleet will come. I have three fleets, besides these. Any one of them would do. They would do, if even half their crews were dead, so long as they disturbed the enemy. You know where Villeneuve is, but you will not tell me."

"I told your Majesty what I thought," M. Decrès replied, with dignity, "but it did not please you to listen to me. Shall I now tell your Majesty what I know?"

"Ha! You have dared to have secret despatches! You know more of the movements of my fleets than I do! You have been screening him all along. Which of you is the worse traitor?"

"Your Majesty will regret these words. Villeneuve and myself are devoted to you. I have not heard from him. I have received no despatches. But in a private letter just received, which is here at your Majesty's service, I find these words, which your Majesty can see. 'From my brother on the Spanish coast I have just heard. Admiral Villeneuve has sailed for Cadiz, believing Nelson to be in chase of him. My brother saw the whole fleet crowding sail southward. No doubt it is the best thing they could do. If they came across Nelson, they would be knocked to pieces.' Your Majesty, that is an opinion only; but it seems to be shared by M. Villeneuve."

Napoleon's wrath was never speechless—except upon one great occasion—and its outburst put every other in the wrong, even while he knew that he was in the right. Regarding Decrès with a glare of fury, such as no other eyes could pour, or meet—a glare as of burnished steel fired from a cannon—he drove him out of every self-defence or shelter, and shattered him in the dust of his own principles. It was not the difference of rank between them, but the difference in the power of their minds, that chased like a straw before the wind the very stable senses of the man who understood things. He knew that he was right, but the right was routed, and away with it flew all capacity of reason in the pitiless torrent of passion, like a man in a barrel, and the barrel in Niagara.

M. Decrès knew not head from tail, in the rush of invective poured upon him; but he took off his hat in soft search for his head, and to let in the compliments rained upon it.

"It is good," replied the Emperor, replying to himself, as the foam of his fury began to pass; "you will understand, Decrès, that I am not angry, but only lament that I have such a set of fools. You are not the worst. I have bigger fools than you. Alas that I should confess it!"

Admiral Decrès put his hat upon his head, for the purpose of taking it off, to acknowledge the kindness of this compliment. It was the first polite expression he had received for half an hour. And it would have been the last, if he had dared to answer.

"Villeneuve cannot help it that he is a fool," continued Napoleon, in a milder strain; "but he owes it to his rank that he should not be a coward. Nelson is his black beast. Nelson has reduced him to a condition of wet pulp. I shall send a braver man to supersede him. Are French fleets forever to turn tail to an inferior force of stupid English? If I were on the seas, I would sweep Nelson from them. Our men are far braver, when they learn to spread their legs. As soon as I have finished with those filthy Germans, I will take the command of the fleets myself. It will be a bad day for that bragging Nelson. Give me pen and paper, and send Daru to me. I must conquer the Continent once more, I suppose; and then I will return and deal with England."



In a couple of hours he had shaped and finished the plan of a campaign the most triumphant that even he ever planned and accomplished. Then his mind became satisfied with good work, and he mounted his horse, and for the last time rode through the grandest encampment the sun has ever seen, distributing his calm smile, as if his nature were too large for tempests.

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On the sacred white coast, which the greatest of Frenchmen should only approach as a prisoner, stood a man of less imperious mould, and of sweet and gentle presence—a man who was able to command himself in the keenest disappointment, because he combined a quick sense of humour with the power of prompt action, and was able to appreciate his own great qualities without concluding that there were no other. His face, at all times except those of hot battle, was filled with quiet sadness, as if he were sent into the world for some great purpose beyond his knowledge, yet surely not above his aim. Years of deep anxiety and ever urgent duty had made him look old before his time, but in no wise abated his natural force. He knew that he had duty before him still, and he felt that the only discharge was death.

But now, in the tenderness of his heart, he had forgotten all about himself, and even for the moment about his country. Nelson had taken the last fond look at the dear old friend of many changeable years, so true and so pleasant throughout every change. Though one eye had failed for the work of the brain, it still was in sympathy with his heart; and a tear shone upon either wrinkled cheek, as the uses of sadness outlast the brighter view.

He held Faith by the hand, or she held by his, as they came forth, without knowing it, through nature's demand for an open space, when the air is choked with sorrow.

"My dear, you must check it; you must leave off," said Nelson, although he was going on himself. "It is useless for me to say a word to you, because I am almost as bad myself. But still I am older, and I feel that I ought to be able to comfort you, if I only knew the way."

"You do comfort me, more than I can tell, although you don't say anything. For any one to sit here, and be sorry with me, makes it come a little lighter. And

when it is a man like you, Lord Nelson, I feel a sort of love that makes me feel less bitter. Mr. Twemlow drove me wild with a quantity of texts, and a great amount of talk about a better land. How would he like to go to it himself, I wonder? There is a great hole in my heart, and nothing that anybody says can fill it."

"And nothing that any one can do, my dear," her father's friend answered, softly, "unless it is your own good self, with the kindness of the Lord to help you. One of the best things to begin with is to help somebody else, if you can, and lead yourself away into another person's troubles. Is there any one here very miserable?"

"None that I can think of half so miserable as I am. There is great excitement, but no misery. Miss Twemlow has recovered her Lord Mayor—the gentleman that wore that extraordinary coat—oh, I forgot, you were not here then. And although he has had a very sad time of it, every one says that the total want of diet will be much better for him than any mere change. I am ashamed to be talking of such trifles now; but I respect that man, he was so straightforward. If my brother Frank had been at all like him, we should never have been as we are this day."

"My dear, you must not blame poor Frank. He would not come down to the dinner because he hated warlike speeches. But he has seen the error of his ways. No more treasonable stuff for him. He thought it was large, and poetic, and all that, like giving one's shirt to an impostor. All of us make mistakes sometimes. I have made a great many myself, and have always been the foremost to perceive them. But your own brave lover—have you forgotten him? He fought like a hero, I am told, and nothing could save his life except that he wore a new-fashioned periwig."

"I would rather not talk of him now, Lord Nelson, although he had no periwig. I am deeply thankful that he escaped; and no doubt did his best, as he was bound to do. I try to be fair to everybody, but I cannot help blaming every one, when I come to remember how blind we have been. Captain Stubbard must have been so blind, and Mrs. Stubbard a great deal worse, and worst of all his own aunt, Mrs. Twemlow. Oh, Lord Nelson, if you had only stopped here, instead of hur-



rying away for more glory! You saw the whole of it; you predicted everything; you even warned us again in your last letter! And yet you must go away, and leave us to ourselves; and this is how the whole of it has ended."

"My dear child, I will not deny that the eye of Nelson has a special gift for piercing the wiles of the scoundrelly foe. But I was under orders, and must go. The nation believed that it could not do without me, although there are other men every bit as good, and in their own opinion superior. But the enemy has never been of that opinion; and a great deal depends upon what they think. And the rule has been always to send me where there are many kicks but few coppers. I have never been known to repine. We all err; but if we do our duty as your dear father did his, the Lord will forgive us, when our enemies escape. When my time comes, as it must do soon, there will be plenty to carp at me; but I shall not care, if I have done my best. Your father did his best, and is happy."

Faith Darling took his hand again, and her tears were for him quite as much as for herself. "Give me one of the buttons of your coat," she said; "here is one that cannot last till you get home."

It was hanging by a thread, and yet the hero was very loth to part with it, though if it had parted with him, the chances were ten to one against his missing it. However, he conquered himself, but not so entirely as to let her cut it off. If it must go, it should be by his own hand. He pulled out a knife and cut it off, and she kissed it when he gave it to her.

"I should like to do more than that," he said, though he would sooner have parted with many guineas. "Is there nobody here that I can help, from my long good-will to Springhaven?"

"Oh, yes! How stupid I am!" cried Faith. "I forget everybody in my own trouble. There is a poor young man with a broken heart, who came to me this morning. He has done no harm that I know of, but he fell into the power of that wicked—but I will use no harsh words, because he is gone most dreadfully to his last account. This poor youth said that he only cared to die, after all the things that had happened here, for he has always been fond of my father. At first I refused to see him, but they told me such things that I could not help it. He is the

son of our chief man here, and you said what a fine British seaman he would make."

"I remember two or three of that description, especially young Dan Tugwell." Nelson had an amazing memory of all who had served under him, or even had wished to do so. "I see by your eyes that it is young Tugwell. If it will be any pleasure to you, I will see him, and do what I can for him. What has he done, my dear, and what can I do for him?"

"He has fallen into black disgrace, and his only desire is to redeem it by dying for his country. His own father has refused to see him, although he was mainly the cause of it; and his mother, who was Erle Twemlow's nurse, is almost out of her mind with grief. A braver young man never lived, and he was once the pride of Springhaven. He saved poor Dolly from drowning, when she was very young, and the boat upset. His father chastised him cruelly for falling under bad influence. Then he ran away from the village, and seems to have been in French employment. But he was kept in the dark, and had no idea that he was acting against his own country."

"He has been a traitor," said Lord Nelson, sternly. "I cannot help such a man, even for your sake."

"He has not been a traitor, but betrayed," cried Faith; "he believed that his only employment was to convey private letters for the poor French prisoners, of whom we have so many hundreds. I will not contend that he was right in that; but still it was no very great offence. Even you must have often longed to send letters to those you loved in England; and you know how hard it is in war time. But what they really wanted him for was to serve as their pilot upon this coast. And the moment he discovered that, though they offered him bags of gold to do it, he faced his death like an Englishman. They attempted to keep him in a stupid state with drugs, so that he might work like a mere machine. But he found out that, and would eat nothing but hard biscuit. They had him in one of their shallow boats, or prames, as they call them, which was to lead them in upon signal from the arch-traitor. This was on Saturday, Saturday night—that dreadful time when we were all so gay. They held a pair of pistols at poor Dan's head, or at least a man was holding one to each of



his ears, and they corded his arms, because he ventured to remonstrate. That was before they had even started, so you may suppose what they would have done to us. Poor Daniel made up his mind to die, and it would have eased his mind, he says now, if he had done so. But while they were waiting for the signal, which through dear father's vigilance they never did receive, Dan managed to free both his hands in the dark, and as soon as he saw the men getting sleepy, he knocked them both down, and jumped overboard; for he can swim like a fish, or even better. He had very little hopes of escaping, as he says, and the French fired fifty shots after him. With great presence of mind, he gave a dreadful scream, as if he was shot through the head at least, then he flung up his legs, as if he was gone down; but he swam under water for perhaps a hundred yards, and luckily the moon went behind a black cloud. Then he came to a boat, which had broken adrift, and although he did not dare to climb into her, he held on by her, on the further side from them. She was drifting away with the tide, and at last he ventured to get on board of her, and found a pair of oars, and was picked up at daylight by a smuggling boat running for Newhaven. He was landed last night, and he heard the dreadful news, and having plenty of money, he hired a post-chaise, and never stopped until he reached Springhaven. He looks worn out now; but if his mind was easier, he would soon be as strong as ever."

"It is a strange story, my dear," said Nelson; "but I see that it has done you good to tell it, and I have known many still stranger. But how could he have money, after such a hard escape?"

"That shows as much as anything how brave he is. He had made up his mind that if he succeeded in knocking down both those sentinels, he would have the bag of gold which was put for his reward in case of his steering them successfully. And before he jumped overboard he snatched it up, and it helped him to dive and to swim under water. He put it in his flannel shirt by way of ballast, and he sticks to it up to the present moment."

"My dear," replied Lord Nelson, much impressed, "such a man deserves to be in my own crew. If he can show me that bag, and stand questions, I will send him to Portsmouth at my own expense, with a letter to my dear friend Captain Hardy."

## CHAPTER LXV.

## TRAFALGAR.

LORD NELSON sailed from Portsmouth on the 15th of September, in his favourite ship the *Victory*, to take his last command. He knew that he never should come home, except as a corpse for burial, but he fastened his mind on the work before him, and neglected nothing. "A fair fight, and no favour," was the only thing he longed for.

And this he did obtain at last. The French commander-in-chief came forth, with all his mighty armament, not of his own desire, but goaded by imperious sneers, and stings that made his manhood tingle. He spread the sea-power of two nations in a stately crescent, double-lined (as the moon is doubled when beheld through fine plate-glass)—a noble sight, a paramount temptation for the British tow-rope.

"What a lot for we to take to Spit-head!" was the British tar's remark, as forty ships of the line and frigates showed their glossy sides, and canvas bosomed with the gentle air and veined with gliding sunlight. A grander spectacle never was of laborious man's creation; and the work of the Lord combined to show it to the best advantage—dark headlands in the distance standing as a massive background, long pellucid billows lifting bulk Titanic, and lace-like maze, sweet air wandering from heaven, early sun come fresh from dew, all the good-will of the world inspiring men to merriness.

Nelson was not fierce of nature, but as gentle as a lamb. His great desire, as he always proved, was never to destroy his enemies by the number of one man spareable. He had always been led by the force of education, confirmed by that of experience, to know that the duty of an Englishman is to lessen the stock of Frenchmen; yet he never was free from regret when compelled to act up to his conscience, upon a large scale.

It is an old saying that nature has provided for every disease its remedy, and challenges men to find it out, which they are clever enough not to do. For that deadly disease Napoleon, the remedy was Nelson; and as soon as he should be consumed, another would appear in Wellington. Such is the fortune of Britannia, because she never boasts, but grumbles always. The boaster soon exhausts his



subject; the grumbler has matter that lasts for ever.

Nelson had much of this national virtue. "Half of them will get away," he said to Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, who was come for his latest orders, "because of that rascally port to leeward. If the wind had held as it was last night, we should have had every one of them. It does seem hard, after waiting so long. And the sky looks like a gale of wind. It will blow to-night, though I shall not hear it. A gale of wind with disabled ships means terrible destruction. Do all you can to save those poor fellows. When they are beaten, we must consider their lives even more than our own, you know, because we have been the cause of it. You know my wishes as well as I do. Remember this one especially."

"Good-bye, my lord, till the fight is over." Captain Blackwood loved his chief with even more than the warm affection felt by all the fleet for him. "When we have got them, I shall come back, and find you safe and glorious."

"God bless you, Blackwood!" Lord Nelson answered, looking at him with a cheerful smile. "But you will never see me alive again."

The hero of a hundred fights, who knew that this would be his last, put on his favourite ancient coat, threadbare through many a conflict with hard time and harder enemies. Its beauty, like his own, had suffered in the cause of duty; the gold embroidery had taken leave of absence in some places, and in others showed more fray of silk than gleam of yellow glory; and the four stars fastened on the left breast wanted a little plate-powder sadly. But Nelson was quite contented with them, and like a child—for he always kept in his heart the childhood's freshness—he gazed at the star he was proudest of, the Star of the Bath, and through a fond smile sighed. Through the rays of that star his death was coming, ere a quarter of a day should be added to his life.

With less pretension and air of greatness than the captain of a penny steamer now displays, Nelson went from deck to deck, and visited every man at quarters, as if the battle hung on every one. There was scarcely a man whom he did not know, as well as a farmer knows his winter hands; and loud cheers rang from gun to gun when his order had been answered. His order was, "Reserve your fire

until you are sure of every shot." Then he took his stand upon the quarter-deck, assured of victory, and assured that his last bequest to the British nation would be honoured sacredly—about which the less we say the better.

In this great battle, which crushed the naval power of France, and saved our land from further threat of inroad, Blyth Scudamore was not engaged, being still attached to the Channel fleet; but young Dan Tugwell bore a share, and no small share by his own account and that of his native village, which received him proudly when he came home. Placed at a gun on the upper deck, on the starboard side near the mizzen-mast, he fought like a Briton, though dazed at first by the roar, and the smoke, and the crash of timber. Lord Nelson had noticed him more than once, as one of the smartest of his crew, and had said to him that very morning, "For the honour of Springhaven, Dan, behave well in your first action." And the youth had never forgotten that, when the sulphurous fog enveloped him, and the rush of death lifted his curly hair, and his feet were sodden and his stockings hot with the blood of shattered messmates.

In the wildest of the wild pell-mell, as the *Victory* lay like a pelted log, rolling to the storm of shot, with three ships at close quarters hurling all their metal at her, and a fourth alongside clutched so close that muzzle was tompion for muzzle, while the cannon-balls so thickly flew that many sailors with good eyes saw them meet in the air and shatter one another, an order was issued for the starboard guns on the upper deck to cease firing. An eager-minded Frenchman, adapting his desires as a spring-board to his conclusions, was actually able to believe that Nelson's own ship had surrendered! He must have been off his head; and his inductive process was soon amended by the logic of facts, for his head was off him. The reason for silencing those guns was good—they were likely to do more damage to an English ship which lay beyond than to the foe at the port-holes. The men who had served those guns were ordered below, to take the place of men who never should fire a gun again. Dan Tugwell, as he turned to obey the order, cast a glance at the Admiral, who gave him a little nod, meaning, "Well done, Dan."

Lord Nelson had just made a little joke,



such as he often indulged in, not from any carelessness about the scene around him—which was truly awful—but simply to keep up his spirits, and those of his brave and beloved companion. Captain Hardy, a tall and portly man, clad in bright uniform, and advancing with a martial stride, cast into shade the mighty hero quietly walking at his left side. And Nelson was covered with dust from the quarter-gallery of a pounded ship, which he had not stopped to brush away.

"Thank God," thought Dan, "if those fellows in the tops, who are picking us off so, shoot at either of them, they will be sure to hit the big man first."

In the very instant of his thought, he saw Lord Nelson give a sudden start, and then reel, and fall upon both knees, striving for a moment to support himself with his one hand on the deck. Then his hand gave way, and he fell on his left side, while Hardy, who was just before him, turned at the cabin ladderway, and stooped with a loud cry over him. Dan ran up, and placed his bare arms under the wounded shoulder, and helped to raise and set him on his staggering legs.

"I hope you are not much hurt, my lord?" said the Captain, doing his best to smile.

"They have done for me at last," the hero gasped. "Hardy, my backbone is shot through."

Through the roar of battle, sobs of dear love sounded along the blood-stained deck, as Dan and another seaman took the pride of our nation tenderly, and carried him down to the orlop-deck. Yet even so, in the deadly pang and draining of the life-blood, the sense of duty never failed, and the love of country conquered death. With his feeble hand he contrived to reach the handkerchief in his pocket, and spread it over his face and breast, lest the crew should be disheartened.

"I know who fired that shot," cried Dan, when he saw that he could help no more. "He never shall live to boast of it, if I have to board the French ship to fetch him."

He ran back quickly to the quarter-deck, and there found three or four others eager to give their lives for Nelson's death. The mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable*, whence the fatal shot had come, was scarcely so much as fifty feet from the starboard rail of the *Victory*. The men who were stationed in that top, although they had no

brass cohorn there, such as those in the main and fore tops plied, had taken many English lives, while the thick smoke surged around them.

For some time they had worked unheeded in the louder roar of cannon, and when at last they were observed, it was hard to get a fair shot at them, not only from the rolling of the entangled ships, and clouds of blinding vapour, but because they retired out of sight to load, and only came forward to catch their aim. However, by the exertions of our marines—who should have been at them long ago—these sharpshooters from the coign of vantage were now reduced to three brave fellows. They had only done their duty, and perhaps had no idea how completely they had done it; but naturally enough our men looked at them as if they were "too bad for hanging." Smoky as the air was, the three men saw that a very strong feeling was aroused against them, and that none of their own side was at hand to back them up. And the language of the English—though they could not understand it—was clearly that of bitter condemnation.

The least resolute of them became depressed by this, being doubtless a Radical who had been taught that *Vox populi* is *Vox Dei*. He endeavoured, therefore, to slide down the rigging, but was shot through the heart, and dead before he had time to know it. At the very same moment the most desperate villain of the three—as we should call him—or the most heroic of these patriots (as the French historians describe him) popped forward and shot a worthy Englishman, who was shaking his fist instead of pointing his gun.

Then an old quartermaster, who was standing on the poop, with his legs spread out as comfortably as if he had his Sunday dinner on the spit before him, shouted—"That's him, boys—that glazed hat beggar! Have at him all together, next time he comes forrard." As he spoke, he fell dead, with his teeth in his throat, from the fire of the other Frenchman. But the carbine dropped from the man who had fired, and his body fell dead as the one he had destroyed, for a sharp little Middy, behind the quartermaster, sent a bullet through the head, as the hand drew trigger. The slayer of Nelson remained alone, and he kept back warily, where none could see him.



"All of you fire, quick one after other," cried Dan, who had picked up a loaded musket, and was kneeling in the embrasure of a gun; "fire so that he may tell the shots; that will fetch him out again. Sing out first, 'There he is!' as if you saw him."

The men on the quarter-deck and poop did so, and the Frenchman, who was watching through a hole, came forward for a safe shot while they were loading. He pointed the long gun which had killed Nelson at the smart young officer on the poop, but the muzzle flew up ere he pulled the trigger, and leaning forward he fell dead, with his legs and arms spread, like a jack for oiling axles. Dan had gone through some small-arm drill in the fortnight he spent at Portsmouth, and his eyes were too keen for the bull's-eye. With a rest for his muzzle he laid it truly for the spot where the Frenchman would reappear; with extreme punctuality he shot him in the throat; and the gallant man who deprived the world of Nelson was thus despatched to a better one, three hours in front of his victim.

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## CHAPTER LXVI.

### THE LAST BULLETIN.

To Britannia this was but feeble comfort, even if she heard of it. She had lost her pet hero, the simplest and dearest of all the thousands she has borne and nursed, and for every penny she had grudged him in the flesh, she would lay a thousand pounds upon his bones. To put it more poetically, her smiles were turned to tears—which cost her something—and the laurel drooped in the cypress shade. The hostile fleet was destroyed; brave France would never more come out of harbour to contend with England; the foggy fear of invasion was like a morning fog dispersed; and yet the funds (the pulse of England) fell at the loss of that one defender.

It was a gloomy evening, and come time for good people to be in-doors, when the big news reached Springhaven. Since the Admiral slept in the green churchyard, with no despatch to receive or send, the importance of Springhaven had declined in all opinion except its own, and even Captain Stubbard could not keep it up. When the Squire was shot, and Mas-

ter Erle as well, and Carne Castle went higher than a lark could soar, and folk were fools enough to believe that Boney would dare put his foot down there, John Prater had done a most wonderful trade, and never a man who could lay his tongue justly with the pens that came spluttering from London had any call for a fortnight together to go to bed sober at his own expense. But this bright season ended quite as suddenly as it had begun; and when these great "bungers"—as those veterans were entitled who dealt most freely with the marvellous—had laid their heads together to produce and confirm another guinea's worth of fiction, the London press would have none of it. Public interest had rushed into another channel; and the men who had thriven for a fortnight on their tongues were driven to employ them on their hands again.

But now, on the sixth of November, a new excitement was in store for them. The calm obscurity of night flowed in, through the trees that belonged to Sir Francis now, and along his misty meadows; and the only sound in the village lane was the murmur of the brook beside it, or the gentle sigh of the retiring seas. Boys of age enough to make much noise, or at least to prolong it after nightfall, were away in the fishing-boats, receiving whacks almost as often as they needed them; for those times (unlike these) were equal to their fundamental duties. In the winding lane outside the grounds of the Hall, and shaping its convenience naturally by that of the more urgent brook, a man—to show what the times were come to—had lately set up a shoeing forge. He had done it on the strength of the troopers' horses coming down the hill so fast, and often with their cogs worn out, yet going as hard as if they had no knees, or at least none belonging to their riders. And although he was not a Springhaven man, he had been allowed to marry a Springhaven woman, one of the Capers up the hill; and John Prater (who was akin to him by marriage, and perhaps had an eye to the inevitable ailment of a man whose horse is ailing) backed up his daring scheme so strongly that the Admiral, anxious for the public good, had allowed this smithy to be set up here.

John Keatch was the man who established this, of the very same family (still thriving in West Middlesex) which for the service of the state supplied an offi-



cial whose mantle it is now found hard to fill; and the blacksmith was known as "Jack Ketch" in the village, while his forge was becoming the centre of news. Captain Stubbard employed him for battery uses, and finding his swing-shutters larger than those of Widow Shanks, and more cheaply lit up by the glow of the forge, was now beginning, in spite of her remonstrance, to post all his very big proclamations there.

"Rouse up your fire, Ketch," he said that evening, as he stood at the door of the smithy, with half a dozen of his children at his heels. "Bring a dozen clout-nails; here's a tremendous piece of news!"

The blacksmith made a blaze with a few strokes of his bellows, and swung his shutter forward, so that all might read.

"**GREAT AND GLORIOUS VICTORY.** Twenty line-of-battle ships destroyed or captured. Lord Nelson shot dead. God save the King!"

"Keep your fire up. I'll pay a shilling for the coal," cried the Captain, in the flush of excitement. "Bring out your cow's horn, and go and blow it at the corner. And that drum you had to mend, my boy and girl will beat it. Jack, run up to the battery, and tell them to blaze away for their very lives."

In less than five minutes all the village was there, with the readers put foremost, all reading together at the top of their voices, for the benefit of the rest. Behind them stood Polly Cheeseman, peeping, with the glare of the fire on her sad pale face and the ruddy cheeks of her infant. "Make way for Widow Carne, and the young Squire Carne," the loud voice of Captain Zeb commanded; "any man as stands afront of her will have me upon him. Now, ma'am, stand forth, and let them look at you."

This was a sudden thought of Captain Tugwell's; but it fixed her rank among them, as the order of the King might. The strong sense of justice, always ready in Springhaven, backed up her right to be what she had believed herself, and would have been, but for foul deceit and falsehood. And if the proud spirit of Carne ever wandered around the ancestral property, it would have received in the next generation a righteous shock at desecrating in large letters, well picked out with shade: "Caryl Carne, Grocer and Butterman, Cheese-monger, Dealer in Ba-

con and Sausages. Licensed to sell Tea, Coffee, Snuff, Pepper, and Tobacco."

For Cheeseman raised his head again, with the spirit of a true British tradesman, as soon as the nightmare of traitorous plots and contraband imports was over. Captain Tugwell on his behalf led the fishing fleet against that renegade *La Liberté*, and casting the foreigners overboard, they restored her integrity as the *London Trader*. Mr. Cheeseman shed a tear, and put on a new apron, and entirely reformed his political views, which had been loose and Whiggish. Uprightness of the most sensitive order—that which has slipped and strained its tendons—stamped all his dealings, even in the butter line; and facts having furnished a creditable motive for his rash reliance upon his own cord, he turned amid applause to the pleasant pastimes of a smug church-warden. And when he was wafted to a still sublimer sphere, his grandson carried on the business well.

Having spread the great news in this striking manner, Captain Stubbard—though growing very bulky now with good living, ever since his pay was doubled—set off at a conscientious pace against the stomach of the hill, lest haply the Hall should feel aggrieved at hearing all this noise and having to wonder what the reason was. He knew, and was grateful at knowing, that Carne's black crime and devilish plot had wrought an entire revulsion in the candid but naturally too soft mind of the author of the *Harmodiad*. Sir Francis was still of a liberal mind, and still admired his own works. But forgetting that nobody read them, he feared the extensive harm they might produce, although he was now resolved to write even better in the opposite direction. On the impulse of literary conscience, he held a council with the gardener Swipes, as to the best composition of bonfire for the consumption of poetry. Mr. Swipes recommended dead pea-haulm, with the sticks left in it to ensure a draught. Then the poet in the garden with a long bean-stick administered fire to the whole edition, not only of the *Harmodiad*, but also of the *Theiodemos*, his later and even grander work. Persons incapable of lofty thought attributed this—the most sage and practical of all forms of palinode—to no higher source than the pretty face and figure, and sweet patriotism, of Lady Alice, the youngest sister of Lord Dashville. And



subsequent facts, to some extent, confirmed this interpretation.

The old house looked gloomy and dull of brow, with only three windows showing light, as stout Captain Stubbard, with his short sword swinging from the bulky position where his waist had been, strode along the winding of the hill towards the door. At a sharp corner, under some trees, he came almost shoulder to shoulder with a tall man striking into the road from a foot-path. The Captain drew his sword, for his nerves had been flurried ever since the great explosion, which laid him on his back among his own cannon.

"A friend," cried the other, "and a great admirer of your valour, Captain, but not a worthy object for its display."

"My dear friend Shargeloes!" replied the Captain, a little ashamed of his own vigilance. "How are you, my dear sir? and how is the system?"

"The system will never recover from the tricks that infernal Carne has played with it. But never mind that, if the intellect survives; we all owe a debt to our country. I have met you in the very nick of time. Yesterday was Guy Fawkes' Day, and I wanted to be married then; but the people were not ready. I intend to have it now on New-Year's Day, because then I shall always remember the date. I am going up here to make a strange request, and I want you to say that it is right and proper. An opinion from a distinguished sailor will go a long way with the daughters of an Admiral. I want the young ladies to be my bridesmaids—and then for the little ones, your Maggy and your Kitty. I am bound to go to London for a month to-morrow, and then I could order all the bracelets and the brooches, if I were only certain who the blessed four would be."

"I never had any bridesmaids myself, and I don't know anything about them. I thought that the ladies were the people to settle that."

"The ladies are glad to be relieved of the expense, and I wish to start well," replied Shargeloes. "Why are ninety-nine men out of a hundred henpecked?"

"I am sure I don't know, except that they can't help it. But have you heard the great news of this evening?"

"The reason is," continued the member of the Corporation, "that they begin with being nobodies. They leave the whole management of their weddings to

the women, and they never recover the reins. Miss Twemlow is one of the most charming of her sex; but she has a decided character, which properly guided will be admirable. But to give it the lead at the outset would be fatal to future happiness. Therefore I take this affair upon myself. I pay for it all, and I mean to do it all."

"What things you do learn in London!" the Captain answered, with a sigh. "Oh, if I had only had the money—but it is too late to talk of that. Once more, have you heard the news?"

"About the great battle, and the death of Nelson? Yes, I heard of all that this morning. But I left it to come in proper course from you. Now here we are; mind you back me up. The Lord Mayor is coming to be my best man."

The two sisters, dressed in the deepest mourning, and pale with long sorrow and loneliness, looked wholly unfit for festive scenes; and as soon as they heard of this new distress—the loss of their father's dearest friend, and their own beloved hero—they left the room, to have a good cry together, while their brother entertained the visitors. "It can't be done now," Mr. Shargeloes confessed; "and after all, Eliza is the proper person. I must leave that to her, but nothing else that I can think of. There can't be much harm in my letting her do that."

It was done by a gentleman after all, for the worthy Rector did it. The bride would liefer have dispensed with bridesmaids so much fairer than herself, and although unable to advance that reason, found fifty others against asking them. But her father had set his mind upon it, and together with his wife so pressed the matter that Faith and Dolly, much against their will, consented to come out of mourning for a day, but not into gay habiliments.

The bride was attired wonderfully, stunningly, carnageously—as Johnny, just gifted with his commission, and thereby with much slang, described her; and in truth she carried her bunting well, as Captain Stubbard told his wife, and Captain Tugwell confirmed it. But the eyes of everybody with half an eye followed the two forms in silver-grey. That was the nearest approach to brightness those lovers of their father allowed themselves, within five months of his tragic death; though if the old Admiral could



have looked down from the main-top, probably he would have shouted, "No flags at half-mast for me, my pets!"

Two young men with melancholy glances followed these fair bridesmaids, being tantalized by these nuptial rites, because they knew no better. One of them hoped that his time would come, when he had pushed his great discovery; and if the art of photography had been known, his face would have been his fortune. For he bore at the very top of it the seal and stamp of his patent—the manifest impact of a bullet, diffracted by the power of *Pong*. The roots of his hair—the terminus of blushes, according to all good novelists—had served an even more useful purpose, by enabling him to blush again. Strengthened by *Pong*, they had defied the lead, and deflected it into a shallow channel, already beginning to be overgrown by the aid of that same potent drug. Erle Twemlow looked little the worse for his wound; to a lady perhaps, to a man of science certainly, more interesting than he had been before. As he gazed at the bride all bespangled with gold, he felt that he had in his trunk the means of bespangling his bride with diamonds. But the worst of it was that he must wait, and fight, and perhaps get killed, before he could settle in life and make his fortune. As an officer of a marching regiment, ordered to rejoin immediately, he must flesh his sword in lather first—for he had found no razor strong enough—and postpone the day of riches till the golden date of peace.

The other young man had no solace of wealth, even in the blue distance, to whisper to his troubled heart. Although he was a real "Captain Scuddy" now, being posted to the *Danaë*, 42-gun frigate, the capacity of his cocked hat would be tried by no shower of gold impending. For mighty dread of the Union-jack had fallen upon the tricolor; that gallant flag perceived at last that its proper flight was upon dry land, where as yet there was none to flout it. Trafalgar had reduced by 50 per cent. the British sailor's chance of prize-money.

Such computations were not, however, the chief distress of Scudamore. The happiness of his fair round face was less pronounced than usual, because he had vainly striven for an interview with his loved one. With all her faults he loved her still, and longed to make them all his

own. He could not help being sadly shocked by her fatal coquetry with the traitor Carne, and slippery conduct to his own poor self. But love in his faithful heart maintained that she had already atoned for that too bitterly and too deeply; and the settled sorrow of her face, and listless submission of her movements, showed that she was now a very different Dolly. Faith, who had always been grave enough, seemed gaiety itself in comparison with her younger sister, once so gay. In their simple dresses—grey jaconet muslin, sparsely trimmed with lavender—and wearing no jewel or ornament, but a single snow-drop in the breast, the lovely bridesmaids looked as if they defied all the world to make them brides.

But the Rector would not let them off from coming to the breakfast party, and with the well-bred sense of fitness they obeyed his bidding. Captain Stubbard (whose jokes had missed fire too often to be satisfied with a small touch-hole now) was broadly facetious at their expense; and Johnny, returning thanks for them, surprised the good company by his manly tone, and contempt of life before beginning it. This invigorated Scudamore, by renewing his faith in human nature as a thing beyond calculation. He whispered a word or so to his friend Johnny while Mr. and Mrs. Shargeloes were bowing farewell from the windows of a great family coach from London, which the Lord Mayor had lent them, to make up for not coming. For come he could not—though he longed to do so, and all Springhaven expected him—on account of the great preparations in hand for the funeral of Lord Nelson.

"Thy servant will see to it," the boy replied, with a wink at his sisters, whom he was to lead home; for Sir Francis had made his way down to the beach, to meditate his new poem, *Theriodemos*.

"His behaviour," thought Dolly, as she put on her cloak, "has been perfect. How thankful I feel for it! He never cast one glance at me. He quite enters into my feelings towards him. But how much more credit to his mind than to his heart!"

Scudamore, at a wary distance, kept his eyes upon her, as if she had been a French frigate gliding under strong land batteries, from which he must try to cut her out. Presently he saw that his good friend Johnny had done him the service requested. At a fork of the path leading to the Hall, Miss Dolly departed towards the left upon



some errand among the trees, while her brother and sister went on towards the house. Forgetting the dignity of a Post-Captain, the gallant Scuddy made a cut across the grass, as if he were playing prisoner's base with the boys at Stonnington, and intercepted the fair prize in a bend of the brook, where the winter sun was nursing the first primrose.

"You, Captain Scudamore!" said the bridesmaid, turning as if she could never trust her eyes again. "You must have lost your way. This path leads nowhere."

"If it only leads to you, that is all that I could wish for. I am content to go to nothing, if I may only go with you."

"My brother sent me," said Dolly, looking down, with more colour on her cheeks than they had owned for months, and the snow-drop quivering on her breast, "to search for a primrose or two for him to wear when he dines at the rectory this evening. We shall not go, of course. We have done enough. But Frank and Johnny think they ought to go."

"May I help you to look? I am lucky in that way. I used to find so many things with you, in the happy times that used to be." Blyth saw that her eyelids were quivering with tears. "I will go away, if you would rather have it so. But you used to be so good-natured to me."

"So I am still. Or at least I mean that people should now be good-natured to me. Oh, Captain Scudamore, how foolish I have been!"

"Don't say so, don't think it, don't believe it for a moment," said Scudamore, scarcely knowing what he said, as she burst into a storm of sobbing. "Oh, Dolly, Dolly, you know you meant no harm. You are breaking your darling heart, when you don't deserve it. I could not bear to look at you, and think of it, this morning. Everybody loves you still, as much and more than ever. Oh, Dolly, I would rather die than see you cry so terribly."

"Nobody loves me, and I hate myself. I could never have believed I should ever hate myself. Go away, you are too good to be near me. Go away, or I shall think you want to kill me. And I wish you would do it, Captain Scudamore."

"Then let me stop," said the Captain, very softly. She smiled at the turn of his logic, through her tears. Then she wept with new anguish, that she had no right to smile.

"Only tell me one thing—may I hold you? Not of course from any right to do it, but because you are so overcome, my own, own Dolly." The Captain very cleverly put one arm round her, at first with a very light touch, and then with a firmer clasp, as she did not draw away. Her cloak was not very cumbrous, and her tumultuous heart was but a little way from his.

"You know that I never could help loving you," he whispered, as she seemed to wonder what the meaning was. "May I ever hope that you will like me?"

"Me! How can it matter now to anybody? I used to think it did; but I was very foolish then. I know my own value. It is less than this. This little flower has been a good creature. It has been true to its place, and hurt nobody."

Instead of seeking for any more flowers, she was taking from her breast the one she had—the snow-drop, and threatening to tear it in pieces.

"If you give it to me, I shall have some hope." As he spoke, he looked at her steadfastly, without any shyness or fear in his eyes, but as one who knows his own good heart, and has a right to be answered clearly. The maiden in one glance understood all the tales of his wonderful daring, which she never used to believe, because he seemed afraid to look at her.

"You may have it, if you like," she said; "but, Blyth, I shall never deserve you. I have behaved to you shamefully. And I feel as if I could never bear to be forgiven for it."

For the sake of peace and happiness, it must be hoped that she conquered this feminine feeling, which springs from an equity of nature—the desire that none should do to us more than we ever could do to them. Certain it is that when the Rector held his dinner party, two gallant bosoms throbbed beneath the emblem of purity and content. The military Captain's snow-drop hung where every one might observe it, and some gentle-witted jokes were made about its whereabouts that morning. By-and-by it grew weary on its stalk and fell, and Erle Twemlow never missed it. But the other snow-drop was not seen, except by the wearer with a stolen glance, when people were making a loyal noise—a little glance stolen at his own heart. He had made a little cuddly there inside his inner sarcenet, and down his plaited neck-cloth ran a sly companion-



way to it, so that his eyes might steal a visit to the joy that was over his heart and in it. Thus are women adored by men, especially those who deserve it least.

"Attention, my dear friends, attention, if you please," cried the Rector, rising, with a keen glance at Scuddy. "I will crave your attention before the ladies go, and theirs, for it concerns them equally. We have passed through a period of dark peril, a long time of trouble and anxiety and doubt. By the mercy of the Lord, we have escaped; but with losses that have emptied our poor hearts. England has lost her two foremost defenders, Lord Nelson, and Admiral Darling. To them we owe it that we are now beginning the

New Year happily, with the blessing of Heaven, and my dear daughter married. Next week we shall attend the grand funeral of the hero, and obtain good places by due influence. My son-in-law, Percival Shargeloes, can do just as he pleases at St. Paul's. Therefore let us now, with deep thanksgiving, and one hand upon our hearts, lift up our glasses, and in silence pledge the memory of our greatest men. With the spirit of Britons we echo the last words that fell from the lips of our dying hero—'Thank God, I have done my duty!' His memory shall abide for ever, because he loved his country."

The company rose, laid hand on heart, and deeply bowing, said—"Amen!"

THE END.

## HOW WORKING-MEN LIVE IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.

THE assertion is often made that what an American housewife wastes or throws away as worthless would in Europe be preserved, converted into nutritious food, and made to support perhaps an entire family. Whether this assertion is true or untrue, the question of how the working-man lives in Europe, as compared with how he lives in America, is interesting. For a year I wore a workman's blouse, and mingled and lived with the working-men of nearly every state in Europe from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, and from the Mediterranean to the cold shores of the Baltic. Since my return to America I have engaged in a similar investigation as to the condition of wage-earners of my own land.

The cost of living is greater in America than in any state in Europe. It is ten to twenty per cent. higher than in England; it is twice as high as in France; it is three times as expensive as in Italy. Is this difference in the cost of living commensurate with the difference in wages? Possibly in England; on the Continent, I should say, decidedly, the low cost of living does not fully compensate for the low wages received. The European working-man manages to exist by reducing the standard of living, and buying only such articles as are absolutely necessary. There are men in Italy who earn but seven cents for a day's work of fourteen hours—one-

half a cent an hour. Very few skilled mechanics earn as much as a dollar a day; the average does not exceed fifty cents. The Italian mechanic manages to get through on this sum, partly because of the cheapness of living, but principally because of his wonderful economy, and happy disposition that enables him to be satisfied and contented with conditions at which even an American beggar would rebel.

The conception which Americans generally entertain regarding Italians is erroneous. On our street corners Italians sell pea-nuts, and sleep; in front of our houses they grind hand-organs, and send their monkeys up the doorsteps begging for pennies. Americans who see this, and tourists who see the lazzaroni on the Corso in Naples or on the Piazza of Saint Peter's in Rome, shrug their shoulders and speak of the "lazy Italians." The investigator, however, who will travel among the people, who will look below the surface, will be forced to admit that Italians work as hard and earn as little for their labor as any people in the world. The Italian fruit-venders and organ-grinders whom we see on the streets enjoy those light and honorable occupations as the reward of years of self-denial and saving, either on their own part or on the part of their fathers. I saw a man past the middle age board the steerage in Genoa for New



York. He related with pride how he had worked for years carrying stones, how he had saved a few hundred lire, and how he intended now to pass his remaining years in ease, sitting on a box dozing and selling pea-nuts and candy. What an American thinks wretched as a beginning, a large class of Italians regard as a happy goal, and toil and save with the hope of reaching it. When in this country their ideas expand; the instances are not few where the corner fruit-seller blooms into a respectable wholesale merchant.

There is no waste in Italian kitchens, not even in kitchens of the rich. There is, in fact, little opportunity for waste. An American family with an income of five thousand dollars will buy flour and sugar by the barrel, and butter by the firkin; the larder will always be full, and consequently there will always be a waste. In the house of a well-to-do Italian, nine o'clock at night finds the larder as bare as though the place were uninhabited. Provisions are bought only in the exact quantity needed, five cents' worth of flour at a time, a pound of sugar, a roast, so that there is no chance for anything to be lost or stolen.

The refuse of the rich man's kitchen is carefully stored by the cook, and sold to dealers in "second-hand" food, who in turn retail it to the poor. This perquisite forms quite an item in the cook's income. He dries and sells the coffee grounds used in his master's coffee; he saves the drippings of the oil in which the fish are fried or the macaroni is cooked, lays by the shavings and drippings from the candles, and for these and similar small odds and ends receives at least three or four lire (sixty or eighty cents) a month. The markets where these articles are sold are usually on the Piazza, or open square found in all Italian cities. From one and the same vender may be purchased almost any article, from a pickled cucumber to a rusty sword. The market-man squats on the broad smooth stones of the Piazza with his goods piled around him—old clothes, nails, second-hand food, dried coffee grounds, candle ends and drippings, tools, knives and forks, rusty iron bedsteads, and a host of other articles too numerous to mention. It is from such sources that the economical Italian housewife obtains her provisions, her clothing, and her furniture.

Of the latter there is but little—a bench,

a few stools, a coarse wooden or common stone table, and perhaps an iron bedstead. If the family is large, three or four straw mattresses are piled upon the one bedstead during the day, to be spread at night upon the floor. In the day the room is used as a workshop. I have often seen Neapolitan iron bedstead makers hammering away in one corner of their damp, smoky room, while in another corner the wife was cooking macaroni or boiling chestnuts. The children lay sprawling on the earth floor, the beds heaped in a corner, the place squalid, damp, unwholesome, yet all laughing, jolly, and apparently contented. In pleasant weather the mechanic sets his forge out on the narrow street in front of his door. The street is so narrow and the buildings so tall that little sunlight falls upon him, yet he is satisfied. It is so much better than the dark, gloomy room.

The average rent paid by the Italian working-man for his room, his home and workshop combined, is twelve to fifteen dollars a year. If he is a stone-mason, or engaged in any other work that does not require him to make a workshop of his home, he may, for the sake of sunshine and air, pay more—eighteen or twenty dollars—and take a room higher up, on the third or fourth floor. Those who are able to do this are not many. The majority must content themselves with the cheaper rooms in basements and on ground-floors. Unmarried working-men, if not living at home, live in lodgings where beds cost three or four cents a night. A very poor laborer will hire for five cents a double bed, that is, one about four feet wide, and share it with a companion, thus making the cost for each only two and a half cents. Sometimes as many as thirty sleep in a room not sixteen feet square, the beds being arranged like bunks, one above the other, two persons in each bunk, the sleepers "spooning" together, packed like sardines.

The stone-mason or mechanic, after turning out of his bunk at five o'clock in the morning, buys two cents' worth of bread and a cent's worth of finocchio (a kind of coarse celery), and on this breakfasts while *en route* to his work. The breakfast of the married working-man is almost the same. Perhaps the wife boils a pot of macaroni, or maybe a bottle of cheap wine is indulged in, but substantially his breakfast, like that of the lodg-



er, consists of coarse bread, finocchio, figs, or chestnuts.

At twelve o'clock, after six hours' work, our Italian goes to the nearest "trattoria," and for seven or eight cents gets a hearty dinner of macaroni, bread, and wine. The wine used is the last drippings squeezed from the grapes. It is really little more than so much sour water, and is bought for eight or ten cents a quart. If the working-man has a family, a mess of five or six pounds of macaroni, costing seventeen or nineteen cents, is prepared by the wife; a five-pound loaf of bread is bought for fifteen cents, making the dinner for the entire family of six or seven persons cost only thirty-five or forty cents. Supper, like breakfast, is meagre—bread and finocchio, or perhaps bread and coffee. At a working-man's trattoria a pint of so-called coffee costs one cent; with sugar, two cents; a third of a pound of bread, one cent—three cents for the supper of bread and coffee.

This is the mode of living of the poorer class. The more fortunate, such as the families of foremen, of small shopkeepers, and the more skilled mechanics, live somewhat better. There are public kitchens where the wife takes her choice dishes to be cooked. For a trifle she has a steak cooked to a turn, her artichokes fried, or a ham boiled. This division of labor—co-operative system—reduces the cost of living to the lowest limit. Fuel is very scarce and very dear. With a few twigs and a handful of coals the Italian wife does an amount of cooking that would seem impossible to an American. Little children and old men and women hobble along the roads picking up the stray twigs and dead bits of grape-vines. They keep the roads clean, and gather enough fuel to prepare their simple meals. Little fuel is used for warming purposes. The nearest approach that I saw to a fire not designed for cooking purposes was some smouldering coals in an open pan. It was in the high lands of the Apennines; the wind was raw and cold. With half a dozen peasants I bent over that Sellers-like stove and shivered. Some of the women filled earthen jugs with hot ashes, and fancied they kept warm by putting the jugs under their dresses.

In Switzerland the cost of living is slightly greater than in Italy, but wages are better, and the Swiss working-man's standard is higher than that of his Italian

neighbor. In Geneva, where the principal industries are watch and music-box making, the mechanic usually occupies two or more tenement rooms, one of the rooms being reserved for a parlor and workshop. The watch-maker brings the springs, wheels, or whatever part of the watch he is engaged upon to this sitting-room, and there, surrounded by his family, earns his eighty cents or dollar a day. The family are not idle. The wife has deft fingers and sharp eyes, and can manipulate the delicate watch machinery as well as her husband. The daughters, if there are any, spin and weave. The sons perhaps work in a music-box factory. Every member of the Swiss family, excepting the smallest children, earns something; this, together with their excellent habits of economy, explains why, in a rocky, mountainous country, a dense population lives comfortably and contentedly. In the larger cities, as Geneva, Zurich, and Berne, there are stores which sell meat, steaks, ham, etc., ready cooked. Cooked potatoes, pease, sour-crust, and other vegetables may be purchased in the same way; many families, buying from these stores, do little or no cooking at home.

In small towns and in the country the peasant and laborer is more independent. If he does not own his own home he will rent a cozy two or three room chalet with a yard attached. In this yard, while the man is making shoes or working in a factory, his wife is planting vegetables or sowing hemp or flax. There are a few sheep, and in winter, when not carving wood, the women spin flax, weave cloth from the wool of their sheep, and by such means manage not only to meet all expenses, but generally to lay by a small sum besides. The rye bread, whey, milk, and potatoes which form the chief diet of the rural inhabitants are entirely, or almost entirely, produced at home. The greater part of the Swiss farmer's clothing is also home spun and home woven.

One advantage which the Swiss working-man has over the working-men of other European states cannot be too highly estimated. The Swiss working-man's military service consists of a three weeks' drill each year, which, as a change from the monotony of every-day life, is usually looked upon as a kind of holiday. His brother working-men in all the neighboring states lose, in such service, three years—three of the best years of their lives.



The German and Austrian, in addition to this three years lost in the army, lose two or three years more as *Handwerksburschen*, that is, as strolling journeymen. The *Handwerksbursche* strolls from village to village, not with the expectation of making a living, but to see the world and rub off the corners before settling down. On account of this custom, and on account of the three years lost in the army, the German and Austrian mechanic is twenty-three or twenty-four years old before he turns his energies in a steady productive direction. Another of the numerous causes that tend to lower the condition of German working-men is the custom of excessive beer-drinking. Beer-drinking, far from decreasing, is increasing. In 1870 there were in Prussia alone 120,000 saloons and 40,000 public-houses where liquors were sold. In 1880 the German census showed an increase of twenty-five per cent., or, from 160,000 saloons and public-houses, the figures had risen to, in round numbers, 200,000, and the average daily consumption for every man, woman, and child was four glasses. Almost every working-man is a member of a beer "Kneiper," or club, where he spends his evenings smoking and drinking beer. The statement may seem improbable, yet I know it to be true, that a large percentage of German working-men spend more on beer than they do on house-rent. The Germans call beer "liquid food," and consider it a necessity, not a luxury. At several of the large factories that I visited it was the custom to give the employés ten minutes at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and ten minutes at four in the afternoon to drink a glass of beer. The seven hundred operatives at the Kucken-Fabrik, near Göppingen, in South Württemberg, drink twenty-five hundred glasses of beer per day, an average of more than three and a half pints for each man, woman, and child. At two and a half cents a pint, the amount spent by each person is nearly nine cents—no inconsiderable sum where the average wages received do not exceed forty cents a day.

Fortunately the cost of living in Germany is low—lower, if anything, than in Italy. At the mills above referred to, such of the employés as desired were boarded by the company for sixty pfennige a day, a trifle less than fifteen cents. For breakfast two pieces of black bread and a bowl of coffee were given. Dinner

consisted of soup, meat of the soup, and one kind of vegetable, generally either cabbage or potatoes. Supper was the same as breakfast. Rent at the Kucken-Fabrik was reasonable. A number of plain two-story houses were ranged around a small park. Each house contained two floors, with four rooms to the floor. The rent of two of these rooms is thirty-six cents a week, \$18 72 a year. An entire floor of four rooms costs seventy-two cents a week, or \$37 44 a year. I found very few of the operatives occupying more than two rooms. In a few cases, where the families were large and the father an unusually skilful workman, a floor of four rooms was rented; but of the seven hundred hands employed not one family enjoyed the luxury of an entire cottage at a cost of \$1 44 a week. At five in the morning the German factory operative arises, eats his breakfast of coffee and black bread, and promptly at six is in the mill at his loom. He drinks his glass of beer at eleven and four o'clock, stops from twelve to one for dinner, and at seven o'clock goes back to his two or maybe more crowded rooms, after being thirteen hours at the mill, and eleven hours and forty minutes at work.

At Göppingen I stopped with a shoemaker who occupied two rooms in a large lodging-house. He had five children, from five to thirteen years of age. They all slept in one room; I as their guest was given the other room, the kitchen, for my sole use. The wife of the shoemaker had a cart and a dog. She harnessed herself to the cart alongside the dog, and delivered milk throughout the town. The smaller children went to school; the boy thirteen years old worked with his father in the shoe factory. The entire yearly earnings of this family were \$312. They spent for the rent of their two rooms \$28 40 a year; the expense for beer was \$52 56 a year. For breakfast we had black bread and coffee; for dinner, potatoes or cabbage, bread and beer, and occasionally sausage and dumpling. At four o'clock there was a light luncheon of bread and beer, and at seven a supper of bread and coffee. Such was the condition of this family, the family of a fairly skilful mechanic. As poor as it was, it was better than that of the salt-miners and colliers, who work twelve hours a day in dark, damp pits, and sleep at night in hovels almost equally dark and damp.



The men in the salt-mines near Salzburg, Austria, earn one hundred and ten kreutzers a day—about fifty cents. The women of the family eke out this small sum by spinning or weaving. At the coal-mines in Belgium, women, and even young girls, engage in the heaviest kinds of work. They carry coal on their backs, earning thereby thirty cents a day.

The Belgian laborer works hard enough, but he drinks a good deal, and a large number lose Mondays regularly through their Saturday night and Monday dissipations. This, together with the extreme density of population, causes the condition of the Belgian working-man to be considerably less prosperous than his skill and industry entitle him to be. In some of the large glass-manufacturing establishments expert blowers earn as much as three dollars a day. Such men either own their homes or rent comfortable cottages for twelve to fifteen dollars a month. This class, however, bears but a small proportion to the whole. The average wages earned in Belgium by ordinary mechanics do not exceed sixty cents a day. Such wage-earners occupy small tenement-houses, containing three rooms, costing three dollars a month. A paper-maker in the vicinity of Antwerp had five in his family—his wife, a son fourteen years old, a boy eleven years old, and a girl eight years old. The parents worked in the paper-mill, the father earning fifty-one cents and the mother twenty-five cents a day. The boy and girl worked in a cigar factory, making "centres," putting on wrappers, etc. The earnings of the boy averaged from seventeen to twenty cents a day, those of the girl from ten to fifteen cents. They lived in three tenement rooms, in a crowded, dirty locality, with offensive smells from the canal. Their diet consisted of bread, coffee, soup, onions, rice, beer, and occasionally salt pork or corned-beef. The earnings of the family were \$349 30 a year. The expenditures were—\$28 80 for rent, \$73 for bread, \$18 20 for coffee and milk, \$69 92 for groceries, \$39 40 for beer and liquors, \$64 for clothing, etc.

At Seraing, in Belgium, where are works comprising every branch of industry connected with the manufacture of iron, as coal-mines, iron-stone mines, puddling furnaces, cast-steel works, and engine-works, the condition of the laboring classes is better than the average. Upward

of ten thousand workmen are employed in the various departments of iron manufacture. A hospital erected for the use of the employés is maintained at a cost of \$9000 to \$10,000 a year. There are savings-banks, sick funds, good elementary schools, public kitchens, and dining halls for those who care to use them.

The French workman eats but one square meal a day, and some people would not call that meal a "square" one. Early in the morning, dressed in overalls and blouse, he lounges into an eating-place, and for four cents buys a pint of chocolate and a foot of bread. At noon, if a Parisian, he dines at one of the bazars. These establishments are thoroughly French in their origin and style. The salesmen, in long linen blouses, holding little shovels in their hands, stand behind piles of goods. The housewife comes to the bazar to buy a silk dress, a dinner, or perhaps a rag baby. She sees what she wants, takes it, and deposits the money therefor on the shovel of the man in the long blouse; he in turn shovels the money into a strong-box near by. There are no waiters in the restaurant department of the French bazar. You go to the counter, survey the dishes, and make your own selection. Bread costs one cent, a plate of soup three cents, meat and potatoes four cents, a dessert of prunes two cents. At the bazar where I usually dined, three thousand workmen got their dinners every day, at an average cost of about ten cents each. Some workmen, economically and æsthetically inclined, carry a dinner of bread and cheese and prunes in the pockets of their blouses, and spend the noon hour strolling through the galleries of the Louvre or through the halls of the Luxembourg.

The English working-man earns better wages than any of his brothers on the Continent; his standard of living is higher, he has better food and lodgings, yet it is doubtful if he is any happier or more contented than the Italian or Frenchman. The Englishman demands more and is less satisfied with what he gets than either of those Latin peoples. He must have his ale and beef, or he fancies he starves. Luckily for him, living is cheap, and wages, comparatively speaking, are high. An English laborer of any ability at all can earn one dollar a day; a good mechanic will average a dollar and a half. The pay of a locomotive driver is from a dollar and



a half to a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. Operatives in mills do not earn quite such figures, their living, however, is enough cheaper to more than make up the difference. The operatives in Yorkshire whom I visited live for the most part in separate houses. The houses are made of brick, with a small front and back yard. The lower floor contains two rooms, each about fourteen feet square; the second floor has one good-sized room and a small apartment over the hall. The rent of such a place ranges from eighty-eight cents to a dollar a week. Gas costs fifty-four cents a thousand feet; coal, by wholesale, \$1 80 a ton; by the small retail, \$3 60 a ton. Provisions are as cheap as in America, or cheaper. The best quality of flour can be bought in Halifax for two and a half cents a pound, the best beef for twenty cents, and excellent white granulated sugar for five and five-seventh cents a pound. Outside of London a good deal of cooking is done at the home of the working-man. The lower front room of the little house just described is often used for kitchen, dining-room, and parlor combined. With careful, thrifty families it is a model of all three of the uses to which it is put. Built into a wall is a kind of stove or range. Apparently it is a mere parlor stove, but there are inside compartments where almost any kind of cooking can be done. The wife, after cooking roasts and baking bread in this stove, removes the fancy cover from the table, and the parlor is converted into a dining-room. After dinner the dishes are washed and put into the cupboard, the kitchen parts of the stove are removed, and the room is once more a parlor. In the provincial manufacturing towns whole streets are built up of these small houses. The parlors are frequently very nicely and tastefully furnished, the floor being carpeted, the walls hung with pictures, and in some rare instances there is a piano.

The English spinner and weaver earns from \$7 20 to \$8 16 a week. On this sum he cannot afford many luxuries; he can, however, procure all the necessities, and live in reasonable comfort. Their usual breakfast consists of tea or coffee, bread and butter, and sometimes bacon or eggs. For dinner there is always meat of some kind, generally beef, or pork, or mutton-chops, bread and butter, potatoes, and two or three times a week some sort of pudding. With far too many families this

daily bill of fare is enlarged by the addition of ale or gin. The numerous working-men's clubs which have formed in late years tend to lessen the dissipation in factory cities. These clubs, usually political in their origin, afford a pleasant place to spend the evening, and are becoming formidable rivals of saloons and publicans. The working-man who belongs to one of these political clubs pays \$1 44 a year, and for that small sum enjoys the privilege of a well-supplied reading-room, a billiard-room, and the right to attend, at a nominal sum, the lectures and other amusements which are given from time to time in the hall of the clubhouse.

It may seem odd, yet it is true, that an investigation such as I have interested myself in is attended with much more serious obstacles in the United States than in England and on the Continent. In Europe the men seemed willing—even anxious—to talk with me. They told of their low wages, their hard struggle, and listened in return to the stories I told of America. But at home I have often found it difficult to win their confidence. The recent labor agitations have served to make them suspicious, and it is not until they are thoroughly assured that no harm is meant that you can learn anything from them. Once, as I was leaving a large New England cotton-mill, where I had gone to secure the names and addresses of some of the operatives with the purpose of calling on them at their homes, an old woman came running up.

"If you please, sir," she said, "I think I would like to have my name back again."

I gravely read from my note-book the name and address she had given me, upon which she returned to her loom apparently completely satisfied. Afterward, when I called upon this woman, she was considerably surprised, since I had "given her back" her name, that I remembered her and knew where to find her house. There were nine in the family, which represented all sizes, ages, and sexes. The father was a laborer in a coal-yard; the mother and two of the children worked in the worsted-mills. The father earned \$7 a week; the mother, \$5; the oldest daughter, \$4; the daughter fourteen years old earned \$3 25;—total weekly earnings \$19 25. They averaged forty-eight weeks a year, making the total yearly earn-



ings of this New England factory family \$924 a year. Their home consisted of five rooms on the first floor of a crowded tenement-house. Two of the rooms were decently large, about fourteen feet square; the other three were mere closets, no windows, dark and close, and hardly large enough to contain a good-sized bed. These rooms the family rented from the mill company at a reduced rate—six dollars a month—the lowest figure for rent, I should mention, that I have yet found in America. The average amount paid for a habitation like that mentioned is nowhere else less than ten dollars a month.

This family, which may be regarded as typical of a large class, get up in the morning at half past five, eat a breakfast of coffee, bread, butter, and potatoes at six, and by half past six are at the mills. There they remain until half past six at night, an hour being allowed them at noon for dinner. The investigator, who knows how small are their wages, and sees their uninviting surroundings, is surprised to learn that wage-earners of this class are most fastidious as to the quality of food they buy. They will go in threadbare clothing, will live in dark closets, may even limit themselves in the quantity of their food, but in the quality, never.

"No one can say that I do not give my family the best of flour, the finest sugar, the very best quality of meat."

This is the boast of the coal laborer earning seven dollars a week. The family of the lawyer or book-keeper, with an income of \$2000 a year, will often content themselves with a cheaper grade of flour, a cheaper sugar, and cheaper meat; but such economy is too petty for the family of the poorer workman to grasp. He wants "the very best," and spends his last cent to get it. Very good butter was selling in the market at twenty-five cents per pound, but the coal laborer's family were using butter costing twenty-nine cents. The clothing for the entire family of nine cost \$108 per year; the sum spent for meat was nearly half as much again, \$156. The mother did all the cooking for the family after seven o'clock, upon her return from the mill. The principal meal was in the evening, that at noon being a mere luncheon. A few of the large New England mills provide dining halls for their operatives. At twelve o'clock an army of men file into these halls, each one carrying a bucket with luncheon,

generally of beans, pork, bread and butter, and pie. In pleasant weather they eat rapidly, and in fifteen minutes the greater number are through, and out on the grounds to pass the remainder of the dinner hour in walking, chatting, and breathing the fresh air. At five minutes to one the whistles blow, and the operatives scamper back to the doorways, hurry up the steep flights of stairs, and by one o'clock are at their looms and spindles. Of the eleven factory girls whom I interviewed at Olneyville, Rhode Island, there was one earning \$8 a week, two earned \$6, two earned \$9, six earned \$4 50 a week. Of these eleven girls all but one lived at home. Some paid their mothers \$3 or \$3 50 board, but the majority gave in all wages, and the family expenditures were made in common. The one girl who did not live at home was from Ireland. She earned \$6 a week, five of which she spent on herself, saving the remaining dollar to send to her parents in the old country. The mills where these girls worked employ nineteen hundred operatives, of whom ten hundred and twenty are women. A large number of these unfortunates live in a perpetual night. They are at work before it is fairly day, and during the twelve hours that they remain in the mills it is night to them. The great halls crowded with machinery are dark and gloomy. In those parts of the mills work is done by aid of electric lights from dawn till dusk. Spending nine-tenths of their waking hours in that close, heated atmosphere, it is difficult to see where the condition of the average factory hand is superior to the condition of the penitentiary convict, who, at least, is assured of wholesome diet and reasonably comfortable quarters. The convict is deprived of liberty, but so is the factory operative. No one can leave a mill during the day unless for sickness or some other imperative reason.

In the large American cities, as New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, etc., wages appear to be slightly higher than in the small towns, though not sufficiently so to compensate for the greatly increased cost of living. In New York it is simply impossible for the average working-man to live in anything like comfort. Rents are high, provisions are high, everything is high. Few workmen get off with less than ten dollars a month rent, and it may safely be said that any habitation in New



York city would be, at that figure, of the most miserable and squalid description.

Considering its size and proximity to New York, rents in Brooklyn are surprisingly low—low even as compared with small towns. I found a skirt and lace embroiderer on Lexington Avenue, in Brooklyn, in a brown-stone house which might easily be taken for the residence of some wealthy merchant or retired banker. The young lace-embroiderer paid \$50 a month rent. She sublet the first floor for \$20, and the third floor for \$14, making the rent of the second floor, which she occupied with her grandmother and cousin, \$16 a month. The front room, overlooking the elevated railroad, was handsomely—even elegantly—furnished, with pictures, carpet, piano, etc. The cousin paid \$4 a week board. On this and her wages of \$10 a week the lace-embroiderer supported herself and grandmother in comfort and style. A very comfortable two-story frame house may be rented in Brooklyn for \$20 a month. I called on the family of a carpenter living in such a house. There were double parlors, a bath-room, closets, and other conveniences. The house was nicely furnished, and the family looked intelligent and dressed well. The father, a master-carpenter, earned \$900 a year. Two daughters in a straw-hat factory earned, the one \$400, the other \$312. A son twenty-two years old was clerk in a wholesale house, and received \$21 a week. The total income of the family of eight was \$2854 a year. Their expenses fell short of this amount by about \$600, and the father had a snug sum laid by for a "rainy day."

A few days after my call I was at one of the Jersey sea-shore resorts. To my surprise, upon entering the parlor of the hotel, there was the hat-maker, daughter of the carpenter, in a white dress, her cheeks round and rosy.

"I am taking my vacation," she explained. "I have something to ask you"—hesitating. "You will not tell how you came to know me?—not tell that I am a factory girl? They do not know it here. They think perhaps that I am a school-teacher. They would be unpleasant if they knew that I am a factory girl."

She was not at all ashamed of her work, but she knew the snobbishness of the world. I observed her during my stay with considerable interest. Several

of her friends came up from the city. One, a musician of no mean ability, was the son of a judge; another was a book-keeper; another, a medical student. The hat-maker sang well. Accompanied by the judge's son, the hotel was treated to an excellent amateur concert.

It is gratifying to be able to report such cases as the lace-embroiderer and the carpenter's family, because they indicate the possibilities of thrift and industry in this country. Such cases can scarcely be paralleled in any state in Europe, even among the exceptions. The reader, however, who imagines that any large number of working-men live on as comfortable a scale as the two families just described will make a mistake. As far as I have observed, they are the pleasant exceptions to a very unpleasant rule.

From the cozy home of the carpenter I called on a tobacco-stripper's family. Six persons inhabited two fifth-story tenement rooms. The parents both worked in the tobacco factory, earning together nine dollars a week. They strip the tobacco standing, receiving three cents a pound for every pound of stems. Two dollars a week went for rent; on the remaining seven the family of six clothed and fed themselves. Their diet consisted of little else than bread, coffee, and potatoes.

There is one branch of labor in which the demand is far in excess of the supply; that is the branch of domestic service. Any number of women may be seen waiting to be employed in a mill eleven hours a day, on wages of seven dollars a week, but the applicant for a good house girl or cook, at the same wages and board, often goes a long time before the demand is supplied. The fact is, few working-men's wives or daughters know how to cook; and if they did, they would prefer factory life, which, though more laborious and less paying, is yet, in their opinion, a more independent and honorable occupation.

In some cities cooking classes are becoming popular, not because the girls propose making that a business, but that they may be prepared to keep house more satisfactorily and economically.

When American women shall have learned how to select nourishing food, and the best way to prepare it, we shall suffer less from dyspepsia, and the standard of living will become cheaper and better.



## APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### XIV.

THE day of the picnic struggled till ten o'clock to peer through the fog that wrapt it with that remote damp and coolness and that nearer drouth and warmth which some fogs have. The low pine groves hung full of it, and it gave a silvery definition to the gossamer threads running from one grass spear to another in spacious net-works over the open levels of the old fields that stretch back from the bluff to the woods. At last it grew thinner, somewhere over the bay; then you could see the smooth water through it; then it drifted off in ragged fringes before a light breeze; when you looked landward again it was all gone there, and seaward it had gathered itself in a low, dun bank along the horizon. It was the kind of fog that people interested in Campobello admitted as apt to be common there, but claimed as a kind of local virtue when it began to break away. They said that it was a very dry fog, not like Newport, and asked you to notice that it did not wet you at all.

Four or five carriages, driven by the gentlemen of the party, held the picnic, which was destined for that beautiful cove on the Bay of Fundy where the red granite ledges, smooth-washed by ages of storm and sun, lend themselves to such festivities as if they had been artificially fashioned into shelves and tables. The whole place is yet so new to men that this haunt has not acquired that air of repulsive custom which the egg-shells and broken bottles and sardine boxes of many seasons give. Or perhaps the winter tempests heap the tides of the bay over the ledge, and wash it clean of these vulgar traces of human resort, and enable it to offer as fresh a welcome to the picnics of each successive summer as if there had never been a picnic in that place before.

This was the sense that Maverick professed to have received from it, when he jumped out of the beach wagon in which he had preceded the other carriages through the weird forest lying between the fringe of farm fields and fishing villages on the western shore of the island and these lonely coasts of the bay. As far as the signs

of settled human habitation last, the road is the good hard country road of New England, climbing steep little hills, and presently leading through long tracts of woodland. But at a certain point beyond the farthest cottage you leave it, and plunge deep into the heart of the forest, vaguely traversed by the wheel path carried through since the island was opened to summer sojourn. Road you can hardly call it, remembering its curious pauses and hesitations when confronted with stretches of marshy ground, and its staggering progress over the thick stubble of saplings through which it is cut. The progress of teams over it is slow, but there is such joy of wildness in the solitudes it penetrates that if the horses had any gait slower than a walk, one might still wish to stay them. It is a Northern forest, with the air of having sprung quickly up in the fierce heat and haste of the Northern summers. The small firs are set almost as dense as rye in a field, and in their struggle to the light they have choked one another so that there is a strange blight of death and defeat on all that vigor of life. Few of the trees have won any lofty growth; they seem to have died and fallen when they were about to outstrip the others in size, and from their decay a new sylvan generation riots rankly upward. The surface of the ground is thinly clothed with a deciduous undergrowth, above which are the bare, spare stems of the evergreens, and then their limbs thrusting into one another in a sombre tangle, with locks of long yellowish-white moss, like the gray pendants of the Southern pines, dripping from them and draining their brief life.

In such a place you must surrender yourself to its influences, profoundly yet vaguely melancholy, or you must resist them with whatever gayety is in you, or may be conjured out of others. It was conceded that Maverick was the life of the party, as the phrase goes. His light-heartedness, as kindly and sympathetic as it was inexhaustible, served to carry them over the worst places in the road of itself. He jumped down and ran back, when he had passed a bad bit, to see if the others were getting through safely; the least interesting of the party had some proof of



his impartial friendliness; he promised an early and triumphant emergence from all difficulties; he started singing, and sacrificed himself in several tunes, for he could not sing well; his laugh seemed to be always coming back to Alice, where she rode late in the little procession; several times, with the deference which he delicately qualified for her, he came himself to see if he could not do something for her.

"Miss Pasmer," croaked her friend Miss Anderson, who always began in that ceremonious way with her, and got to calling her Alice farther along in the conversation, "if you don't drop something for that poor fellow to run back two or three miles and get, pretty soon, I'll do it myself. It's perfectly disheartening to see his disappointment when you tell him they're nothing to be done."

"He seems to get over it," said Alice, evasively. She smiled with pleasure in Miss Anderson's impeachment, however.

"Oh, he keeps coming, if that's what you mean. But do drop an umbrella, or a rubber, or something, next time, just to show a proper appreciation."

But Maverick did not come any more. Just before they got to the cove, Miss Anderson leaned over again to whisper in Alice's ear, "I told you he was huyt. Now you must be very good to him the rest of the time."

Upon theory a girl of Alice Pasmer's reserve ought to have resented this intervention, but it is not probable she did. She flushed a little, but not with offence, apparently; and she was kinder to Maverick, and let him do everything for her that he could invent in transferring the things from the wagons to the rocks.

The party gave a gayety to the wild place which accented its proper charm, as they scattered themselves over the ledges on the bright shawls spread upon the level spaces. On either hand craggy bluffs hemmed the cove in, but below the ledge it had a pebbly beach strewn with drift-wood, and the Bay of Fundy gloomed before it with small fishing-craft tipping and tilting on the swell in the foreground, and dim sail melting into the dun fog-bank at the horizon's edge.

The elder ladies of the party stood up, or stretched themselves on the shawls, as they found this or that posture more restful after their long drive; one, who was skilled in making coffee, had taken pos-

session of the pot, and was demanding fire and water for it. The men scattered themselves over the beach, and brought her drift enough to roast an ox; two of them fetched water from the spring at the back of the ledge, whither they then carried the bottles of ale to cool in its thrilling pool. Each after his or her fashion symbolized a return to nature by some act or word of self-abandon.

"You ought to have brought heavier shoes," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a serious glance at her daughter's feet. "Well, never mind," she added. "It doesn't matter if you *do* spoil them."

"Really," cried Mrs. Brinkley, casting her sandals from her, "I will not be enslaved to rubbers in such a sylvan scene as this, at any rate."

"Look at Mrs. Stamwell!" said Miss Cotton. "She's actually taken her hat off."

Mrs. Stamwell had not only gone to this extreme, but had tied a lightly fluttering handkerchief round her hair. She said she should certainly not put on that heavy thing again till she got in sight of civilization.

At these words Miss Cotton boldly drew off her gloves and put them in her pocket.

The young girls, slim in their blue flannel skirts and their broad white canvas belts, went and came over the rocks. There were some children in the party, who were allowed to scream uninterruptedly in the games of chase and hide-and-seek which they began to play as soon as they found their feet after getting out of the wagons.

Some of the gentlemen drove a stake into the beach, and threw stones at it, to see which could knock off the pebble balanced on its top. Several of the ladies joined them in the sport, and shrieked and laughed when they made wild shots with the missiles the men politely gathered for them.

Alice had remained with Maverick to help the hostess of the picnic lay the tables, but her mother had followed those who went down to the beach. At first Mrs. Pasmer looked on at the practice of the stone-throwers with disapproval; but suddenly she let herself go in this, as she did in other matters that her judgment condemned, and began to throw stones herself; she became excited, and made the wildest shots of any, accepting missiles right and left, and making herself



dangerous to everybody within a wide circle. A gentleman who had fallen a victim to her skill said, "Just wait, Mrs. Pasmer, till I get in front of the stake."

The men became seriously interested, and worked themselves red and hot; the ladies soon gave it up, and sat down on the sand and began to talk. They all owned themselves hungry, and from time to time they looked up anxiously at the preparations for lunch on the ledge, where white napkins were spread, with bottles at the four corners to keep them from blowing away. This use of the bottles was considered very amusing; the ladies tried to make jokes about it, and the desire to be funny spread to certain of the men who had quietly left off throwing at the stake because they had wrenched their shoulders; they succeeded in being merry. They said they thought that coffee took a long time to boil.

A lull of expectation fell upon all; even Maverick sat down on the rocks near the fire, and was at rest a few minutes, by order of Miss Anderson, who said that the sight of his activity tired her to death.

"I wonder why always boiled ham at a picnic?" said the lady who took a final plate of it from a basket. "Under the ordinary conditions, few of us can be persuaded to touch it."

"It seems to be dear to nature, and to nature's children," said Mrs. Brinkley. "Perhaps because their digestions are strong."

"Don't you wish that something could be substituted for it?" asked Miss Cotton.

"There have been efforts to replace it with chicken and tongue in sandwiches," said Mrs. Brinkley; "but I think they've only measurably succeeded — about as temperance drinks have in place of the real strong waters."

"On the boat coming up," said Maverick, "we had a troupe of genuine darky minstrels. One of them sang a song about ham that rather took me.

"Ham, good old ham!  
Ham is de best ob meat;  
It's always good and sweet;  
You can bake it, you can boil it,  
You can fry it, you can broil it—  
Ham, good old ham!"

"Oh, how good!" sighed Mrs. Brinkley. "How sincere! How native! Go on, Mr. Maverick, forever."

"I haven't the materials," said Maver-

ick, with his laugh. "The rest was *da capo*. But there was another song about a colored lady:

"Six foot high and eight foot round,  
Holler ob her foot made a hole in de ground."

"Ah, that's an old friend," said Mrs. Brinkley. "I remember hearing of that colored lady when I was a girl. But it's a fine flight of the imagination. What else did they sing?"

"I can't remember. But there was something they danced—to show how a rheumatic old colored uncle dances."

He jumped nimbly up, and sketched the stiff and limping figure he had seen. It was over in a flash. He dropped down again, laughing.

"Oh, how wonderfully good!" cried Mrs. Brinkley, with frank joy. "Do it again."

"Encore! Oh, encore!" came from the people on the beach.

Maverick jumped to his feet, and burlesqued the profuse bows of an actor who refuses to repeat; he was about to drop down again amidst their wails of protest.

"No, don't sit down, Mr. Maverick," said the lady who had introduced the subject of ham. "Get some of the young ladies and go and gather some blueberries for the dessert. There are all the necessities of life here, but none of the luxuries."

"I'm at the service of the young ladies as an escort," said Maverick, gallantly, with an infusion of joke. "Will you come and pick blueberries under my watchful eyes, Miss Pasmer?"

"They've gone to pick blueberries," called the lady through her tubed hand to the people on the beach, and the younger among them scrambled up the rocks for cups and bowls to follow them.

Mrs. Pasmer had an impulse to call her daughter back, and to make some excuse to keep her from going. She was in an access of decorum, naturally following upon her late outbreak, and it seemed a very pronounced thing for Alice to be going off into the woods with the young man; but it would have been a pronounced thing to prevent her, and so Mrs. Pasmer submitted.

"Isn't it delightful," asked Mrs. Brinkley, following them with her eyes, "to see the charm that gay young fellow has for that serious girl? She looked at him while he was dancing as if she couldn't



take her eyes off him, and she followed him as if he drew her by an invisible spell. Not that spells are ever *visible*," she added, saving herself. "Though this one *seems* to be," she added further, again saving herself.

"Do you really think so?" pleaded Miss Cotton.

"Well, I *say* so, whatever I think. And I'm not going to be caught up on the tender-hooks of conscience as to *all* my meanings, Miss Cotton. I don't *know* them all. But I'm not one of the Aliceolators, you know."

"No; of course not. But shouldn't you— Don't you think it would be a great pity— She's *so* superior, so *very* uncommon in every way, that it hardly seems— Ah, I should so like to see some one really *fine*—not a coarse fibre in him, don't you know. Not that Mr. Maverick's coarse. But beside her he does seem so light!"

"Perhaps that's the reason she likes him."

"No, no! I can't believe that. She *must* see more in him than we can."

"I dare say she thinks she does. At any rate, it's a perfectly evident case on both sides; and the frank way he's followed her up here, and devoted himself to her, as if—well, not as if she were the only girl in the world, but incomparably the best—is certainly not common."

"No," sighed Miss Cotton, glad to admit it; "that's beautiful."

#### XV.

In the edge of the woods and the open spaces among the trees the blueberries grew larger and sweeter in the late Northern summer than a more southern sun seems to make them. They hung dense upon the low bushes, and gave them their tint through the soft gray bloom that veiled their blue. Sweet-fern in patches broke their mass here and there, and exhaled its wild perfume to the foot or skirt brushing through it.

"I don't think there's anything much prettier than these clusters; do you, Miss Pasmer?" asked Maverick, as he lifted a bunch pendent from the little tree before he stripped it into the bowl he carried. "And see! it spoils the bloom to gather them." He held out a handful, and then tossed them away. "It ought to be

managed more æsthetically for an occasion like this. I'll tell you what, Miss Pasmer: are you used to blueberrying?"

"No," she said; "I don't know that I ever went blueberrying before. Why?" she asked.

"Because, if you haven't, you wouldn't be very efficient perhaps, and so you might resign yourself to sitting on that log and holding the berries in your lap, while I pick them."

"But what about the bowls, then?"

"Oh, never mind them. I've got an idea. See here!" He clipped off a bunch with his knife, and held it up before her, tilting it this way and that. "Could anything be more graceful? My idea is to serve the blueberry on its native stem at this picnic. What do you think? Sugar would profane it, and of course they've only got milk enough for the coffee."

"Delightful!" Alice arranged herself on the log, and made a lap for the bunch. He would not allow that the arrangement was perfect till he had cushioned the seat and carpeted the ground for her feet with sweet-fern.

"Now you're something *like* a wood-nymph," he laughed. "Only, wouldn't a *real* wood-nymph have an apron?" he asked, looking down at her dress.

"Oh, it won't hurt the dress. You must begin now, or they'll be calling us."

He was standing and gazing at her with a distracted enjoyment of her pose. "Oh, yes, yes," he answered, coming to himself, and he set about his work.

He might have got on faster if he had not come to her with nearly every bunch he cut at first, and when he began to deny himself this pleasure he stopped to admire an idea of hers.

"Well, that's charming—making them into bouquets."

"Yes, isn't it?" she cried, delightedly, holding a bunch of the berries up at arm's-length to get the effect.

"Ah, but you must have some of this fern and this tall grass to go with it. Why, it's sweet-grass—the sweet-grass of the Indian baskets!"

"Is it?" She looked up at him. "And do you think that the mixture would be better than the modest simplicity of the berries, with a few leaves of the same?"

"No; you're right; it wouldn't," he said, throwing away his ferns. "But you'll want something to tie the stems



with; you must use the grass." He left that with her, and went back to his bushes. He added, from beyond a little thicket, as if what he said were part of the subject, "I was afraid you wouldn't like my skipping about there on the rocks, doing the colored uncle."

"Like it?"

"I mean—I—you thought it undignified—trivial—"

She said, after a moment: "It was *very* funny; and people do all sorts of things at picnics. That's the pleasure of it, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; but I know you don't always like that kind of thing."

"Do I seem so very severe?" she asked.

"Oh no, not severe. I should be afraid of you if you were. I shouldn't have dared to come to Campobello."

He looked at her across the blueberry bushes. His gay speech meant everything or nothing. She could parry it with a jest, and then it would mean nothing. She let her head droop over her work, and made no answer.

"I wish you *could* have seen those fellows on the boat," said Maverick.

"Hello, Maverick!" called the voice of John Munt, from another part of the woods.

"Alice!—Miss Pasmer!" came that of Miss Anderson.

He was going to answer, when he looked at Alice. "We'll let them see if they can find us," he said, and smiled.

Alice said nothing at first; she smiled too. "You know more about the woods than I do. I suppose if they keep looking—"

"Oh yes." He came toward her with a mass of clusters which he had clipped. "How fast you do them!" he said, standing and looking down at her. "I wish you'd let me come and make up the withes for you when you need them." \*

"No, I couldn't allow that on any account," she answered, twisting some stems of the grass together.

"Well, will you let me hold the bunches while you tie them, or tie them while you hold them?"

"No."

"This once, then?"

"This once, perhaps."

"How little you let me do for you!" he sighed.

"That gives you a chance to do more for other people," she answered; and then she dropped her eyes, as if she had been

surprised into that answer. She made haste to add: "That's what makes you so popular with—everybody."

"Ah, but I'd rather be popular with somebody!"

He laughed, and then they both laughed together consciously; and still nothing or everything had been said. A little silly silence followed, and he said, for escape from it, "I never saw such berries before, even in September, on the top of Ponkwasset."

"Why, is it a mountain?" she asked.

"I thought it was a—falls."

"It's both," he said.

"I suppose it's very beautiful, isn't it? All America seems so lovely, so large."

"It's pretty in the summer. I don't know that I shall like it there in the winter, if I conclude to— Did your— did Mrs. Pasmer tell you what my father wants me to do?"

"About going there to—manufacture?"

Maverick nodded. "He's given me three weeks to decide whether I would like to do that or go in for law. That's what I came up here for."

There was a little pause. She bent her head down over the clusters she was grouping. "Is the light of Campobello particularly good on such questions?" she asked.

"I don't mean that exactly, but I wish you could help me to some conclusion."

"I?"

"Yes; why not?"

"It's the first time I've ever had a business question referred to me."

"Well, then, you can bring a perfectly fresh mind to it."

"Let me see," she said, affecting to consider. "It's really a very important matter?"

"It is to me."

After a moment she looked up at him. "I should think that you wouldn't mind living there if your business was there. I suppose it's being idle in places that makes them dull. I thought it was dull in London. One ought to be glad—oughtn't he?—to live in any place where there's something to do."

"Well, that isn't the way people usually feel," said Maverick. "That's the kind of a place most of them fight shy of."

Alice laughed with an undercurrent of protest, perhaps because she had seen her parents' whole life, so far as she knew it, passed in this sort of struggle. "I mean



that I hate my own life because there seems nothing for me to do with it. I like to have people do something."

"Do you really?" asked Mavering, soberly, as if struck by the novelty of the idea.

"Yes!" she said, with exaltation. "If I were a man—"

He burst into a ringing laugh. "Oh no; *don't!*"

"Why?" she demanded, with provisional indignation.

"Because then there wouldn't be any Miss Pasmer."

It seemed to Alice that this joking was rather an unwarranted liberty. Again she could not help joining in his light-heartedness; but she checked herself so abruptly, and put on a look so austere, that he was quelled by it.

"I mean," he began—"that is to say—I mean that I don't understand why ladies are always saying that. I am sure they can do what they like, as it is."

"Do you mean that everything is open to them now?" she asked, disentangling a cluster of the berries from those in her lap, and beginning a fresh bunch.

"Yes," said Mavering. "Something like that—yes. They can do anything they like. Lots of them do."

"Oh yes, I know," said the girl. "But people don't like them to."

"Why, what would you like to be?" he asked.

She did not answer, but sorted over the clusters in her lap. "We've got enough now, haven't we?" she said.

"Oh, not half," he said. "But if you're tired you must let me make up some of the bunches."

"No, no! I want to do them all myself," she said, gesturing his offered hands away, with a little nether appeal in her laughing refusal.

"So as to feel that you've been of some use in the world?" he said, dropping contentedly on the ground near her, and watching her industry.

"Do you think that would be very wrong?" she asked. "What made that friend of yours—Mr. Boardman—go into journalism?"

"Oh, virtuous poverty. You're not thinking of becoming a newspaper woman, Miss Pasmer!"

"Why not?" She put the final cluster into the bunch in hand, and began to wind a withe of sweet-grass around the

stems. He dropped forward on his knees to help her, and together they managed the knot. They were both flushed a little when it was tied, and were serious. "Why shouldn't one be a newspaper woman, if Harvard graduates are to be journalists?"

"Well, you know, only a certain kind are."

"What kind?"

"Well, not exactly what you'd call the gentlemanly sort."

"I thought Mr. Boardman was a great friend of yours?"

"He is. He is one of the best fellows in the world. But you must have seen that he wasn't a swell."

"I should think he'd be glad he was doing something at once. If I were a—" She stopped, and they laughed together. "I mean that I should hate to be so long getting ready to do something as men are."

"Then you'd rather begin making wallpaper at once than studying law?"

"Oh, I don't say that. I'm not competent to advise. But I should like to feel that I was doing something. I suppose it's hereditary." Mavering stared a little. "One of my father's sisters has gone into a sisterhood. She's in England."

"Is she a—Catholic?" asked Mavering.

"She isn't a *Roman* Catholic."

"Oh yes!" He dropped forward on his knees again to help her tie the bunch she had finished. It was not so easy as the first.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, with unnecessary fervor.

"But you shouldn't like to go into a sisterhood, I suppose?" said Mavering, ready to laugh.

"Oh, I don't know. Why not?" She looked at him with a flying glance, and dropped her eyes.

"Oh, no reason, if you have a fancy for that kind of thing."

"That kind of thing?" repeated Alice, severely.

"Oh, I don't mean anything disrespectful to it," said Mavering, throwing his anxiety off in the laugh he had been holding back. "And I *beg* your pardon. But I *don't* suppose you're in earnest."

"Oh no, I'm not in earnest," said the girl, letting her wrists fall upon her knees, and the clusters drop from her hands. "I'm not in earnest about any—"



thing; that's the truth—that's the shame. Wouldn't you like," she broke off, "to be a priest, and go round among these people up here on their frozen islands in the winter?"

"No," shouted Maverick, "I certainly shouldn't. I don't see how anybody stands it. Ponkwasset Falls is bad enough in the winter, and compared to this region Ponkwasset Falls is a metropolis. I believe in getting all the good you can out of the world you were born in—of course without hurting anybody else." He stretched his legs out on the bed of sweet-fern, where he had thrown himself, and rested his head on his hand lifted on his elbow. "I think this is what this place is fit for—a picnic; and I wish every one well out of it for nine months of the year."

"I don't," said the girl, with a passionate regret in her voice. "It would be heavenly here with— But you—no, you're different. You always want to share your happiness."

"I shouldn't call that happiness. But don't you?" asked Maverick.

"No. I'm selfish."

"You don't expect me to believe that, I suppose."

"Yes," she went on, "it must be selfishness. You don't believe I'm so, because you can't imagine it. But it's true. If I were to be happy, I should be very greedy about it; I couldn't endure to let any one else have a part in it. So it's best for me to be wretched, don't you see—to give myself up entirely to doing for others, and not expect any one to do anything for me; then I can be of some use in the world. That's why I should like to go into a sisterhood."

Maverick treated it as the best kind of joke, and he was confirmed in this view of it by her laughing with him, after a first glance of what he thought mock pitiousness.

#### XVI.

The clouds sailed across the irregular space of pale blue Northern sky which the break in the woods opened for them overhead. It was so still that they heard, and smiled to hear, the broken voices of the others who had gone to get berries in another direction—Miss Anderson's hoarse murmur and Munt's artificial bass. Some words came from the party on the rocks.

"Isn't it perfect?" cried the young fellow, in utter content.

"Yes, *too* perfect," answered the girl, rousing herself from the reverie in which they had both lost themselves, she did not know how long. "Shall you gather any more?"

"No; I guess there's enough. Let's count them." He stooped over on his hands and knees, and made as much of counting the bunches as he could. "There's about one bunch and a half apiece. How shall we carry them? We ought to come into camp as impressively as possible."

"Yes," said Alice, looking into his face with dreamy absence. It was going through her mind, from some romance she had read, What if he were some sylvan creature, with that gayety, that natural gladness and sweetness of his, so far from any happiness that was possible to her? Ought not she to be afraid of him? She was thinking she was not afraid.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Tie the stems of all the bunches together, and swing them over a pole, like grapes of Eshcol. Don't you know the picture?"

"Oh yes."

"Hold on! I'll get the pole." He cut a white birch sapling, and swept off its twigs and leaves, then he tied the bunches together, and slung them over the middle of the pole.

"Well?" she asked.

"Now we must rest the ends on our shoulders."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with the reluctance that complies.

"Yes, but not right away. I'll carry them out of the woods, and we'll form the procession just before we come in sight."

Every one on the ledge recognized the tableau when it appeared, and saluted it with cheers and hand-clapping. Mrs. Pasmer bent a look on her daughter which she faced impenetrably.

"Where have you been?" "We thought you were lost!" "We were just organizing a search expedition!" different ones shouted at them.

The lady with the coffee-pot was kneeling over it with her hand on it. "Have some coffee, you poor things! You must be almost starved."

"We looked about for you everywhere," said Munt, "and shouted ourselves dumb."

Miss Anderson passed near Alice. "I knew where you were all the time!"



Then the whole party fell to praising the novel conception of the bouquets of blueberries, and the talk began to flow away from Alice and Maverick in various channels.

All that had happened a few minutes ago in the blueberry patch seemed a far-off dream; the reality had died out of the looks and words.

He ran about from one to another, serving every one; in a little while the whole affair was in his hospitable hands, and his laugh interspersed and brightened the talk.

She got a little back of the others, and sat looking wistfully out over the bay, with her hands in her lap.

"Hold on just half a minute, Miss Pasmer! don't move!" exclaimed the amateur photographer, who is now of all excursions; he jumped to his feet and ran for his apparatus. She sat still, to please him, but when he had developed his picture, in a dark corner of the rocks roofed with a water-proof, he accused her of having changed her position. "But it's going to be splendid," he said, with another look at it.

He took several pictures of the whole party, for which they fell into various attitudes of consciousness. Then he shouted to a boat-load of sailors who had beached their craft while they gathered some drift for their galley fire. They had flung their arm-loads into the boat, and had bent themselves to shove it into the water.

"Keep still! don't move!" he yelled at them, with the imperiousness of the amateur photographer, and they obeyed with the helplessness of his victims. But they looked round.

"Oh, idiots!" groaned the artist.

"I always wonder what that kind of people think of us kind of people," said Mrs. Brinkley, with her eye on the photographer's subjects.

"Yes, I wonder what they do?" said Miss Cotton, pleased with the speculative turn which the talk might take from this. "I suppose they envy us?" she suggested.

"Well, not all of them; and those that do, not respectfully. They view us as the possessors of ill-gotten gains, who would be in a very different place if we had our deserts."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I *think* so; but I don't know that I *really* think so. That's another matter,"

said Mrs. Brinkley, with the whimsical resentment which Miss Cotton's conscientious pursuit seemed always to rouse in her.

"I supposed," continued Miss Cotton, "that it was only among the poor in the cities, who have been misled by agitators, that the well-to-do classes were regarded with suspicion."

"It seems to have begun a great while ago," said Mrs. Brinkley, "and not exactly with agitators. It was considered very difficult for us to get into the kingdom of heaven, you know."

"Yes, I know," assented Miss Cotton.

"And there certainly are some things against us. Even when the chance was given us to sell all we had and give it to the poor, we couldn't bring our minds to it, and went away exceeding sorrowful."

"I wonder," said Miss Cotton, "whether those things were ever intended to be taken literally?"

"Let's hope not," said John Munt, seeing his chance to make a laugh.

Mrs. Stamwell said, "Well, I shall take another cup of coffee, at any rate," and her hardihood raised another laugh.

"That always seems to me the most pitiful thing in the whole Bible," said Alice, from her place. "To see the right so clearly, and not to be strong enough to do it."

"My dear, it happens every day," said Mrs. Brinkley.

"I always felt sorry for that poor fellow, too," said Maverick. "He seemed to be a good fellow, and it was pretty hard lines for him."

Alice looked round at him with deepening gravity.

"Confound those fellows!" said the photographer, glancing at his hastily developed plate. "They moved."

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## XVII.

The picnic party gathered itself up after the lunch, and while some of the men, emulous of Maverick's public spirit, helped some of the ladies to pack the dishes and baskets away under the wagon seats, others threw a corked bottle into the water, and threw stones at it. A few of the ladies joined them, but nobody hit the bottle, which was finally left bobbing about on the tide.

Mrs. Brinkley addressed the defeated



group, of whom her husband was one, as they came up the beach toward the wagons. "Do you think that display was calculated to inspire the lower middle classes with respectful envy?"

Her husband made himself spokesman for the rest: "No; but you can't tell how they'd have felt if we'd hit it."

They now all climbed to a higher level, grassy and smooth, on the bluff, from which there was a particular view; and Mavering came, carrying the wraps of Mrs. Pasmer and Alice, with which he associated his overcoat. A book fell out of one of the pockets when he threw it down.

Miss Anderson picked the volume up. "Browning! He reads Browning! Superior young man!"

"Oh, don't say *that*!" pleaded Mavering.

"Oh, read something aloud!" cried another of the young ladies.

"Isn't Browning rather serious for a picnic?" he asked, with a glance at Alice; he still had a doubt of the effect of the rheumatic uncle's dance upon her, and would have been glad to give her some other æsthetic impression of him.

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Brinkley, "nothing is more appropriate to a picnic than conundrums; they always have them. Choose a good tough one."

"I don't know anything tougher than the 'Legend of Porric'—or lovelier," he said, and he began to read, simply, and with a passionate pleasure in the subtle study, feeling its control over his hearers.

The gentlemen lay smoking about at their ease; at the end a deep sigh went up from the ladies, cut short by the question which they immediately fell into.

They could not agree, but they said, one after another: "But you read beautifully, Mr. Mavering!" "Beautifully!" "Yes, indeed!"

"Well, I'm glad there is one point clear," he said, putting the book away, and "I'm afraid you'll think I'm rather sentimental," he added, in a low voice to Alice, "carrying poetry around with me."

"Oh, no!" she replied, intensely; "I *thank* you."

"I thank *you*," he retorted, and their eyes met in a deep look.

One of the outer circle of smokers came up with his watch in his hand, and addressed the company, "Do you know what time it's got to be? It's four o'clock."

They all sprang up with a clamor of surprise.

Mrs. Pasmer, under cover of the noise, said, in a low tone, to her daughter, "Alice, I think you'd better keep a little more with me now."

"Yes," said the girl, in a sympathy with her mother in which she did not always find herself.

But when Mavering, whom their tacit treaty concerned, turned toward them, and put himself in charge of Alice, Mrs. Pasmer found herself dispossessed by the charm of his confidence, and relinquished her to him. They were going to walk to the Castle Rocks by the path that now loses and now finds itself among the fastnesses of the forest, stretching to the loftiest outlook on the bay. The savage woodland is penetrated only by this forgetful path, that passes now and then over the bridge of a ravine, and offers to the eye on either hand the mystery deepening into wilder and weirder tracts of solitude. The party resolved itself into twos and threes, and these straggled far apart, out of conversational reach of one another. Mrs. Pasmer found herself walking and talking with John Munt.

"Mr. Pasmer hasn't much interest in these excursions," he suggested.

"No; he never goes," she answered, and by one of the agile intellectual processes natural to women she arrived at the question, "You and the Mavericks are old friends, Mr. Munt?"

"I can't say about the son, but I'm his father's friend, and I suppose that I'm *his* friend too. Everybody seems to be so," suggested Munt.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Pasmer assented; "he appears to be a universal favorite."

"We used to expect great things of Elbridge Mavering in college. We were rather more romantic than the Harvard men are nowadays, and we believed in one another more than they do. Perhaps we idealized one another. But, anyway, our class thought Mavering could do anything. You know about his taste for etchings?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a sigh of deep appreciation. "What gifted people!"

"I understand that the son inherits all his father's talent."

"He sketches delightfully."

"And Mavering wrote. Why, he was our class poet!" cried Munt, remembering



the fact with surprise and gratification to himself. "He was a tremendous satirist."

"Really? And he seems so amiable now."

"Oh, it was only on paper."

"Perhaps he still keeps it up—on *wall-paper*?" suggested Mrs. Pasmer.

Munt laughed at the little joke with a good-will that flattered the veteran flatterer. "I should like to ask him that some time. Will you lend it to me?"

"Yes, if such a sayer of good things will deign to borrow—"

"Oh, Mrs. Pasmer!" cried Munt, otherwise speechless.

"And the mother? Do you know Mrs. Maverling?"

"Mrs. Maverling I've never seen."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pasmer, with a disappointment for which Munt tried to console her.

"I've never even been at their place. He asked me once, a great while ago; but you know how those things are. I've heard that she used to be very pretty and very gay. They went about a great deal, to Saratoga and Cape May and such places—rather out of our beat."

"And now?"

"And now she's been an invalid for a great many years. Bedridden, I believe. Paralysis, I think."

"Yes; Mrs. Saintsbury said something of the kind."

"Well," said Munt, anxious to add to the store of knowledge which this remark let him understand he had not materially increased, "I think Mrs. Maverling was the origin of the wall-paper—or her money. Maverling was poor; her father had started it, and Maverling turned in his talent."

"How very interesting! And is that the reason—its being ancestral—that Mr. Maverling wishes his son to go into it?"

"Is he going into it?" asked Munt.

"He's come up here to think about it."

"I should suppose it would be a very good thing," said Munt.

"What a very remarkable forest!" said Mrs. Pasmer, examining it on either side, and turning quite round. This gave her, from her place in the van of the straggling procession, a glimpse of Alice and Dan Maverling far in the rear.

"Don't you know," he was saying to the girl at the same moment, "it's like some of those Doré illustrations to the 'Inferno,' or the *Wandering Jew*."

"Oh yes. I was trying to think what

it was made me think I had seen it before," she answered. "It must be that. But how strange it is!" she exclaimed, "that sensation of having been there before—in some place before where you can't possibly have been."

"And do you feel it here?" he asked, as vividly interested as if they two had been the first to notice the phenomenon which has been a psychical consolation to so many young observers.

"Yes," she cried.

"I hope I was with you," he said, with a sudden turn of levity, which did not displease her, for there seemed to be a tender earnestness lurking in it. "I couldn't bear to think of your being alone in such a howling wilderness."

"Oh, I was with a large picnic," she retorted, gayly. "You might have been among the rest. I didn't notice."

"Well, the next time, I wish you'd look closer. I don't like being left out." They were so far behind the rest that he devoted himself entirely to her, and they had grown more and more confidential. They came to a narrow foot-bridge over a deep gorge. The hand-rail had fallen away. He sprang forward and gave her his hand for the passage. "Who helped you over here?" he demanded. "Don't say I didn't."

"Perhaps it was you," she murmured, letting him keep the fingers to which he clung a moment after they had crossed the bridge. Then she took them away, and said: "But I can't be sure. There were so many others."

"Other fellows?" he demanded, placing himself before her on the narrow path, so that she could not get by. "Try to remember, Miss Pasmer. This is very important. It would break my heart if it was really some one else." She stole a glance at his face, but it was smiling, though his voice was so earnest. "I want to help you over all the bad places, and I don't want any one else to have a hand in it."

The voice and the face still belied each other, and between them the girl chose to feel herself trifled with by the artistic temperament. "If you'll please step out of the way, Mr. Maverling," she said, severely, "I shall not need anybody's help just here."

He instantly moved aside, and they were both silent, till she said, as she quickened her pace to overtake the oth-



ers in front, "I don't see how you can help liking nature in such a place as this."

"I can't—human nature," he said. It was mere folly, and an abstract folly at that; but the face that she held down and away from him flushed with sweet consciousness as she laughed.

On the cliff beetling above the bay, where she sat to look out over the sad Northern sea, lit with the fishing sail they had seen before, and the surge washed into the rocky coves far beneath them, he threw himself at her feet, and made her alone in the company that came and went and tried this view and that from the different points where the picnic hostess insisted they should enjoy it. She left the young couple to themselves, and Mrs. Pasmer seemed to have forgotten that she had bidden Alice to be a little more with her.

Alice had forgotten it too. She sat listening to Maverick's talk with a certain fascination, but not so much apparently because the meaning of the words pleased her as the sound of his voice, the motion of his lips in speaking, charmed her. At first he was serious and even melancholy, as if he were afraid he had offended her; but apparently he soon believed that he had been forgiven, and began to burlesque his own mood, but still with a deference and a watchful observance of her changes of feeling which was delicately flattering in its way. Now and then when she answered something it was not always to the purpose; he accused her of not hearing what he said, but she would have it that she did, and then he tried to test her by proofs and questions. It did not matter for anything that was spoken or done; speech and action of whatever sort were mere masks of their young joy in each other, so that when he said, after he had quoted some lines befitting the scene they looked out on, "Now was that from Tennyson or from Tupper?" and she answered, "Neither; it was from Shakespeare," they joined in the same happy laugh, and they laughed now and then without saying anything. Neither this nor that made them more glad or less; they were in a trance, vulnerable to nothing but the summons which must come to leave their dream behind, and issue into the waking world.

In hope or in experience such a moment has come to all, and it is so pretty to those who recognize it from the outside

that no one has the heart to hurry it away while it can be helped. The affair between Alice and Maverick had evidently her mother's sanction, and all the rest were eager to help it on. When the party had started to return, they called to them, and let them come behind together. At the carriages they had what Miss Anderson called a new deal, and Alice and Maverick found themselves together in the rear seat of the last.

The fog began to come in from the sea, and followed them through the woods. When they emerged upon the highway it wrapped them densely round, and formed a little world, cozy, intimate, where they two dwelt alone with these friends of theirs, each of whom they praised for delightful qualities. The horses beat along through the mist, in which there seemed no progress, and they lived in a blissful arrest of time. Miss Anderson called back from the front seat, "My ear buyns; you're talkin' about me."

"Which ear?" cried Maverick.

"Oh, the left, of couyse."

"Then it's merely habit, Julie. You ought to have heard the nice things we were saying about you," Alice called.

"I'd like to hear *all* the nice things you've been saying."

This seemed the last effect of subtle wit. Maverick broke out in his laugh, and Alice's laugh rang above it.

Mrs. Pasmer looked involuntarily round from the carriage ahead.

"They seem to be having a good time," said Mrs. Brinkley, at her side.

"Yes; I hope Alice isn't overdoing."

"I'm afraid you're dreadfully tired," said Maverick to the girl, in a low voice, as he lifted her from her place when they reached the hotel through the provisional darkness, and found that after all it was only dinner-time.

"Oh no. I feel as if the picnic were just beginning."

"Then you will come to-night?"

"I will see what mamma says."

"Shall I ask her?"

"Oh, perhaps not," said the girl, repressing his ardor, but not severely.

#### XVIII.

They were going to have some theatricals at one of the cottages, and the lady at whose house they were to be given



made haste to invite all the picnic party before it dispersed. Mrs. Pasmer accepted with a mental reservation, meaning to send an excuse later if she chose; and before she decided the point she kept her husband from going after dinner into the reading-room, where he spent nearly all his time over a paper and a cigar, or in sitting absolutely silent and unoccupied, and made him go to their own room with her.

"There is something that I must speak to you about," she said, closing the door, "and you must decide for yourself whether you wish to let it go any further."

"What go any further?" asked Mr. Pasmer, sitting down and putting his hand to the pocket that held his cigar case with the same series of motions.

"No, don't smoke," she said, staying his hand impatiently. "I want you to think."

"How can I think if I don't smoke?"

"Very well; smoke, then. Do you want this affair with young Mavering to go any farther?"

"Oh!" said Pasmer, "I thought you had been looking after that." He had in fact relegated that to the company of the great questions exterior to his personal comfort which she always decided.

"I have been looking after it, but now the time has come when you must, as a father, take some interest in it."

Pasmer's noble mask of a face, from the point of his full white beard to his fine forehead, crossed by his impressive black eyebrows, expressed all the dignified concern which a father ought to feel in such an affair; but what he was really feeling was a grave reluctance to have to intervene in any way. "What do you want me to say to him?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know that he's going to ask you anything. I don't know whether he's said anything to Alice yet," said Mrs. Pasmer, with some exasperation.

Her husband was silent, but his silence insinuated a degree of wonder that she should approach him prematurely on such a point.

"They have been thrown together all day, and there is no use to conceal from ourselves that they are very much taken with each other."

"I thought," Pasmer said, "that you said that from the beginning. Didn't you want them to be taken with each other?"

"That is what you are to decide."

Pasmer silently refused to assume the responsibility.

"Well?" demanded his wife, after waiting for him to speak.

"Well what?"

"What do you decide?"

"What is the use of deciding a thing when it is all over?"

"It isn't over at all. It can be broken off at any moment."

"Well, break it off, then, if you like."

Mrs. Pasmer resumed the responsibility with a sigh. She felt the burden, the penalty, of power, after having so long enjoyed its sweets, and she would willingly have abdicated the sovereignty which she had spent her whole married life in establishing. But there was no one to take it up. "No, I shall not break it off," she said, resentfully; "I shall let it go on." Then, seeing that her husband was not shaken by her threat from his long-confirmed subjection, she added: "It isn't an ideal affair, but I think it will be a very good thing for Alice. He is not what I expected, but he is thoroughly nice, and I should think his family was nice. I've been talking with Mr. Munt about them to-day, and he confirms all that Etta Saintsbury said. I don't think there can be any doubt of his intentions in coming here. He isn't a particularly artless young man, but he's been sufficiently frank about Alice since he's been here." Her husband smoked on. "His father seems to have taken up the business from the artistic side, and Mr. Mavering won't be expected to enter into the commercial part at once. If it wasn't for Alice, I don't believe he would think of the business for a moment; he would study law. Of course it's a little embarrassing to have her engaged at once before she's seen anything of society here, but perhaps it's all for the best, after all: the main thing is that she should be satisfied, and I can see that she's only too much so. Yes, she's very much taken with him; and I don't wonder. He is charming."

It was not the first time that Mrs. Pasmer had reasoned in this round; but the utterance of her thoughts seemed to throw a new light on them, and she took a courage from them that they did not always impart. She arrived at the final opinion expressed, with a throb of tenderness for the young fellow whom she believed eager to take her daughter from her, and now for the first time she experienced a desola-



tion in the prospect, as if it were an accomplished fact. She was morally a bundle of finesses, but at the bottom of her heart her daughter was all the world to her. She had made the girl her idol, and if, like some other heathen, she had not always used her idol with the greatest deference, if she had often expected the impossible from it, and made it pay for her disappointment, still she had never swerved from her worship of it. She suddenly asked herself, What if this young fellow, so charming and so good, should so wholly monopolize her child that she should no longer have any share in her? What if Alice, who had so long formed her first care and chief object in life, should contentedly lose herself in the love and care of another, and both should ignore her right to her? She answered herself with a pang that this might happen with any one Alice married, and that it would be no worse, at the worst, with Dan Maverick than with another, while her husband remained impartially silent. Always keeping within the lines to which his wife's supremacy had driven him, he felt safe there, and was not to be easily coaxed out of them.

Mrs. Pasmer rose and left him, with his perfect acquiescence, and went into her daughter's room. She found Alice there, with a pretty evening dress laid out on her bed. Mrs. Pasmer was very fond of that dress, and at the thought of Alice in it her spirits rose again.

"Oh, are you going, Alice?"

"Why yes," answered the girl. "Didn't you accept?"

"Why yes," Mrs. Pasmer admitted.

"But aren't you tired?"

"Oh, not in the least. I feel as fresh as I did this morning. Don't you want me to go?"

"Oh yes, certainly, I want you to go—if you think you'll enjoy it."

"Enjoy it? Why, why shouldn't I enjoy it, mamma? What are you thinking about? It's going to be the greatest kind of fun."

"But do you think you ought to look at everything simply as fun?" asked the mother, with unwonted didacticism.

"How everything? What are you thinking about, mamma?"

"Oh, nothing! I'm so glad you're going to wear that dress."

"Why, of course! It's my best. But what are you driving at, mamma?"

Mrs. Pasmer was really seeking in her daughter that comfort of a distinct volition which she had failed to find in her husband, and she wished to assure herself of it more and more, that she might share with some one the responsibility which he had refused any part in.

"Nothing. But I'm glad you wish so much to go." The girl dropped her hands and stared. "You must have enjoyed yourself to-day," she added, as if that were an explanation.

"Of course I enjoyed myself! But what has that to do with my wanting to go to-night?"

"Oh, nothing. But I hope, Alice, that there is one thing you have looked fully in the face."

"What thing?" faltered the girl, and now showed herself unable to confront it by dropping her eyes.

"Well, whatever you may have heard or seen, nobody else is in doubt about it. What do you suppose has brought Mr. Maverick here?"

"I don't know." The denial not only confessed that she did know, but it informed her mother that all was as yet tacit between the young people.

"Very well, then, I know," said Mrs. Pasmer; "and there is one thing that you must know before long, Alice."

"What?" she asked, faintly.

"Your own mind," said her mother.

"I don't ask you what it is, and I shall wait till you tell me. Of course I shouldn't have let him stay here if I had objected—"

"Oh, mamma!" murmured the girl, dyed with shame to have the facts so boldly touched, but not, probably, too deeply displeased.

"Yes. And I know that he would never have thought of going into that business if he had not expected—hoped—"

"Mamma!"

"And you ought to consider—"

"Oh, don't! don't! don't!" implored the girl.

"That's all," said her mother, turning from Alice, who had hidden her face in her hands, to inspect the costume on the bed. She lifted one piece of it after another, turned it over, looked at it, and laid it down. "You can never get such a dress in this country."

She went out of the room, as the girl dropped her face in the pillow. An hour later they met equipped for the evening's pleasure. To the keen glance that her



mother gave her, the daughter's eyes had the brightness of eyes that have been weeping, but they were also bright with that knowledge of her own mind which Mrs. Pasmer had desired for her. She met her mother's glance fearlessly, even proudly, and she carried her stylish costume with a splendor to which only occasions could stimulate her. They dramatized a perfect unconsciousness to each other, but Mrs. Pasmer was by no means satisfied with the decision which she had read in her daughter's looks. Somehow it did not relieve her of the responsibility, and it did not change the nature of the case. It was gratifying, of course, to see Alice the object of a passion so sincere and so ardent; so far the triumph was complete, and there was really nothing objectionable in the young man and his circumstances, though there was nothing very distinguished. But the affair was altogether different from anything that Mrs. Pasmer had imagined. She had supposed and intended that Alice should meet some one in Boston, and go through a course of society before reaching any decisive step. There was to be a whole season in which to look the ground carefully over, and the ground was to be all within certain well-ascertained and guarded precincts. But this that had happened was outside of these precincts, or at least on their mere outskirts. Class Day, of course, was all right; and she could not say that the summer colony at Campobello was not thoroughly and essentially Boston; and yet she felt that certain influences, certain sanctions, were absent. To tell the truth,

she would not have cared for the feelings of Maverick's family in regard to the matter, except as they might afterward concern Alice, and the time had not come when she could recognize their existence in regard to the affair; and yet she could have wished that even as it was his family could have seen and approved it from the start. It would have been more regular.

With Alice it was a simpler matter, and of course deeper. For her it was only a question of himself and herself; no one else existed to the sublime egotism of her love. She did not call it by that name; she did not permit it to assert itself by any name; it was a mere formless joy in her soul, a trustful and blissful expectance, which she now no more believed he could disappoint than that she could die within that hour. All the rebellion that she had sometimes felt at the anomalous attitude exacted of her sex in regard to such matters was gone. She no longer thought it strange that a girl should be expected to ignore the admiration of a young man till he explicitly declared it, and should then be fully possessed of all the materials of a decision on the most momentous question in life; for she knew that this state of ignorance could never really exist; she had known from the first moment that he had thought her beautiful. To-night she was radiant for him. Her eyes shone with the look in which they should meet and give themselves to each other before they spoke—the look in which they had met already, in which they had lived that whole day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MEXICAN NOTES.

### I.—FROM EL PASO TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

NATURALLY one shrinks a little from writing about Mexico after passing less than two months in its vast territory. There is so much to be said, and there are so many qualifications to be made to whatever is said. The longer one remains there the more he will hesitate to put down even his impressions, and I fancy that in time one would abandon altogether any attempt to write out his conflicting ideas; so much depends upon the temper, the temperament, the tastes, the endurance, of the traveller. One person returns from a

trip through Mexico in a glow of enthusiasm, interested in the people, enchanted with the climate, full of wonder over the scenery; another, weary with the long journeying, disgusted with the people, half starved by the unaccustomed diet, admits that the scenery is wonderful, though it is monotonous, and that the climate—except that the coast is too warm and the highland air is too rare—is delicious, and is heartily glad that the expedition has been made and is over.

To me Mexico is one of the most inter-



esting countries I have seen, and so novel on every hand that I enjoyed in a way that which is disagreeable almost as much as that which is pleasing. It is novel, and yet, now and again, strangely familiar; for in its life it is a patchwork sort of country, with a degraded civilization, constantly suggesting, in a second-hand way, a half-dozen other countries and peoples. I spent most of my time outside the city of Mexico—for it is not there that the life, except a certain sort of artificial society life, is more advantageously to be studied—and in these papers I purpose to touch upon general life and manners and aspects of nature that came under my observation, with the intention of replying to some of the questions that a returning traveller is commonly asked about the pseudo-republic.

Everything is on a vast scale. High ranges of bare mountains running parallel for hundreds of miles, with plains between, often stony and inhospitable, often good grazing land, verdure-clad under the summer rains, but brown and barren, except when irrigated, through the long rainless season from October to June—this is the general character of the highlands. Vastness is not picturesqueness, but those who prefer the Sierra sort of scenery which characterizes our own Great West to that of the New England and the Blue Ridge like it. Descending from the mountains about the city of Mexico in any direction to the coast by a succession of terraces, one has scenery of a different sort, but still grandiose, and any warmth of temperature desired.

Entering the country by the gate of El Paso—a gate of ash-heaps for hills, and sand, through which the Rio Grande sprawls over quicksands—one has still twelve hundred miles to traverse—two days and a half by rail—before reaching the city of Mexico. The road runs mainly through valleys with low hills on either side; but it is by no means a highland level; the road is constantly ascending and descending. Starting from a height of 3700 feet above the sea at El Paso, and never descending below this level, some high mountains are climbed on the way. The course is generally upward until the mountain silver-mining city of Zacatecas comes in view, about 8000 feet above the sea. From here there is a sharp descent, but a high level is generally maintained till Marguez is reached, when the lost

height is recovered in something over 8000 feet, and a descent made into the Tula Valley, the scenery and vegetation becoming more interesting. Then the great Spanish drainage cut (begun in the seventeenth century), six or seven miles long, the Tajo de Nochistongo, is entered, and the traveller emerges upon the valley of the city of Mexico, about 7400 feet (some calculations make it two hundred feet less) above the sea.

Sandy El Paso seldom has any rain, but its air, unaffected by the moisture of vegetation, is simply delicious, like that of the barren plains of western Texas. With five railways centring there, it is growing rapidly, and is full of speculators, traders, gamblers, and the usual accompaniments of frontier civilization. We changed money here, getting for \$200 United States 249 Mexican silver dollars, as big and as valuable as our silver dollars; but the advantage of the change was not immediately apparent, for we paid at the stations one dollar for the same sort of meals we had paid seventy-five cents for in Texas. The Mexican Central road is smooth and good, except that the sand ballasting makes it occasionally dusty; but nothing whatever is to be said in favor of the fare at its stations. The first decently served meal found was that at Aguas Calientes, and that was Mexican. The line does not run through a single town—all lie a mile or a mile and a half to one side, and are reached by horse-cars. Whether the people objected to having the railway near, or whether the company building it thought it more profitable to run street-cars to the towns, I do not know. Both reasons are given for the location.

The way at first was over a plain, rising, with brown serrated hills on both sides. For the first twenty-four hours the country was much in appearance like western Texas—dry and sterile at this season. Chihuahua, as we saw it, a mile and a half off, is a brown city with conspicuous cathedral towers. As we got further into the country the people idling at the railway stations began to be very picturesque and poverty-stricken. The hats made the most distinct impression. Everybody seems to invest his fortune in his hat. They are in great variety, but all are high-crowned, of felt or straw, with a brim six inches broad, sometimes the crown black and the brim white, always ornamented with silver or white braid, or a broad strap



and buckle. The poor class is all in rags, cotton pantaloons, and a serape generally in strings, and irretrievably grimy. The towns on the road—brown clusters of sun-baked mud—the little adobe houses, the flat plain and pyramidal hills, reminded us of Egypt, as did the squalid people also. Nor was there wanting the peculiar minor cry or singsong of boys keeping the cattle on the plains. Now and then was seen a woman with fine dark eyes and comely copper-colored features. Handsome boys in rags were common, and pretty babies. At the stations was always a crowd of spectators. The favorite occupation of the men, clad in big hat, cotton trousers, and ragged colored serape drawn about the shoulders, was to stand perfectly motionless, holding up some building. As we went south more life and more cattle appeared—herds on herds, indeed, scattered over the brown plains—and sheep also. Donkeys abounded. The rider of a donkey sits so far in the rear that a perpendicular line from his head would hit the ground, so that the donkey's hind-legs seem to belong to the boy riding. The country improved in appearance when we were between five hundred and six hundred miles on our journey—still brown and dry, but evidently fruitful. Trees were wanting, but mesquit appeared, and small species of cacti. There was a good deal of color in the soil, and some lovely effects in the plains and the mountains. We were beginning to get one of the charms of Mexico, namely, atmospheric color, which makes a garment for the fairest landscape—a drapery which the artists say is usually wanting in our Northern regions.

At a little station, very early in the morning, before we reached Calera, was a sort of gypsy, Oriental encampment—tents, wagons, donkeys, vagabond men, women, and a band composed of harp, fiddle, and bass-viol, which hailed the rising sun with festive music. These hospitable and hilarious people offered refreshments—coffee and something stronger—to the train passengers, and the women solicited them to go to a house nearby and extemporize a dance. I supposed at first that this was a communal emigration from one part of the country to another. But no. These people lived along the base of the mountains, and had come together for a frolic of a few days, with cock-fighting and plenty of whiskey or its equivalent, *aguardiente*.

Zacatecas, with its 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants, is an imposing city as seen from the rail which skirts it, and indeed looks down on it. The elevation is over 8000 feet, and the town lies in a sort of cup in the mountains, a compact lot of small houses, yellow, red, blue, green, and a great cathedral in the midst. On the hill-sides all about and in the valley below it are the silver mines and works. The whole effect of color in the thin air is silver-gray. The wind is keen, and sweeps clouds of dust around the station, where there is a lively crowd of fruit hucksters and spectators, in great variety of color and costume. At a station beyond, a Mexican lady of quality comes on board. She is of the Spanish type, overdressed in a flowered silk and black mantilla, rich dark complexion, through which the red blood shows, large black eyes, heavy cheeks, and coarse mouth. With her are an elderly woman in black, and several young men, gentlemen, in big hats, fantastically braided trousers, and semi-brigandish air.

Aguas Calientes, where we have at the station a civilized dinner, is in the distance a well-shaded, pretty city. It is the fashionable Mexican hot-springs resort, and the stream from the springs, in which there is promiscuous bathing for a mile, is said to give one a fair idea of the Mexican disregard for conventionalities. At the table d'hôte are several typical people: a light-haired Mexican, with high, narrow, empty forehead, very grave; the loud, swash-buckler major-domo of a neighboring hacienda, in an enormous white hat, fancy coat, and braided trousers, and a long pistol conspicuous in his belt; a big fat young gentleman with intensely black, small eyes, broad, heavy face, thin mustache, like a youth overripe, small forehead, and a big hat, talking to a little withered, parchment-faced man, attentive and obsequious.

Novel pictures constantly present themselves. The lady of quality descends at a way-station, where she is met by a handsome open carriage, with servants in livery, and a modern Spanish-looking gentleman, handsome, and not too extravagantly dressed in the Spanish mode. Her hacienda is not far off, at the foot of the hills. The lady is very well known in the city, and has a history. Mexico abounds in "histories." At all the stations are crowds of boys, men, and women, who offer for sale oranges, sweets, Mexi-



can "messes," and queer-looking fruits which are out of season, and do not taste good, and they make a tremendous clamor, like Italian venders. The region beyond Silao boasts that it has ripe strawberries every month in the year. At Irapuato we bought a little basket of this fruit for fifty cents, not ripe, but still sweet. The basket was solidly filled with cabbage leaves; and disposed on top neatly, so as to hide the leaves, were a couple of dozen berries. These simple people have nothing to learn of Northern market-men. We have struck a very old civilization.

Tuesday morning at seven, having left El Paso Saturday night at seven, we passed through the famous deep cut or canal of Nochistongo. It is not picturesque, the walls being of hard earth, with little rock visible. This cut was first made by the Indians as a drain for the valley. People have wondered what they did with the excavated earth; acquaintance with the Indians suggests the explanation that they kept most of it on their persons. They are no longer attached to the soil as peons, but the soil is attached to them, and most of them are dirty enough to be called real estate. We are at last in the valley of the city of Mexico. This long route, through valleys and over mountains, somewhat dusty, always in the sunshine, with a temperate heat and good air, is monotonous in all its variety, but exceedingly interesting in the retrospect, considering that it is a railway journey, for we have seen many sorts of people and many strange costumes.

The valley of the city of Mexico is circular in form, with an average breadth of thirty to thirty-five miles, and flat, save for some little hillocks. It has two shallow lakes, Chalco and Tezcoco, the one fresh and the other brackish. Chalco is connected directly with the city by a canal twelve miles long. The area is more generally marshy than otherwise, and cut by canals and irrigating ditches. To the north of the city some four miles is the hill and town of Guadalupe, with its sacred mineral spring; to the south three miles, at the end of the Paseo drive, is the hill of Chapultepec. This basin is completely surrounded by mountains of varying height. To the west they rise 10,000 feet (above the sea), and east, southerly, are the twin snow peaks Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, the latter 17,500 feet high, and the former, the White Woman, a lit-

tle lower. All the streams from the hills run into this basin, and there is absolutely no outlet for the water except the cut of Nochistongo, which affects only a small portion of the valley. Exit from the city to the country is on slightly raised causeways. Thus Mexico, which, from its elevation and superb, equable climate, should be the healthiest city in the world, is, wanting drainage, subject to various malarial and typhoid fevers and to pneumonia. One hesitates to speak of the climate, for that is so much a matter of individual adaptation. To most people, I think, the climate of the valley is delicious. The rare air, the necessity of breathing fast to get oxygen enough, quickens the pulse, and many new-comers have headache and a pain in the back of the neck; but these usually pass off in a few days. It may not suit those who have tendency to heart-disease, and much better places can be found in the republic for those with irritated throats and delicate lungs. The average temperature, summer and winter, is about 70°, running from 60° to 80° and over. The winter is rainless and dry from, say, October to the last of May; the trees and hedges are dusty, and the landscape brown; in summer the heat is no greater, but the air is cleared of dust and haze by daily showers, everything is green, blooming, and sparkling, and the atmosphere is said to be delicious. April and May are the warmest months of the year. With the summer rains, which turn to snow on the highest mountains, of course the two volcanoes have much more snow than in winter. Occasionally in January the thermometer falls below the average, the snow lies for some hours on the encircling foothills, and the city experiences some chilly, uncomfortable days, for which it is wholly unprepared. The mass of the people and the soldiers, who wear cotton clothes the year round, evidently do not expect this sort of thing. For a Northerner I should say the dress for summer and winter should be his ordinary woollen apparel for spring and autumn, with a light overcoat for driving.

No railways run into the city; the stations of all the roads are outside in the suburbs; but carriages are plenty and not dear, and street railways traverse the city in all directions, and run to the outlying villages. These cars always go in pairs, a first-class closely followed by a second-class. For funerals, an open platform



car performs the service of a hearse. It used to be necessary, when the country was unsafe, for cars going into the villages to make up a train of at least three, with a guard of soldiers.

The city, with some 300,000 inhabitants, spreads over a large area, with more houses of two than of three stories. The streets are of good width, laid at right angles, and often there is the agreeable perspective of a mountain at the end; the house architecture is generally simple, square, with square windows, balconies, awnings, and with considerable color in the houses, reddish, pink, cream, colors usually toned down, but which give life and even refinement to the streets. For variety there are some solid, stately, half-Spanish buildings, now and then one very handsome with tiles, some fantastically painted, and the picture-decorated pulque shops. In churches and public buildings the city does not lack imposing architecture, yet the general effect is that of sameness. There are many fine shops and pleasant arcades, especially in San Francisco Street, and about the Plaza; and of course there is more or less concentration of such in the centre of the city; but as a rule the city differs from our cities in not having a business quarter and a residence quarter; like Paris, shops are scattered all over the city, and the people live over them. The monotony of the right-angled streets is broken by some picturesque market squares, by the large Cathedral Plaza, by the Alameda, a long narrow plot of ground with trees and semi-tropical vegetation, and the very broad and well-planted Paseo. This is lined with gardens and a few country houses, has some statues, and running out three miles to Chapultepec, is the favorite driving and riding and display ground of all the world late in the afternoon. Of course it is understood that many of the edifices, hotels, public buildings and private, are built about courts, and that there are many pretty *patios* and gardens. In the shop windows is a good deal of cheap jewelry and a display of meretricious taste; but there are more book and art stores, more pictures and engravings, than can be found in any Southern city of the United States, and the art and fancy windows are usually thronged with spectators. The aspect of street life as to dress, in most parts of the town, is European, but it is motley as to color, most of the Mexicans being hybrids of all

shades. Now and then appears an Indian woman, short and squat, with high cheek-bones, clad in a single piece of cotton cloth ingeniously wrapped about her. The water-carriers, half naked, with the jar on the back supported by a strap across the forehead, remind one of the Orient; there are not many beggars, but the sidewalks are beset with women and children selling lottery tickets for daily drawings—the curse of the city; all the women, except in the upper class, wear invariably the graceful *ribosa*—a long shawl woven of cotton, with a deep fringe, generally light blue, worn over the head or draped about the shoulders. The *serape*, or blanket, the national garb for the men, appears less frequently in the city than in the country. Men are watering the streets with pails and garden watering-pots.

There are plenty of boarding-houses, built about courts, with interior galleries, most of the rooms opening only on the court, the fare being Mexican, and not bad when one is accustomed to it; several of the hotels are comfortable lodging-houses—pleasant if one gets a room with a window outside and a door upon the sunny court—and they have restaurants attached. But all these, and all those in the city, are decidedly of the third class, and not tempting to people with delicate appetites. There is no excuse for this poor cooking and indifferent service, for the markets are well supplied, and in private houses and clubs the tables are excellent. A good hotel would be much appreciated by travellers. The custom of the country is to take morning coffee, breakfast at twelve, and dine at six or seven o'clock.

In itself, considering its mongrel population, climate, and easy-going mode of life, and compared with any city of the United States, Mexico is interesting; contrasted with Continental cities it is less so, and after its few “sights” are exhausted it becomes tiresome for the transient visitor—tiresome, that is, unless one devotes himself to the language, to a study of antiquities, or to social problems, such as that of the mixed race. All big cities are much alike after the surface novelties are worn off. There remains, of course, “society,” somewhat secluded under the republic, and slightly enlivened by the foreign legations. There are many German and French merchants, and a few Englishmen doing business, but there are no



American merchants. Generally speaking, the Americans, who have drifted in from the frontier as adventurers, or have fled here for personal reasons, have not been men who gave the Mexicans a favorable idea of American breeding, manners, or character. The railway service has carried there a different element. The Mexican himself thinks a great deal of manners and exterior courtesy, though his ideas of integrity are decidedly Oriental.

In its shops the city is more modern than the traveller expects to find it. Antiquity shops are few, and these have been pretty well ransacked by excursionists and dealers. Old Spanish lace and mantillas can only be had by chance, and old Spanish and Indian curios have been mostly picked up; yet treasures remain to the patient searcher in the way of old books, especially Spanish; and odd things illustrating the costumes and the industries of the country can be found occasionally. But as a rule the most characteristic things in the republic are to be sought in the provincial cities and the small villages. Lack of communication has preserved local peculiarities. Wherever the traveller goes, he will find some local flavor and some habits and costumes new to his experience. As to the "sights" of the city, they have been so fully written of that description in any detail would be out of place in a general view of this sort. The old tourist will probably most enjoy wandering about town and seeing how the Mexicans live; but there are a few sights that he must see in order to retain the respect of his home friends; these are the Cathedral, the Museum and Picture-Gallery, the National Library, Chapultepec, Guadalupe, the Noche Triste Tree, and the canal leading to Lake Chalco.

The Cathedral is perhaps imposing by its size, not otherwise—a jumble of bad Spanish architecture, and barren and uninteresting within, in comparison with Continental cathedrals. The Picture-Gallery, San Carlos, may have interest historically; artistically it has none. The walls are hung with old Spanish sacred rubbish, and the modern paintings are as bad, showing little new life or growth. There is not a painting that one would care to bring away for the cost of carriage. But the government has a school here, where pupils draw from casts and architectural designs. Much of the work of the pupils

was creditable, and the school is full of promise. At the Museum of Mexican Antiquities the visitor will care to spend more time, though the country has been stripped of the relics of the old races by foreigners. There is a fair display of Aztec pottery, a little gold, a few ornaments, part of a dress worn by Montezuma; but the most interesting object in the part of the Museum that is arranged is the Aztec picture-writing. In a large lumber-room opening out of the court below, and usually kept locked, are the larger monuments of the old civilization. This room has an earth floor, and is in disorder. Carpenters are said to be at work in it, and the government has been for years putting it in order, but it is in about the condition of the Sultan's museum of antiquities at Constantinople. Here is the Calendar Stone, with its enigmatical figures, the sacrificial stones, the uncouth images, the heavy recumbent figures, with head raised and knees drawn up, the conical stones, having serpents with feathers coiled about them. The impression made upon my mind by these objects was that of grotesqueness. Probably they are not meaningless, but they seem so. There is nothing in our civilization or tradition that brings us *en rapport* with them, or enables us to comprehend them. There is no beauty of form to appeal to us; nothing in the sculpture or designs that comes within the scope of our ideas; nothing intellectual. The inscriptions and characters give us no starting-point of sympathy. They seem to us not simply fantastic, but the work of people whose fancies were entirely out of the line of our own development. In this they differ wholly from the Egyptian remains, which are simpler, and though we cannot understand them, appeal to something that we have in common with all antiquity. I am not referring to the comparative difficulty of reading the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Mexican characters or ornamental designs, but to the essential difference in the appearance to our eyes; the one is civilized, and the other barbarous. The National Library, housed in a sequestered church, is a vast collection of Spanish and mainly ecclesiastical literature, wanting a catalogue and proper arrangement, but no doubt a good mousing-place for the student.

On the 17th of February, in the afternoon, when we drove out the broad Paseo



to Chapultepec, the wind was fresh and chilly, the day was cloudy, and later there was a little rain. Indeed, about this time of year clouds begin to gather late in the day, the air becomes thick and hazy in the distance, so that the high mountains are obscured. This thickening of the atmosphere does not mean usually immediate rain, but daily the cloudiness increases until the daily summer rains begin. After they set in, the atmosphere for the greater part of the day is dazzlingly clear. For scenery, therefore, Mexico should be visited in the summer. The temperature is no higher than in the winter on the high lands, but vegetation is fresh, and the air is clear. From the Paseo drive the twin snow-clad volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl are visible; but, especially in the winter atmosphere, they seem distant, and do not dominate the city as one is led to expect from the pictorial representations.

Chapultepec is a mass of rock perhaps two hundred feet high, springing abruptly from the plain, but behind it are low elevations gradually rising to the foothills. About the foot of this hill are semi-tropical gardens and the famous Cypress Grove. The roads winding through the noble avenues are the favorite resort for driving and riding. These trees, towering to a great height, magnificent in the stately upspringing of their trunks, and lovely in the deep cinnamon-color of the bark, are not to be compared to anything I have seen elsewhere. They are very old; one of them is called the Tree of Montezuma, and the grove was no doubt old when he reigned. I put the tape to one of them five feet above the ground, and got a girth of thirty-nine feet. I believe the Montezuma tree is larger.

The summit of the hill is reached by a winding carriage road, and here on a small uneven plateau are massed the President's palace and the Military School, the West Point of the republic. Admission is by card from the Governor of the city, and usually gives access simply to the grounds; but as one of our party had friends in the school, we were very courteously shown everything in the academy and the palace. The cadets were fine, intelligent young fellows; the place was thoroughly neat, and discipline seemed good. I do not know enough about war to compare this with other schools of the same character, but its appliances seemed

rather limited. There is, however, a cannon foundry in the neighborhood, and a manufactory of Winchester arms. We looked with interest at the monument erected to the memory of the cadets who fell in the defence of the place in our war with Mexico—mere striplings who fought like heroes, and are held in great honor. There is still a good deal of feeling about this fight in the academy. If the Mexican soldiers had been as courageous and manly as these boys, our capture of the city would have been a much more difficult undertaking. The palace, in process of refurnishing for the residence of the President, is a tolerably fine building only, but the interior decorations are elegant, very costly, and for the most part in exquisite taste. This taste, however, except in some rooms whose walls are tiled with beautiful tiles distinctly Persian in color and effect, is the taste of New York. The palace has charming galleries and ombas, and pretty cultivated gardens in its enclosure. The charm of it, however, is in its noble situation. There are grander views in the world than that from its esplanade, but few more poetical or offering so great variety, few that change more in varied beauty with the different lights and changing atmosphere. One does not need to summon all the romance and history of the place to enjoy the prospect. It is that of the vast basin of Mexico, with its shining city, its glittering lakes, its silver canals, its luxury of vegetation, its villages and church towers, and around all the circuit of mountains, huge, hazy, and dreamy, the whole steeped in color, and lording it over all the twin snow peaks, white, spotless, standing on the edge of eternal summer, pure as the rare air of their perpetual winter.

On the tramway that runs to Atzacapotzalco over the causeway, in the little hamlet of Popotla, some three miles from the Plaza, stands what remains of the Noche Triste Tree. It is said that Cortez halted by this tree and wept on the awful night of his expulsion from the city. This touch of emotion in the conqueror has consecrated the spot more than a victory. This once gigantic cypress is now only a decayed stump, the interior half burned out, but it still supports a few straggling branches, from which gray moss depends like a funeral trapping. It is protected by an iron fence, and a policeman lounges near to see that no visitor chips off a relic from



it. There was not much life about the open triangle where it stands, only a beggar, the usual young girl with a baby, a barefooted Indian trotting by with her basket, and some Mexican women in the door of a pulque shop.

Guadalupe, famous for the shrine of Our Lady of that name, is a rocky hill, very like Chapultepec, and about as far north of the city as Chapultepec is to the south. They are two corresponding sentinels of the plain. At the foot of the hill is the cathedral, very large, but remarkable for nothing except a superb altar railing of silver. Near it is a pretty public garden, with a fountain and sweet-smelling shrubs, the ground carpeted with violets. It speaks much for the gentle and refined character of the Mexicans that such cool little nooks of beauty and repose are common. At a little distance, but still on the plain, is the highly decorated chapel of Our Lady. In the vestibule and covered by an iron cage is a bubbling spring of cool mineral water, pungent, but agreeable to the taste, and much resorted to by the thirsty and the devout. It sprang up in the spot where Our Lady appeared to the peasant, a most gracious miracle. From this chapel a zigzag paved road, with shrines set at the angles, leads up the hill to the church and cemetery on the top. The church—always filled with peasant worshippers, men in ragged attire, kneeling women with the graceful ribosa drawn over the head, and half-clad children—is only a bare chapel, but there are some fine tombs in the cemetery, and there lies Santa Anna, the hero of so many defeats. The view from the esplanade is very fine, and of the same character and extent as that from Chapultepec, except that Lake Texcoco is a more prominent feature in the landscape. It is a place to dream in; romance, history, beauty, the contrasts of nature—what has not Heaven done for this delicious land? Is it true that where nature is most lavish the people are least worthy? But whatever these people lack, they have apparent contentment. What a gentle atmosphere of peace and repose there was about the shrine, and in the garden, and in the shadow of the cathedral, where the women sat selling little cakes, variegated in color, about as big as Lima beans, which they patted into shape, and baked over charcoal fires in sight of the purchasers.

Whatever the tourist omits, he should not neglect a ride on La Viga, the canal that connects the city with Lake Chalco. If he cannot spend a day threading this tropical marsh-land, this unique country of dikes, "floating gardens," water-fowl, brilliant vegetation, and semi-amphibious people, let him at least go as far as the hamlet of Santa Anita, in the midst of the *Chinampas*—a pleasure resort of the middle and lower classes. Here are a world and a life different from any other, and yet curiously suggestive of many others; a mixture of Egypt, Venice, and the South Sea Islands. We took boat at the Embarcadero, on an arm of the canal that enters the city, a most unsavory but picturesque place. Here are rows of barges, vegetable boats, and canoes. Our boat was a flat-bottomed parallelogram, with striped calico awning and curtains, and seats along the sides. The size of the boat and the lowness of the canopy are determined by the low arch of a bridge which has to be passed by all boats in the main canal. Our boatman was a squat, sturdy-legged, yellow Mexican, who stood in the bow, and used a pole to propel the boat. When once we were clear of the small canal, with its washer-women, loafers, evil-smelling habitations, tanneries, and the ruck of city life, and came into the broad silver stream, the poling boatman sent us on with an easy, lulling motion, different from the gyration of the gondola, but as fascinating; and we were in a world of novelty, color, and repose—a blue sky, a gentle breeze that just makes sparkling the placid stream, and banks offering constant novelties.

In the neglect and decay there is a certain charm; low houses overrun with honeysuckle and Castilian roses, ruins embowered in callas, poplars and cottonwoods overhanging the water, gardens wild and tangled, a low doorway in a brown adobe hut, with a group of dark-skinned girls and children, a field of yellow grain strewn with flaming poppies, the great sweep of level vegetation, intersected by ditches and canals stretching away off to the white twin mountains. The scene, so reposeful, is full of life. A road runs by the canal, and here dash along horsemen in gay trappings, big-hatted, silver-spangled riders, and saddles and bridles stiff with ornament, carriages with lolling beauties, or packed with noisy pleasure-seekers, swarthy Indian women, wrapped in a sin-



gle strip of cotton, trotting along under their burdens; there are the tinkling of guitars in way-side resorts, the calls of boatmen and of laborers in the gardens. The stream is enlivened by crafts of all sorts—dugouts, canoes, barges, each on its errand of business or pleasure. Whatever the occupation, whatever the want, or the dissipation, or the indigence, it all seems like a holiday. Barges going to the city market are piled high with vegetables—golden carrots, blood-red beets, green cabbages, laid up in square masses like masonry; heaps of color; boat-loads of flowers—sweet-peas, poppies, pinks, roses, gillyflowers, flaming in the sun, and filling the air with perfume as they pass, and long scows packed with men, women, and children of the shopkeeping class out for a holiday. One boat-load of revelers draws to our side, and as we float along through this enchanting land, the men, thrumming the guitar, the mandolin, and the zither, play for us the Mexican national anthem, and the minor dance music which comes down from the Moors of Spain, and the women, dark, comely, with Egyptian features and Egyptian languor, shoot glances from under their ribosas at the foreigners. These people have the good-humor, the complacency, the passion, of their clime.

Santa Anita is an Indian village, a collection of low thatched houses, African in appearance, set in plantations of bananas and cacti, with narrow, clean-swept streets, pulque shops, and houses of entertainment for the lower orders. It is a shabby sort of paradise; the city rough is here, the dissolute players on mandolins, the bedizened young Mexican, the shapely, bronze-limbed Indian who works in the fields or poles the boats through the network of canals, the painted city yellow girl, the broad-faced Indian girl who sells flowers cut out of beets and carrots, and the hot little messes which the Mexicans love; and here the municipal police are more numerous than elsewhere, for here is always a more or less suspicious lot of idlers and pleasure-seekers, come to eat stewed duck, tamales, and the piquant compounds of chile and chopped meat, and above all to drink pulque. The *Chinampas*, or so-called floating gardens, which surround this hamlet and occupy all this vast marsh territory, and which supply the city with vegetables and flowers, are not at all floating. They are little patch-

es of ground, sometimes not bigger than a blanket, formed by scraping up the earth in a mound, which is held in place by wattles. The water flows around each patch of ground, so that the whole region is a net-work of ditches and canals, set with little squares of vegetables and flowers. The people who cultivate these damp spots live in their boats or in the most primitive huts, and pass, as we said, a semi amphibious existence, on a moral plane as low as their country; yet they seem to be a vigorous race, and the sculptor would find many good models here. Flowers, music, an equable climate that calls for no more exertion in winter than in summer, and demands not much in the way of food or clothing, a mixed blood in which flow the vices of two continents—it is not here that one expects the virile Puritan virtues that make an effective people. But so fascinating, so picturesque, so full of light and color and warmth, is this region of Capuan suggestions that it is not till afterward that the tourist indulges in such reflections.

In returning we followed the small canal down into the heart of the city, to one of the great popular market-places. Here, where lie the barges with their gay loads of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, where the canal crosses the streets under low, flat arches, one is faintly reminded of the Rialto. But it is one of the lowest parts of the city, and at night might be dangerous. It swarms with ill-favored, ill-savored people, a brutal populace, streets of second-hand shops, rags, low resorts, and pulque shops, with as many drunken women as drunken men.

One can study in the city as in any large city all sorts of life, but the ordinary tourist finds it wanting in the attractions of Continental cities. But the city is not only the capital, it is the centre of all the political life of the republic. For in all outward forms this is a federal republic. The city and its environs form the federal district, in the state of Mexico. Besides this state there are twenty-six other states, each with its governor and local legislature, its system of schools. The federal constitution is a model one, there is all the machinery of a republican government, two elected Houses, a President popularly chosen for a term of six years, who is ineligible again until a term has intervened. But the President is in fact elected by agreement among a knot of leaders,



and the office is a matter of arrangement, bargained for usually a long time in the future. Every governor of a state is practically dictated by this little junta at the capital, and every officer, even to mayors of cities, is so chosen. It is the most purely personal government in the world. Whatever elective forms are gone through with, this is the fact. When the first term of Diaz expired, Gonzales came in by arrangement; when the latter retired, it was to a governorship. Diaz has a predominance of Indian blood, Gonzales of Spanish.

In his first term Diaz took an enlightened view of the needs of Mexico and its external relations. He invited capital and promoted railways by liberal subsidies. The railways were built; the subsidies have not been paid. The country was infested with brigands. These brigands were not Indians, but of the mixed Spanish race who had possessions, and took to the highways only on occasion, or when the country was politically disturbed. Vigorous efforts were made to suppress this by the government. Gonzales had the reputation of being the head of these quasi-brigands. When he came into power brigandage was still more effectively suppressed. People say that his method was to put all the brigands in office, make them governors, mayors, and high district officials, where they could make more than by intercepting caravans, stopping diligences, and carrying off owners of haciendas. And it is universally believed in Mexico that Gonzales in his term of four years saved out of his salary between twelve and eighteen millions of dollars, which is now well invested. These leaders are astute diplomatists, as wary and as supple and subtle as the Turks. Whoever makes a treaty with

them is likely to be confused by the result; whoever invests money in Mexico, either in public works or in private enterprise, does so at his risk. Any basis of confidence is wanting in business. The Mexicans do not trust each other. They always seem surprised when a foreigner does as he said he would do. The moral condition is something like that of Egypt. The atmosphere of Egypt is one of universal lying. We who are accustomed to do business on universal faith—the presumption being that a man is honest until the contrary is proved—cannot understand a social state where the contrary is the assumption.

One can readily grant to Diaz patriotic intentions, and the desire to have Mexico take an honorable place in the world; but justice is not had priceless in the courts, the officials are all serving their own interests, and official corruption is universal. And yet travel is now safe, public order is maintained, and there is marked progress in education. Still, whatever the government is, there is no public, no public opinion, no general comprehension of political action, no really representative government, or representative election. There are few newspapers, the people are not informed, and the mass of them are indifferent, so long as they are personally not disturbed. In only one case (the action of the Congress in regard to the English debt—action promoted by a determined demonstration of the students in the city) has there been any sign of the independence of the legislature. Mexico remains, in effect, a personal government with no political public. I am making no sweeping declaration as to the character of the mongrel population; it has its good points. These will appear as we travel further.

## BACK FROM THE FROZEN POLE.

BY ELLEN L. DORSEY.

I.—HE.

**I**T was on the deck of a Liverpool steamer, outward bound, that I first saw her, and her pale face and her pathetic loveliness attracted my earnest attention.

I was off on a vacation—the first I had ever had, and everything was so novel that I found the days scarcely long enough.

I had thought that time would drag, without my briefs and deeds, my arguments and cases; but the swing of the sea, the glory of the sun, the buoyancy of the air, and the great expanse above me were happy substitutes.

I did not make friends quickly, for I was reticent and taciturn, not because I did not like people, but it is so much easier



to listen than to talk. Then, too, people show themselves up so in talk, and there was really nothing worth showing up about me.

So I gave and took cigars, nodded to healths, took a hand at cards, made up a side at "shuffleboard" and "ring," picked up books and rugs, and carried chairs—in short, did everything an ordinary fellow like myself could do, not to be in the way.

The second day out the pretty, fragile girl of whom I spoke was carried on deck. A dark, middle-aged woman, with her arms full of wraps, came with her, and a pretty old lady, whose anxious affection declared her the mother of the girl.

They placed her in a chair on the hurricane-deck, and wrapped her warm and close. The chief steward brought her wine, and the mother fussed and fidgeted until the daughter said:

"Mamma dear, do rest. It makes me unhappy to see you tiring yourself so. Go below and sleep, and Norah will take care of me," with a shadowy little smile that brought Norah to her side with a glad look in her heavy face, and a hearty "Indade I will, miss." And the mother went below.

Stretched in the shelter of a quarter-boat I watched them idly, and saw in a short while that sea-sickness had clutched the maid, and it was only a question of minutes with her, although she struggled nobly.

Presently, in a stifled voice, she said, "Miss Edyth, I believe I'm dyin', glory to God!"

"Oh, Norah!" she answered, dismayed, "go down at once and get some brandy." And seeing her motion of dissent—she was past words—"I'll do very well."

And the maid stumbled unsteadily aft, so unsteadily that I ran and helped her down the ladder, receiving a grateful look from the woman, and a soft "Thank you" from the girl.

In about ten minutes she crawled back.

"Miss Edyth, your ma's aslape, and I couldn't bear to wake— Ah-h-h!" and she fell in a heap at her mistress's feet.

The girl looked so distressed and helpless that I again went forward, and said: "If you will allow me, I'll fix her, and send up the stewardess." So I rolled my rug under her, covered her up with another, and called the good woman up. The scene that followed was usual, but

disagreeable, so I moved the chair, and put myself between the invalid and the sufferer till the worst was over. Then I asked, "Shall I send for your mother?"

"No. I— It is the first time she has really rested for so long I cannot bear to disturb her."

Her voice was peculiar. Low and sweet, but *trainante*, and sadder than tears, and her great gray eyes—soft as a dove's breast—had a look of beseeching pathos in them that went to my heart.

"I think you are right," I said, promptly, though ignorantly. "Will you allow me to be of service to you in any way you may require? I assure you"—as she seemed about to refuse—"I should consider it a privilege and an honor."

Then I bowed myself off, sat down in a chair, and drew out my old pocket chum, *Marcus Aurelius*.

There was enough sea on to rock the ship heavily, and as she swung up and down like a large cradle, the girl's full lids drooped, and it seemed to me she slept. The minutes ran into a half-hour. The silence was unbroken, except for the ringing of the ship's bells, and the hissing of the combers as they frothed by.

The captain appeared at the head of the ladder. I made a motion of caution, and he came up noiselessly, and whispered:

"I have ordered some beef tea sent up for that poor girl. I see the maid is too sick to do anything, and the old lady isn't on deck. Will you see that she don't bluff off the stewardess with that gentle way of hers, but takes it? I don't like her looks at all;" and he frowned heavily. "I don't mean her face, you know, for that is the sweetest I ever saw, except one;" and he heaved a sigh. Then, either because I looked sympathetic or because he felt confidential, he went on: "It was my wife. She staid by me a year; then she and the little one set sail for the other side. I didn't know it till I got to Hong-Kong and went ashore for my letters. She had been dead six months, and I breaking my heart for a look at the home. Lord! Lord! what a day that was!"

The captain was one of the manliest fellows I ever saw. He was very tall, but slender, and stooped; his dark curly hair was turning gray, although he was young; and his eyes were as big and brown and honest as a dog's. He said little, but was the best seaman on the line, and was one of the bravest men in the ser-



vice, as his medals proved. Now his eyes were wet, and he frowned again and shook his head.

"She does look very ill," he said, and although I had already noticed it, it made me wince to hear him speak of it.

As he turned to go, the girl opened her eyes; he stepped forward to speak to her, but stood amazed at her expression. It was one of absolute terror; and as she bent toward him, trying to speak, the words died in her throat.

"Miss Van Ruyven, have I startled you? I am so sorry! I just came up to see if you wanted anything."

At his first words she pulled herself together, and answered: "Ah, you are kind, as always. I was dreaming;" and she shuddered.

The good fellow stood talking with her for several minutes; then went below, and sent up the stewardess, who, after giving her a cup of beef tea, took her below, not, however, before she had given me a gentle look and low sweet thanks.

The next day the weather was ugly, but the day after was superb, and again she appeared. I stepped forward to lend help, which was accepted. The captain introduced me to the mother, and in a few minutes we were chatting with that ready intimacy peculiar to people on shipboard. It was a new sensation to me (for I had no sisters, my mother died when I was a little chap, and I had been too busy and too reticent—maybe too stupid—to talk much), and I enjoyed it. As we talked, a group of passengers gathered forward, gesticulating and pointing toward what looked not unlike a vessel under full sail. I offered my arm to Madam Van Ruyven, and we joined them. The object swept nearer. Flashes of light gleamed from it, and some one said, "An iceberg!"

An alarmed look came into her bright old face.

"Take me back to my daughter, please; and"—hesitating perceptibly—"you will greatly oblige me if you will say nothing of this."

Mystified, I nevertheless, of course, implicitly obeyed her when we rejoined Miss Van Ruyven, who was too languid to even ask what we had seen.

Her mother bustled about her, tucking her up closer, and setting her parasol at such an angle as to obscure the gleaming shape that drew nearer, and all the time she chatted nervously.

As she sat down, the stewardess, who adored the girl, drew near respectfully, and held out a pair of marine glasses.

"These belong to the steward, mem, and he says, with his respectful compliments, he'd feel honored if you'd use 'em to look at the iceberg that's floating by."

Her mother broke in hurriedly, "Oh, thank you, Miss Menzie, but I do not think my daughter is strong enough—"

But Miss Van Ruyven stretched out her hand, so pale and slender. "Thank you, Miss Menzie. Tell the steward it was very kind of him. Yes, mamma"—to the old lady, who sat looking pallid and anxious—"do not be afraid." And turning gently to me, "It must be a strange sight."

"A beautiful one," I answered, enthusiastically.

And it was. As it forged nearer, the sun struck to its frozen heart, and flashes of prismatic fire played over its surface; a fringe of surf broke about its base, and the hollow booming sounded like the waves on a lee shore.

"Think of the land where that fellow came from!" I turned to Miss Van Ruyven, about to begin a disquisition on the frozen North; but I got no further, for so pale a face I never saw on living woman. The cold beads stood out on her forehead, where the veins throbbed like hammers; on her short upper lip and above the curve of her round chin the same dew of agony lay heavy; her nostrils were expanded and rigid, and her eyes staring.

Her mother wrung her hands, and called her, softly, "Edyth! Edyth!" and moaned a little. Then again, "Edyth! Edyth!"

I was cruelly embarrassed. To stay was awkward, and I did not know how to go. To speak was difficult; to keep silent, impossible.

"Miss Van Ruyven"—and I laid my hand on her arm in my earnestness—"your mother fears you are ill."

A tremor passed over her, and she turned her desolate eyes to her mother.

"Poor mamma!" she said; "poor mamma!" Then, "Let us go below, mamma;" and although I offered my arm, the maid helped her, she straining those sad eyes until the last moment toward the iceberg, whose chilly breath now swept over us.

The next morning passed without a glimpse of her, but in the evening she came into the music-room.



An odd, black-eyed girl, with a faculty for saying and doing the unexpected, was at the piano. She was running over the fantastic chords of "La Poloma," and she played the strangely accented music with such expression that the youth at her side said: "Oh, but I say, that's awful, you know. It makes me feel as if a ghost done up in a blue-light would walk in. Please sing something jolly."

With a mischievous glance she began a crisp accompaniment, and in a vibrant contralto sang:

"Far in the frozen seas  
My lover's dwelling;  
Red burn the Northern lights,  
Wild winds are swelling;  
Black as despair the night,  
Night never ending;  
Awful the crash of bergs,  
Grinding and rending."

Then with a soft legato:

"But in his heart there glows  
Life's warmest summer;  
Hope shines with golden light,  
Love's sweetest comer.  
Wrapped in his robes of furs,  
Dreams he of meeting;  
Smiles as he thinks of me,  
Flashes me greeting."

Then the soft adagio:

"Nay, 'tis the maiden dreams—  
Poor hapless maiden!  
Gone is his soul to rest  
In heav'nly aiden.  
Grief veils her heart in tears;  
Her dream is over.  
Far 'neath the rending ice  
Sleepeth her lover."

The last words trailed off in a low laugh as she turned to Dalzell, but a stifled cry echoed it, and I saw Miss Van Ruyven start to her feet, and stand for a moment with averted face and outstretched hands. Then she swayed and fell, just as I sprang and caught her.

Of course there was an immense confusion. Black-eyes flew to her, gentle, womanly, tender; but the mother pushed her aside, and with the irritability of nervousness said, "Why did you sing that wretched song?"

"Song?"—blankly. "Oh, *that* stuff! Why, it was something I just reeled off to tease Mr. Dalzell. And the tune is something the Jews sing on their Day of Atonement."

"Of course, of course," said Madam Van Ruyven, hastily. "Forgive me, dear child, do! I did not mean to speak so; but my poor girl's lover was cast away in

the arctic, and died from exposure. Pray forgive me."

This passed in a second, even while I stood holding the unconscious girl in my arms; and then the ship's surgeon bustled in, the room was cleared, and we laid her on one of the couches.

As I slowly withdrew I became conscious my old life was at an end; that, for joy or sorrow, my future would be shaped by the slender hands of that girl who lay stricken down by the mere memory of another man. The thought was not to be combated; it mastered me, and I accepted it.

Not with the gladness of a young man greeting his first love, but with the solemnity of death. As I said this last I shuddered, not with repugnance—for I loved her—but with an awe unspeakable, convinced that in my life cup lay bitter anguish, convinced I must drain it to the last drop—for I loved her.

I walked up and down the deck until all hours, thinking, thinking; and two days after, when we raised the Irish coast, I made up my mind to speak to her mother, and bide my time.

I thought I had fathomed the mystery. Her mind was unhinged by the shock she had had. My love and care should nurse her back to life and reason—maybe love. If not?

Well, if not, they could guard her and shield her; shelter her, cherish her from careless eyes and strange attendance. For rather such a life with her than warmest love from and splendid intellect in any other woman.

So, when the time and opportunity came, I made my plea. Madam Van Ruyven looked pleased, and seemed about to consent to my suit; but suddenly her face clouded, and she said, "I must tell you first—"

But I interrupted: "Do not go on. It pains you, I know. I heard you say her lover was lost in the arctic."

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly; "but—"

Again I broke in: "I know, too, she has been very ill; so ill," I added, with full emphasis, "that her brain still suffers."

She looked greatly relieved. "It is so, and even now she is subject to a recurring and haunting memory—the first hallucination of her illness. It is a strange and horrible one."

"Then no more of it, dear madam;" and I kissed her pretty, plump old hand.



"But give me your consent and good wishes for my wooing."

And she answered, "Gladly."

But when the subject was broached to Edyth she shuddered and shrank from it, piteously begging me not to think of her; that such things were not for her; but to woo some girl with a fresh fair life and a love unclouded by memories.

She was so agitated I scarcely dared continue. But I told her gravely and quietly it was useless for me to try that; that, were it possible, I would never breathe a word to her again, for I loved her too deeply to grieve her; but I would never leave her so long as I was permitted to follow her; that to live away from her was beyond my strength. And I asked, in great agitation, "You will not, you cannot, forbid my seeing you now and then?"

Reluctantly I won consent to this, but it was mingled, almost overwhelmed, with earnest beseechings for me to forget "my fancy," and leave them.

"Look at me," she cried, passionately; "look at me. I belong already to the dead."

Pain made me speechless, and she came to me. "Ah! have I made you suffer? Forgive me. I am only trying to save you regret and suffering. Go away from us, travel, mingle with people; and I, poor shadow, will pass from your sunshine, and be so soon forgot you will wonder that you ever watched me."

But, as I had truly told her, I could not go, and as the days passed she seemed to mind my presence less, and her mother grew as kind to and dependent on me as if I had been really her son.

One day there came some trouble with the Paris banker—a delayed letter of credit, something that annoyed them—and I ran over to look it up. We were then in Switzerland. I was gone but four days, and yet when I returned Madam Van Ruyven lay dying. A sudden cold, terminating in pneumonia, was the cause. Her last words to me were, "Edyth! take care of her;" and to Edyth, "Marry him."

I was almost distracted. It seemed like taking such an advantage of her, and yet how could I take care of her else? She had no near relatives, and I knew no one loved her better. So I implored her as urgently as I dared, as gently as I could, and she consented.

We were married by the pastor of the

English chapel, and then I begged her to let me take her to Paris, where science, skill, treatment, care, would cure her of her lassitude and weariness.

But she gently shook her head—ah! how gentle she was, my dear!—and laying her pale hand on my arm, said: "No; do not think of that. My days are not many. The poor thing"—and she laid her little fingers pathetically on her heart—"is tired, so tired! We will not vex it, but let it take its rest."

A keen pang shot through my breast, and I stood looking after her until her figure was blotted by my tears.

And the days ran by, hot with anguish, and yet not all unhappy, for I was near her, and she did not shrink from me—nay, even smiled that faint little smile at my flowers, and sometimes at my fancies.

I never spoke of my tenderness, of my adoration, as young men do, for the pale sweet lily Love put in my hand was like a flower from Death's garden—fair, beautiful, but too far from earth to bend to its sounds or sway in its warm winds.

The captain's words haunted me. And I never left her for longer than a few hours, and only then for fear she would weary of my love and presence. I watched her with my eyes, my heart, my soul absorbed, and every day I saw she drifted further and further from life's moorings.

One day, as she lay watching the clouds drift by, she suddenly spoke. "Dear lad"—she never called me by name—"I would like to go home. Will you take me?"

Take her! What was it that I would not do for her. I said: "Gladly. I have a dear little box up the Hudson, where we can spend the fall, and then we will come down to the city in the winter."

"No." Then her timid fingers crept to mine. "I mean my own home. Will you take me there?"

And in a few days we were outward bound.

It was a grand old place, and I hoped much from early associations; but, alas! alas! my love grew fairer and more shadowy with each day; and the last of the fall months found her dying. As I lifted her back and forth from couch to window, from window to couch, she was light as a snow wreath; but the weight of my heart had grown too oppressive for tears.

One evening at twilight she turned to me and said: "Dear boy, I must tell you something. I have delayed it long, but



now I must tell you, for the end is near. If love and worth and tenderness"—so she said—"could have won me back to life, I would long ago have given you such love as you deserve, such love as but for me you would have had, and will yet have, I pray with my dying breath."

Her hand trembled on mine with a touch as light and passing as happiness, and I feared she was cold, for the evening had changed, and the clouds hung gray about the mountains. I piled logs on the fire, and came back to her side.

And this is what she told me:

## II.—SHE.

"I never remember the time when Carl Van Auken was not one of the household. He was an orphan ward of my father's, and my only playmate and friend, for I was a shy child, and shrank from romping games and noise. He was a sturdy, broad-shouldered boy, with great flashing eyes that could look as soft and tender as mamma's. He was of imperious will, but could be led by a silken cord where he loved. Everything small and weak clung to him and ran to him for protection, and nothing was too big or too strong for him to attack in their defence. He could not bear to see cruelty, and one day came home bleeding and torn from an encounter with two tramps that were stoning a dog they had tied to a tree. His livid bruises and broken arm did not wring a groan from him, but his eyes filled with tears when he said, 'The poor thing licked my hands, uncle, and I had to shoot it, for it was too badly hurt to live.'

"His idea of duty was inflexible; a command was to be executed at any cost, and honor was his watchword. He was devoted to adventure, and Gordon was his hero and model.

"As he grew toward manhood he determined to enter the army, and when jested with by those who knew his soft heart, he answered, 'One can be brave and merciful, strong and gentle.'

"West Point is only a few miles from the homestead, and every Saturday we ran up to spend a few hours with him."

She paused and dreamed awhile, I knew, of golden days at the beautiful Point in the shadow of the mountains and the sunshine of youth.

"When he graduated he came home. Papa had died the winter before, and when he spoke to mamma of our marriage it was

as of something beyond question, although he had never asked me to be his wife. I was so young she begged for a delay, and he consented, though reluctantly.

"In the midst of his vacation a letter came from Washington inviting him to join a polar expedition then fitting out. They were going to combine research with scientific observation, and said they wanted just such men as himself.

"Gratified by the compliment, on fire with ambition, he yet withheld his acceptance until I could decide to let him go.

"Death clutched my heart when the summons came; it gripped me closer when I bade him go; and as I said good-by, my life seemed going with him."

She paused, and lay exhausted. I sat by her, raised her in my arms, gave her wine, and begged her, in a voice I did not know, to cease; but she only panted softly:

"Yes, yes, dear boy; I owe it to you. Let me tell you while I may.

"His favorite name for me was 'Anima mea,' and as he bade me farewell he held me close, and said: 'Sweet soul, do not grieve so; I will come back. Turn to me; look at me, darling, so I can carry your dear face with me.' But I hung heavily across his arm, moaning, 'Never! never! You will die there, I know, and I shall never see you again.'

"'Not so,' he answered, and sweeping me up in his arms. 'I will return. I swear it by the great Lord of heaven, and the love I bear you.'

"His voice was like a trumpet. I lifted my eyes to his face. Such a beautiful countenance I never saw. And in a moment he was gone. Then came months of waiting. Agony! agony!"

And dry sobs shook her frame. Again I begged her to wait; implored her not to try to tell me so sad a story; told her how happy I was to love and serve her; how I did not dream of reproaching her that she did not love me. But vainly. Her wasted hand rested on my cheek like a snow-flake, and the voice that thrilled my heart bade me bear with her until she was done.

"The months were gathered into a year, and another. Reliefs were started to their rescue. But the cruel North gripped her prey, and one ship went up in flame, and one was crushed in the ice, and the third year dawned. I felt Carl was dying—was dead; but with the summer came the news that they were found, and his name was among the living.



"His story was told in the daily journals. He was lost from the party that pressed furthest toward the pole, and the poor dying men sought him until the ice was stained with their blood, and they lay helpless and frozen; for they loved him. When they were found by scouts from the main party, they were at the point of dissolution, but one man actually died with the words 'Search for him' on his blue lips. Alas! it had then been several days; every one knew his case was hopeless, and life could not be expended to find his dead body. Heavy-hearted, they fought their way back to camp, and months after, the ships came and took them off. As the last boat pushed out from shore, a gaunt, awful creature stumbled toward them, waving its arms, and fell, rolling to the water's edge. They put back, and picked up Carl.

"How they rejoiced! But they never learned how he escaped, for he never spoke on the homeward journey. He showed consciousness, and responded to questions by looks and faintest gestures. The doctors fought for his life inch by inch, for the stories told by the men of his courage, his fidelity, his gentleness and unselfishness, taught them its value.

"One officer said: 'His tremendous will seemed to carry us all along, and to set even death and the horrors of darkness at bay. He gave up half of his scanty rations to the weakest, and his laugh was the last sound of merriment heard in that place of horror. His strength took on it labor we failed to do; and as the men died one by one, it was on his breast they gave up their souls, and into his eyes their wild dying ones looked. While he was with us manhood was kept alive, and it was not until afterward that hunger and pain killed humanity.'

"A letter from the ship's surgeon told me not to come to him, but to have a quiet place ready to receive him, and to be careful not to agitate him. He closed with: 'I know I ask almost an impossibility, but I tell you frankly his life hangs by a thread, and it is only his indomitable will that keeps him out of his grave.'

"We took a cottage at Newport, sent for enough of our belongings to make it a little like home, and the day the ships came in I awaited him in a fever of agitation. I paced the floor, and as the minutes passed, a feeling of fear stole over me that grew

and strengthened until I turned to fly, when I heard my name called.

"Between the curtains stood Carl; but, oh, so changed! Stooping like an old man, his beautiful dark curling hair dwindled to thin locks heavily streaked with gray, his great dark eyes sunken and dull, and his face so thin and wan that the skin was like tightly stretched parchment.

"I stood quivering from head to foot. He held out his arms, and I threw myself on his breast. But even as they closed about me, and he bent over me, he muttered, 'Too weak,' and staggering, would have fallen, but I held him in my vigorous young grasp, and placed him on a sofa near by. As I caught his hands and knelt at his side I seemed to be holding ice, and his breath stirred my curls like frosty air. I cried out in terror; but he answered, still in that low, weak murmur: 'It is nothing. Come nearer, and let me look at you again, my darling, my darling.' And his eyes burnt with a look that was love, but love so mingled with agony that fear struck deeper to my heart. He tried to grasp my hands, but the poor weak fingers lay scarcely contracted on them, and they looked so pathetic in their starved thinness that the sobs choked my throat. I buried my face on his arm and wept my heart out. Then I remembered—too late—that agitation was bad for him. Raising my face, I saw he had fainted. I ran to the door and called mamma. She came, and after long and anxious waiting we revived him.

"As his almost transparent lids lifted, life seemed to flicker like a wind-blown flame in his eyes; but his first conscious look was not for me, who hung weeping over him. It went beyond me, and fixed itself with a *seeing* gaze on something invisible, and from his throat issued a hoarse murmur: 'Again—again I have conquered! O Death, Love is still your master!'

"We thought he wandered in the Northland, and was dreaming of those eternal snows, and the lingering death that fastened on him, and we both spoke. Again that look of anguish brimmed in his dark eyes, and his feeble body stirred toward me.

"We would not let him leave the couch, and shortly after, the surgeon came in. He asked several questions, and then stood looking perplexedly at Carl. Finally he



motioned mamma aside, and told her, if it could be managed, we had better be married at once. Carl's one chance for life lay in a sea-voyage, but a separation from me would kill him, as the one thought of meeting me had brought him through those dreadful years.

"Mamma could but agree with him, and then they told us. The following Wednesday was set for our wedding day. It was then Thursday. The hurried preparations I left to mamma entirely, for I was absorbed with Carl, and harassed by a singular trouble that had come upon me.

"I found, after that first hour, that a vague sense of strangeness was between us; that although I held his hand, poured out my every thought, as always, to him, read our favorite books, planned our dearest plans, an indefinable shadow intervened. I argued with myself it was his languor, his weakened voice, his altered face; and sometimes I was convinced, but the next hour would bring its shock of unreality.

"I dreaded lest he should notice this, and I feared sometimes he did, for such a look of pain would contract his face, and his eyes would film with suffering as he watched me, and there was only one way I could soothe him in those days. I would sit by him, and putting my arm under his head, would draw it to my breast and let it rest there. As I would bend over him, throwing the whole force of my will into the passionate desire for his recovery, he would seem to brighten, his features would soften, the tense muscles fall into relaxed lines, and his dear eyes would look as if haunted by the happy visions of those days when love and life were young. But always after these occasions I would come away exhausted, chilled to the marrow of my bones. As his poor tired head lay in my arms, and his hands were clasped about my free one, I would seem to be wrapped in an ice vapor, and try as I would I could not warm him thoroughly.

"There was a foolish, childish habit I had retained as I grew up—holding one of his thumbs as I talked. His hands were large, but exquisitely formed, and the great strong thumb I would wrap in my palm, declaring, when he teased me, that I could hear better what he said. And I believe had I been blindfolded, and touched his hand unknowingly, I could have told him by that touch.

"Instinctively one morning, when the strangeness lay between us like a veil, I wrapped my hand about his thumb, and shut my eyes, saying: 'I can't believe you are home, Carl, and my long watch done. I must see if you are really you, dear;' and I laughed. But my heart contracted as I felt no recognition in the touch, and his sudden exclamation was not needed to make me open my eyes.

"He sat erect, wide-eyed, agonized, his face drawn, and his voice risen to a shriek. 'Believe it—oh, believe it!' he cried. 'Else—' And a sharp spasm convulsed his frame.

"I threw my arms about him, and kissing him, said: 'I do, dear, I do; I was only jesting.' He shuddered awfully, and clung to me, while disjointed words fell from his bloodless lips.

"The day before our marriage he looked so languid that I said: 'Let us go for a drive. We will rest among the trees, and come home when you are tired.'

"He acquiesced, as always, and we went to a pine grove back in the country. Mamma and our good footman spread rugs under the trees, heaped them with pillows and wraps, and then mamma said she would drive on for a little way, and come back for us in an hour.

"As the sound of the wheels ceased, I turned to Carl. He sat erect, with such suffering in his face I was startled. 'What is it, dear?'

"For answer he wrung his hands slowly, and deep sighs burst from his breast. 'Useless, useless,' he said, and I understood he meant his struggle for life and love.

"I threw myself on my knees beside him. 'No, dear,' I cried, strong in my youth and hope; 'you will, you shall recover. I pray day and night for it, and God will surely spare you to me.'

"'God! God!' he murmured. 'Great and terrible—'

"'No, no. Merciful, tender. The Father of the living—'

"'Living? Yes, that is it. He is the God of the living,' he wailed, 'not of the dead. I must go,' struggling to his feet and looking wildly over his shoulder. 'Yes, yes, I am coming. Beloved, I died up there; but going I swore a vow to see you again, and the strength of my love has driven this—this'—and he passed his thin hands with a frantic gesture down his arms, and feebly beat his breast—to



carry me to you, to carry me through the days; but oh! the burden of death in life! My soul burned and cried out to you, and the dead frame stifled me. Adieu, adieu; and the voice was reedy and far away. 'Remember! for, oh! the dead are so soon forgot! Remember snow could not kill, cold could not destroy, death could not hinder that which loved you from returning. One kiss, soul of my soul, and then—eternity.'

"He clasped me in his arms. The frozen air enwrapped me. He bent his icy lips to mine. In his eyes burnt the look of mute anguish so well remembered, and as he kissed me close, close—as if he kissed my bare heart—his arms fell away, and I saw him sink to the ground, changing awfully to a dead man, and at my feet lay a skeleton, already seeming to crumble to dust. A scant lock of his hair curled against my dress. I clutched at it as I fell, and when they found me I still held it in my fingers, tightly wrapped.

"They told me, after my long illness, breaking it gently, that Carl's mind had given way, and he had wandered off, they could not just say where, and was lost, they feared; but that clever detectives were searching for him, and hoped soon to find him.

"I told them he was dead, and why and how I knew, but they glanced at each other, terrified, and said, 'The fever has seized her brain again.' But what I tell you is as true as eternity."

### III.—IT.

A silence fell on the room. The clock raced over the minutes, but not more rapidly than the sands of my poor girl's life, and my love and hope wasted. The

fire burnt into the heart of the wood and dropped its ashes, just as deep in my heart gnawed the burning pain that covered my life with the ashes of my youth and happy dreams.

Outside, the storm wailed and the sleet lashed the panes.

Wrapped in my arms she lay, my face bent to hers, watching eagerly, hungrily, the least change carved in its lines by that beautiful, cruel sculptor Death. Her tired heart did not stir her white garments, and her breath was hardly a sigh. I could find no words, but I felt such agony that I believe it throbbed through the veil of flesh and told its tale to her, for, lifting her soft eyes, she breathed with a look of divine compassion, "My poor boy!" And I folded her closer, thinking, "Mine in these last moments—mine."

But, even as the thought pulsed in my breast, a wild blast smote the house, the winds cried aloud with a human sound, and the door swung open, a cold breath entered, and before me stood a man. No, not a man, for the fire-light shone through the film that outlined him, but a shape, tall and comely, with tender dark eyes, abundant curling hair, and outstretched hands.

As it bent toward us I felt a tremor run through her form, her eyes sprang wide, and a look of joy transformed her face and filled it with radiance.

"Carl!" she cried—and died.

They found us afterward still there, the fire dead, I stunned and blind with grief, and she lying on my breast, whiter and colder than the snow without, but with a smile of such exquisite bliss on her lips as hushed their sobs and filled them with wonder.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is a story of an American gentleman in a London drawing-room, who, seeking a waiter among the company all monotonously clad in dress-coats and white cravats, turned at last in despair to the figure which in solemnity and silence most resembled a butler, and asked, politely, "I beg your pardon, are you the waiter?" and received instantly the tranquil reply, "No, I am not; are you?" There is a similar story told by a gentleman who alighted from the railroad train when it stopped for a few moments, and who, walking leisurely up and down on the plat-

form, was suddenly accosted by an anxious, eager, hurrying woman, who glanced at him for a moment, and then said, as if weary with endless searching, "Are you the conductor?" He answered her that he was not; and again meeting her, still darting upon her quest through the crowd, he asked her why she supposed him to be the conductor. She looked at him gravely and listlessly, and answered, as she swept on to continue her search, "Because you have such a prominent nose."

Did the first gentleman probably wonder why among the crowd of *replicas* of himself



he should have been selected as probably the waiter? Did he scrutinize himself furtively when he found himself before a mirror if haply he might detect some secret resemblance to that functionary? Had he an obsequious aspect? Had he an air of habituation to the carrying of dishes? Did he bend his arm as if a folded napkin hung cleanly over it? Did he seem arrested, as it were, in the very act of saying, "Yez, zir; comin', zir"? Was there—awful thought!—an appearance of servility in his bearing? If such queries occurred to him, evidently they did not disturb him. He was too essentially a gentleman not to feel the full humor of the situation and the naturalness of the inquiry. The tranquillity and point of his reply returned the chance shot of the question so conclusively that it was not he, but the questioner, who must have been disturbed. That gentleman, in turn, must have perceived instantly, and with a wince, the completeness of his mistake, and that his own acuteness was impeached by his addressing as a waiter the gentleman of all the company who least resembled that useful personage.

Nor less must the gentleman at the station have meditated upon the woman's question. Had he the bearing of a conductor? Was there that official, supervisory air in his idle strolling about the platform which signalized the responsible guardian of the train? Was there, perhaps, a certain intrinsic aspect of command in his person, even when at rest? Did he unwittingly inspire confidence in lonely women bewildered by the rush of travel? Peace, flattering thought! Was he, the most modest and unsuspecting of men, unconsciously a benefactor of his species? It would not be easy to surmise the current of the speculations which drifted through his mind. But one thing we may be sure of: if a man were mistaken for a hero, the error might easily emphasize his feeling that he would like to be a hero, and so lead him to a series of reflections upon people that he would like to have been. It is only the converse of this proposition, that there are a great many people that he would not like to have been, or, more truly, that he would not like to be certain people as he believed them to have been. Triptolemus was recently leaving a friend's house, in whose library he had passed a delightful evening, and on passing into the hall he saw upon a table, modestly resting upon a little frame, a photograph of himself, upon which his only comment was that anybody who saw the picture, and supposed it to be a likeness, was amply justified in detesting him as the prig, or monster, or hypocrite, or charlatan—as the case may be—which certain people had always believed him to be.

Every man probably has seen those pictures of himself which justify the worst that is said and thought of him. They explain to him the feeling of Triptolemus toward the calumnious photograph. He resented the picture as an injury, probably, all the more because of

the secret persistence of the wonder which assailed the guest mistaken for the waiter. Am I really something of a sneak or a Mawworm? is the question which doubtless assailed the mind of Triptolemus, like a rat gnawing the wall. Am I unconsciously a humbug? he asked himself, remembering that the sun is impartial, and has no reason to slander, and is, in fact, a relentless artist who knows nothing whatever of any of us, and firmly draws an unprejudiced likeness. But if the tables were turned, if the truthful and impartial sun had depicted Cleon as Pericles, or Amos Cottle as Milton, or Triptolemus as George Washington, would he wince? Would he not rather reflect that the sun was exceedingly impartial, and had no preferences or prepossessions, and, in fine, he could not help it if his latent resemblance to the Father of his Country had at last been disclosed?

Washington is doubtless one of the people that one would like to have been. That is to say, it would be very pleasant to possess the Washingtonian qualities. But this is a large and general view. There are men—perhaps good and famous men—with whom a man may be conscious of a secret sympathy so strong and deep as to serve as a kind of assurance of mental or spiritual kinship, so that he feels that he might easily have been any one of them. He perceives in himself the stir of the same impulses. There is an occult and strange identity, so that in the other man he sees himself projected, magnified, imposing—the true spectre of the Brocken. When a boy admires a man, and in the chances and emergencies of life acts as he believes that the man would act, is not the sympathy that underlies the boy's admiration the assurance of the same mental constitution with that of his hero? Can we, indeed, understand those whom in no degree we resemble? "I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack," says Thackeray; and he would like to have helped Fielding to bed, and have heard Dr. Johnson talk at the club. But Swift!—he says. Yes, because he had nothing of the essential Swift in himself, but a great deal of the others. The Easy Chair knew a very clever man who could not admire Swift enough. But the clever man's friends said secretly that he had a very venomous tongue.

We are constantly revealing ourselves honestly and unconsciously by the men that we like. It is an occult sympathy that determines friendship. *Noscitur a sociis*. But not only do our companionships reveal us to others; they disclose us to ourselves. It is because we are in this way surrounded by magical mirrors whose reflections, however truthful, cannot be forecast that the guest who was asked if he were the waiter, and the traveller who was accosted as the conductor, fell into curious speculations. There was something of the *preux* Bayard in a hundred young heroes of the civil war, and Irving wrote with all his heart in describing Goldsmith. It was well that



Triptolemus was startled to see a kind of Mawworm looking out from his own photographed likeness, for he will surely take care that nobody shall ever see the hypocrite in the living Triptolemus.

THE Duke of Westminster recently sold for three thousand guineas, or fifteen thousand dollars, the portrait of Mr. Gladstone which Millais painted for him when the Duke was a political friend of the statesman. The Duke is of the blood of the costly-breeched Stephen. He is a thrifty peer, for he cleared one thousand guineas by the transaction. The sale, however, was not due to want of money, but to political estrangement, and the incident throws great light upon the present state of feeling in England.

In no country has political feeling ever been more bitter and intense, and seldom has it been more deeply moved than now, when the public man of the greatest genius and of the most unprecedented personal influence in English politics is the champion of a cause which is believed by his opponents to be nothing less than the dissolution of the British Empire. It may seem extraordinary that a man like Mr. Gladstone should be suspected of cherishing such a design, or of not comprehending the necessary results of the policy that he advocates. But certainly it is not strange that those who believe him to be maddened in his own conceit or treacherously seeking to destroy the empire should not care to maintain personal relations with him, or to hang his portrait upon their walls. Washington may have loved and trusted Benedict Arnold. But it is not surprising that he should have avoided gladly every token of his own regard after Arnold's escape to the *Vulture*. It would be, perhaps, extravagant to say that the feeling of many of Mr. Gladstone's former friends and admirers is really that with which they would regard a traitor. Indeed, the speeches of Lord Hartington during the campaign were full of a grieved and tender respect rather than of suspicion or denunciation. But when calm and intelligent men deplore his continued life as a great misfortune for England, it is plain that their personal relations with him could be hardly maintained.

Still the question remains which the Duke's sale of his old friend's portrait raised, whether honest political difference of opinion should be allowed to put an end to personal relations. It was said of Mr. Seward that in the midst of the most vehement and unanswerable exposure of the folly and fatality of slavery he would turn to a great slave-holding Senator and put out his fingers for a pinch of snuff, or join him familiarly, after the adjournment, for a friendly chat and stroll homeward. Yet Mr. Seward knew that the other Senator and himself were chiefs of adverse sides in an irrepressible conflict—a conflict, indeed, which he believed could be peacefully

adjusted, but which in fact ended in war. In the old Federal and Republican days party adversaries crossed the street to avoid meeting, and refused to exchange greetings of any kind. To change party relations was to break friendship.

But if this were the fair and legitimate consequence of a difference of political opinion, our famous scheme of government by party would be intolerable in practice. That scheme assumes that citizens harmoniously associated in every relation of life—in the family, in the church, in the counting-room, in professional controversy, in humane and scientific enterprises—may differ honestly upon the proper policy of government, and seek in every honorable way to secure the popular ratification of the policy that they approve. If the fact of difference, for instance, in regard to a tariff upon imports should be held to justify cutting a friend, and spurning his invitations to dinner, and regarding dancing at his house as an iniquity, the situation would be absurd. A republic upon such terms would be impossible. Men would keep their friends, and let the tariff go. Sectarian or religious differences, sharp and absolute as they are, do not desolate society. Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone differ profoundly upon religious questions. It might be rash to say that the Cardinal would shake his head over the chances of his friend's future happiness. But if he holds that there is but one straight and narrow way to such happiness, and that his Holiness keeps the keys of the gate by which alone the way is opened, the post-mundane prospects of Mr. Gladstone must seem to the Cardinal very doubtful. But although Mr. Gladstone persists in holding his own view, and in rejecting that of the Cardinal, there is no rupture of friendly ties, and if the Cardinal has a portrait of the statesman, he has not yet sold it—even at a liberal profit.

If this friendly regard is possible with religious differences, is it impossible with political? When the President elected by one party arrives in Washington, he is received by the President who was elected by the other, and even if personally strangers, they exchange friendly courtesies. If old John Adams leaves the city to avoid witnessing Jefferson's inauguration, it is not an expression of political dissent, it is an act of irascibility; and if John Quincy Adams rides on horseback over the hills near Washington, and hears far away the sound of the cannon that announce the inauguration of Jackson, his successor, it is not because of political difference, but because Jackson had refused to call upon his predecessor, believing that he had slandered Mrs. Jackson. Senators Thurman and Edmunds may be the leaders of opposing parties in the Senate. They vote against each other upon political questions. But socially they hobnob, and each would more probably order a portrait of the other to be painted for him than sell it because of political difference—at



whatever advance. Yet the Duke of Westminster, finding himself to differ politically with an old friend, hurries his portrait off, and symbolically turns his friend out-of-doors—and makes money by it.

It is partly a matter of temperament. Some of us cannot differ without quarrelling. But the rule seems to be that friendly personal relations can be maintained until one friend urges and strives practically to enforce views which the other holds to be destructive of the common welfare or of his individual rights. Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone may argue amicably of papal infallibility and the intercession of the saints. But if Cardinal Newman aims to submit England to the Vatican, and to silence Mr. Gladstone, and upon his contumacy to bring him to the stake, that amicable personal intercourse must be interrupted. So when Charles Fox befriends the Revolution in France which seems to Burke to menace Europe with a deluge of blood and absolute anarchy, Fox becomes to Burke an incendiary seeking to put his torch to the temple of British freedom, and in a passion of grief he publicly breaks friendship.

When Swift becomes the genius of the Tory administration he writes Stella that he and Addison are as good friends as ever at bottom, although they differ a little about party. But a few weeks later he writes that he believes "our friendship will go off by this damned business of party," but "I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet." At last, however, the Tory Swift and the Whig Addison and Steele are estranged, and Swift falls upon Steele with fury. But English politics were abnormal. The Whigs, with reason, suspected the Tories of correspondence with the Pretender, and believed that they were plotting the overthrow of the Protestant succession. There could be no terms with those who were scheming for the King over the water. In recent years we have known in this country a situation in which the advocacy of certain political views seemed to be flagrant aid and encouragement to the public enemy in arms. It was hard to retain respect, it must have been almost impossible to maintain personal friendship, with those who held those views.

This is the feeling of the Duke, perhaps. To him, in this view, Mr. Gladstone is not the advocate of a policy under the imperial government, but a ringleader in a plot to overthrow the government. If the Duke sincerely takes this view, however, he can only plead that in his opinion this is the inevitable tendency and result of Mr. Gladstone's policy, because Mr. Gladstone stoutly denies it, and affirms that his policy tends to the aggrandizement and security of the very imperial authority which the Duke also would protect. This is very different from the supposed case of Cardinal Newman, or of the actual case of Burke and Fox, or of Swift and Addison, or of our own situation in this country. The

sale of the portrait is an illustration of the white-heat of party spirit.

The anniversary of Washington's birthday was recently widely celebrated. It is becoming less a day of direct personal commemoration than of general political discussion and aspiration. This is natural, for Washington is the genius of pure politics, and we are safe just in the degree that we live in his spirit. But of all his great services to us, the last was not the least, and in his Farewell Address he warns us wisely against the tendency to which the Duke has yielded in selling the Gladstone portrait.

THE important event of the month was the great strike—an incident which belongs to the domain of social manners in the large sense in which the Easy Chair interprets the word. Its former ally in the *Bazar*, An Old Bachelor, used to discuss Manners upon the Road, which the readers of the Bachelor's little essays soon discovered did not mean the fashions in clothes and personal behavior so much as the whole conduct of life. Bacon took all knowledge for his province, and Coleridge assures us that

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights—

Whatever stirs this mortal frame—

All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame."

Something of that cheerful catholicity the Easy Chair claims for its monthly chat. It says, with the comprehensiveness of the *Tatler*: "I shall from Time to Time Report and Consider all Matters of what Kind soever that shall occur to Me." It is a little œcumenical council that we hold here in the lobby which leads to the Study, where judgments are delivered, and where the court is as attractive as that Venetian tribunal wherein the young Doctor of Rome, whose name was Balthazar, made his fascinating and immortal plea. From the Chair we may all look out into the world, into the street and the wharf and the exchange, the church and the capitol and the drawing-room, the country tavern and Newport and Saratoga and Old Point Comfort, and all the life busily going on there shall have an aspect for us, and perhaps a moral.

The idle crowds along the wharves in the busy winter days were a significant phenomenon. They had refused to work, not because they were unjustly treated, or were dissatisfied with their contracts, but because some other men elsewhere were dissatisfied and had struck. They did not contemplate violence. Their theory was that all men who work for daily wages should make common cause, and that if a shoemaker demands more wages, which his employer refuses to pay, all masons, carpenters, and all other workmen in every trade and calling should refuse to do a stroke more of work until the employer yields. The strike, therefore, was in great part a movement of sympathy. But it was the cause of



cruel suffering to the most helpless and innocent part of the community. The sympathy, however, was wholly theoretical. The larger body of the idlers struck work with the utmost reluctance, and solely because they were ordered to strike, for reasons that they did not know. They obeyed certain leaders, and it is certainly needful that leaders should be very wise and disinterested and humane who are vested with power at their will to stop all the wheels and hammers of industry, and paralyze the entire business activity of a great community.

And what is it that these leaders do when they order their followers to abandon their work because some workmen are dissatisfied? What they do is this: they sit in judgment upon a contract between an employer and an employé. They decide, generally, without hearing both sides, that the employé has been wronged; and they endeavor by depriving the employer of the aid of workmen to compel him to accept their judgment by fear of ruin. In executing this judgment they expose an army of employés and their families to starvation, and hundreds and thousands of employers to ruin, which deprives the employés of work. In other words, these leaders exercise an authority which, so far as it goes, makes them dictators of the welfare of the community, and this not by the choice of the community, but by the assent of a certain part of it—a small minority—who place themselves under the absolute control of such leaders. The usual procedure of a strike recalls D'Azeglio's definition of assassination—the "execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal."

The justification pleaded for this transaction is that employers combine to depress wages, and therefore employés must combine to resist them. But it is not true that as a class employers thus combine. Some employers may do so. But every employé knows that wages are not determined by a conspiracy of employers, but mainly by causes which they cannot control. Undoubtedly the power of great corporations is often grossly abused, as the power of labor organizations is often equally abused. To assume a state of war, and to endeavor to adjust the relations of employers and employés upon that basis, is merely to invite a contest of endurance or of force, which cannot possibly settle the essential question.

The employé says truly that the offence is often given by the employer, and he asks why those who sit in Easy Chairs and loudly condemn the strike as unwise and harmful to the strikers themselves, are silent when the great "coal barons," for instance, deliberately combine to put up the price of coal? Let every Easy Chair stand on its own legs. This one at least is not a galled jade under that remark. There is no more monstrous offence than such a combination for such a purpose. To use the power of great associations arbi-

trarily to raise the price of flour or coal, or of any necessary of life, is anarchical, because it tends to violence and outrage. But such a crime does not pass unexposed nor undenounced. In its nature, however, it does not produce an immediate, visible, palpable effect and disturbance like a strike, and therefore it does not occupy the same space in the newspapers.

It is not true, again, that the employé pleads in vain unless he strikes. The public sympathy was plainly with the telegraph strike three or four years ago, and with one of the street railroad strikes. If an employer breaks his word, or will pay only inadequate wages, the public is quite as ready to condemn him as an employé who breaks his word, or who tries to prevent another man from taking wages with which he is satisfied. The idle men upon the wharves whom the Easy Chair sees from the window are often suffering, often ill-treated, but in striking they are generally the dupes of craftier men. Why should any man make himself the slave of another, and agree to obey his command, as the children say in play, "unsight, unseen"? Organization is wise and necessary to secure great results. But it should be a manly, intelligent, self-respecting organization, not an abject servility which degrades manhood.

And why is an honest, hard-working laborer derided as a "scab"? What offence has he committed? What wrong has he done? Whom has he injured? He has a wife and family to support by his daily toil, and he has undertaken honest work at wages which he chooses to accept. How long since that has been an offence in America? An offence! It is that very thing which has made America. That is essential Americanism. It is the personal liberty, the right of the individual, which governments are justly constituted to protect. It is consonant with the most complete and effective organization for securing just objects in ways that respect perfectly the rights of individuals. This government is a government of party. But political parties become mere despotisms and tyrannies to be resisted and overthrown when they attack that individual independence. There is no blinder or more stupid tyrant than a majority may be. Within its proper range its authority is fair and legitimate. But because it is expedient that the majority of voices shall decide whether a necessary tax shall be one per cent. or one-and-a-half per cent., it does not follow that the cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" was a wise cry, or a cry to be obeyed, because it was the cry of a majority.

The self-inflicted and patiently endured suffering consequent upon a great strike has two advantages. It produces discussion which greatly enlightens the strikers who have been deluded, so that they will be wavier both of striking and of entering into engagements which force them to strike against their will; and it leads the rest of the community to re-



gard social inequality in the light of humanity as well as in the light of what is called political economy. In the old universities the word humanities described certain studies—Latin, Greek, poetry, rhetoric, grammar—which were held to humanize the mind. But there is a more comprehensive humanity of which this seat would be a chair.

THE *Utica Herald* in a pleasant article recently recalled the lecture lyceum of a quarter of a century ago. It was then what is called a power. It greatly influenced public opinion. Its spirit was indicated by the reply of Wendell Phillips to an invitation which asked him his terms and his subject. He answered that for a literary lecture he should expect a hundred dollars, but he would deliver an anti-slavery address for nothing, and pay his own expenses. The lecturers who were most sought at that time were almost without exception men of very strong convictions upon the great question which, however evaded and dexterously hidden, was the vital thought of the country, and every successive week from November to April, in the largest cities and the smallest cities, along the belt of country from the Kennebec through New England and New York westward through Ohio and the Northwest to the Mississippi, before thousands of the most intelligent American citizens, this band of lecturers advanced, like a well-ordered platoon of sharp-shooters, and delivered their destructive volley at what they felt to be the common enemy.

Edward Everett, "the monarch of the platform," as Mr. Edward Parker called him in his book upon American contemporary orators, during part of this same time was making a tour through much of the same region with his oration upon Washington, for the benefit of the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and he was also writing the Mount Vernon papers for the *Ledger*, in one of which he gave an entertaining description of a night in a sleeping car, when those itinerant bedchambers had but recently taken to the road. Mr. Everett's conservative temperament made his oration a kind of corrective of the influence of the great tendency of the lyceum lecture. But patriotic as his purpose undoubtedly was, his effort to stem the rapidly rising tide of public sentiment was like the protests of Governor Hutchinson and the Colonial conservatives against the fervid revolutionary appeals of Otis and Adams and Quincy. Other popular speakers of the same sympathy as that of Mr. Everett found themselves out of tune with the lyceum audience, and were but meteors flashing across the stage, whose light was lost in the steady and increasing glow of the group of men who were identified with the great day of the lyceum lecture.

These men were not all like Wendell Phillips, open leaders of a specific agitation, nor were these lectures always ostensibly upon what are called public questions. But the

influence of the lecturers was unmistakable. They were all men known to be in the strongest sympathy with the most advanced feeling of the agitation. It was the plain spirit and tone and drift of those lectures, an occasional allusion and the necessary application of the remarks, however general, to the actual situation, rather than any deliberate discussion of the question itself, which characterized the lyceum of that day. There was sometimes an attempted reaction against this tendency. In Philadelphia it was discovered that colored persons were not admitted to the Musical Fund Hall, in which the lectures had been given. The leading lecturers instantly informed the committee that they declined to speak in the hall so long as the restriction continued. In Albany the reactionary sentiment in the Young Men's Association succeeded in electing a lecture committee which was resolved upon a purely "literary" course, and which would not invite the usual lecturers. The result was an independent course, under the auspices of dissatisfied members of the association, in which the rejected lecturers spoke in the largest hall in the city, and the signal triumph of the seceders lay in the immense audience which assembled in contrast to the attenuated attendance upon the regular course.

The singular success of the lyceum lecture of that time was due, undoubtedly, to two causes—the simultaneous appearance of a remarkable group of orators, and their profound sympathy with the question which absorbed the public mind. The weekly lecture was not merely a display of oratory, not only an amusing recreation, but it brought wit and accomplishment and eloquence to strengthen the public feeling and arouse the public conscience, and to confirm the earnest spirit which was universal, and which forecast the great events and the noble elevation of the public mind that followed. Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Gough, Beecher, Chapin, Starr King, Theodore Parker, could of themselves carry any course of lectures, and each in his own way was thoroughly in accord with the truest American life of that time. The situation and the condition of the public mind would not have availed, indeed, without the happy chance of such orators to create the lyceum, but with that chance the lyceum of that day was as remarkable a continuous display of various and effective eloquence as has been ever known.

If the faithful diary of any lecturer who went the grand rounds twenty-five years ago, from Maine to the Mississippi, could be published, it would be full of the most amusing stories. The lecturers all had them to tell, and they were all men of a singularly fine perception of humor. James T. Fields, the publisher in Boston, was the friend of all the lyceum orators, and toward the close of his life he was himself a popular and attractive lecturer upon literary subjects. His little cell



or private office in the old corner bookstore in Boston was an exchange of lecturers for that neighborhood, which teemed with lyceums, and no similar space has ever heard fresher stories better told, or has ever echoed with gayer laughter.

It was the pleasant company in that little retreat which first heard, the day after it occurred, the tale of the belated lecturer who, hurrying from the cars in a carriage to the hall in Boston, long beyond the hour, dinnerless, and with no chance to dress, opened his travelling bag, and proceeded, to the consternation of the lady who had taken a seat in the same carriage, and whose pardon he politely and briefly invoked, to change his collar and his coat. As he began to pull off his coat, having pulled off his collar, his amazed and terrified fellow-passenger began to pull at the door, and to call loudly upon the driver, who was furiously whipping his horses into a pace that increased both the noise of the carriage and the conviction of the terrified lady that she was the victim of some dreadful conspiracy, or the hapless victim of a maniac. The maniac's earnest but interjectional explanation as he proceeded in his toilet, begging his companion to be pacified, as he was merely going

to lecture, was an unintelligible asseveration, which only made his madness more indisputable and awful, and what might have befallen the poor lady, if the carriage had not suddenly stopped at the hall, and the lecturer, in his clean collar and black coat, had not begged her pardon for frightening her, with a fervor that frightened her all the more, and disappeared from the vehicle with his travelling bag, shawl, and umbrella, he was not prepared to say. But the tale, as he told it the next morning with infinite humor in Fields's corner, was received, as he ruefully admitted, with louder shouts of laughter than had greeted the brightest witticisms of his lecture.

Fields is gone, and his old friend and neighbor Whipple, who was one of the earliest of the noted lyceum lecturers. The old corner in the old corner bookstore is gone, and with it have vanished many of the happy company that gathered there, not only of orators, but of famous authors. The lyceum of the last generation is gone, but it is not surprising that those who recall with the *Utica Herald* its golden prime should cherish a kindly and regretful feeling for an institution which was so peculiarly American, and which served so well the true American spirit and American life.

## Editor's Study.

### I.

IT must have been a passage from Vernon Lee's *Baldwin*, claiming for the novel an indefinitely vast and subtle influence on modern character, which provoked the following suggestive letter from one of our readers:

"—, — Co., Md., Sept. 18, 1886.

"DEAR SIR,—With regard to article IV. in the Editor's Study in the September *Harper*, allow me to say that I have very grave doubts as to the whole list of magnificent things that you seem to think novels have done for the race, and can witness in myself many evil things which they have done for me. Whatever in my mental make-up is wild and visionary, whatever is untrue, whatever is injurious, I can trace to the perusal of some work of fiction. Worse than that, they beget such high-strung and supersensitive ideas of life that plain industry and plodding perseverance are despised, and matter-of-fact poverty, or every-day, commonplace distress, meets with no sympathy, if indeed noticed at all, by one who has wept over the impossibly accumulated sufferings of some gaudy hero or heroine.

"Hoping you will pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you, I remain,

"Most respectfully yours, — —."

We are not sure that we have the controversy with the writer which he seems to suppose, and we should perhaps freely grant the mischievous effects which he says novel-reading has wrought upon him, if we were not afraid that he had possibly reviewed

his own experience with something of the inaccuracy we find in his report of our opinions. By his confession he is himself proof that Vernon Lee is right in saying, "The modern human being has been largely fashioned by those who have written about him, and most of all by the novelist," and there is nothing in what he urges to conflict with her claim that "the chief use of the novel" is "to make the shrewd and tolerant a little less shrewd and tolerant, and to make the generous and austere a little more skeptical and easy-going." If he will look more closely at these postulates, we think he will see that in the one she deals with the effect of the novel in the past, and in the other with its duty in the future. We still think that there "is sense if not final wisdom" in what she says, and we are quite willing to acknowledge something of each in our correspondent.

But novels are now so fully accepted by every one pretending to cultivated taste—and they really form the whole intellectual life of such immense numbers of people, without question of their influence, good or bad, upon the mind—that it is refreshing to have them frankly denounced, and to be invited to revise one's ideas and feelings in regard to them. A little honesty, or a great deal of honesty, in this quest will do the novel, as we hope yet to have it, and as we have already begun to have it, no harm; and for our own part we will confess that we believe fiction in the past



to have been largely injurious, as we believe the stage play to be still almost wholly injurious, through its falsehood, its folly, its wantonness, and its aimlessness. It may be safely assumed that most of the novel-reading which people fancy is an intellectual pastime is the emptiest dissipation, hardly more related to thought or the wholesome exercise of the mental faculties than opium-eating; in either case the brain is drugged, and left weaker and crazier for the debauch. If this may be called the negative result of the fiction habit, the positive injury that most novels work is by no means so easily to be measured in the case of young men whose character they help so much to form or deform, and the women of all ages whom they keep so much in ignorance of the world they misrepresent. Grown men have little harm from them, but in the other cases, which are the vast majority, they hurt because they are not true—not because they are malevolent, but because they are idle lies about human nature and the social fabric, which it behooves us to know and to understand, that we may deal justly with ourselves and with one another. One need not go so far as our correspondent, and trace to the fiction habit “whatever is wild and visionary, whatever is untrue, whatever is injurious,” in one’s life; bad as the fiction habit is, it is probably not responsible for the whole sum of evil in its victims, and we believe that if the reader will use care in choosing from this fungus-growth with which the fields of literature teem every day, he may nourish himself as with the true mushroom, at no risk from the poisonous species.

The tests are very plain and simple, and they are perfectly infallible. If a novel flatters the passions, and exalts them above the principles, it is poisonous; it may not kill, but it will certainly injure; and this test will alone exclude an entire class of fiction, of which eminent examples will occur to all. Then the whole spawn of so-called un-moral romances, which imagine a world where the sins of sense are unvisited by the penalties following, swift or slow, but inexorably sure, in the real world, are deadly poison: these do kill. The novels that merely tickle our prejudices and lull our judgment, or that coddle our sensibilities, or pamper our gross appetite for the marvellous, are not so fatal, but they are innutritious, and clog the soul with unwholesome vapors of all kinds. No doubt they too help to weaken the mental fibre, and make their readers indifferent to “plodding perseverance and plain industry,” and to “matter-of-fact poverty and commonplace distress.”

Without taking them too seriously, it still must be owned that the “gaudy hero and heroine” are to blame for a great deal of harm in the world. That heroine long taught by example, if not precept, that Love, or the passion or fancy she mistook for it, was the chief interest of a life which is really concerned with a great many other things;

that it was lasting in the way she knew it; that it was worthy of every sacrifice, and was altogether a finer thing than prudence, obedience, reason; that love alone was glorious and beautiful, and these were mean and ugly in comparison with it. More lately she has begun to idolize and illustrate Duty, and she is hardly less mischievous in this new rôle, opposing duty, as she did love, to prudence, obedience, and reason. The stock hero, whom, if we met him, we could not fail to see was a most deplorable person, has undoubtedly imposed himself upon the victims of the fiction habit as admirable. With him, too, love was and is the great affair, whether in its old romantic phase of chivalrous achievement or manifold suffering for love’s sake, or its more recent development of the “virile,” the bullying, and the brutal, or its still more recent agonies of self-sacrifice, as idle and useless as the moral experiences of the insane asylums. With his vain posturings and his ridiculous splendor he is really a painted barbarian, the prey of his passions and his delusions, full of obsolete ideals, and the motives and ethics of a savage, which the guilty author of his being does his best—or his worst—in spite of his own light and knowledge, to foist upon the reader as something generous and noble. We are not merely bringing this charge against that sort of fiction which is beneath literature and outside of it, “the shoreless lakes of ditch-water,” whose miasms fill the air below the empyrean where the great ones sit; but we are accusing the work of some of the most famous, who have, in this instance or in that, sinned against the truth, which can alone exalt and purify men. We do not say that they have constantly done so, or even commonly done so; but that they have done so at all marks them as of the past, to be read with the due historical allowance for their epoch and their conditions. For we believe that, while inferior writers will and must continue to imitate them in their foibles and their errors, no one hereafter will be able to achieve greatness who is false to humanity, either in its facts or its duties. The light of civilization has already broken even upon the novel, and no conscientious man can now set about painting an image of life without perpetual question of the verity of his work, and without feeling bound to distinguish so clearly that no reader of his may be misled, between what is right and what is wrong, what is noble and what is base, what is health and what is perdition, in the actions and the characters he portrays.

The fiction that aims merely to entertain—the fiction that is to serious fiction as the *opéra bouffe*, the ballet, and the pantomime are to the true drama—need not feel the burden of this obligation so deeply; but even such fiction will not be gay or trivial to any reader’s hurt, and criticism will hold it to account if it passes from painting to teaching folly.



More and more not only the criticism which prints its opinions, but the infinitely vaster and powerfuler criticism which thinks and feels them merely, will make this demand. For our own part we confess that we do not care to judge any work of the imagination without first of all applying this test to it. We must ask ourselves before we ask anything else, Is it true?—true to the motives, the impulses, the principles that shape the life of actual men and women? This truth, which necessarily includes the highest morality and the highest artistry—this truth given, the book *cannot* be wicked and cannot be weak; and without it all graces of style and feats of invention and cunning of construction are so many superfluities of naughtiness. It is well for the truth to have all these, and shine in them, but for falsehood they are merely meretricious, the bedizenment of the wanton; they atone for nothing, they count for nothing. But in fact they come naturally of truth, and grace it without solicitation; they are added unto it. In the whole range of fiction we know of no *true* picture of life—that is, of human nature—which is not also a masterpiece of literature, full of divine and natural beauty. It may have no touch or tint of this special civilization or of that; it had *better* have this local color well ascertained; but the truth is deeper and finer than aspects, and if the book is true to what men and women know of one another's souls it will be true enough, and it will be great and beautiful. It is the conception of literature as something apart from life, superfinely aloof, which makes it really unimportant to the great mass of mankind, without a message or a meaning for them; and it is the notion that a novel may be false in its portrayal of causes and effects that makes literary art contemptible even to those whom it amuses, that forbids them to regard the novelist as a serious or right-minded person. If they do not in some moment of indignation cry out against all novels, as our correspondent does, they remain besotted in the fume of the delusions purveyed to them, with no higher feeling for the author than such maudlin affection as the *habitué* of an opium-joint perhaps knows for the attendant who fills his pipe with the drug.

## II.

Or, as in the case of another correspondent of the Study, who writes that in his youth he "read a great many novels, but always regarded it as an amusement, like horse-racing and card-playing," for which he had no time when he entered upon the serious business of life, it renders them merely contemptuous. His view of the matter may be commended to the brotherhood and sisterhood of novelists as full of wholesome if bitter suggestion; and we urge them not to dismiss it with high literary scorn as that of some Bæotian dull to the beauty of art. Refuse it as we may, it is still the feeling of the vast majority of people for whom

life is earnest, and who find only a distorted and misleading likeness of it in our books. We may fold ourselves in our scholars' gowns, and close the doors of our studies, and affect to despise this rude voice; but we cannot shut it out. It comes to us from wherever men are at work, from wherever they are truly living, and accuses us of unfaithfulness, of triviality, of mere stage-play; and none of us can escape conviction except he prove himself worthy of his time—a time in which the great masters have brought literature back to life, and filled its ebbing veins with the red tides of reality. We cannot all equal them; we need not copy them; but we can all go to the sources of their inspiration and their power; and to draw from these no one need go far—no one need really to go out of himself.

Fifty years ago, Carlyle, in whom the truth was always alive, but in whom it was then unperturbed by suffering, by celebrity and despair, wrote in his study of Diderot: "Were it not reasonable to prophesy that this exceeding great multitude of novel-writers and such like must, in a new generation, gradually do one of two things: either retire into the nurseries, and work for children, minors, and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes, or else, what were far better, sweep their novel-fabric into the dust-cart, and betake themselves with such faculty as they have to understand and record what is true, of which surely there is, and will forever be, a whole infinitude unknown to us of infinite importance to us? Poetry, it will more and more come to be understood, is nothing but higher knowledge; and the only genuine Romance (for grown persons), Reality."

If after half a century fiction still mainly works for "children, minors, and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes," it is nevertheless one of the hopefulest signs of the world's progress that it has begun to work for "grown persons," and if not exactly in the way that Carlyle might have solely intended in urging its writers to compile memoirs instead of building the "novel-fabric," still it has in the highest and widest sense already made Reality its Romance. We cannot judge it, we do not even care for it, except as it has done this; and we cannot conceive of a literary self-respect in these days compatible with the old trade of make-believe, with the production of the kind of fiction which is too much honored by classification with card-playing and horse-racing.

## III.

That fiction has made a good beginning in the right direction, as we have always said in the Study's darkest moods, we see fresh evidence in the group of novels which have accumulated during the last two or three months on our table. They are not the only novels, of course, which have been published within this period, but they fairly represent the American activity in that industry,



and we think, upon the whole, the showing that they make for us is one that we need not be ashamed of in any general competition. When Mr. Henry James contributes a work to this *concours*, only Zola, or Daudet, or Tolstoï, or Thomas Hardy, can dispute the first prize with him; and when she who signs Charles Egbert Craddock gives us a book, it is sure to have certain traits of mastery beyond that of any other woman now writing. Her power of realizing the rough, native types with which she deals is known to all readers, as well as that subtlety by which she discerns the core of sweetness and goodness that is in them. They have so much in common, however, that every one may not recognize the skill with which she differentiates the types into characters, with the same mixture of motives which we find in the world. Her new book, *In the Clouds*, shows an advance in this over her former work, and we are not without hope that she will yet wholly escape from romantic ideals. It is much that in this book the hero dies *accidentally* in trying to save the man he hates; in an earlier book he would have died intentionally. To be sure, the heroine, the beautiful, bewildered, faithful, loving, fearless Alethea, with that quaint and fleeting charm which we have learned to know in her and her sister heroines, goes quietly mad, in the pathetic and attractive guise which insanity so often assumes in fiction. But we do not greatly object to this: young girls involved in such tragical coils do sometimes really go mad, though more commonly they marry after a time, and bring up families of children. A truer character than either of these is the country lawyer Harshaw, who is ascertained with extraordinary accuracy, and who lives in mind and person before us. He is the great figure of the book, though the pessimistic young legislator Kinsard, and Judge Gwinnan, who tried and sentenced Alethea's lover, and vaguely loved her himself, are both successful in a direction beyond the range that the author's stories usually take; they are both a little overcharged, and Kinsard's exits and entrances are managed with too much of the old romantic machinery. But the various groups in the mountaineers' cabins and moonshiners' caves, in the country court-room and the "settlemint" groceries, as well as in the mirrored vestibules of the Nashville hotels and the marble halls of legislation, are forcibly and faithfully done; and there is the love, intense and true, if too self-indulgent, of the scenes through which most of the figures move; the landscape is so marvellously painted that we can forgive its being a little painty. Some day, and not long hence, we believe that this gifted author will address herself yet more modernly to her work, and give us her mountain folk as she saw them before her fancy began to work upon them.

The value which fidelity to local circumstance can give is felt in a book which

comes to us from Indianapolis, where it seems to have been written, as well as printed and published, with no apparent consciousness of different shades of civilization elsewhere. This is a great point gained for the author at the outset, for she is not tempted to patronize, to satirize, or to defend her characters, and the effect of verisimilitude from her simple directness is very great. Her problem, or theme, is largely, if not mainly, heredity, and she studies it in the family of a well-to-do farmer in central Indiana, emigrants from Virginia, as many of the settlers of that country were, and of sufficiently good blood, as those things go with us. The eldest son has been an army surgeon; in the South he married the daughter of a refugee planter, who proved to be a natural daughter by a slave mother; but before the story opens she dies, with her second child, whose reversion to the negro type reveals the truth of her origin to its father. She dies forgiven, with the secret in the keeping of her husband's family, leaving him a daughter whom it is his perpetual care to keep from knowing it.

The second son marries, for her money, a pretty slattern whom he does not love, and goes from bad to worse in his marriage and his business, till he runs away with his wife's seamstress, and gets a divorce further West, and marries her; his brother pays his debts, and all his family share his shame. So far so good, from an artistic point of view; but then follow lamentable passages of stage sentiment and stage incident. Yet even in these there is a truth to character and conditions that goes far to console the reader. It seems sometimes almost a helpless truth, and always quite an artless truth. The book is not "literature" in the conventional sense at all, perhaps; it is crude, and in a certain way common, if you will; but its people live in a living community; you do not mistake them one for another; and there is a sense of the physical conditions about them. The plain rich farm-house amidst its trees and harvests; the bustling little country town; the winter in Indianapolis when the husband of one of the daughters goes to the Legislature there—all this is so much better than "literature" that any one who reads *The Chamber over the Gate* will wish to see whatever Margaret Holmes may write hereafter. Her question of heredity solves itself with regard to the slave mother's child too melodramatically, too helplessly; but with regard to Hugh Gatsimer—the bad Gatsimer—it is interesting to find that his egotism is from that quiet self-will and self-love of his mother, who appears in a striking light as his champion and apologist in all his iniquities.

Another book, and again by a woman, deals again with the same question, in the intensely touching little story called *Towards the Gulf*. Again, too, there is a marriage with the descendant of a slave. The wife was born in England, and is as ignorant



as her husband of her own origin; but the scene is in New Orleans and the Louisiana country, amid landscapes and figures with which Mr. Cable's magic has familiarized us. We will leave to the book its secret of how the truth became known to both husband and wife—an ineffaceable stain in his thought, and death to her. Their child lives, and the father lives to see in him the development of the traits of negroes and slaves—the tender affection, the light-hearted amiability, of the race, the furtive slyness of the servile caste. The little creature experiences his father's aversion, and begins to know the persecution of the world, which taunts him through his playmates, "*To bien habé, mais to negr' quand même,*" and then a merciful accident snatches him from both. The story is told with abundance of local color, and it is immensely pathetic.

There is no want of cleverness in any of the books on our list, but much of the cleverness is as deplorable as the costly decoration of a house of reeds would be; for the stories are not founded in human nature. One cannot, without great regret, see so brilliant a writer as the author of *Sons and Daughters* going so far about to get away from knowledge in the motives which actuate her people; they marry as people do on the stage, and love and unlove as fantastically as the characters of Mr. Gilbert's burlesques; only, this author treats them seriously. The intrigue of Miss H. W. Preston's *Year in Eden* represents nothing representative in our life; the interest does not pass from the characters to the reader; their actions and their experiences do not implicate him; the obvious literary skill of the book is wasted. The author of *Constance of Acadia*, which we liked so much, toys quite as effectlessly with an incident of the Old Colony history in *Agatha and the Shadow*, withdrawing it from human sympathy in the mists of revery.

It is a waste of undoubted literary power; and Miss Charlotte Dunning is in danger of flinging still more away in her very well written story of *A Step Aside*. In this the wholesome atmosphere of reality in which the story moves, with its perfectly imaginable people, is vitiated by the attempt to have us believe that the hero could be a good fellow and yet steal in order to make a home for his affianced. There is commendable study of local conditions and local figures; it is actually New York where it all takes place, and the people are New-Yorkers of the various degrees of adoption—nobody, as is well known, being a born New-Yorker. The pretty little heroine is a very probable little heroine, and her lover is a flesh-and-blood lover, and they behave very naturally together till their ordeal comes, when they instantly turn into *dramatis personæ*. Mr. H. C. Bunner, with equal love for his city, studies another aspect of her multiform life in his *Midge*. He makes us pleasantly acquainted with the French quarter, and most of his per-

sons are of one Latin race or another. But Midge, tiny morsel as she is, is too much; and in the characters generally the author abandons himself in regrettable degree to queer-ness and quaintness and picturesqueness. It is a clever pen, and it is a pity that the author should prefer to let it dwell upon the old *habitués* of fiction, in whatever new disguise, instead of the unhackneyed people, whom he gives, as it were, only a curb-stone ticket, like that delightful old priest of his, and the Secretary of the French Benevolent Society, and the Goubauds, and all the subordinate French and Italians of the story. Parts of the general study are extremely good, as, for example, the observation of the fact that the people of the French quarter should think evil of Dr. Peters's innocent relation to Midge, and yet not think evil of them for it. With all their imperfections both Mr. Bunner's book and Miss Dunning's are of the character of literary events: they achieve and they promise; they help, with Sidney Lusk's work, to mark the beginning of something worth while, something new in New York.

#### IV.

The romantic machinery with which Mr. W. H. Bishop operates his story of *The Golden Justice* is as little obtrusive as machinery can be; and one can, by a slight inattention, quite ignore it. The interest of the tale, the life-like variety of motive and uncertainty of action in the persons, and, above all, the graphic effectiveness with which the whole aspect of a local civilization is painted, give most uncommon value to the book. As a study of a prosperous Western city, this picture of Keewaydin is unique in our literature; it is so sufficient that, lost in the movement of the social and commercial and political life in the streets and houses of Keewaydin, one forgets about the machinery, except for a vague discomfort, till, by-and-by, he comes back to its pivotal fact with an "Oh yes! that MS. in the Golden Justice!" The MS. was put there by the great citizen David Lane, when the statue was placed on top of the court-house; it is his confession of a sudden act of passion by which he unwittingly and involuntarily becomes the means of destroying a man's life; and the question is when it shall be found out, and yet not keep the son of his victim from marrying the homicide's daughter. That longing for atonement and expiation which Lane's confession represents, and that fearful hope of accidental detection which prompts its concealment, are very natural impulses of the complex heart of man; and Mr. Bishop has made us feel their poignancy with the sensibility and power of a true artist. Though he has chosen to follow tradition, to honor picturesqueness, and appeal to romance in working out the truth, he shall have sorrow and not anger from us; he is still a truthful observer and most conscientious reporter, and aside from the mere



mechanism of his story, is thoroughly modern. The variety of figures moving through it; the sharply shown, delicately accented variety of social phases at Keewaydin; the business forces glimpsed at in their activity; the local politics so humorously studied in their manipulation by the men inside them; the delicious impudence of the local journalism; the corruption of the American leaders, and the easy, innocent corruptibility of the Bohemian and Polish voters; the scenes and characters drawn from these aliens, so characteristic of the West; even the love-making of the hero and heroine where it is not touched by the petrifying romance, and all the other love-making and flirting—are traits of mastery which cannot leave any critic doubtful of Mr. Bishop's power.

We find no fault with Mr. Henry James's *Princess Casamassima*: it is a great novel; it is his greatest, and it is incomparably the greatest novel of the year in our language. It has to do with socialism and the question of richer and poorer, which grows ever more burning in our day, and the scene is contemporary London. Its people are the types which the vast range of London life affords, and they are drawn not only from the highest and the lowest, but from the intermediate classes, who are so much more difficult to take alive. The Princess Casamassima is our old acquaintance Miss Light, of *Roderick Hudson* fame, come with her beauty and splendor to forget her hated husband in semi-sincere sympathy with the London socialists, and semi-personal love-making with two of the handsomest. The hero is the little, morbid, manly, æsthetic bookbinder Hyacinth Robinson, son of an English lord and a French girl, who kills her betrayer. For the climax, Robinson, remembering his mother, kills himself—inevitably, not exemplarily—rather than shoot the political enemy whom the socialists have devoted to death at his hand. A striking figure is the plain, good, simple, romantic Lady Aurora, who goes about among the poor, and loves the tough-hearted chemist's assistant, Paul Muniment, and devotes herself to his sister, the unconsciously selfish little cripple. Another is Pynsent, the old dress-maker, who has brought Robinson up, and who lives and

dies in awe of him as an offshoot of the aristocracy; another is Captain Sholto, the big, handsome, aimless swell, *dilettante* socialist, and hopeless lover of the Princess; another the Prince, with his passion for his wife and his coarse primitive jealousy of her; others yet are the real socialists—English, French, and German; and the ferment of the ideals and interests of all these is the story. From first to last we find no weakness in the book; the drama works simply and naturally; the causes and effects are logically related; the theme is made literature without ceasing to be life. There is an easy breadth of view and a generous scope which recall the best Russian work; and there is a sympathy for the suffering and aspiration in the book which should be apparent even to the critical groundlings, though Mr. James forbears, as ever, to pat his people on the back, to weep upon their necks, or to caress them with endearing and compassionate epithets and pet names. A mighty good figure, which we had almost failed to speak of, is the great handsome shop-girl Millicent Henning, in whose vulgar good sense and vulgar good heart the troubled soul of Hyacinth Robinson finds what little repose it knows.

Mr. James's knowledge of London is one of the things that strike the reader most vividly, but the management of his knowledge is vastly more important. If any one would see plainly the difference between the novelist's work and the partisan's work, let him compare *The Princess Casamassima* and Mr. W. H. Mallock's last tract, which he calls *The Old Order Changes*, and which also deals with socialism. No one can read it and deny Mr. Mallock's extraordinary cleverness, or its futility. His people are apparently real people till he gets them into his book, and then they turn into stalking-horses for his opinions, those who would naturally disagree with him coming helplessly forward to be overthrown by those wonderful Roman Catholics of his—so very, very fine; so very, very wise; so very, very rich; so very, very good; so very, very proud and well-born. We have some glimpses of an American girl, who seems at first a reality; but she ends by turning into an impossibility to oblige the author.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of February.

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.—The following bills were passed during the month: Pension, appropriating \$75,000,000, Senate, January 17; Army Appropriation, Senate, January 17; granting pensions to disabled and dependent soldiers and sailors, and dependent parents of such, House (by 179 to 76), January 17, Senate, January 27 (vetoed by President Cleveland

February 11); Senate amendments to Mexican Pension Bill concurred in by House, January 17; Electoral Count, Senate, January 20 (approved February 4); conference report on Inter-State Commerce Bill adopted by House, January 21, by 219 to 41 (approved February 4); to authorize the President of the United States to protect and defend the rights of American fishing vessels, fishermen, trading and other vessels, in certain cases, and for oth-



er purposes, Senate (46 to 1), January 24; River and Harbor Appropriation, House, January 27; Agricultural Experiment Station, Senate, January 27; Militia, appropriating \$400,000, Senate, January 28; Post-office Appropriation, House, January 29, Senate, February 12; Agricultural Appropriation, Senate, January 31; Indian Appropriation, Senate, February 5; appropriating \$21,000,000 for army and navy armament and coast defences, Senate, February 7; Chinese Indemnity, \$147,750, House, February 8, Senate, February 10; to redeem and recoin the trade dollar, February 12; to increase the naval establishment, appropriating \$22,000,000, Senate, February 16, and for same purpose, appropriating \$15,400,000, Senate, February 17; adoption of conference report on Anti-polygamy Bill, Senate, February 18.

The joint resolution providing for the election of United States Senators by the people of the States was reported adversely in the House January 27. The bill to pension the widows of Generals Logan and Blair was also reported adversely in the House, February 1.

Mr. Daniel Manning resigned as Secretary of the Treasury February 14.

The following-named United States Senators were elected by the State Legislatures: California, George Hearst (Democrat); Connecticut, J. R. Hawley (Republican), re-elected; Delaware, George Gray (Democrat), re-elected; Illinois, Charles B. Farwell (Republican); Indiana, David Turpie (Democrat); Maine, Eugene Hale (Republican), re-elected; Massachusetts, H. L. Dawes (Republican), re-elected; Michigan, F. B. Stockbridge (Republican); Minnesota, C. K. Davis (Republican); Missouri, F. M. Cockrell (Democrat), re-elected; Nebraska, A. S. Paddock (Republican); New York, Frank Hiscock (Republican); Pennsylvania, M. S. Quay (Republican); Tennessee, ex-Governor W. B. Bate (Democrat); Texas, John H. Reagan (Democrat); Wisconsin, Philletus Sawyer (Republican), re-elected.

The British Parliament was opened by the Queen January 27. On February 11 Mr. Parnell's amendment to the address in reply to the royal speech was rejected by a vote of 352 to 246.

The Italian Ministry resigned, February 8, owing to their doubtful position in Parliament.

In the Greek elections all the members of the Ministry were returned.

The Russian budget for the past year shows a deficit of \$26,113,310.

Fierce battles took place between the Abyssinians and Italians, near Massowah, January 25 and 26. The latter were defeated, with the loss of 400 men.

#### DISASTERS.

*January 18.*—Panic in a theatre at Spitalfields, London, following a false alarm of fire. Seventeen persons killed.

*January 21.*—News in London of the wreck of the steamer *Brentford*, from Cardiff for Malta. Twenty-three lives lost.

*January 22.*—News in Shang-Hai of the sinking of a Chinese transport and the drowning of one hundred Chinese soldiers.

*January 24.*—Disastrous floods in Queensland. Many persons drowned.—Schooner *C. Graham*, from Bermuda, wrecked on Shad Bay Shoals. Passengers and crew all lost.

*January 31.*—News in London of the sinking of the British ship *Kapunda* near the coast of Brazil. Two hundred and eighty-eight emigrants drowned.

*February 5.*—Passenger train on the Vermont Central Railroad ran off Woodstock Bridge, near White River Junction, Vermont. The cars took fire from the stoves, and thirty-eight persons were burned to death.

#### OBITUARY.

*January 18.*—In New York, Professor Edward L. Youmans, in his sixty-seventh year.

*January 22.*—At Monte Carlo, Sir Joseph Whitworth, the eminent engineer, aged eighty-four years.

*January 24.*—In New York, General Charles P. Stone, aged sixty years.

*February 11.*—In London, Mrs. Henry Wood, authoress, aged sixty-seven years.—In Dublin, Charles William Fitzgerald, Fourth Duke of Leinster, aged sixty-eight years.

*February 13.*—At Sewanee, Tennessee, Right Rev. William Mercer Green, Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi, aged eighty-nine years.

## Editor's Drawer.

**G**IVE the men a chance. Upon the young women of America lies a great responsibility. The next generation will be pretty much what they choose to make it; and what are they doing for the elevation of young men? It is true that there are the colleges for men, which still perform a good work—though some of them run a good deal more to a top-dressing of accomplishments than to a subsoiling of discipline—but these colleges reach compara-

tively few. There remain the great mass who are devoted to business and pleasure, and only get such intellectual cultivation as society gives them or they chance to pick up in current publications. The young women are the leisure class, consequently—so we hear—the cultivated class. Taking a certain large proportion of our society, the women in it toil not, neither do they spin; they do little or no domestic work; they engage in no productive oc-



cupation. They are set apart for a high and ennobling service—the cultivation of the mind and the rescue of society from materialism. They are the influence that keeps life elevated and sweet—are they not? For what other purpose are they set apart in elegant leisure? And nobly do they climb up to the duties of their position. They associate together in esoteric, intellectual societies. Every one is a part of many clubs, the object of which is knowledge and the broadening of the intellectual horizon. Science, languages, literature, are their daily food. They can speak in tongues; they can talk about the solar spectrum; they can interpret Chaucer, criticise Shakespeare, understand Browning. There is no literature, ancient or modern, that they do not dig up by the roots and turn over, no history that they do not drag before the club for final judgment. In every little village there is this intellectual stir and excitement; why, even in New York, readings interfere with the german; and Boston! Boston is no longer divided into wards, but into Browning “sections.”

All this is mainly the work of women. The men are sometimes admitted, are even hired to perform and be encouraged and criticised; that is, men who are already highly cultivated, or who are in sympathy with the noble feminization of the age. It is a glorious movement. Its professed object is to give an intellectual lift to society. And no doubt, unless all reports are exaggerated, it is making our great leisure class of women highly intellectual beings. But, encouraging as this prospect is, it gives us pause. Who are these young women to associate with?—with whom are they to hold high converse? For life is a twofold affair. And meantime what is being done for the young men who are expected to share in the high society of the future? Will not the young women by-and-by find themselves in a lonesome place, cultivated away beyond their natural comrades? Where will they spend their evenings? This sobering thought suggests to the Drawer a duty that the young women are neglecting. We refer to the education of the young men. It is all very well for them to form clubs for their own advancement, and they ought not to incur the charge of selfishness in so doing; but how much better would they fulfil their mission if they would form special societies for the cultivation of young men!—sort of intellectual mission bands. Bring them into the literary circle. Make it attractive for them. Women with their attractions, not to speak of their wiles, can do anything they set out to do. They can elevate the entire present generation of young men, if they give their minds to it, to care for the intellectual pursuits they care for. Give the men a chance, and—

—The Drawer was musing along in this way when it was suddenly pulled up by the reflection that it is impossible to make an unqualified statement that is wholly true about any-

thing. What chance have I, anyway? inquires the young man who thinks sometimes and occasionally wants to read. What sort of leading-strings are these that I am getting into? Look at the drift of things. Is the feminization of the world a desirable thing for a vigorous future? Are the women, or are they not, taking all the virility out of literature? Answer me that. All the novels are written by, for, or about women—brought to their standard. Even Henry James, who studies the sex untiringly, speaks about the “feminization of literature.” They write most of the newspaper correspondence—and write it for women. They are even trying to feminize the colleges. Granted that woman is the superior being: all the more, what chance is there for man if this sort of thing goes on? Are you going to make a race of men on feminine fodder? And here is the still more perplexing part of it. Unless all analysis of the female heart is a delusion, and all history false, what women like most of all things in this world is a Man, virile, forceful, compelling, a solid rock of dependence, a substantial unfeminine being, whom it is some satisfaction and glory and interest to govern and rule in the right way, and twist round the feminine finger. If women should succeed in reducing or raising—of course raising—men to the feminine standard, by feminizing society, literature, the colleges, and all that, would they not turn on their creations—for even the Bible intimates that women are uncertain—and go in search of a Man? It is this sort of blind instinct of the young man for preserving himself in the world that makes him so inaccessible to the good he might get from the prevailing culture of the leisure class.

#### MARROW OF THE NOVEL OF TO-DAY.

GIVEN an active affinity (male) and a passive affinity (female). The active affinity has a positive value, but in presence of the passive affinity it loses all estimation of this value, and believes the value of the passive affinity to be inestimable. The passive affinity has no value, and knows it, but is able to attract the active affinity by an ingenuous display of vacuity of value. When he is drawn within the limits of her attraction his condition is hopeless, and a fusion (marriage) is inevitable. Should another passive affinity of greater vacuity be present, the active affinity is a lost quantity, for if one vacuity does not absorb his value, another one will.

#### THE MINISTERIAL CANDIDATE.

I WAS travelling up the Ohio River one day last fall on the packet *Fairy*. The day was very cold. A party of us were sitting around the stove in the lower cabin whilst the boat landed at some little way-side stopping-place to take on freight and passengers.

Presently a tall, gaunt old man, evidently a



new arrival, came up, with his carpet-bag in hand, which he deposited between his knees as he sat down and spread out his long knotty fingers before the door of the stove to warm them.

Casting his keen gray eyes around him as he did so, he suddenly espied the thin, cadaverous-looking young fellow, dressed all in black broadcloth, who was sitting next to me in the circle around the stove.

"Why, howdy, Lemmel?" the old man said, in the heartiest way. "I hardly knowed yer. How's the folks?"

"P-pr-pr-pretty w-w-well, M-M-Mr. J-J-Johnson," replied the young man, stuttering miserably, as he submitted to the hearty hand-shaking which the old man had reached across several of us to effect.

"Finished yer schoolin' yet?" inquired he.

"Y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir," replied the young man, with difficulty.

"Waal, what bizness air ye in now?" asked the old fellow, eying the dress of his young friend rather curiously.

"I-I-I-I'm st-st-st-studying for the m-m-ministry."

"Phew—ee!" exclaimed the old man, in a long whistle of intense surprise. "Waal, now, Lemmel," he said, after a while, "that's about the last line uv bizness I'd 'a ever thought uv attemptin' to tackle ef I'd a-been in yore place. What ever put it into yore head?"

"I-I-I had a v-ve-very st-st-strong ca-ca-call, M-Mr. Jo-Jo-Jo-Johnson," explained the young man, with a slight flush on his pale weak face.

"You might 'a had a dozen calls," returned the old man, dryly; "but ef I'd a-been you I'd be switched ef I'd 'a come."

Au "audible smile" ran around the circle at the old man's wit, which he, however, never noticed. His young friend made no response to his last suggestion, whilst he continued, in a dry, anxious tone:

"It beats me, Lemmel, to know how you 'low, even concedin' the call, to git through with the rest of the bizness."

"Th-th-the L-L-Lord will p-p-put the w-w-words into m-my m-m-mouth," gasped the poor young fellow, stuttering worse than ever under the keen gray eyes of the old man.

"He'll have to do more 'an that, sonny," said the old man, pityingly. "After He puts 'em thar,



#### INDUCTION.

MISS ETHEL. "Oh, that is your husband, is it? I knew *he* must be good-looking—your children are so pretty."



*blamed ef He won't hev to send somebody else along to pull 'em out."*

The young ministerial candidate retired to his state-room, and was seen no more.

LUCY UNDERWOOD McCANN.

THE following poem has been rejected by several leading magazines:

A THRENETIC CATALYSIS.

How evanescent and serene  
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,  
O ever sublapsarian moon!  
A thousand caravans of light  
Are not so spherically bright,  
Nor ventilated half so soon.

Methought I stood upon a cone  
Of solid allopathic stone,  
And swept by homœopathic sighs,  
When lo! an atrabilious tear  
Dropt from the azure planisphere:  
'Twas wept by pantomimic eyes.

"Adieu, Miasma!" cried a voice  
In which Aleppo might rejoice,  
So perifocal were its tones—  
"Adieu, Miasma! think of me  
When on the antinomian sea  
That covers my pellucid bones."

S. QUINIA.

MANY years ago the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company proposed to build a road from Wheeling to Baltimore through the southwestern counties of Pennsylvania. The project aroused opposition among the bucolical gentlemen distributed along the proposed line as vehement as that with which our fathers met the tyrannous acts of England. So furious did it become that the company were compelled to abandon the proposed route for the present far less favorable one through Virginia. Though perhaps none of them had ever seen a railroad, they possessed the idea that evils innumerable would follow in its train. They urged that it would destroy the market for horses, the raising of which they were largely engaged in, the lives of the nomadic cows and hogs would be perpetually in danger, and society corrupted from its rural purity. A kind of indignation meeting was held at the country store, at which one speaker, after descanting on these evils, capped his climax as follows: "I tell ye what, it 'll never do to hev a railroad through this yere kentry. We could never keep our fences up, 'cause every time they'd break a rail they'd think nothin' of takin' one right off a man's fence." W. F. W.

ALMOST as regularly as Sunday came, a pew in a sectarian church in one of our eastern New York towns was occupied by a mother and children—sometimes three boys, sometimes four, and a little girl about three years of age, the boys ranging from six to fifteen. Boys will be boys, and with the youngest, a sly rogue, the service did not receive the mother's undivided attention, as, instead of bowing her head during prayer-time, as was cus-

tomary with the congregation, she was compelled to keep an eye on the boys, to preserve order and decorum. That the little miss had noticed the necessity of keeping an eye on the boys, and given the matter some thought, the following clearly proves: On a certain Sunday morning, just before prayer, she moved up close to her mother, and whispered, "Mamma, you can go to sleep this morning, and I will watch the boys." F. E. C.

WHEN the late John Van Buren was in his prime he was attending a summer session of the Court of Appeals, held that year in Elmira. The term expected to last beyond the Fourth of July. Mr. Van Buren's presence in the southern tier baited the notion all along the line that he would be the man to whet their patriotism, and prematurely counting their chickens, he was announced in flaming handbills as their orator all the way from Port Jervis to Dunkirk. But Mr. Van Buren, not equal to so promiscuous a disposition of himself, and standing well with his convivial landlord, Silas Haight, they together planned a sort of *fête-champêtre* for the day, selecting for the party a limited number of cronies not particularly known as abstainers. To make sure against intrusion, a passenger car was attached to a freight train, boarded in the freight yard, and run out without passing the passenger depot. Six miles on their way was a small station, where, as usual, the train stopped, and where was waiting one of Chemung's noted characters, hoping to inveigle the engineer into a ride on the engine to the next station. Haight, seeing this gaffer, with whom he was always chaffing, and not always to his advantage, captured him, and presented him to Mr. Van Buren, whom he called Mr. Croswell, "son of your old friend Edwin Croswell, you know." After salutation, inquiring after the father, and the prospects of the Democratic party, the conversation naturally enough turned to the beauty of the Chemung Valley—a sentiment to which the "pseudo" Croswell gave a flat denial in very plain words—"That must not be talked to a Mohawk Valley man"—and emphasized his disclaimer by pointing to a field they were then passing. This field was one from which the owner had sold the surface soil to the railroad company for grading their track, and then resuming it, he ventured to sow it to oats, with no better success than seeing his crop make a few inches of growth and put out a few scanty heads.

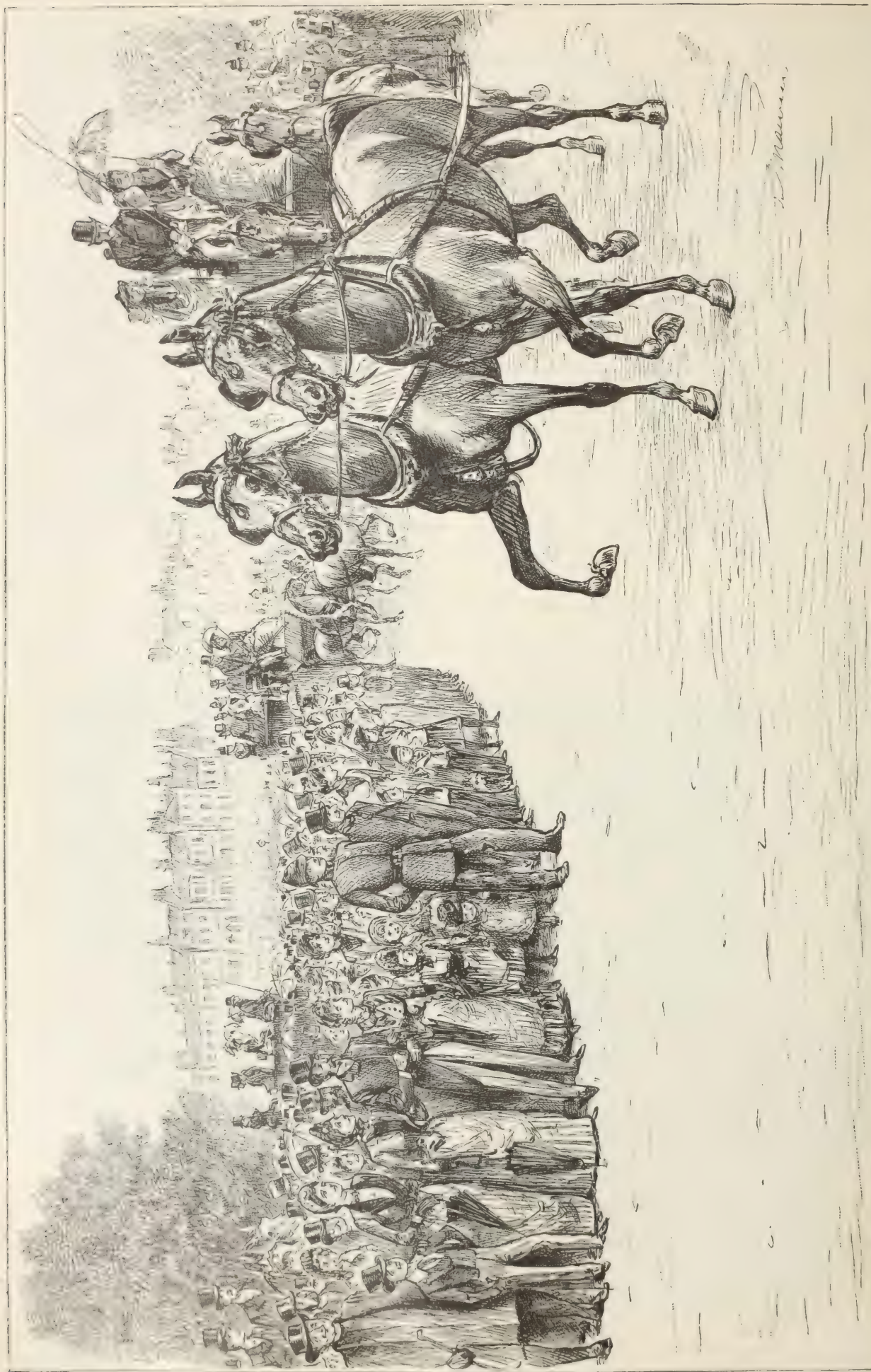
"Look at your starvation country, raising oats by thimblefuls!" said Mr. Van Buren.

And this was the tartar he caught: "Mr. Croswell, this farm jines mine; I see this field 'most every day, and every time I see it I think of John Van Buren."

"What sort of a man is he?" said Mr. Van Buren.

"Just like them oats—sp'ilt by heading out too small."





A FESTIVE PROCESSION—MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, HYDE PARK, LONDON.—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.









"THE DEVIL A PITCHER WAS WHOLE IN COLERAINE."  
From a drawing by Edwin A. Abbey.—[See "Kitty of Coleraine."]



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## THE RECENT MOVEMENT IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN.

LITERATURE as a profession has until quite recently found but few followers in the South. William Gilmore Simms, breaking through the restraints of Southern custom, was a professional man of letters, and as such labored unceasingly, the result being a long line of novels and tales, rich with local color of an older day, and retaining enough of their former hold upon the public to justify a recent edition. Then there was Poe. But his poems and fantastic stories bear no impress of clime, and might have been written under any latitude by a man of his sort. Of Poe's career in Richmond, as editor of the *Literary Messenger*, a record lies before me now in a series of letters from his employer to a man of noted literary ability, for many years the main-stay of the magazine. "He is continually after me for money," he writes. "I am as sick of his writings as I am of him, and am rather more than half inclined to send him up another dozen dollars, and along with them all his unpublished manuscripts," most of which are denominated "stuff." For his "A. Gordon Pym" he demands three dollars a page! "In reality it has cost me twenty dollars per page." And so the pitiful tale goes on from letter to letter. At last: "Highly as I really think of Mr. Poe's talents, I shall be forced to give him notice, in a week or so at the furthest, that I can no longer recognize him as editor of the *Messenger*." So Poe bent his steps northward, passing from one editorial room to another, from each of which in turn issued substantially the same story.

The institutions and traditions of Southern life were unfavorable, if not openly antagonistic, to the establishment of the literary profession. The leisurely and cultivated, among whom literary productivity would most naturally have its

rise, preferred, as their fathers had preferred, the career of the statesman, and its honors were their ambition, to the attainment of which the legal profession was the natural stepping-stone. The art of expressing thought on paper they regarded as an elegant accomplishment, to be cultivated as a gentleman's recreation, not the serious business of his life, for which he was to receive remuneration. That they were a race of polished letter-writers family archives conclusively prove; and able essays on political subjects not infrequently came from their pens. Thus there were men who did literary work, and good work too, to whom the writing of books was neither the prime aim in life nor yet purely a pastime. J. P. Kennedy wrote "Horseshoe Robinson" and "Swallow Barn," both worthy of remembrance for the pictures of Southern life which they contain; but their author was first and principally a lawyer and politician. Aside from works relating to his profession and his duties as a teacher of the law, Beverley Tucker found time to write "The Partisan Leader, a Story of the Future"—a book exciting phenomenal interest at the time of its first appearance, and again at the outbreak of the civil war—and "George Balcombe," which Poe declared "*the best* American novel," and the publisher to whom it was first offered pronounced "above the heads of the novel-reading public." At intervals of a legal career Judge Longstreet jotted down, entirely for his own amusement, a series of delightful character sketches, published under the title of "Georgia Scenes," which would have been no inconsiderable loss had the author succeeded in his subsequent effort to suppress them, though younger writers with greater literary finish have been engaged in the same field. Of verse writers there were many; sweet

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singers a few, like Philip Pendleton Cooke and Henry Timrod, whose early death was a loss to American literature.

Simms made the prophecy that there would never be a Southern literature worthy of the name under a slave-holding aristocracy. Social conditions were against it. When the result of the war brought about a new state of affairs, and the people of the South, at first stunned by the mightiness of the blow, went bravely to work to meet the demands of the situation, the pen, heretofore a political weapon or the attribute of cultured leisure, was soon made to take its place beside the plough. In Southern life was presently perceived abundant material, rich and varied, possessing high literary value and interest. Letters as a career found a larger following. John Esten Cooke wrote unceasingly, "for bread, not fame." Now, since a little while ago the tireless hand was taken into the cold hand of death, there is no need for bread, the striving for which brought reputation as well. For others too the myrtle wreath is still twined with yew—the three poets, Sidney Lanier, dead in the fulness of a beautiful promise; Paul Hamilton Hayne, dead in the prime of manhood; and Father Ryan, the poet-priest, whose feet, he declared, were less familiar with the steepes of Parnassus than the humble steps leading up to the altar and its mysteries. Of the older and more assured minstrels Mrs. Preston alone remains. But the copse is ringing with a band of younger singers, singing very sweetly withal, whose voices, yet untried, may strike a higher note and a clearer; but time must show.

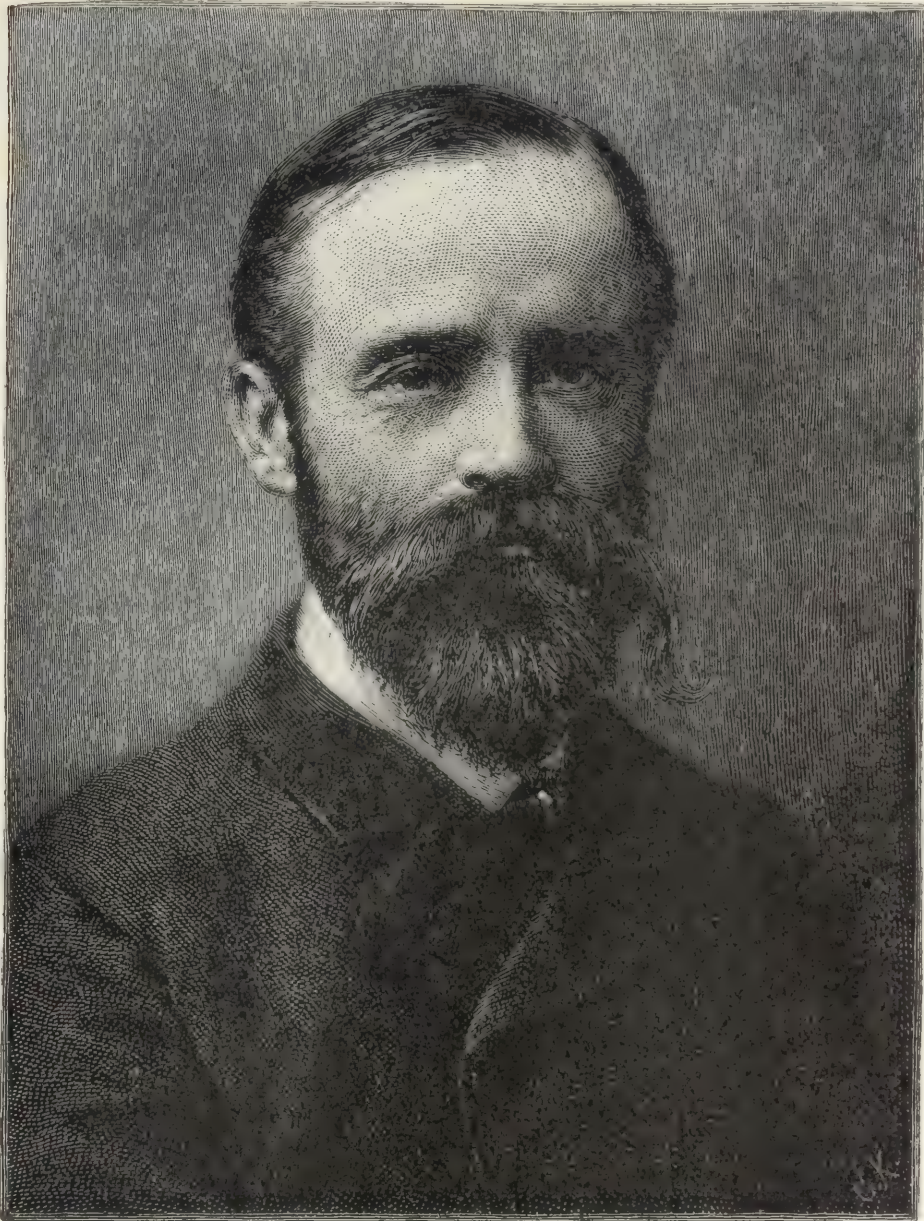
The first step taken, it has been reserved for the score or more of recent writers, several of whom have already achieved a brilliant success, to firmly establish a worthy and characteristic Southern literature. For the most part they are younger men and women who remember the old, but have come to maturity in the new, era; and the sheaves they have brought were gathered in the luxuriant harvest overspreading the fields about their own dwellings. What Cable saw and heard while connected with mercantile establishments in New Orleans; what Richard Malcolm Johnston remembers of the scenes and people of middle Georgia, where he was born, and the best years of his life were spent; and Miss Murfree's observations during her residence among

the mountains of eastern Tennessee—furnished the suggestions for all that is best in their work. Through these and yet more recent writers the profession of letters holds a secure and elevated position among other professions in the South. For this there is great cause to rejoice. Accuracy of observation, delicacy of portraiture and artistic finish, and, above all, their freshness and earnestness, entitle these new writers to no mean rank and the utmost consideration. Through them many and various peoples and dialects have for the first time entered into literature. Novelities of scene and character possess an enhanced charm when portrayed by those to whom they are the surroundings of every-day life, losing nothing of the local coloring and tone through familiarity. The provincial flavor is delightful, and also the ever-present consciousness that the writers are telling us about men and women, possibly unknown and strange to us, with whom they are personally well acquainted, with whom they have walked and talked from day to day.

The number of dialects of various degrees of intelligibility to which we have been treated is somewhat astonishing, and at first glance may deter the general reader. But, with a little perseverance, whatever difficulty there is may soon be overcome—even in the polyglot pages of Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier," where French creoles, Spanish creoles, Irishmen, Germans, negroes, and "Américains" meet together, and essay to converse in English—and he will become aware of and fascinated by the charm with which the performances are pervaded. Thus Bret Harte and other writers have made us familiar with pidgeon-English and other dialectic peculiarities of the West. There is, of course, danger lest this sort of thing be carried to excess, and a stress be laid upon it beyond its value. But how long ago was it that the typical Yankee with his peculiar system of phonetics made his bow in literature? How often has he reappeared since? And do we not still find him there?

When "Sieur George" and "Don Joaquin" were published in New York magazines, and were rapidly succeeded by other short stories of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship, picturing new scenes and a highly romantic people, it was immediately recognized that a writer





*Geo. W. Cable*

of no mean ability, with something very well worth the telling, had stepped to the front. The warm Southern glow, wisely tempered and held in restraint, the keen insight into creole character, and the intimate acquaintance with the picturesque streets and by-ways of the French quarter of New Orleans, proclaimed George W. Cable a long resident, if not native, of Louisiana. The son of a Virginia father and a New England mother, he first saw the light December 12, 1844, in the quaint old town whose

Old-World physiognomy is made so familiar by his romances, and here, until the past two or three years, has been his home. At an early age, thrown upon his own resources by financial reverses and the death of his father, he left school, and served in various clerical positions until his nineteenth year, when he volunteered for service in the Confederate army. During his career as a soldier every available moment was devoted to self-improvement in the study of Latin, higher mathematics, and the Bible. The war over, he re-



turned to New Orleans absolutely penniless, and began life anew as an errand-boy in a mercantile establishment, after which he studied civil engineering. In 1869 he married, and shortly thereafter was engaged on the staff of the New Orleans *Picayune*, to a special column of which he had already contributed his first literary ventures. Being requested to take charge of the theatrical column, he refused, cherishing scruples against attendance at places of dramatic entertainment, and at one time, strangely enough, against novel-reading. Thus his connection with the *Picayune* was severed, and he accepted the position of accountant and correspondence clerk to a firm of cotton factors, with which he remained until 1879. While in the employ of this firm he did at spare intervals his first serious and not least satisfactory literary work—the short stories afterward collected under the title of “Old Creole Days,” and the opening chapters of his first novel, “The Grandissimes.” Encouraged by the success of his efforts, he determined to devote himself henceforth exclusively to literature. He has been and still is a most indefatigable worker, going to the desk in his study with the same regularity that he formerly went to his desk in the counting-house, and there remaining until his daily stint is ended. A year or two ago he made a tour through the North with Mark Twain, the two authors giving a series of readings from their works, and about this time made his home in the village of Simsbury, Connecticut, shortly afterward removing to Northampton, Massachusetts. Following “The Grandissimes,” and appearing serially, as did its predecessor, came the pathetic, almost tragic story of “Madame Delphine,” the most finished, artistic, and perfectly proportioned of Mr. Cable’s larger works—a veritable prose poem. His latest novel, “Dr. Sevier,” dealing with life in New Orleans before and during the civil war, appeared in 1884, and a somewhat new departure is a series of stories of the Acadians of Louisiana, now in course of publication. In the pages of his fiction are many sombre pictures, tragedy and tears, but the sun is never long obscured, and when the clouds are darkest there comes a burst of humor as delicious as mellow wine, and in all that he has written some underlying purpose is distinctly felt.

The scope and limits of this paper do not

permit any investigation of the questions and discussions which have been raised by certain passages in these novels, and occasional articles from the same pen. That Mr. Cable possesses talent—since genius is disallowed in these days—coupled with an extraordinary capacity for painstaking work, from which has resulted some of the most noteworthy contributions to American literature, even those who take the gravest exceptions to any utterance of his are not prepared to deny. For the rest, Mr. Cable has himself said, in more than one instance, “A creole never forgives a public mention.” Besides his novels, Mr. Cable has published a history of New Orleans and of the creoles; a volume on the present condition of the negro in the United States, an earnest appeal for its amelioration, but theoretical rather than practical; and a series of articles on creole slave songs and slave dances—a task for which he is peculiarly fitted, since he is an accomplished amateur musician.

Mr. Cable being the recognized master over the enchanted, semitropical realm, beautiful with flowers, yet marked by the trail of the serpent, into which he has introduced us, others have naturally been deterred from following in his footsteps. Something more than a year ago, however, Miss Grace King, a young lady of New Orleans, modestly came forward with a short story, “Monsieur Motte,” in which is told the touching self-sacrifice and devotion of a negress for a destitute and orphaned white child. This story, written with no definite idea of publication, was seen by some literary friends, who, immediately realizing its merit, advised sending it to the *New Princeton Review*, then in quest of a tale for its first issue. It won the writer an instant reputation both in this country and in England.\* Miss King’s next venture was “Bonne Maman,” which appeared in the pages of this Magazine, followed shortly by a third story of the same general character, “Madame Lareveillière,” a development of “Monsieur Motte.” These stories are characterized by a warmth of coloring, sometimes increased to a fierce glow, and a delicate and sympathetic treatment, showing perfect familiarity with the people and scenes portrayed. Miss King belongs to an American family, her father, a native of Georgia, having removed to New Orleans many years ago, where he became one of



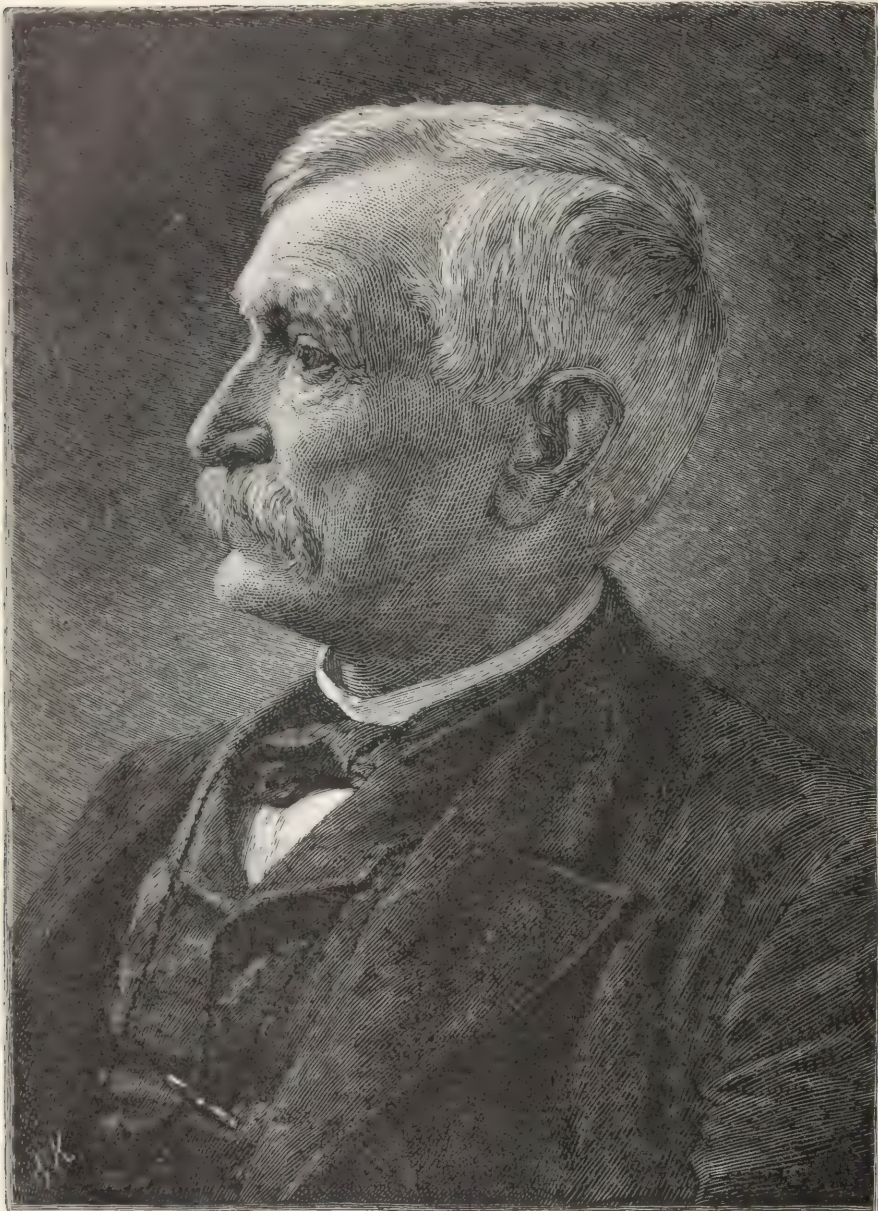


*Grace King*

the most prominent lawyers of the section. A man of culture and literary ability, he gave to the education of his children his personal supervision and encouragement; and to him the young author feels that she owes much of her success in the field of letters. Educated at creole schools, the associations and surroundings of her early life were almost entirely French or creole, and to this fact we are indebted for the delightful description of the interior of a young ladies' boarding-school in New Orleans, which forms so ef-

fective a setting for the main incident of "Monsieur Motte." In the treatment of her themes, apart from the fine and original quality by which they are marked, Miss King depicts with a delicate touch the passionate and romantic in the life of her native city, contrasting with striking effect the nature of creole, negro, and quadroon, the intensity of which is relieved by a quiet and charming humor. There is in her delineation of character no element of exaggeration, but simply a faithful presentation of the impulsive Southern tem-





*R. M. Johnston.*

perament instinct with the warmth of the Southern sun.

Among the Southern writers who have recently come into prominence, Richard Malcolm Johnston has been the longest before the public, the first issue of his "Dukesborough Tales" having appeared in the old *Southern Magazine*. These stories, published in book form, brought from a New York editor the assurance of their real value, which was confirmed by the enthusiastic appreciation of Sidney Lanier, who was also a Georgian, and who urged the author to continue his work and to seek a wider audience; the subsequent stories of the series were published in Northern magazines. With this enlarged audience the publication of these admi-

nable character studies continued, and they were finally all brought together and published in a larger volume. Mr. Johnston, while thoroughly identified with the new South, belongs to the old as well, having been born March 8, 1822, in the county of Hancock, in the middle hill country of Georgia, whither, during the childhood of his parents, the two families had removed from Charlotte County, Virginia, where the Rev. Thomas Johnston, great-grandfather of the author, was rector of Cornwall Parish in the later colonial period and during the Revolution. At that time the only educational facilities in the rural districts were offered by the old-field schools, several of which the Johnston children attended, until the family removed to the neighboring village of Powelton—since made familiar to the

reading world as Dukesborough—where a large school had been established by Salem Town, of Massachusetts, who was succeeded by thorough and accomplished teachers from Vermont. Here young Johnston was entered. This school, the most celebrated in the State, as well as the old-field schools, furnished much material afterward turned to good account. After graduation at Mercer College, and a year devoted to teaching, he went to the bar of the Northern Circuit, the judgeship of which he declined in 1857 in order to accept the chair of belles-lettres in the University of Georgia, where he remained until the outbreak of the civil war. Retiring to his country home near Sparta, he opened a boarding-school for boys, which in



1867 he removed to Baltimore County, Maryland, taking forty Georgia boys with him.

During his career as a lawyer, practising in five or six adjoining counties, much of his time was passed at county-seat taverns, where numbers of lawyers would gather together and relate their observations of Cracker life, their person-

to make of literature a career. For the first of the "Dukesborough Tales" he had neither demanded nor expected remuneration; but the altered condition of the Southern people calling forth new resources, he went seriously to work, and produced the long series of stories that at once gained for him a general recognition. Mr. Johnston's character studies are of the

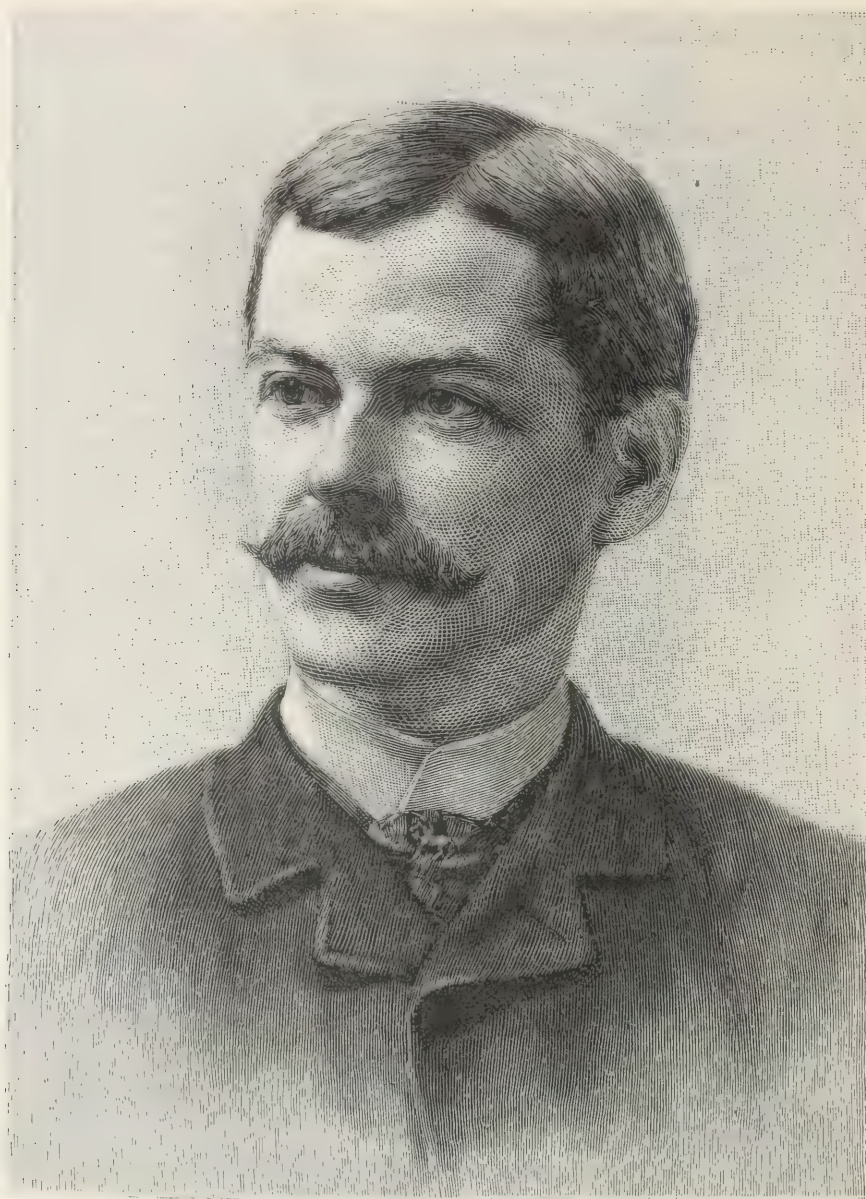


*Jul Chandler Harris*

al experiences among the countrymen of middle Georgia, court-house scenes, and the like. These tavern stories, together with his own intimate acquaintance with the people in the old-field schools and as a lawyer, supplied a rich mine of matter for literary work, which as yet it did not occur to him to use. Indeed, it was after the war, when he was forty-five years old, that he first became aware of the power

best, and met with a most favorable reception on their publication in book form. The Georgia cracker, so faithfully portrayed and so lovingly, was a comparatively new figure in literature, except as he had appeared in Judge Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," a very robust but much less finished performance. A facility for adapting the most commonplace incidents to the purposes of a good story, to which





*Thos. H. Page*

is added a lively sense of humor, shows the skill of the artist, and the reader cannot fail to feel that the writer is remembering and recording actual events in which he himself was probably a participant. "Old Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek," published twelve months later, is a story of the same region, possessing the marked characteristics of the shorter stories, its chief strength and charm. "Two Gray Tourists" is his latest production. Mr. Johnston, in conjunction with Dr. William Hand Browne, of Johns Hopkins University, is also the author of a "Biography of Alexander H.

Stephens," and a "History of English Literature." He is still actively engaged in adding to his list of character sketches, the new stories appearing from time to time in different magazines; and he has in contemplation a novel illustrating the higher types of Georgia country and village life.

Another writer who has depicted scenes and life in middle Georgia, though to a less extent, is Joel Chandler Harris, who modestly denies to his performances the merit of literature, counting them simply as "stuff" prepared during the leisure moments of an active journalistic career, and lacking in all that goes to make permanent



literature. Mr. Harris's reputation rests mainly upon his delineation of negro character and skilful reproduction of negro dialect in the "Uncle Remus" series, wherein he has preserved the unique and picturesque folk-lore of the Southern plantation. However good his stories of mountaineer and moonshiner, they must yield place to those in which are chronicled the sayings and doings of that abandoned and altogether delightful rep-

mentioned—must offer to Mr. Harris grateful thanks for the preservation of the dear familiar tales, whose quaintness and drollery cannot fail to fascinate less fortunate mortals.

Mr. Harris is yet in the prime of life, having been born, of parents in humble circumstances, in the little village of Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, December 9, 1848. His literary career he regards as a thing of accident throughout.



*Charles Egbert Craddock*

robate Brer Rabbit, and his neighbors of field and thicket. Every man who in his first youth was alternately fondled and tyrannized over by that wellnigh extinct functionary, the old-fashioned black "mammy"—with utmost reverence let her be

"The Vicar of Wakefield," which his mother read aloud when he was a small child, first inspired a desire to express his thoughts on paper, the outcome of this desire being a number of little stories in which the conversational capacity of



the characters was limited to the single exclamation, "Fudge!" Though none of these little tales have survived, "since their key-note was 'Fudge!'" says Mr. Harris, "they must have been very close to human nature." Mr. Harris is by profession a newspaper man, having been for

five of the *Countryman*, a little weekly paper published upon a Georgia plantation ten miles from any post-office. Amid the most peaceful of rural surroundings, broken only by the call of the partridge and the barking of squirrels, he learned to set type. The desire to write, provoked by



*M. G. McClelland*

many years on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*, one of the leading newspapers of the South, upon which he continues to do editorial work. From the editorial sanctum he puts forth no claim to that literary distinction which has deservedly come upon him. His journalistic career was begun in 1862, when, a lad of fourteen, he went as printer's apprentice into the of-

fice of the *Countryman*, a little weekly paper published upon a Georgia plantation ten miles from any post-office. Amid the most peaceful of rural surroundings, broken only by the call of the partridge and the barking of squirrels, he learned to set type. The desire to write, provoked by





*Frances Courtenay Bayly*

and choice library. While engaged upon the *Countryman* he became familiar with the plantation legends of Brer Rabbit and the other "varmints," absorbing the songs and myths of the negroes without any conception of their literary value, unrealized until about ten years ago, when an article upon the subject appeared in one of the Northern magazines. The great bulk of the matter making up his first volume of negro folk-lore—"Uncle Remus, his Songs and Sayings"—was contributed to the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*. The success of this book was immediate on both sides of the Atlantic, extending even to India, and led to the pro-

duction of "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus" and "Nights with Uncle Remus," in which are gathered some of the best of the animal stories, together with some capital touches in the treatment of negro character. These volumes are a unique contribution to literature, done to the life by a faithful and loving hand. In "Mingo and Other Sketches" Mr. Harris introduces the countryman of middle Georgia and the mountaineer with good success; but he is at his best while depicting the old-time negro with his quaint humor and dialect and inexhaustible store of inimitable stories. That picture of "Miss Sally's" little boy and the grizzled old negro





*Julia Magruder.*

seated in the light of the blazing pine knots, the grotesque shadows playing among the rafters and along the walls of the cabin, is a perfect bit of *genre*. Then there is the pitiful figure of Free Joe, contrasting so forcibly with the careless happiness and self-importance of Uncle Remus. Mr. Harris has done nothing better than this. "Free Joe and the Rest of the World"—the very title is a sermon.

Three years ago Thomas Nelson Page, a young lawyer of Richmond, Virginia, published "Marse Chan," a story of Virginia before and during the war, related by an old negro man, the former slave and still devoted adherent of a family to which the war had brought utter desolation—a truthful, dramatic, pathetic, and at the same time delightfully humorous representation. Consequently Mr. Page enjoys the reputation of having written the most exquisite story of the war that has yet appeared. In comparison with the work of Mr. Harris, though both authors

deal with the negro, the one in no wise interferes with the proper appreciation of the other. In Uncle Remus Mr. Harris has possibly given us the truer insight into the character of the type to which he belongs, while the venerable family servant is somewhat idealized by Mr. Page, and, moreover, is made to tell a story possessing a value and interest of its own not entirely dependent upon the personality of the narrator and his race peculiarities. In the matter of dialect Mr. Page has the advantage, though this may be due in part to the difference between the Virginia negro and his brother of Georgia.

Mr. Page comes of one of the oldest, most aristocratic families of his native State, and through both father and mother is third in descent from General Thomas Nelson of Rev-

olutionary fame, signer of the Declaration of Independence, from whom he takes his name. He was born April 23, 1853, at Oaklands, an old family estate in Hanover County, the mansion-house erected nearly a hundred years ago by the slaves, who also felled and prepared the timber. His first instructors were his aunt and the old carriage driver, the former teaching him to read in the Prayer-book of the Episcopal Church and the Waverley Novels. Then came the war, which went far toward increasing a small boy's knowledge of the ways of the world and human nature, while breaking in upon a systematic education. Child as he was, he on several occasions was witness to the horrors of war. His home was situated at the conjunction of two of the great roads leading to Richmond, along which army followed army, and once while with his father, an officer in the Confederate service, in camp near Petersburg, he experienced the sensations of a bombardment.



The close of the war found the family reduced to poverty, in consequence of which the young son of the house was deprived of many educational advantages; but he had received the indelible impressions out of which "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" have grown. At Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, where he was edu-

he has practised his profession in Richmond, no literary work being allowed to interfere. Mr. Page's first published production, other than contributions to college journals and newspapers, was "Uncle Gabe's White Folks," a little dialect poem that appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1876. During the probationary years of a young lawyer's career he turned to



Annie Rives

cated, he paid less attention to the curriculum than to the debating society, and the college magazine, of which he was editor; after which he went to the University of Virginia, and took his law degree in one year. Since his graduation

his pen as a source of amusement, the subject instinctively chosen being those stirring and trying scenes so vividly imprinted on his mind when a child. The result was "Marse Chan," not published, however, until some years later. Since



then other stories have come from his pen in rapid succession—"Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," an *ante bellum* tale of Virginia, again with a negro *raconteur*, "Meh Lady," "Ole 'Stracted," and "Polly." These stories have been felicitously characterized as "variant treatments of the same *motif*," for which we feel no disposition to quarrel with Mr. Page, being eager to hear the tale as often as he may find ways to tell it, and grateful to him for such beautiful and faithful pictures of a society now become portion and parcel of the irrevocable past. He is at present engaged on a more ambitious work, a novel of Virginia life since the war, the completion of which has been delayed by ill health. It is hardly just to judge of Mr. Page's capabilities in a field outside his first success by "A Soldier of the Empire," which, though published recently, was his first production.

Possibly not since George Eliot's time has there been so great a literary sensation as that created by the discovery of a feminine personality behind the *nom de plume* of Charles Egbert Craddock. While well known that Craddock was an assumed name, the style, subject-matter, even the handwriting, contained no feminine suggestions. Yet Miss Mary Noailles Murfree is distinctly a woman in the truest sense, possessing feminine accomplishments and attractions that have made her always a social leader and favorite. Speaking of her as a woman, a friend has said, "It is refreshing to find an intellectual woman free from George Eliot's haunting spectre of despair, and the morbid wretchedness of Charlotte Brontë's nervous little body; to see the cheerfulness and vivacity of Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth once more united to genius and womanly tastes and feelings—to Christian faith, purity, and goodness."

On the paternal side Miss Murfree is descended from a distinguished family of North Carolina, her great-grandfather, Major Hardy Murfree, for whom the towns of Murfreesborough in North Carolina and Tennessee are named, having done good service in the Revolutionary war, and received in return a large grant of land in Tennessee, upon which Charles Egbert Craddock—she prefers to be known by this name—was born. Her grandfather, for many years a member of Congress from North Carolina, removed to Tennessee, where her father, a man of some lit-

erary attainments, was, prior to the war, a prominent lawyer possessed of extensive landed estates. Her mother—whose mother was a Murfree—comes of one of the leading and most influential families in the State. Becoming lame from a stroke of paralysis in early childhood, which in no wise dimmed an unusually bright disposition, she was debarred from the ordinary amusements of youth, and developed a reading habit, was always a hard student in school and out, encouraged by an intellectual and cultivated family circle. But doubtless she would never have achieved her brilliant literary success had not the fortunes of war proved disastrous. Mr. Murfree found it necessary to give up his house in Nashville, and Grantlands, Craddock's birthplace, was the battle-field of Murfreesborough. This old homestead and its surroundings she has accurately described in her first novel, "Where the Battle was Fought"—a book of strong parts, but deficient in construction, yet containing one of her most perfectly drawn and finished characters, General Vayne, a portrait from the life. In this emergency the family retired to Murfree's Rock, a small cottage perched upon a crag near Beersheba, a watering-place in the Tennessee mountains, where they were wont to spend the summer months. Here in this elevated region, overlooking miles of valleys, mountains, and undulating hills, peopled with the picturesque and primitive race of her romances, she unconsciously absorbed the material for her future work. Standing on the porch of the little cottage, gazing out over the magnificent landscape at sunset, she formulated in her mind a story which ultimately grew into the exquisite "The Star in the Valley." But it was not written then. About nine years ago, after the family had gone down to live at the sadly altered old homestead near Murfreesborough, before the final move to St. Louis, their present place of residence, the first story of "In the Tennessee Mountains" came into existence. This was "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," which first saw the light in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Other stories followed, each exhibiting rare descriptive powers—a gift she has since somewhat abused—a strong grasp of a novel subject and dialect, and a style at once bold and delicate. It is little wonder that when collected in a volume their publication was an event, that a



sensation resulted from the discovery that a woman of society had written "A-Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlemint," and "The 'Harnt' that Walks Chilhowee," depicting with masculine force the fierce passions, the minute daily life, of a scant civilization—a seemingly difficult task for a man's accomplishment. But it is characteristic of Miss Murfree's energy and earnestness that no obstacle raised merely by her sex is permitted to block the work in hand; thus she made a careful study of the game of poker for the sake of a scene in "Where the Battle was Fought," and has acquired a knowledge of many abstruse points of law. Her second novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," in which is unfolded the story of an illiterate mountain preacher and his wrestlings with unbelief, is a series of splendid scenes, somewhat disconnected, abounding in beautiful and graphic descriptions, and dealing entirely with the mountaineers, thus lacking the variety which enhanced the charm of many of the shorter stories. "In the Clouds," her latest work, shows a mastery of construction, in which its predecessors were deficient, possesses their salient features with some new ones, and goes far to establish an already assured reputation.

Miss M. G. McClelland, in her novel "Oblivion," published two years ago, inevitably suggests a comparison with the work of Miss Murfree, though there are certain marked contrasts between the two. Moreover, "Oblivion" was written before Miss Murfree had won her wide reputation, and without knowledge of her writings, and is therefore none the less original for any points of similarity. The mountaineers of Miss McClelland's story are endowed with a tenderness in the intimate relations of daily life, a susceptibility to the refining influences of sentiment, in which those of Miss Murfree are lacking. In the pages of "In the Tennessee Mountains" and its fellows there is seldom, and then very faintly, any evidence of their feminine inception, while in "Oblivion" the hand of the woman is everywhere present.



*Lapcudis Keum-*

Amid just such scenes as form a background to her story Miss McClelland has dwelt from her youth, though in Buckingham County, Virginia, not western North Carolina, as there represented. Her home is a rambling, old-fashioned frame structure, overshadowed by a magnificent elm-tree, in a wild mountainous country, until quite recently untraversed by a railroad. Cut off from intercourse with others of her age, she grew up an imaginative child, whose dolls were made to personate the characters in Scott's romances, from her love for which grew her early efforts in story-writing. There is yet in the yard a large rock that in her childish imagination was supposed to lie in the path leading to the house of the Landammon of Unterwalden, from which a stick was projected to another rock for the perilous pass across the chasm. Anne of Geierstein was a small doll, for whose cap the old peacock was invited to furnish a feather from his crest. Not entering into the spirit of the performance, and being of a choleric disposition, he took refuge on the roof of the barn, and screamed exultantly at the ineffectual efforts to dis-





Robert Burns Wilson

lodge him by hurling stones. The war brought financial embarrassment upon the family, which the young author of "Oblivion" has met most nobly. Fortunately for her, she was the daughter of cultivated parents, people of the old *régime*, and her mother has served as school-mistress, playmate, companion. A day of systematic schooling she has never had until now, when, with indomitable energy and determination, she is pursuing a prescribed course of study. With the outside world she has little personal acquaintance. With these serious drawbacks she has achieved that most dangerous of successes, a successful first book. Her first experience with type was the appearance in 1879 of two bits of verse in the columns

of a newspaper, one of these written while churning with the left hand, the other composed while pursuing a turkey hen to her hidden nest in the woods. "Princess," her second novel in point of publication, was in point of fact written several years before "Oblivion," but, owing to the extreme stand taken against divorce, it could not find a publisher. Modified and rewritten, it has now done so; but we refuse to take it as a successor to "Oblivion," as in reality it is not, and are justified in demanding the fulfilment of the promise which that exquisite mountain idyl held forth, a promise partially kept in her latest story, "A Self-made Man."

The work of the writers heretofore mentioned gives strong internal evidence of



Southern origin—scene, *dramatis personæ*, and treatment being redolent of the soil—a provincial flavor altogether fresh and delightful. But Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, another Southern woman whose pen has recently brought her into prominence, has put forth a book none the less charming because its racy and sparkling pages proclaim the author an American at large, and identify her with no particular section of a very extensive country. Miss Baylor's name has long been one of high social distinction in Virginia, and she herself is essentially a Virginian, though born in Arkansas, and prior to the war a resident of San Antonio, Texas. At the close of the war she went abroad, and again in 1873. After a residence of two years in England she returned to America, and made her permanent home near Winchester, Virginia—an old town retaining much of its pristine social estate, from which the aroma of the old *régime* has not entirely passed away. In this atmosphere, undisturbed by the rushing currents of the nineteenth century, her breezy book was written. But Miss Baylor is something of a cosmopolite as well as a Virginian. "On Both Sides" is not strictly a novel, there being no plot nor effort to sustain the reader's interest by the unfoldings of a story. Indeed, the two parts of which the book consists were written at different times, and published independently, the one part treating of the experiences of a party of Americans domiciled in England; the other, in which many of the same characters are brought forward, narrating the experiences of some English people travelling in America. As a whole, "On Both Sides" is a charmingly witty and clever production, and Miss Baylor shows a wonderful facility for portraying local characteristics, contrasting her Englishmen with the multiform types and phases of American life, from New England to New Orleans, from Virginia to California. In "Juan and Juanita," a story for younger readers, she enters upon a new field, made familiar to her by her residence in the far South.

Another young novelist whose home is in the vicinity of Winchester is Miss Julia Magruder, who has given us in "Across the Chasm" a study of social conditions since the war, contrasting certain types of the North and South. She was for some years a resident of Washington and Baltimore, with the society of which cities

her story deals. The book is well written, containing some delightfully humorous scenes and touches, though Miss Magruder, in a conscientious effort to be impartial, has scarcely done full justice to her own section. All that she says is true; but there is much besides that she might have said without incurring the accusation of partiality. The fault is one of omission, not of commission; and such a book, coming from such a source, is a pleasant sign of the new era, not in Southern literature alone, but in sectional good feeling.

Miss Amélie Rives, of Virginia, has burst into prominence with a single short story. Coming of distinguished lineage, and possessing rare personal attractions, she had already won an extended social reputation, not only in her native South, but at the North as well. Indifferent to social triumphs, she has always preferred the life of her ancestral home, Castle Hill, among the red hills of Albemarle, an estate that has been in the family since the original royal grant, the mansion-house having been erected in part far back in the last century. Here, with her horses, her dogs, her dumb-bells, and her studio, the young authoress, upon whom so many talents have been bestowed, is in the element she loves best. Like Miss McClelland, though for another reason, she has never crossed the threshold of a school-room, her governess receiving instructions to permit her charge to study how and when she would. Thus has resulted a knowledge of the beautiful and attractive in literature and art, and not unnaturally her ungoverned methods of work. When the inclination seizes her she will shut herself in her studio, and stand before the easel ten hours at a time; or else, having read everything bearing upon the subject chosen, write as many hours with a rapidity and exactness wellnigh inconceivable. The latter quality is exemplified in her sixteenth-century story, "A Brother to Dragons." In this manner, though just entered upon her twenties, she has written, heretofore for her own pleasure alone, dramas, poems, and stories covering many pages of manuscript, and embracing a wide range of subjects, from the deluge to our own time. From these a visiting friend selected "A Brother to Dragons," and submitted it without comment to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in an early number of which it appeared anonymously. This



story, showing an imaginative power unequalled in contemporary fiction save in some of Blackmore's best work, and that bold yet delicate quaintness which characterized the finest productions of the Elizabethan era, at once arrested the attention of critics. The most difficult test for all judgment of her future work is that which she has herself furnished in her first published story.

The limits of this paper do not permit extended mention of many recent Southern writers whose names are familiar to readers of this and other magazines, as well as of current volumes of prose and verse, who, nevertheless, are rendering effective service in the general awakening. Mrs. Mary Spier Tiernan is favorably known as the author of "Homoselle" and "Suzette," conscientious and sympathetic pictures of Virginia in *ante bellum* days. In "Women" Miss Mary Tucker Magill treats of the war period, and has written, besides, a "History of Virginia" and some good character sketches. Though for some years a resident of New York, Mrs. Burton Harrison is a Southern woman who has made contributions to Southern literature. In addition to those already mentioned are Mr. James Lane Allen, whose series of papers descriptive of his native Kentucky were a notable feature of this Magazine during the past year, and Mr. H. S. Edwards, of Macon, Georgia, whose humorous short stories have won for him a well-deserved reputation. Besides this very creditable array of names, there are writers of extended reputation to whom the South may lay some sort of claim, as Frank R. Stockton, seeing that he is the son of a Virginia mother and the husband of a Virginia wife, and the author of many Virginia stories; and the American novelist of English birth, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

From the realm of poesy the South's stronger singers, those who may be crowned by the name of poet, have with a single exception passed beyond the gates of the unseen land. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, who long ago received her just recognition, still sings, and none the less cheerfully and hopefully because of her blindness. Those who would follow these along the paths of Parnassus are for the most part young men, whose work thus far has not justified collection between the covers of a book. Though now iden-

tified with the West, Maurice Thompson in his "Songs of Fair Weather" gives token of his Southern youth and training. Samuel Minturn Peck, of Alabama, has recently gathered his songs and *vers de société* under the felicitous general title of "Cap and Bells"; and upon the shoulders of William H. Hayne a portion at least of his father's mantle seems to have fallen.

Among the younger verse writers is Robert Burns Wilson, of Kentucky, of whom Paul H. Hayne, shortly before his death, spoke most hopefully and kindly: "The old man whose head has grown gray in the service of the Muses, who is about to leave the lists of poetry forever, around whose path the sunset is giving place to twilight, with no hope before him but 'an anchorage among the stars,' extends his hand to a younger brother of his art with an earnest *Te moriturus saluto*." Mr. Wilson was born at the home of his grandfather, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, October 30, 1850; but his earliest recollections are of an apple orchard in full blossom among the Virginia hills, and a ploughman, with long beard and kindly gray eyes, who allowed him to ride on the beam of the plough and watch the turning furrows. It must have been near sunset, for with just such scenes Mr. Wilson's poems are full—transcripts from the gentler side of nature, with now and then a great storm; and when the sun does shine it is apt to be just before he goes down at the death of another day. This all-pervading melancholy is in a measure to be accounted for and excused by many circumstances of his life. His father, an architect and builder, being much impoverished, the early education of the artist-poet devolved upon his mother, through whom he is descended from the Nelson family of Virginia, whose talent for drawing and painting enabled her to sympathize with the tastes of her son. After her death he had several years of regular schooling, and the age of nineteen found him making portraits for a livelihood, and doing such other artistic work as came in his way. When twenty-two he went to Louisville, shortly afterward removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, among whose beautiful and picturesque hills he has since resided. And a more suitable environment for poet or painter would be difficult to find. Several of his pictures



attracted much attention at the Louisville Exposition in 1883, and again at the New Orleans World's Fair. Mr. Wilson's love for nature was developed when, a lad of fourteen, he would wander over hill and field declaiming epics of his own composition, tintured doubtless with that brooding spirit pervading almost every product of his pen. Despite this persistent note of sadness, he shows himself a close student of nature, and has learned well to portray her many moods in melodious verse. "June Days" and "When Evening Cometh On," first printed in this Magazine, are replete with delicate word pictures, and may possibly be counted the best of his published work. When his verses, now scattered through the newspapers and magazines of the past few years, have been gathered in a volume, the showing, while it would not discredit an older singer, will give high promise of a golden maturity.

A middle position between fictionist and verse-writer is that occupied by Lafcadio Hearn, of Louisiana, by virtue of his volume of poetical prose, "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature." Mr. Hearn was born in 1850 in Santa Maura, of the Ionian Islands, his mother a native Greek, his father a surgeon in the British army, whose regiment was stationed in the Grecian islands during the English protectorate. After receiving a liberal education in England, Ireland, and France, he came to America, his father having died in India, and the family become involved in a disastrous business failure. Like Mr. Harris, he is a journalist. Immediately on his arrival in America he learned the printer's trade in Cincinnati, held various subordinate positions in a printing-office, and finally was engaged as reporter and travelling correspondent on several newspapers of the city. It was on a vacation journey that he first came to the South, leaving, as he himself has expressed it, "sleet and gloom to sail into the warmth and perfume of a Louisiana autumn day—into a blaze of violet and gold." The Southern blood in his veins answered with a thrill, and he determined to remain. In New Orleans he found more congenial journalistic employment, leaving him greater time for the cultivation of literary tastes, which had been denied full gratification in the North, though he had already translated and published "One of Cleopatra's Nights,"

a volume of stories from the French of Théophile Gautier. "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature," inspired by some words of Baudelaire—"le miracle d'une prose poétique, musicale sans rythme et sans rime"—a happy description of the book, by-the-way—is an interpretation of certain Eastern stories and legends in English poetical prose. From exhaustive studies in Oriental literature, a subject which has always possessed for him a strong fascination, resulted this volume of exquisite exotics, gathered from the rich treasures of ancient Egyptian, Indian, and Buddhist literature, the same which supplied the material for Edwin Arnold's "The Light of Asia." The weird and beautiful myths, as interpreted by Mr. Hearn, though lacking the metrical form, are veritable poems, heavy with the perfume and glamour of the East, delicate, fragrant, graceful. A second effort in the direction of poetical prose is a little volume, read in the proof by the present writer, entitled "Chinese Ghosts." In his treatment of the legend lore of the Celestial Empire Mr. Hearn has, if possible, been even more delicate and charming than in the stories which go to make the previous volume, so much so, indeed, that one is persuaded to full belief in the beauty and witchery of the almond-eyed heroines of his pages.

From this synoptical presentation of some of the more recent Southern writers, besides the main fact of the establishment of a characteristic Southern literature, developing along an independent line from which old obstructions and restrictions have been removed, two great points are made distinctly apparent—the rich variety of the new fields worked by men and women native to the soil, and the wonderful possibilities of the magazine short story. By short stories Mr. Johnston, Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris, and Miss Murfree won unreserved recognition; Mr. Page, Miss King, and Miss Rives have as yet given us nothing else.

Whatever there is to be said by way of criticism hardly comes within the province of this article. And the critics, in almost every instance, have found only kind words to say for these men and women, who have not only succeeded in building up a Southern literature worthy of the name, but have infused a stream of rich warm blood into our national literature.



# NARKA.

## A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

### CHAPTER XVI.

IVAN GORFF arrived punctually at Koenigsberg, and proved the kindest and most efficient escort. He was one of those rare persons whose entire simplicity and selflessness make you feel perfectly at ease; his companionship imposed no effort; he exacted nothing; he only asked to be made use of. Narka, who had never cared much for him, suspecting rightly that he cared too much for her, had grown quite fond of him by the end of the *tête-à-tête* journey. It was like having a strong, sagacious dog always by her side, on the *qui vive* to do her bidding, never expecting thanks, but radiantly happy when she threw him a bone in the shape of an affectionate smile or a kind word. He was perfectly discreet: he never alluded to her relationship to Basil, but it was borne in upon her that he was aware of it.

On arriving in Paris, he found her very pretty lodgings in the Rue Chaillot, with a salon that overlooked gardens and beyond them the river. He thought them expensive, but he made no observations; that was her affair.

Narka was soon at home in her new abode. She had that gift peculiar to some women of making the place where she dwelt beautiful. Her rooms were very simply furnished, but her grand *Plyel* piano, covered with its Turkish cloth, a rich piece of Muscovite embroidery in gold and silver and many-colored silks, gave an air of splendor to the salon; flowers and plants set on every available spot lent it an aspect of refinement, and books spread about on the tables suggested that intellectual interest which was never absent where Narka was. She took pains to make the rooms attractive. Basil was to meet her here, and as the frame sets off the picture, so would she borrow some additional charm from the help of harmonious surroundings.

Sibyl had not said a word to her of his nomination to the Russian Embassy. "She means to let it come on me as a great surprise," thought Narka, with a pleasant consciousness of being herself much deeper in Basil's secret.

Sibyl's absence from town at this juncture was rather a relief; but Narka was impatient to see Marguerite, and her first expedition was to the Rue du Bac. She learned to her disappointment that *Sœur Marguerite* had been sent to Havre a month ago, and it was quite uncertain when she would return.

Narka found herself, consequently, as much alone in Paris as if she had strayed into the Sahara; for Ivan Gorff, as soon as he had done everything that was within his power for her, went back to Russia.

The weather was intensely cold; the winter was an exceptionally severe one; and Narka now understood Sibyl's apparently incredible assertion that in Paris the cold was more cruel than in Russia. In Russia you were protected against it by thick walls, and fires that were like furnaces; but here in Paris the wind that blew with a shrill blast from the north pierced the thin walls, too porous to keep it out, and whistled through chinks in the doors and windows, until it seemed to blow as hard in-doors as out. Narka, who had not yet found out what a costly luxury a good fire was in Paris, piled on the logs in her three rooms unsparingly. She spent her time between singing and reading and dreaming, and fought against the cold with a blazing hearth.

So one month sped away. In two more Basil would be here! She was at the piano one morning, singing a Russian ballad, when the door of the salon opened, then closed. Narka took no notice, thinking it was Eudoxie, her *bonne*, with the newspaper; but when she finished her song some one cried, "Brava! brava!" and before she had time to turn round, two arms were hugging her backward, and a face under a stiff white head-gear was pressed against hers.

"Marguerite!" Narka stood up, and returned the caress with genuine delight.

These two had often wondered how it would be when they met; whether the memory of those last days at Yrakow, so pregnant with events which had influenced the destinies of both, would come between them like a presence. And now they met, and Marguerite was looking up into Narka's face with eyes full of wist-



ful tenderness, and unabashed simplicity, and the innocent gladness of a child. But, with that intuition which sometimes belongs to children, she saw that the memory of those days had rushed upon Narka with a kind of poignant consciousness.

"Do you know," she said, still looking up with her bright brown eyes, "I feel as if we were a pair of ghosts meeting in the other world."

"We are in another world than the one we parted in," replied Narka; "I believe we both of us died a death at Yrakow before we left it."

"But we came to life again, didn't we?" asked Marguerite, eagerly.

"I suppose we must have," replied Narka; "though you don't look a bit like a person who had ever been dead and buried."

They sat down near the fire; Narka threw on a fresh block, and made a hospitable blaze.

"How pretty your room is, and what a splendid view of the sky you have!" said Marguerite, glancing toward the windows, and round at the flowers and the homelike touches visible everywhere. Then, with a sudden change from gay to grave, "Oh, dear Narka," she exclaimed, "what you have suffered since we met! Many a time I have wondered how you lived through it."

"Yes, it is wonderful what we can live through, some of us. I must be very hard to kill, I suppose."

"That time in the prison! The very thought of it turned life into a horrible dream. I used to go about my work as if I were in a nightmare. Dear, I do believe that I prayed for you with every breath I drew all those dreadful months."

Narka's features contracted with pain; she opened her lips as if to speak, but they quivered and closed again. After wrestling for a moment with herself, "Perhaps it was those prayers that kept me from going mad," she said, "for it was like being in hell. I never look back at it. If I did, even now, it would send me out of my mind." Then, seeing her own shuddering horror reflected in Marguerite's face, "Let us not talk about it," she said. "Tell me about yourself. You look much stronger than you ever did at Yrakow, and you look so happy!"

"I *am* so happy!"

"Are you, dear? Well, I suppose the martyrs on the rack would have said they

were very happy if the pagans had questioned them."

Marguerite laughed. "I can't tell what the martyrs would have said, not being one myself, any more than you are a pagan. I only know that I am as happy as the day is long."

"And you regret nothing?"

"Nothing on this earth!" She opened out her hands, palms upward, with an emphatic gesture.

"Yet the life you are leading is that of a common servant!" Narka said, in a tone of incredulity. "Sibyl told me the Sisters themselves described the hardships as dreadful."

"They exaggerated the hardships—they always do; what they never exaggerate is the happiness. I don't believe any one in this world *could* be happier than I am. I would not exchange my lot with the most envied one on earth."

"Thank God!" Narka murmured, almost involuntarily. There was a moment of sudden consciousness to both, and then, by a common impulse, the two women bent forward and kissed each other.

"It is wonderful to hear you say that, Marguerite," Narka said, as if this tacit understanding had set her free to enter frankly on the subject. "How can you like being a peasant, and carrying burdens on your shoulders all day?"

"I love the burdens, and love, you know, makes everything light and easy."

"Your old theory. But for all the love in the world there are things that you must miss—music that you were so fond of, and flowers that you so delighted in. How you used to revel in the winter garden at Yrakow!"

"Yes; but I don't miss anything. I am quite satisfied with the music in church on Sundays, and the canticles the children sing in the school; and I'm not sure that a hospital ward or a sick-room is not as good as a garden to me."

Narka held up her hands. "It all sounds so unnatural!"

"So it would be if it were not my vocation. That is what makes it natural and delightful."

"I could understand it in a measure if all this discomfort and sacrifice on your side lessened the misery of the world," said Narka; "but it doesn't; it never will; the cruelty of life will remain just as universal for all your sacrifice; you will never do away with suffering."



"God forbid! What would become of the world if suffering were done away with? There would be an end of heroism, of so much that makes life beautiful. Suffering is the salt that keeps human nature from corrupting. Besides, salt or not, it is the law, and there is no escape from it. But it is not the suffering itself that is so bad; it is the revolt against it. Humanity is in rebellion against suffering, just as science is against pain. And it is a vicious circle from which there is no escaping—the more science rebels against physical pain, the more moral pain increases. If people did not rebel so fiercely against it, pain would lose half its sting. Don't you think, now, for instance, that it would be much better to bear the natural pain of disease, and be content with the legitimate means of relief, than to escape from it by drugs that destroy consciousness, and end by destroying the moral strength, so that human beings are reduced to the state of animals, without nerve or reason to bear up under their suffering?"

"You would have us all turn stoics, and, like that Spartan man, stand and grin while the fox eats into our vitals."

"I would have us bear our pain like Christians, instead of running away from it like cowards."

"You are behind your age, dear Marguerite," said Narka, with a smile. "The triumph of science is to abolish pain."

"The triumph of charity is to alleviate it; and it is better to alleviate it with love and help than to drug it with morphine."

"That sounds admirable as a theory," said Narka, with a touch of the old scorn, "but it is a fallacy; it is like your dream of reforming the world by love. You must first call in hate; hate must clear the ground before love can build. Society, as it exists, is an organized system of murder of the majority by an omnipotent minority. That old machinery must be smashed and swept away before love can come in and raise a new order of things."

"Hate would be a dreadful foundation to build on," said Marguerite. "Hate is suicidal; it destroys itself and everything else. It would be like building on a volcano. Oh, Narka, I *will* convert you into believing in love!" she exclaimed, vehemently; and she laid her hand, once so dainty, now coarsened by work, on Narka's arm, and gave her an angry shake. "What ails you that you can't believe in love?"

"I wish I could, but—one can't become a child again. To ask me to believe in love as the great factor that governs the world is like asking me to believe in the fairies."

"How strange!" Marguerite murmured. "Not to believe in love is like not believing in God; for God is love."

"Your God, perhaps."

"Oh, Narka! Then tell me, if God gave you happiness, everything you desire, would that make you believe in Him, in His goodness?"

"I suppose it would help me. Everybody is a better Christian for being made happy."

Marguerite threw up her hands and burst out laughing. "What theology! Did you ever read of a saint who was sanctified by having everything he desired? That is what you understand by happiness? Oh, Narka, what a dreadful doctrine! Why, surely you know as well as I do that suffering is the road to God; that the more we suffer, the greater our likeness to our Lord Himself?"

"In that case I am as like to Him as any saint ever canonized," said Narka, with a ring of passion in her voice, "for I have suffered as much as any saint you pray to; but it hasn't sanctified me, not that I know of, unless, perchance, it be part of divine justice to make suffering meritorious, without consent or merit in the sufferer."

Marguerite was silent a moment. "I'm not sure but it may be so," she said, musingly; "I sometimes think that the mere condition of suffering has a saving power of its own." She remembered Narka's father and brother cruelly murdered, her mother's heart broken, and then that dungeon that was "like being in hell." She could not argue with wounds like these. Neither, perhaps, would God. A great poet says, "Aimer, c'est la moitié de croire." It would have been nearer the truth if he had said, "Souffrir, c'est la moitié de croire."

"Are there no pleasures at all in your life?" asked Narka, irrelevantly.

"No pleasures? Why, everything is a pleasure! It was an intense pleasure just now to see a sick child gobble up a pudding I had made for it. I committed gluttony by proxy looking at it. I must tell you," she said, confidentially, and assuming an air of innocent self-importance, "I have developed quite a genius for cook-



ing. My puddings and *tisanes* are in great request, and I have invented a poultice that is the delight of all our rheumatic old women."

Narka was amused, and in her secret soul a little disgusted. She could sympathize, at least intellectually, with the sublime ambition that aimed at revolutionizing the world by love, but she could not enter into the glory of making slops and poultices. It was disenchanting to see Marguerite's grand vocation degenerate into such performances, to see her gifts and graces lowered to such vulgar service.

"You are not a bit changed, Marguerite," she said, observing her curiously; "always the same funny mixture of the natural and the supernatural. You supernaturalize everything without growing the least supernatural yourself."

"Indeed, I should hope not!" Marguerite laughed merrily. "I should frighten the wits out of my poor people if I turned supernatural. But you must come to see me. I want to show you to Sœur Jeanne, our Sœur Supérieure, and to let you see the schools and everything. You *will* come, won't you?"

"Of course I will, dear," said Narka, amused at her earnestness.

"I have heard nothing about your plan of life, dear Narka, or what you are busy with."

"I have been busy doing nothing, so far," said Narka, a little embarrassed how to explain her life of idleness and apparent ease. "I feel as if I were lying half asleep in a boat that had drifted into port after a storm."

"Let yourself drift; you will be all the better for having taken a rest when you begin to work. Of course you must wait, anyhow, till Sibyl finds pupils for you?"

"I don't see how I am to find them by myself," Narka answered, evasively. She would have gladly spoken out, and told everything, for there was that in Marguerite which invited confidence and inspired absolute trust, and at this juncture her sympathy would have been delicious; but Narka remembered Basil's desire for secrecy yet a little while, and was silent.

Basil's name had not been mentioned, nor Father Christopher's. Many things had not been mentioned that both longed to speak of; but they kissed and parted, content to leave unspoken things that were unspeakable.

## CHAPTER XVII.

IN the middle of January Sibyl came to town. She sent to Narka the day after her arrival, asking her to come that afternoon and see her.

Narka's heart beat fast as she crossed the court of the Hôtel de Beaucrillon, while the bell clanged loudly to announce her visit. A glow of hospitable warmth embraced her in the hall; palms and flowering plants spread a fragrance around that completed the illusion of a summer climate in midwinter, and her step fell softly on the thick pile of the scarlet carpet as she ascended the wide staircase, where ancestors of the De Beaucrillons looked down on her on either side in armor and hoops and wigs. One glance from the threshold showed her the whole aspect of the boudoir, whose folding-doors stood open: the pale blue velvet hangings, the Aubusson carpet, the crystal bowls and vases filled with flowers, and amidst these luxurious surroundings Sibyl reclining on a couch.

With a scream of delight Sibyl jumped up and flew with outstretched arms to embrace her friend. She clasped her, and kissed her again and again with every expression of endearment. The excitement of the meeting, the joy of being thus welcomed by Sibyl, by Basil's sister, had flushed Narka, and the pink glow, delicate as a sea-shell, gave a peculiar brilliancy to her blue-black eyes, now liquid with tender emotion.

"My Narka!" Sibyl exclaimed, in fond delight; and laying her hands on Narka's shoulders, she put her gently from her to get a better view of her. "You are positively more beautiful than ever. And oh, darling, after all you have gone through, I dreaded to find your beauty quite destroyed!"

Narka grew suddenly pale, and a tremor of the lips warned Sibyl that she must not lightly touch that wound.

"And your baby?" Narka said, looking round, as if she expected to find the little creature somewhere amongst the flowers.

Sibyl struck a gong, and in a minute there entered a large, blooming Bourguignonne with a marvellous head-gear, carrying a bundle of white muslin and pink ribbons. Sibyl eyed the bundle, and with a pretty gesture of bestowal placed it in Narka's arms. It was a delicious



baby, just now moist and scarlet from its sleep, but not a bit cross; it crowed and gurgled to Narka, and let itself be cuddled and kissed without struggling away, as is the habit of babies. Narka was satisfactorily enthusiastic over the paragon, and Sibyl was radiant. But the baby, having played its part, intimated a wish to retire, and was carried away. Then M. de Beaucrillon was inquired for, and Sibyl's health discussed, and every obvious question asked and answered, and the two friends found themselves face to face, conscious as people are who are full of feelings they must not betray, and of thoughts they must not put into words.

"Dear Narka," Sibyl began, throwing back her lace sleeves and clasping her hands, "I have a wonderful piece of news to tell you; it is about Basil."

"Ah!" said Narka, and she blushed.

"Oh, good news," Sibyl added, quickly. "He is coming to Paris, and—he is going to be married!"

Narka said "Ah!" again, accompanied with a pantomime of surprise.

"Yes. Poor Basil! after all the worry he has gone through, he is going to be happy at last. You remember Marie Krinsky, who used to take dancing lessons with us at St. Petersburg? She was four years younger than either of us, so we did not much notice her; she is now nearly eighteen, a dear little thing, pretty, accomplished, and her fortune is enormous. This is a great blessing, for, with all the drains he has on himself, my father can't do much during his life for Basil."

"And they are engaged?" said Narka, speaking calmly.

"Not yet officially; but he made his court at St. Petersburg, and my father spoke to Prince Krinsky, who was delighted, and immediately asked that Basil might be appointed secretary to the Embassy here. The Empress was very unwilling to part with him; but when she heard of the marriage she at once consented, and was most kind. As to the Emperor, he could not have been kinder if Basil had been a member of the imperial family. I am so happy I can hardly believe it is all real."

A valet brought in the tea-tray, and Sibyl, voluble and excited, sat down before it, and busied herself with the pretty preliminaries for dispensing the fragrant hospitalities of a Lilliputian silver pot.

"I have been ruminating a little plan in my head ever since I heard this great news—that is three days ago," she went on, popping the sugar into the cups. "The 16th will be Marie's birthday, and I want to make a fête that day to introduce her as his *fiancée* to our friends. I wonder what would be best—a ball, or a *soirée musicale*? What do you think?"

"I am a poor judge of such things, dear Sibyl," said Narka.

The tone, more than the words, reminded Sibyl what a mocking sound any merrymaking must have in Narka's ears—Narka, who had passed through such horrors only a little while ago, and who was still in mourning for her mother. She laid down the tiny teapot, and went over and put her arms round the girl's neck and kissed her.

"Forgive me, my sweet one; I ought to have remembered," she said, softly.

Narka returned her caress. They sipped their tea, and soon Sibyl went back to the subject of Basil's marriage. This at least must be interesting to Narka, and would not jar upon her.

"Marie is delightfully in love," she said; "it is very pretty to see how unconsciously she betrays herself. I went to the Embassy this morning, and the moment I appeared she blushed up like a red rose, and every time I mentioned Basil's name she grew scarlet. I only hope Basil is thoroughly in love with her."

Narka had gone through many ordeals, had been trained to stand and smile while the fox ate into her flesh, but it seemed to her that her powers of self-command had never before been put to so severe a test. She did not believe a word of this engagement; of course not; it was very likely a scheme arranged by the Prince, and Basil might have played a consenting part in order to deceive him and escape; it was quite impossible there could be anything more in the story. Still, the very idea of such a scheme being on foot against her happiness was enough to make her tremble. There were tremendous forces in league against Basil, and things that were impossible sometimes happened; treachery might accomplish what open opposition failed to do. She could not shut her eyes to the fact that Marie Krinsky might be a formidable rival, young and pretty as she was, as well as high-born, wealthy, and passionately in love with Basil. Horrible possibilities flashed



through Narka's mind as she sat choking down the jealous terrors that made her feel by turns savage and sick, while Sibyl dilated complacently on the joys in store for Basil with another woman. She did her utmost to appear interested, but she only succeeded in appearing indifferent; the part of a responsive listener was beyond her; she played it badly. Sibyl saw that a barrier of some sort had risen between them. There was something the matter with Narka; there was none of the sisterly *abandon* nor the exuberant delight at their reunion that she had looked forward to. Was it that Narka was hurt to find her so elated about Basil's new happiness, instead of being entirely occupied with the pleasure of meeting her? This was a little unreasonable, but perhaps it was natural. With the tact that she excelled in, Sibyl glided gently from Basil and Marie Krinsky to various other points of interest in her own life, and then, as if thankful to dismiss these subjects and enter on the one that was most in her thoughts, "And now, dearest," she said, taking Narka's hand on her knee and clasping it, "I have told you all there is to tell about myself, and I want to hear about you."

She put a series of questions to Narka about her health, her experience at Koenigsberg, her success there, her pupils, her singing, her present arrangements; and Narka answered them all as she could. When Sibyl heard the rent she was paying she said, "Oh!" and bit her lip, and held it bitten, as if arrested and surprised beyond power of further speech.

"I thought it dear," Narka remarked, feeling very hypocritical; "but I could not stay at the hotel. It was altogether too dear. Everything is very dear."

"I warned you of that, *chérie*," Sibyl said, letting go her underlip.

"Oh yes, you warned me; if I come to grief, I have no one to blame but myself."

There was certainly something wrong with Narka. Sibyl felt it a relief when M. de Beaucrillon came in and cut short the *tête-à-tête*.

M. de Beaucrillon had not liked Narka at Yrakow; but he met her now with the most cordial warmth. There was more than courtesy, there was genuine kindness, in the way he raised her hand to his lips, and held it in his firm grasp while he bade her welcome to his home.

"I called on you an hour ago, hoping

to carry you back with me," he said; "but you had just gone out."

Narka felt her self-respect raised by the deferential kindness of this knightly gentleman. He called her Narka, which he had never done before.

"He will be a friend to me," she thought, remembering how soon she might have to put his friendship to the test.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

NARKA was very miserable after this first meeting with Sibyl, that she had looked forward to so longingly. She would not confess to herself that she attached any serious importance to that story of Basil's engagement; but still it haunted her and poisoned her peace of mind. She could not sleep. In the middle of the night she got up and struck a light, and by way of calming herself read over Basil's letters. They were few, and they were generally short, and always guarded in expression; cold love-letters, most lovers would have called them; but to Narka they were all-sufficing; they were written as a man whispers when the enemy is listening to catch every word he says. This, she knew, was why he had not written now to tell her of his immediate arrival. Still he might have contrived to make her a sign somehow. Then, again, she remembered how necessary caution was at such a crisis, how fearful he must be of exciting suspicion. She took out her ring, and the sight of it seemed to rebuke and reassure her. She kissed it, and blew out her candle and went back to bed.

"I am like that woman," she said to herself, "who declared she did not believe in ghosts, only that she was mortally afraid of them."

Two days elapsed. Narka was at her piano when the door opened and let in a sudden puff of violets. The violets announced Sibyl before she had time to announce herself by a joyous exclamation.

"He will be here on the 15th! In seven days! Can you believe it? Can you believe it?"

She kissed Narka, and sank down on the sofa and pulled off her gloves: the first thing Sibyl did when she wanted to talk was to pull off her gloves. Those nervous, dimpled, bejewelled little hands played a great part in her discourse; they had a language of their own, without



whose help much of her speech would have been incomplete.

"Narka, put on your bonnet and come off with me. I can't enjoy my happiness fully unless I have you to share it. Gaston is an angel; but he is a man; he can't understand. Only you can sympathize with me, and feel what it will be to me to have Basil free, and married, and safe out of mischief. I have been to the Krinskys'. Marie is radiant. But we have no time to lose to get ready the soiree for the 16th. It falls on a Wednesday, which is unlucky, as that is my day. It will be a bore if he comes in the afternoon. But he will most likely arrive by the evening train. You know the 16th is Marie's fête? I am going to Worth's to order my dress. Put on your things and come with me. It will amuse you, dearest. Come!"

Narka did as she was told: fate seemed to be making sport of her, making her play comedy in spite of herself. She was in no mood to be amused, and yet Sibyl was right, the ordering of the dress did amuse her. It amused her to see the mobility with which her companion sprang away from Basil and became absorbed in the question of *toilette*. It amused her to see the devout attention which the man dress-maker bestowed on the matter. The consultation lasted half an hour, and was conducted on both sides with the gravity befitting the importance of the subject.

"Madame la Comtesse may rest satisfied; her dress will be the event of the season," Worth remarked, with quiet assurance, as he flung aside the costly stuffs he had been coiling and looping to illustrate his idea.

Sibyl was flushed, but cheerful and confident. "And now, dearest," she said, in Russian, to Narka, "you must order a dress," and without giving her time to answer she turned to Worth: "Mademoiselle is in mourning, as you see, but she wants you to make her a white dress that can be worn at a *soirée de contrat*."

The potentate of fashion fixed his eyes on Narka, as if to take in the characteristics of line and color that were to guide him. He called for white tissues, and proceeded to roll out velvets and gauzes round Narka as if she had been a statue. He then made notes and lines on his *carnet*, and handing it to her, "I think, mademoiselle, something in this style will suit you?" he said.

Narka gave an exclamation of surprise. It might have been taken from the garment she had invented for herself at Yrakow.

"It would require a little relief," observed Worth; "a gold buckle here on the tunic, and a clasp on the shoulder fastening the long sleeves. Would that be too great a concession to ask?"

"Not the least," interposed Sibyl. "Your Russian gold ornaments will suit beautifully. You must bring them when you come to try on the dress."

When they got out on the stairs, Narka said: "How foolish of you, Sibyl! My white cashmere would have done perfectly. This is only a second edition of it, and will cost a hundred times more."

"If Worth could hear you!" Sibyl's laugh rang out clear on the staircase. "Nonsense! I want you to look your best. You are going to sing. I have decided for a concert instead of a ball, and it was chiefly on your account. I want you to shine out as a star to all my friends. Marie is going to sing with our cousin Henri de Beaucrillon, and I shall have several good artists, but you will outshine them all. Mind, you are to be in splendid voice!"

They drove about giving orders at the shops for some hours. Narka had to go back with Sibyl and spend the evening. After dinner she had to sing. Sibyl declared her voice was finer than ever, but M. de Beaucrillon remembered how that love song at Yrakow had melted the heart in his breast, and he felt that though the instrument was still beautiful, the passionate soul which had inspired it that night was absent or silent.

Every day for the next six days Narka was at the Rue St. Dominique almost from morning till night. There was no escaping from Sibyl. "I can't do without you, dearest," she said; "I want your sympathy and your calm strength to support me through this nervous time."

Madame de Beaucrillon's house was the apex of the world in which she moved; the domestic events which had closed it for a time had been bewailed as social calamities, and the announcement that it was going to be opened on so brilliant an occasion was received with general satisfaction. Sibyl wanted Narka to take the management of the musical programme; but Narka refused; she knew it would bring her into immediate, perhaps intimate, contact with Princess Marie, and



there were limits to what she could bear. She was in constant terror of meeting Marie at the Rue St. Dominique; but fortune spared her that trial, although Sibyl had made more than one appointment to introduce them. She was presented to a number of other ladies, who assured her they were "ravished to make her acquaintance." It would have been pleasant enough to be welcomed by these high-bred French women if Narka had not felt that she was under false appearances. Would they have been ravished to make her acquaintance if they had known she was going to carry off the prize so many of them were coveting for a daughter or a sister?

Since that letter from the Prince announcing Basil's arrival for the 15th there had been no news from St. Petersburg. Narka would not own to herself that this silence made her uneasy, that she was frightened, in fact. But she was.

On Tuesday afternoon, the day before Basil was to arrive, she was with Sibyl, when the servant brought in a telegram. It was from the Prince: "*Expect Basil Wednesday.*"

"How delightful!" exclaimed Sibyl; "he will come to find us all *en fête* to welcome him! If only my father had said 'morning' or 'evening'! It will be tiresome if he arrives in the evening just as the people are flocking in. Dear me, how dreadful this uncertainty is!" She moved about, and sat down, and got up again, and was fluttered and ecstatic and alarmed and impatient all in a minute.

M. de Beaucrillon thrust his hands into his pockets, and leaned against the mantel, and gazed with serio-comic gravity at his wife. "How you Russians do dramatize every crisis in life!" he said, putting his head to one side with a movement that resembled Marguerite, and he turned to Narka. The expression of her face startled him. There was no dramatizing there; there was poignant emotion that she was straining every nerve to keep under control. What need was there for this fierce effort at self-restraint?

"There is always something about that girl that I cannot understand," M. de Beaucrillon said within himself, and he looked away.

At Sibyl's request he took up the railway guide, and made it evident to her that Basil must come by a morning train, so that the excitement of the soirée would not be made too overpowering by the emo-

tion of receiving him in the midst of five hundred guests. Sibyl wanted Narka to come and sleep at her house on the eve of the concert; but Narka had a series of reasons—all foolish ones, Sibyl thought—to prove that this would be a most inconvenient arrangement for her. In her secret soul she was convinced that Basil would arrive by the early train, and come straight to her before going to Sibyl. The idea of meeting him in Sibyl's presence was too dreadful to be contemplated. She could never go through the ordeal without betraying herself. But, after all, she reflected, did it matter so very much? A few days, a few hours probably, sooner or later, and the crisis must come. And when it came, how would Sibyl meet it?

This question kept perpetually recurring to Narka, and filled her with an anguish of uncertainty which even the joy of meeting Basil could not banish from her mind.

Wednesday morning dawned. It found her wakeful. She had been too excited to sleep. She rose feverish and unrefreshed, and spent the morning coming and going from the window. Every cab that drove up the street made her heart leap. But the early hours went by; noon came: no Basil, and no news from Sibyl.

"He will come by the evening train, and I shall have to meet him before Sibyl!" she thought. And then a terror seized upon her, and she resolved not to go. But this panic did not last. It was quickly followed by a feeling of defiance, and a longing to let Sibyl and all the world know that she was Basil's *fiancée*, and ready to brave the whole world rather than give him up.

The day dragged heavily on till evening, and then it was time to dress. Narka coiled up her shining gold hair, and robed herself in the wonderful white draperies that Worth had combined out of soft and costly materials, and then clasped on her golden necklace and bracelets, and waited for the carriage to come for her.

As she beheld herself reflected in the long mirror of the wardrobe, her heart exulted, not from any sense of vulgar vanity—she was too proud and too chastened by sorrow for so mean a vice as vanity—but she rejoiced in her beauty for Basil's sake. "He will be glad to see me looking well amongst other women," she said to herself, with a soft thrill of happi-



ness; and the flush of love and conscious power made her cheek glow.

When she reached the Rue St. Dominique, M. de Beaucrillon had gone to meet Basil. Sibyl was dressed, and watching impatiently for the return of the brougham. Narka, though outwardly calm, was trembling with excitement.

"You will be the Queen of Beauty to-night as well as the Queen of Song, my Narka," Sibyl exclaimed, in frank admiration, when she beheld her. "How pleased Basil will be to find you looking so well! Come, and let us see how the rooms look lighted. It will help to pass the time while we are waiting. Stop! there is a carriage driving in." She flew out to the landing, and called out, "Sont-ce ces messieurs?"

The groom of the chambers answered from the hall, "M. le Comte has returned alone, Madame la Comtesse."

M. de Beaucrillon came leisurely up the stairs.

"What can it mean?" Sibyl asked, fluttered and vexed.

"I don't suppose it is the first time Basil has been unpunctual to an appointment," her husband said, in his solemn way; "the singular thing would be if he were to keep one."

"He must have missed the train somewhere," said Sibyl, "unless he was taken suddenly ill; but then he would have telegraphed."

"He is not ill, *ma chère amie*; I will answer for that; and he is simply your brother—the best fellow in holy Russia, but born without the faculty of keeping an appointment. Where is Narka?"

Narka, whose heart had begun to palpitate violently at the prospect of seeing Basil appear in a moment, had stood clutching the back of a chair until she heard Sibyl's exclamation of disappointment, and then, regaining possession of herself, she walked quietly on toward the landing. The effect she produced on M. de Beaucrillon was so great that she could not pretend not to see it. He started, and for a second looked at her, positively dazzled. For the first time in her young life Narka realized that she possessed a sovereignty to which men were ready to bow down. By the time she had given him her hand, and he had raised it to his lips, as was his graceful habit with her, Sibyl had joined them; she was so agitated and full of her disappointment

as to dispel the momentary bashfulness that Narka had felt under M. de Beaucrillon's unspoken admiration. There were a few moments of excited talk, Sibyl asking and answering a score of questions in one breath, and then the carriages rolled in quickly one upon another, and guests arrived in rapid succession.

Sibyl stood to receive them at the head of the stairs. Narka escaped to the music-room, but Sibyl missed her in a minute, and sent M. de Beaucrillon to bring her back. He soon captured her, for the crowd was not yet large enough to give her shelter.

"I have orders to take you, dead or alive," he said, drawing her arm through his, and marching her back to Sibyl. "Must I hold you bodily in durance, or will you be my prisoner on parole?"

"I give my parole," she said.

He bowed and released her.

The gay and brilliant crowd kept streaming in, and soon the spacious suite of salons was filled. At eleven o'clock the concert began. It opened with a fine orchestral performance; then Marie Krinsky sang her duet; this was followed by several other pieces, vocal and instrumental; and then it was Narka's turn. The suspense of the day, culminating in the disappointment at the end of it, had so excited and exhausted her that she felt incapable of singing a note; her tongue was parched, her throat felt as if it were paralyzed. When M. de Beaucrillon went up and offered her his arm, she did not move, but looked up at him entreatingly.

"I *can't* sing!" she said.

It seemed cruel to insist, but he felt sure that she could. "Sibyl will be terribly disappointed," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

Narka stood up. The movement, her sudden resolution, seemed to say, "Then I will do it or die."

She took his arm and walked to the centre of the platform. Her cheeks were delicately flushed, her great lustrous eyes had a flame in them, her coral lips, clear cut as a cameo against the ivory skin, were parted tremulously, while an air of incomparable dignity and modesty heightened the effect of her rare loveliness. There was a profound hush through the crowded rooms; the orchestra played the opening accompaniment, and Narka lifted up her voice and sang.



M. de Beaucrillon was right. She could sing. A few notes assured her that she had command of her instrument, and then her voice poured out like a crystal stream, rising and swelling and trilling with as little effort as a bird's. The audience were quite carried away, and when the song was over they burst into a salvo of rapturous applause. Sibyl drifted with her serpentine grace across the platform and kissed Narka, and other ladies, following this example, gathered about her, kissing and congratulating. All round her people were exclaiming, "What genius!" "How beautiful she is!" The gentlemen were clamoring for the honor of being presented. Narka had dazzled and electrified them all. It was one of those moments that bring with them a kind of intoxication to the calmest and wisest. If only Basil had been there to enjoy it and to justify it! Without him, she felt the triumph was not wholly hers; she was receiving it under false pretences. Something timid in the glance of her large dark eyes that seemed to deprecate all this homage and admiration added to her attractions.

M. de Beaucrillon was charming. "*Je suis très fière de ma belle-sœur*," he said, presenting Narka to a venerable duchess whose smile was social distinction in the great world.

Even in Basil's absence it was something to have been thus welcomed by the friends to whom he would soon present her as his wife. As she drove home, Narka was conscious that it had been a brilliant evening; Sibyl had been perfect; everybody had welcomed and admired her; and she was Basil's affianced wife.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Two days went by, and there was no news from Basil. On the morning of the third day the brougham came from the Hôtel de Beaucrillon with a message requesting Narka to come at once. Narka obeyed the summons, full of anxiety as to its meaning. She found Sibyl walking up and down the library in a state of violent though suppressed excitement.

"There! read that," she said, drawing a letter from her pocket, and holding it out to Narka, without arresting her walk.

Narka, sick with suspense, sat down

and read the letter. It was from Prince Zorokoff. He had discovered on the very eve of Basil's departure that the boy had entangled himself in some promise of marriage to a woman of low condition, and that this had been at the bottom of his desire to get out of Russia. "He tried to deny it at first," wrote the Prince, "but I put the holy image before him, and bade him swear the story was a lie. He did not dare do it, and he ended by declaring that it was true, and that he would never marry Marie K. or any other woman but the one he loved. I said if he married her I would curse him. I give him three months to come to his senses and his duty. If that does not do, I will have him circumscribed under surveillance of the police to Kronstadt. The sight of the fortress will have a sobering effect."

Narka stifled a cry, and let the letter fall on her lap.

"Well," said Sibyl, coming up and standing before her, "what do you say to this? The infatuated boy! It must be some woman he met in Italy. And with a foreign woman we are powerless. She can't be a Russian, or my father would have said so. If she were Russian, it would be easy to deal with her. A threat of the knout would soon bring her on her knees." She shut her right hand with a quick inward sweep that was too expressive to be mistaken. Those soft, dimpled hands were itching for the knout to scourge the woman who had come between Basil and the pride of the Zorokoffs. Sibyl was horrible to look at; her white teeth showed between her parted lips; her words came hissing; her blue eyes glittered—they never flashed when she was excited, they glittered—her features were convulsed, her whole frame shaken with passion. Narka covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight.

"Oh, Sibyl!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is too loathsome to contemplate," cried Sibyl, misunderstanding the gesture and the exclamation. "Could you have believed Basil such a weak fool? If we even knew who and where this creature is, we might buy her off. That is our only chance, as she is a foreigner. We must buy her off."

"But if she loves Basil—" Narka ventured, hesitating.

"Love him! A creature like that! *Allons donc!*" Sibyl gave a laugh that sounded devilish. She looked like an in-



carneate devil, or some avenging pytho-ness, with her glittering eyes, and her small head reared, the blue sheen of her satin dressing-gown shimmering in snake-like folds round her tall figure. Narka could not believe her senses. Was this the Sibyl she had loved all her life and worshipped as the type of all that was good and lovable?—the Sibyl who was so tender to suffering, so generous to her peasants, so indulgent to their vices, so ready to forgive their lies and thefts and wrongdoings? What evil spirit had entered into her? And if she knew the name of the woman against whom this outburst of hate was directed, would the knowledge be a welcome relief, or would it only turn the current of her scorn and rage toward the real culprit? The look of blank despair on Narka's face struck Sibyl even in the midst of her passion.

"Oh, Narka," she cried, "if *you* feel this shame so keenly, think what it must be for me!" and she sank down beside Narka, and fell upon her neck, sobbing hysterically.

Narka, faint and sick at heart, waited till the storm of grief, of fury, should have spent itself. Sibyl, who knew that it was her way to be silent when she felt most deeply, was satisfied to lay her head upon that strong and tender heart, and gave vent to her own passion in floods of tears.

They had both been too much engrossed to notice the clanging of the bell, announcing a visitor. Presently the servant came in to say that the doctor was waiting to see Madame la Comtesse.

Sibyl raised her head and wiped her eyes, and, with that mobility which was one of her characteristics, in an instant had regained complete possession of herself.

"I am coming," she said to the valet; and then, turning to Narka, "We have been so full of this horror that I had not time to tell you baby is not well," she said. "I hope it is nothing serious, but I thought it better to send for the doctor. Narka, you must come and stay with me for a few days, and help me to live through the first misery of this trial. I shall die if I have not some one to help me with sympathy. Gaston is shocked, but he can't enter into my feelings. The brougham will take you home now, and you can put up what you want, and come straight back. Oh!" she exclaimed, looking into the girl's agonized face, "what

should I do without you to feel for me!" She kissed her, and hurried out of the room.

But Narka had no notion of coming back to have her own sufferings made tenfold bitterer by the sight of Sibyl's hate and anger. By the time she had driven home she was, indeed, unequal to the effort, if she had been ever so anxious to make it. She sent a message to Sibyl saying that she had nearly fainted on getting to her own door, and must be quiet for that evening.

Poor Narka! An earthquake had come and shaken the earth under her feet since morning, and shattered her paradise to ruins. Was it possible it could be rebuilt again? Basil was now more fatally separated from her than he had ever been before. There was no chance of his escaping; the Prince would take care of that. Had the Prince any idea, she wondered, of who the low woman was? And if not, would it propitiate him to hear that she was the one he had sheltered under his roof, and called his child, and rescued from a cruel captivity?

The day passed in a sort of stupor. It was only when she lay down to rest that, in the silence of the night, Narka awoke to the remembrance that apart from the wreck of her hopes, and the blow that had crushed her heart, other trials had overtaken her which would not let her sit at home and weep. What was she to do now? How was she to live? Practical dilemmas of many kinds surrounded her; urgent difficulties were pressing to be dealt with. She spent the night asking herself how she was to meet them; but the dawn broke and found the problems unsolved. Daylight seemed, indeed, only to magnify by letting in a more vivid mental light upon the troubles that had loomed, dark enough, but still vague, during the long, sleepless night.

She must leave her present apartment, for one thing. It was much too expensive for her means and prospects now. She had been spending money freely, and her funds were running low. Where was she to find pupils? Sibyl was her only resource, and her whole soul writhed at the thought of having to depend on Sibyl. Suddenly Narka remembered Marguerite.

"I will go to Marguerite," she said. And she rose and dressed herself in the gray twilight of the winter's morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## GRIEF AND FAITH.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

### I.

FOLD back the sun-bright hair; kiss the  
meek lids,  
That lie like flowers above the flower-blue  
eyes;  
Grieve not, to grieve her with thy anguished  
sighs:  
Such peace as Christ hath given her forbids  
Even the storm of woe to rage, and rids  
Fierce Death of half his terrors. In such  
wise  
Sleep doth appear ere Love hath said,  
"Arise!"  
Or Love lies quiet while that fair Joy bids.  
Sweet Soul, praised be thy God that I am left  
To bear this anguish in thy dear heart's  
stead;  
That thou art happy, while I am bereft;  
That I, not thou, kneel by our desolate bed,  
And know Life's sword hath stabbed me to  
the heft,  
Knowing that I do live, and thou art dead.

### II.

Ah me! thy child! How can I love thy child,  
Which hath begun its life by taking thine?  
And yet it was thine own, and thine is mine;  
Therefore it is mine too. Oh God! the wild,  
Mad, helpless yearning to lay down this mild,  
Pale winter flower among the flowers that  
shine  
Like stars about thee, while Love, grown  
divine,  
Omnipotent, unquestioned, undefiled,  
Bids Death exchange, and let thee live again!  
Nay, I want not thy child; I thirst for thee,  
As thirst the summer meadows for the rain,  
As longs the main-land for the tarrying  
sea,  
As stricken souls do yearn for bodily pain.  
Oh, God in heaven! must such anguish be?

### III.

Alas! alas! God will not let thee hear,  
To grieve in heaven for my bitterness;  
Nor would I have thee listen, to confess  
God loves thee more than I. Ah, have no  
fear;  
My sorrow cannot touch thee. I am here,  
And thou art where no love can harm, or  
bless,  
Or reach, or move thee. Let me keep one  
tress,  
To rest where thy head rested one fair year.  
It is not much to ask of thee, O sweet,  
Who hast for love of me given thy bright  
life.  
Such kisses as had made thy pure heart beat  
But yesterday still leave thee stone, my  
wife.  
Farewell, dear brow, dear mouth, dear hands,  
dear feet!  
Thine is the freedom; mine, the fire, the  
knife.

### IV.

Yet was it wonderful, when all is said,  
Heaven should desire thee? Nay; for thou  
wert far  
Above most women as God's handmaids  
are;  
Thy soul as flowers that bloom when day is  
fled;  
Thy purity as crown upon thy head;  
In all things lovely. There was naught to  
mar  
The jewel of thy nature, while a star  
Seemed thy sweet, steadfast love. Now, being  
dead,  
Thou, star-like, love-like, seekest heaven,  
while I  
Seem cast from heaven, like Satan, into hell.  
O darling, ask thy God to let me die—  
Thou who canst plead so nobly and so well.  
It shall be borne, so rest come by-and-by.  
Thou canst not answer? Then, once more,  
farewell!

### V.

Sweet eyes, farewell; cold bosom, fare thee  
well;  
Farewell all joy, all love, all hope, all peace.  
Welcome, fierce pain, till Death do bid ye  
cease.  
Farewell, content. My bride, my wife, fare-  
well.  
O mother of my child! Oh hell in hell,  
For which High God Himself hath no sur-  
cease,  
No straws of comfort such as gleaners lease  
From fields already harvested! This knell  
Rings ever in mine ears: "She gave her life  
In giving thee thy child." What care had I,  
So that my rose bloomed on, if that Death's  
knife  
Pruned each bud as it blossomed? Is to die  
To love no more, O exquisite, pale wife,  
Or only to be deaf unto Love's cry?

### VI.

Dear Love, I have grown selfish with this  
woe.  
I would that thou couldst hear, to comfort  
me;  
That some way thou couldst answer, just  
to be  
One heart-beat conscious of thy answer. Lo!  
I hear a voice like wandering winds that blow  
At eventide above a restless sea!  
Hast thou come back from heaven to set  
me free?  
Dost thou still love me? Hath God let thee  
know?  
Thus spake her soul unto my listening soul:  
"Peace, peace, beloved! Love can never  
die,  
Though hearts that loved be dust. Should  
ages roll  
Between the present and the future, I



Will hold thee more mine own than ere this  
dole  
Smote us like lightning from a cloudless  
sky.

## VII.

"Nor, being God's, am I less thine, my own;  
Nor have I gone forever. Time will pass  
As fleet as April wind across young grass.  
And we will make Eternity our throne—  
We two, forever loving, and alone,  
Save for God's handmaid Joy, and that sweet  
lass—

Like to me as mine image in a glass—  
That I did leave with thee, our only one,  
Our little daughter. Love her for my sake;  
Yea, doubly, since she may not know my  
love.  
Now on thy heart she rests like the first flake  
Of snow upon a pollard tree; a dove  
She will seem by-and-by; and welcome make  
Her nest in that cold heart, while, from  
above,

## VIII.

"I, being by God permitted, will behold,  
And for thy joy wax gladder even here.  
Yea, love her without dross or measure, dear.  
Give her thy grief-tried nature's purest gold.  
Let even thy winter pain warm her with cold,  
As snow doth warm a flower, till without  
fear

She blooms into the radiance of the year—  
Into the sunlight of thy peace; then hold  
And cherish her as thou didst cherish me.

In truth, I leave her with thee as a pledge  
That I am still thy wife, though gone from  
thee:

As for a space May lingers, while the sedge  
Yearns for her birds that skim the darkling sea,  
And mournful whispers haunt the river's  
edge.

## IX.

"Thus love, like Spring, shall some day come  
again—

Our love made patient by this present grief,  
Our love grown nobler through a grand belief,  
Grown perfect, as are noble souls through pain.  
Think not, O darling, this thy grief is vain,  
Or that all hope must sink upon this reef.  
Nay, as a weary gleaner clasps his sheaf,  
Clasp thou these blades of faith with might  
and main.

For it is best—I tell thee it is best;  
I, knowing, tell thee. Dear, have faith; be  
strong;

Take up this cross of living with a zest;  
Help others in their woe; make right of  
wrong.

So shalt thou, glad at last, lie down to rest,  
And thy free soul soar upward like a song."

## X.

So be it, then, beloved. I can bear all,  
Knowing that thou art only gone a space;  
That some day I shall look upon thy face,  
And grief be lifted from me like a pall.

God, who hath let thee answer my mad call,  
Hath shown me mercy past belief. His grace  
And comfort, at all times, in every place,  
I do petition, therefore, lest I fall,  
Borne down by mine own spirit. Dearest,  
sleep;

Sleep till my soul doth bid thy soul awake.  
Dream I am happy. Know not that I weep.  
Rest utterly; and I, for thy sweet sake,  
Will try to live as thou didst, that the deep  
Of death may bear me to thee, as a lake

## XI.

Doth bear a shattered vessel to the shore.  
Yea, sleep, my darling, and may blessèd  
dreams

Make for thee life of death. To me all seems  
A conscious death disturbed by life's fierce roar,  
A torture and a burden evermore.

Existence' ocean hath for me no gleams  
Such as greet other men beneath the beams  
Of hope's fair sunrise. All that went before:  
Like a bright bird that heralds some proud  
ship,

With sunlight on its breast and on its wings.  
Now Sorrow, following on black clouds that  
dip

Unto the blacker billows, with her brings  
Despair and Loss, like lovers lip to lip,  
And smites the blithe bird even while he  
sings.

## XII.

But I will try to live as thou hast said—  
To bear this burden bravely, as a man  
Should bear all burdens. Yea, I will and can  
Grow worthier of thee, O most precious dead,  
And forcing back such tears as are unshed,  
Remember that dark life is but a span,  
While bright love is eternal. Lo! the plan  
On which all systems move, what man hath  
read?

Being thus ignorant, what man would dare  
To change one line an atom—were the power  
Bestowed upon him—or to move one hair  
The littlest sphere? Hath any seen a flower  
Bepaint her tender leaves, or learned the fair,  
Exquisite secret of the Spring? The hour

## XIII.

Hath come when grief-tried faith must live or  
die,  
And hope be slain or cherished. Most dread  
God,

Being her God, Thou shalt be mine. Thy rod  
I wordless will endure, that by-and-by,  
Harkening unto my spirit's utmost cry,  
Thou wilt grant that I tread where she hath  
trod,

Leaving this anguish underneath the sod  
Which shall o'erspread our bodies, while on high  
Her soul shall be as wife unto my soul.

Darling, once more, farewell! I will do all  
That thou hast asked, and more. These bells  
that toll

Thy body's death, lifting the awful pall  
Of doubt from my quick spirit, make it whole,  
And faith shall answer when thy God doth  
call.





“‘LISTEN,’ SAID THE MAIDEN.”

## THE THREE TETONS.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

“IT is perfectly absurd for you to keep going to Europe in this way, summer after summer,” remarked the Maiden, with the emphasis and exaggeration peculiar to younger sisters.

“We have only been twice,” murmured the married sister, apologetically.

“But once is enough. That is, if you haven’t seen Colorado, and the Yellowstone, and Tacoma, and Alaska, and Yosemite. Of course one wants to go once—”

“I should think so,” murmured Mrs. Thayer.

“And of course, if you want art, or history, or architecture, or associations, you must go to Europe for them. If you were going for the winter, or to study anything, I could understand it. But you are not. You are going only for the

summer and for scenery. And you will go straight to that miserable little Tyrol”—

“Miserable little Tyrol!” exclaimed Mrs. Thayer, in dismay.

—“When you might go to the Yellowstone.”

“Do you really mean, Mabel, that if you were I”—Mrs. Thayer here grasped faintly for the married dignity which was her only hope in the struggle—“you would give up the Tyrol for the Yellowstone?”

“Listen,” said the Maiden. Opening her latest guide-book, she read something to the effect that the best of the Rhine, the Hudson, and the Saguenay, the whole of Switzerland, the Pyramids of Egypt, Lake Maggiore, and the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas combined would not begin to com-



pare with the glories of the National Park on the Yellowstone.

"You can't believe that everything in a guide-book is true."

"But if only a third of it is true, it is enough, as Mercutio would say." The Maiden closed her book, and left the room with dignity.

Mrs. Thayer continued her packing; continued it, indeed, with an increased energy, which seemed to imply that nothing should ever induce her to desert the Tyrol. Still, it was disconcerting. Part of the pleasure of going to Europe is in being looked upon as a privileged creature by one's envying friends; and to be actually looked down upon because one was going to the Tyrol was really quite unendurable. So it was with a little pat of added fierceness that the lady put more and more "things" into her trunk, and if the luggage were to have been labelled at all, she would certainly have fastened a tag to it marked very conspicuously, "Tyrol."

Nevertheless, in the seclusion of her own chamber that night, she might have been heard to say to her husband, with decision, "Henry, I think it is very foolish for you to insist on going to Europe in this way, summer after summer."

"We have only been twice," murmured Henry, in some astonishment.

"But once is enough. That is, until we have seen something of our own country. Of course one wants to go once—"

"I have noticed that one did," murmured the Imperturbable.

"And of course, if you want art, or history, or associations, or architecture, you must go to Europe for them. Or if you want to study something. But we are only going for the summer, and to see scenery, and I don't suppose any scenery in Europe can compare with what there is in the Northwest. The guide-books say—"

"My dear, you surely don't believe all the guide-books say to be true."

"If only an eighth of it is true, we ought to see it," said Mrs. Thayer, with great decision.

So it happened that at the breakfast table Mrs. Thayer, known henceforth in these pages as the Convert, announced that as Henry was so anxious to go to the Yellowstone, she had consented to give up the Tyrol, Mr. Thayer having merely stipulated that, for sacrificing his ocean voyage, he would be allowed to take the

party as far as St. Paul by way of the Great Lakes.

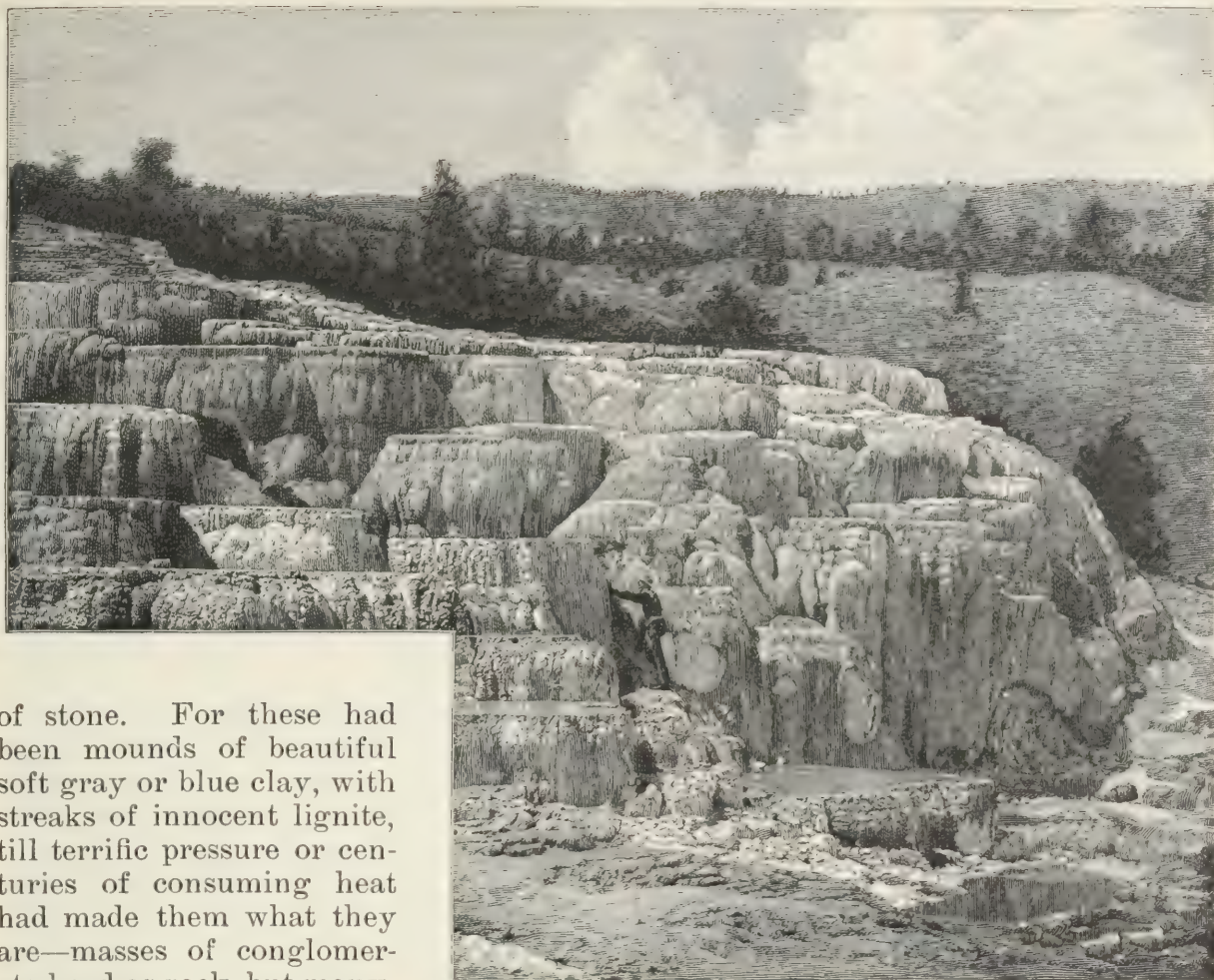
At St. Paul they would meet the Ruthvens, who should come up from their ranch to join the party—Anna and Donald Ruthven, better known to their immediate friends as the Romantic and the Man of Sense. It had been harder to persuade the Man of Sense to give up his ranch than to induce the Imperturbable to sacrifice his trip to Europe; but the Romantic had, of course, carried the day at last, and the afternoon of the 9th of August found them all dining merrily in the dining car of the Northern Pacific, as the long train swept slowly out of St. Paul.

"Oh, Mabel, look at the wind on that field of grain! It is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed the Convert.

"I know it," said the Maiden, without, however, lifting her eyes from her omelet and hot rolls. "But don't call my attention to it. Papa said if I wrote anything more in my letters about the 'waving wheat fields of Dakota,' or that fish that people are always catching in a cold river at the Yellowstone and cooking in a hot one without taking it off the hook, or the egg that they are forever boiling in a geyser, he should stop corresponding with me; and papa's letters, you know, are valuable. He said I was only to mention it in case I found that we could catch and boil the fish in the same river."

At four o'clock that afternoon they entered the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. Whist and magazines were discarded, and for two or three hours no other amusement was necessary than to look from the car windows. Almost in a few minutes, as it seemed, they had passed from broad level tracts like the Kansas prairies to plains dotted so thickly with the little low round hills known as buttes that the comparison of a checker-board covered with checkers was the first to suggest itself. Sometimes the buttes rose higher in fantastic pinnacles and grotesque turrets, but as a rule they were little and low and round, owing their impressiveness not to what they were, but to the testimony that they bore to the tremendous agencies which had made them what they were. For these were no soft grass-grown hills, neither were they splendid masses of great rock. Their hardness and roughness were more terrible than those of rock, as a human face wrinkled and scarred with wounds is more terrible than one cut out





MINERVA TERRACE.

of stone. For these had been mounds of beautiful soft gray or blue clay, with streaks of innocent lignite, till terrific pressure or centuries of consuming heat had made them what they are—masses of conglomerate hard as rock, but many, colored as a painted wall, wearing still the sign of their constant martyrdom in rings of pale blue fire showing half-way up at the surface, the sure signal that the pale blue clay that is still pale shall yield at last, though it take ten thousand years, to the silent force that is eating its heart out, and has left its sides worn and wrinkled with the slow agony.

As they left the cars at Livingston the heat in the valley was intense. Only three hours more, and they would be in the marvellous precincts of the Park.

Patience! The Maiden kept repeating it softly to herself, for her heart was heavy with unspoken dread. She knew her guide-book; she knew that this approach to the Park from Livingston was counted one of the wonders of the trip. She knew that they were passing through the "Gate to the Mountains," and that this was the lower cañon of the Yellowstone. But she had been through Colorado, and refused to accept this for a cañon. Fortunately the Convert had never been to Colorado. The Maiden noticed, with a sense of relief, that her sister was really quite delighted with the scene, and was

convinced that this was a cañon. She saw her listening with awe to the familiar fact that mountains which looked in the translucent atmosphere as if you could reach them in a few minutes were really ten or twelve miles away. It was much to be thankful for that the Convert had nothing but the Tyrol with which to compare this first cañon of the Yellowstone; but for her, who had seen Colorado, ah! what should she do if the Yellowstone were not so fine, after all, as the Royal Gorge and Mosquito Pass and Clear Creek Cañon and the tiny Green Lake at Georgetown?

"Are you a coupon, sir?" asked a quiet voice as they stepped from the cars at Cinnabar.

"No."

"Would you like my team, then?"

"Yes."

It was one of those inspirations which sometimes do not deceive the impulsive traveller. Concord coaches with inviting outside seats stood about, and the Convert was gazing at them rather longingly, with



the reminiscences they suggested of jolly times in her youth at the White Mountains. But the Man of Sense knew a man when he saw one. Any one so unlike a New York hackman as this quiet fellow with a team not intended to interfere with the "coupons" was a person to be cultivated. Into his three-seated vehicle they stepped at once.

The road was not yet reassuring. It was dull, dusty, glaring, and disappointing. It brightened a little as they entered the Park; there began to be pretty streams tumbling gracefully over rather fine rocks, with occasionally a nice little view or picturesque wall of stone. But the heart of the Maiden confessed to itself that they need not have come two or three thousand miles to see that; it was quite as pretty up at the dear little White Hills in New Hampshire, and a thousand times lovelier in Colorado!

On they crept; up the steep, narrow road, through cold, dull woods of uninteresting dead trees. Really it was almost horrid!

Then suddenly, without an instant's warning, they swept into a magnificent natural plaza. Mountains hemmed it in, rising one above another, and giving glimpses through the rifts between them of those rare and glorious views which are not frequent in the Park, but which do exist, though the traveller, bewildered with greater and finer wonders, reaches a point when he takes a mere "view" as a matter of course, hardly noticed, and passed over in his diary without comment. Mountains to right of them, mountains in front of them, mountains behind them, though the plaza was itself so high and so open that there was no stifling sense of being shut in by mountains, as there is at the Profile House in New Hampshire, for instance; and to the left of them—what?

Apparently a sheeted mountain, ready for burial. Between the dark hills rising like sentinels around it a plateau of many acres, with great terraces leading up to it, lay covered, not with snow, but with something white as snow, thrown alike over plateau and terrace; cold, spectral, weirdly silent in the faint dusk just lit by a young moon. It was not dead; Vesuvius itself were hardly more alive; for this was the mountain of the Mammoth Hot Springs, with a fiery and living torture at its heart and in all its veins.

"You mean," said the Man of Sense, when the Romantic had reached this stage of explanation, "that what looks like ice, a frozen Niagara, is really rock, built up of a deposit chiefly calcareous, taken up in solution by the hot water forcing its way to the surface through cretaceous strata, and then solidified by evaporation."

"Yes," said the Romantic, meekly, "that is what I meant."

"And you were quite right, my dear. That is exactly what it is."

In another moment they were at the steps of the hotel, gazing curiously at the long and wide veranda, eloquent of at least one place left in the United States where it is still possible to "rough it." Complete emancipation from Worth spoke in the flannel dresses of the ladies, the booted, belted, and spurred appearance of the gentlemen, the broad sombreros of the waiting guides. Piazza chairs there were in abundance, but nobody seemed to be occupying them. No one wanted to rest. This was no weary waiting-place for tired chaperons watching for the young people to come back from their "good times." The chaperons themselves were having the "good times." Pacing the piazza, leaning over the railing to gaze at the newcomers, chatting in eager groups full of excitement over to-day's excursion or tomorrow's plans, all was gay alertness, the cheerful restlessness of people whose veins are alive with keen vitality.

Nor was the charm lost when they stepped within. The immense cool spaces of the corridors, the walls thickly studded with horns of the elk and deer and with heads of the buffalo and mountain sheep, the hard floors on which lynx, wild-cat, and bear, stuffed, but singularly life-like, seemed to be running about at ease—all spoke of strange and new experience.

"Oh, Anna," exclaimed the Maiden, in a burst of relief from her overcharged heart, "the uniqueness has begun!"

"I notice," said the Man of Sense, "a pleasing absence of band, and of halls for dancing. It argues well for a place where people are having too good a time in other ways to care to dance."

Pleasant little parlors there were, but the great corridors upstairs, fitted up with fireplaces and easy-chairs and tables, were evidently the favorite lounging-places, if indeed at the Yellowstone any one ever wanted to lounge.



"I always supposed it was the Hot Springs that were mammoth—didn't you?—but it seems it's the bedrooms," said the Convert, as she was ushered into a corner chamber with four immense windows, and a ceiling so high that, as the Man of Sense remarked, any angels watching over their slumbers would be too far away for practical assistance in case of burglars.

"You are right, my dear, as you always are," said the Man of Sense, later, as they descended to the supper-room. "It is evidently the bedrooms that are mammoth, not the chops." He looked ruefully at the morsel of mutton which was supposed to raise canned peaches and very thin cake to the dignity of "supper."

They would stay here another day, for they knew that the great springs and the terraces, known at the hotel as the "Formation," were well worth being more than gazed at from the piazza. The gentlemen after supper sauntered to the office to study into the best



THE "FORMATION."

methods of travelling through the Park when they should be ready to leave the springs, and the ladies lingered in the halls, and wandered out on the piazzas, amused beyond measure at what the Maiden had well described as the "uniqueness" of the Mammoth Hot Springs as a summer hotel.

The gentlemen soon returned, but with puzzled brows. It seemed that with all their much studying of guide-books they had come quite unprepared for the genuine emergency.

"Did you know that the upper geyser basin is *fifty-six miles* from here, and that the lake is over seventy and the falls and the cañon nearly seventy miles?"



"Mercy, no!" exclaimed the ladies.

"And that if we go by the stage route we shall be expected to make the whole of that fifty-six miles to the upper geysers in one day? To think that we gave up going out of the Park by way of Beaver Cañon, because they said it would be a hundred miles' staging that we should have to do in two days, only to get here and find that fifty miles' staging a day is the average expected of us all through the Park!"

"Fortunately, though, we are not what Phillips calls 'coupons,'" added the Man of Sense. "Their tickets allow them five days in the Park, which sounds beautifully when you are in New York. But the trip in the cars from Livingston to Cinnabar is counted as one of the days; they get here at the springs about seven o'clock of that day, when it is too dark to do anything but look at the Formation from the piazza, and they leave after a half-past-six breakfast the next morning for that awful fifty-six miles by stage to the upper geysers. They get there about seven o'clock at night, and leave again right after breakfast the next morning for the forty-mile trip to the falls. They can't go to the lake at all, for there is no accommodation there for the night, and it is too long a jaunt for one day even to these inveterate stages. So they have a little longer respite than usual at the falls; but they leave at eleven o'clock to spend the whole of their last two precious days in getting back where they started from, over precisely the same road!"

"The life of a 'coupon' cannot be worth living," murmured the Imperturbable, with solemnity.

"Under these circumstances," announced the Man of Resources, "we think of hiring our own private team to go as we please."

"Of course," exclaimed the ladies.

"But even then there are difficulties. There are only four hotels in the Park after we leave here, and one of these we shall have to reach every night at all hazards. By paying our four dollars a day at these hotels we shall be better off than the unfortunate 'coupons' in being able to stay at each place as long as we please; but we can't go to the lake any better than they can."

"So with this combination of circumstances," continued the Man of Resources, "what do you say to providing ourselves

with a complete outfit, and camping out?"

"Perfectly lovely!" exclaimed the ladies.

It can do no possible harm to tell the whole truth about the Yellowstone, and to acknowledge that while the great Park contains certainly the seven wonders of the world in natural magnificence, the great spaces between these different wonders are immense distances of utterly uninteresting scenery, which one traverses over roads covered with a white blinding dust which is very nearly intolerable. It is true that the hot springs, and the geysers, and the Paint Pots, and the falls, and the cañon, and the lake, and the many-colored pools, are worth any amount of trouble in getting to them; but it is also true that they are worth taking any amount of trouble to lessen the trouble; and since it could all be removed by so simple a thing as a few rails and a locomotive, it is certainly a pity that a state of things should be left existing which prevents the very young, the very old, the very fastidious, or the very weak, from enjoying the real wonders of such a journey.

In the mean time, however, there is no railway, and our friends, as the next best thing, would hire special teams and camp out. The Man of Sense at once hurried back to the office, and could be heard giving royal orders for a princely retinue of teams, saddle-horses, guides, cooks, tents, and supplies, till he was arrested by a fiery glance from the Parsimonious.

"I have been talking with Phillips," she announced. "He has an outfit, and will let us have two four-horse teams and two saddle-horses, a cook, two wall tents, with mattresses and all utensils, for twenty-five dollars a day."

"Bravo, Romantic!"

"You know how much we liked him when he drove us up from Cinnabar. I am inclined to trust him because he said, frankly, when we asked him how he thought we should like camping out, that the ladies of the last party didn't like it at all. And he thinks we could lay in enough supplies to last us ten days for seventy-five dollars. That would be three hundred and twenty-five dollars in all for ten days, or six dollars and fifty cents per day apiece."

"Most noble lady!"

"If we went as the 'coupons' do, it would cost us nine dollars per day apiece





A PACK TRAIN.

—five for staging, and four for hotels. Only," she confessed, with a sigh, "we shall have to stay more days going our way."

"But we shall have ten days in the Park, and ever so much more fun, for only twenty dollars apiece more than we should have to pay for five days and precious little fun on the regular routes."

"It is done," said the Man of Sense.

"And the seventy-five dollars for supplies," added the Maiden, "will include beer and a dog."

"So that if we are lost on any of the alpine solitudes which you insist exist in the Park, we can eat dog?"

That night they slept the sleep of the just, waking to a cloudless morning for their tramp over the Formation.

Phillips being busy with preparations for camping, Joseph was pressed into service as guide. It was very cool in the corridors of the hotel, but a single step from the piazza proved their light satteen travelling dresses more comfortable than the blue flannel gowns still waiting for the reputed frost of the Yellowstone. Colored glasses were necessary to shield the eyes from the intense glare in the sunlight of the snowy terraces, dropping one after

another for two miles from the dark pine woods above and around them, like a series of beautiful frozen cascades.

"I notice there is only one man who has the courage for figures," said the Man of Sense, referring to his guide-books as they crossed the white plateau at the base of the extinct springs, and paused at the foot of Old Liberty Cap, the cone of an extinct geyser, towering fifty feet into the air. "He seems to know all about it, and declares that it took just fifty-four centuries to build up this thing."

"I can tell you who *he* is," said the knowing Joseph, with a laugh. "He's the man that tells you the Boiling River puts fifty thousand barrels of hot water into the Gardiner every twenty-four hours. I've often told him he'd oughter have let us know when he was going to measure it."

"Any estimate of the age of the lower terrace would be purely conjectural," read the Man of Sense from another guide-book. "Still, I suppose there is no doubt about its being a matter of centuries. In that case, how soon do they expect to finish repairing the Devil's Thumb?"

For they had walked over to the smaller column, which was not only extinct, but



crumbling with age and decrepitude. Art was endeavoring to assist nature, and repair the waste by bringing water from the hot springs just above in wooden troughs, letting it trickle down the sides of the cone and evaporate, to leave its snowy deposit to repair the ravages of time.

"Well, that feller that knows so much about the figgers," explained Joseph, "says the Orange Geyser builds a foot in a century. And he says the hot springs will deposit a sixteenth of an inch in four days. All I know about it is that I can put a beer bottle under some of the falling water, and turn it round once or twice, and have it beautifully coated over, with a white crust that won't crumble, in a day or two."

"Question: if you can coat a beer bottle in a day or two, how long will it take to build a geyser cone? Come, Mabel, you were last at your books."

"Fifty-four centuries," answered the Maiden, promptly.

"Correct. You may go up to the head;" and the Imperturbable pointed to the upper terrace towering above them.

It was not at all a steep climb, but they had to be wary about stepping into the little rills of hot water trickling down from the upper springs.

"What is that dust?" exclaimed the Convert, suddenly. "I never saw dust rising from ice before."

"Well, marm," said the smiling Joseph, "in the first place, 'tain't dust; and in the next place, 'tain't ice. The dust is steam, and the ice is formation."

"Of course," said the Convert. "I ought to have known. But I can't divest myself of the idea that all this white rock is arctic snow."

"Well, I don't know," said the Imperturbable; "this isn't exactly what I should call arctic."

He had been, with the Maiden, the first to reach the top, and was gazing into the depths of the first of the Mammoth Hot Springs. The wind had blown toward him a sudden whiff of the hot sulphurous steam, and he had stepped back quickly, only to find that he had stumbled into one of the innocent-looking rills, that was decidedly warm even through his boot.

But what a magnificent sight it was! The whole snowy mass that had looked cold and silent under the pale moon the night before was now glowing, gleaming,

pulsating with life under the morning sun. For perhaps a hundred acres the white surface was studded with brilliant pools, set like jewels, clear as diamonds, lovelier in color than opals, in rims of fretted frost delicate as lace and firm as marble. Over these coralline edges trickles softly the gentle overflow of the lovely lakes, falling, falling, tremulously and without a sound, over the fluted reed-like columns of the terraces below, only to leave them harder than they were before.

"Isn't it incredible," said the Man of Sense, "that water so particularly clear should hold anything in solution so particularly hard?"

"I don't know," murmured the Imperturbable, dreamily. "It's like the careless remark of a woman who has packed her trunks for Europe that *some time* she would like to go to the Yellowstone; it sounds remarkably simple, but you will find before long that there is an adamantine purpose at the bottom of it."

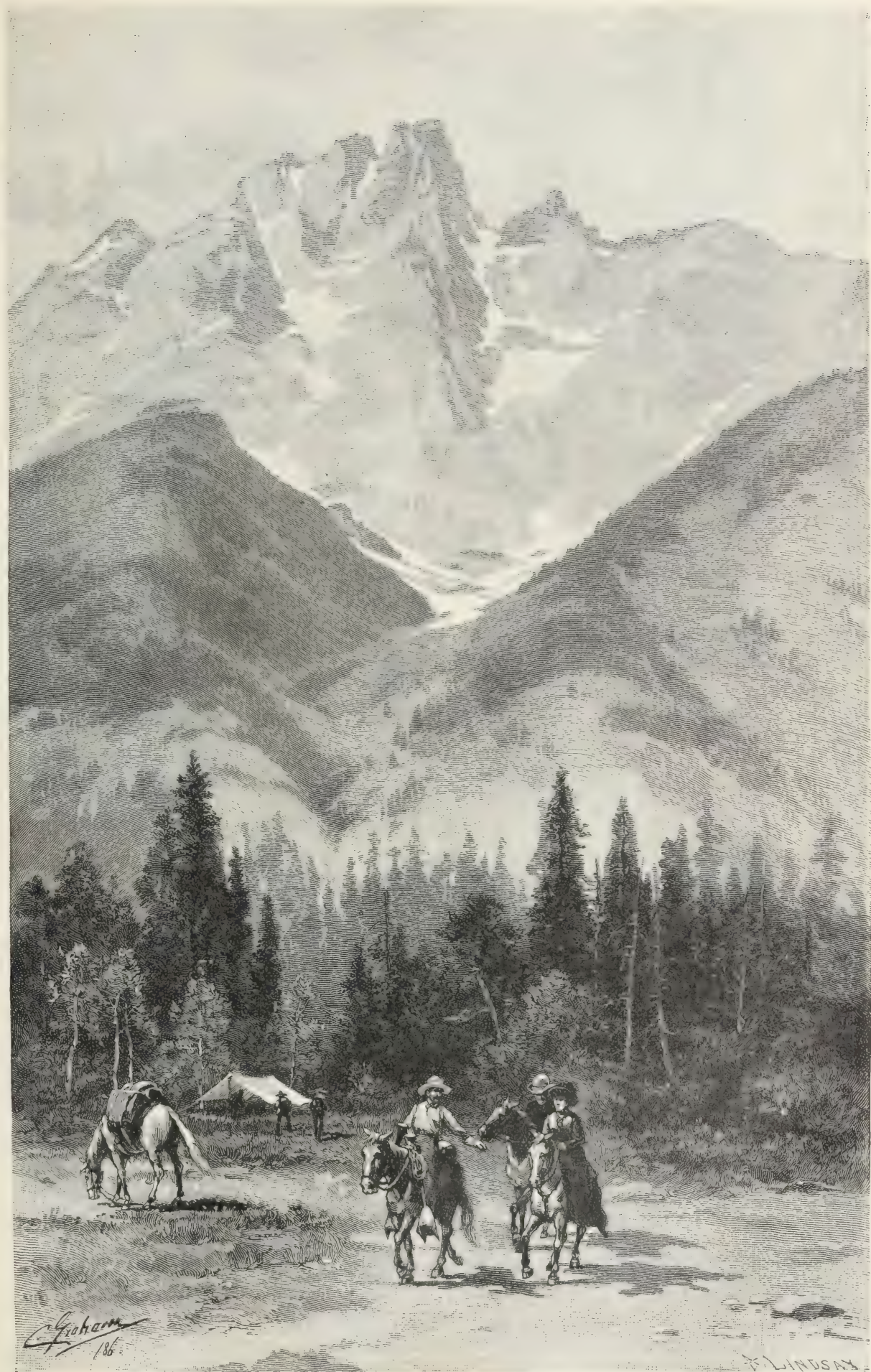
They had reached by this time the curious little lake with hot springs bubbling up on one side of it, so that by choosing your spot you could have a bath at any temperature you pleased.

"Them as likes their bath hot goes in on the left," explained the intelligent Joseph, "and them as likes it cold goes in on the right, and them as likes it middlin' goes in in the middle."

They looked patiently at all the curiosities which Joseph insisted upon their seeing in the woods, but were glad to emerge at another part of the terraces, where the view seemed even finer than before. Nothing but the warm bright air about them served to remind them that it was not winter. Even the exquisite coloring of the water, a lovely robin's-egg blue, and the almost gorgeous coloring of the terraces where part of the deposit had formed in columns or streaks of the richest orange and red, or of the daintiest pink or creamy yellow, failed to detract from the general effect of acres upon acres of snow and ice.

It seemed almost as if in this vast area every square inch was worth bending down to examine. They took a last lingering look at Cleopatra's Bowl, and then began the easy descent. How softly and slowly these noiseless little rills, not in the least like restless, turbulent cascades, slip over the rim of their beautiful basins and down the fluted walls





THE THREE TETONS.



of the terraces, may be judged from the fact that Joseph told them they could only go down the way they were descending, because the wind that day was blowing the overflow toward the other side.

"Ah!" said the Maiden, with a happy sigh; "it has been like going to Pompeii and Venice and the Alps and the Milan Cathedral and the arctic regions all in one morning."

Half past nine the next morning! The unfortunate "coupons" had breakfasted three hours before, and had whirled away on their mad career through the Park to reach the upper geysers before dark, without having seen anything more of the Formation than is visible from the hotel piazza. But the Man of Sense had decided that his party should camp for the night where the "coupons" merely dined; so there was no hurry for them about starting, and they had indulged in a leisurely and quiet breakfast.

"Leisurely and quiet are good adjectives," comments the Imperturbable, looking over my shoulder. "They seem to express a good deal, and yet they don't tell anything. It was leisurely, because even the hard-hearted waiter took pity on my piece of steak this morning, and offered to get me another, for which I had to wait; and it was quiet, because I had discovered that nothing was gained by making a row."

Immediately afterward they were summoned to the piazza. The caravan was ready, and Phillips wished the comments of his patrons before starting the team with supplies ahead, that luncheon might be ready for the party wherever they might decide to take their "nooning."

The Romantic and the Maiden were in ecstasies. It is true the noble steeds were not exactly champing their bits with impatience to be off, nor was there anything princely in the general appearance of the retinue. There was, indeed, a somewhat striking likeness to a prairie schooner about each of the teams, and the saddle-horses presented every guarantee that they would be "safe." But it was all redolent of fun and freedom and "good times." It was very complete. Straps and buckles and little bags and boxes were fastened to the wagons for every conceivable necessity. The camera was slung neatly to the canvas roof, the lantern hung bewitchingly over the canvas for the tents, beer peeped from under the

driver's seat, and Bob was wagging his tail in his eagerness to start.

"All right, Phillips," was the final verdict, and with a wave of his hand, and the royal edict to the cook, "Lunch on the Gardiner; we'll be there by one o'clock," Phillips dismissed the vehicle of tents and supplies, while the ladies went in to finish packing the trunks to be left behind, and the travelling bags to be taken with them.

In another hour they too were ready to start. Nothing daunted their enthusiasm, for they had confidence in Phillips.

The start was certainly a great success. The day was heavenly; the roads for a few miles are exceedingly good, especially as you sweep through the grand and impressive "Golden Gate," and the fine white dust and glare had not as yet become intolerable.

So they were still unwearied and enthusiastic when at one o'clock they looked down from the brow of a little hill to see a camp fire burning brightly on the edge of a pine wood, grass studded with blue gentians spread for a carpet at their feet, the Gardiner River flowing cheerily within easy reach, and mountains with light snow on them beautiful in the distance.

And it was their own, their very own, camp fire! A hot luncheon was ready for them, and the delicious odor in the air was coffee. When the Romantic produced napkins, their happiness was complete.

An hour or two after luncheon, however, the long drive began to grow tedious.

"When does the scenery begin?" inquired the Convert, wearily.

"Well, there isn't much scenery," acknowledged Phillips, "till you get to the Morris Basin, where we camp to-night. Then you'll have scenery enough."

"But there are the Obsidian Cliffs," said the Maiden, anxiously.

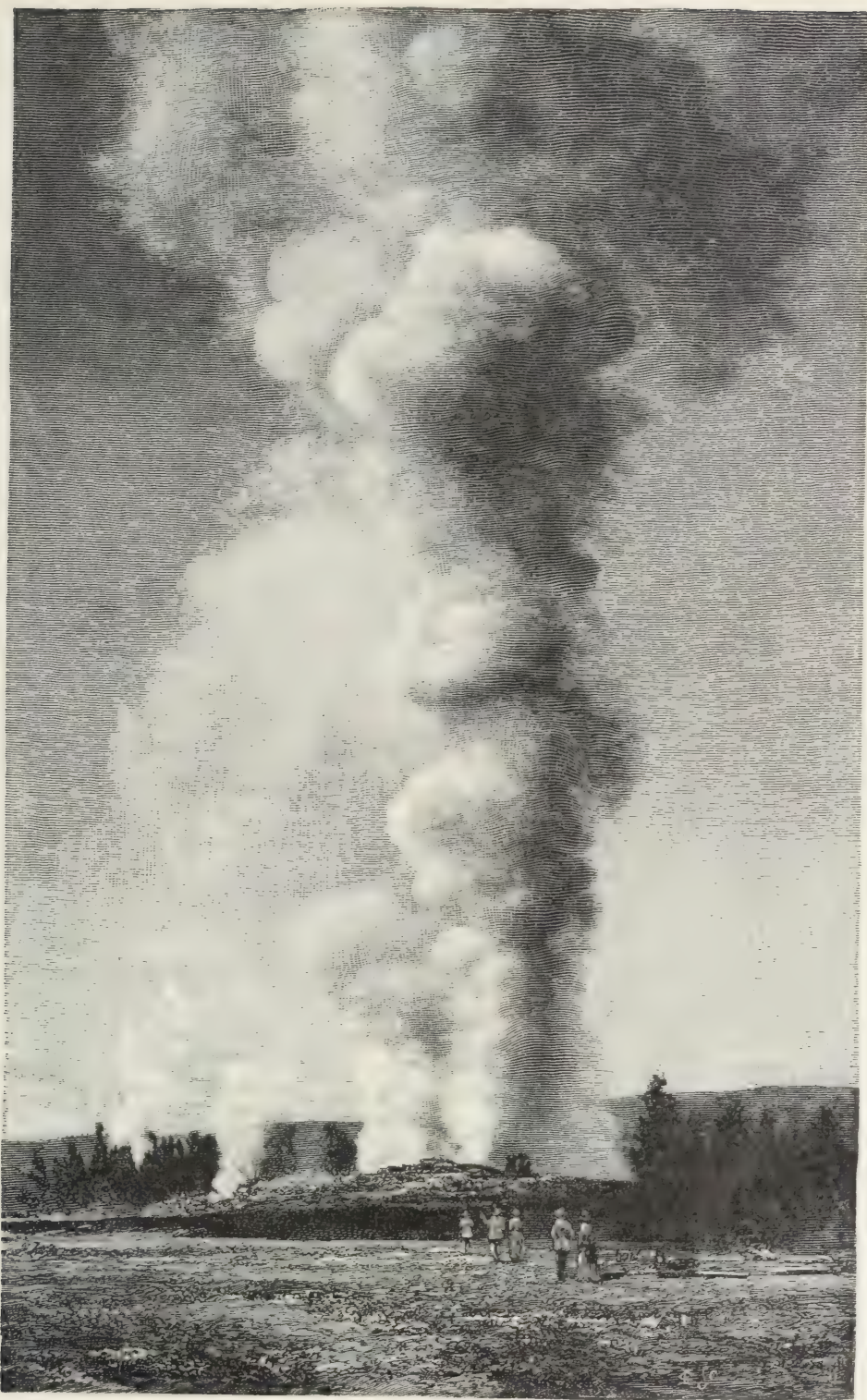
"Obsidian Cliffs?" ejaculated Phillips. "Why, you ain't expecting much from them, are you?"

"Yes, I was," murmured the Maiden, a little sadly.

"Why, they're nothing in the world but glass."

"But I don't see a mountain of glass every day; and the guide-books say that the cliffs 'glisten in the sun like burnished silver.'"





GIANT GEYSER IN ACTION.

Phillips had the cruelty to laugh. "How can they glisten like burnished silver when they're black as ink?"

"Black as ink!"

"Yes, black as ink."

"But, Phillips," said the Man of Sense, taking pity on the absolute dismay in the Maiden's face, "they're volcanic and basaltic, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. And another of

the guide-books says they are probably unequalled in the world."

"May be unequalled obsidian," replied Phillips, dryly; "but they ain't unequalled cliffs, by a long shot. Now are they?"

They were at a loss to understand this abrupt question till they noticed that he had stopped the team suddenly.

It was impossible not to laugh. In his



eagerness to have them judge for themselves, independent of guide-book influence, Phillips had driven them almost past the cliffs without their noticing that there were any cliffs. Of course they are something one wants to see, and it is interesting to know that the road ingeniously built by Colonel Norris over the blocks of obsidian that had fallen where the road must go is probably the only piece of glass road in the world. Not to be turned back by a massive barrier that could not be hewn nor drilled nor blasted, Colonel Norris built great fires on the blocks, expanding the glass, and then had his men deluge the fires with cold water from Beaver Lake, cooling the brittle glass so suddenly that great masses of it were broken up. The road was then built for half a mile with this novel material.

Nevertheless the cliffs are hardly a "value" in the scenic effect. Far from "glistening like burnished silver," they are merely a big mass of black rock streaked with gray, though small bits of the obsidian picked up from the road have the cold black glitter of jet in the sunshine.

It was five o'clock when they entered the Norris Geyser Basin.

"I hope we're in time for you to see the Monarch to-night," said Phillips.

"Never mind if we're not," said the Man of Sense, cheerfully. "If we're too late, we can run over and see him to-morrow morning before breakfast."

"No, you can't," said Phillips. "The Monarch Geyser *is* a monarch up here in the Park. You can't go to see him when *you* get ready; you've got to go when *he's* ready."

They laughed at this reminder that nature here was the despot, and that sight-seeing in Wyoming was something different from hunting up a cathedral or a water-fall.

"He goes off about six," announced Phillips.

"All right; we'll take a look at him. Where is he?" asked the Imperturbable, gazing about as if so lordly a creature ought to be visible from any stand-point.

"He's half a mile up the road there. If you like the walk, dinner'll be ready when you get back."

They were thankful for the walk; they were tired, but only tired of driving.

Half a mile up the road they did indeed come upon their first geysers, not as yet

any great or famous ones, but a whole field of innumerable little ones, bubbling, burning, boiling away, and sending up their columns of white steam—a curious sight certainly to the *blasé* sight-seer weary of cathedrals.

"But they're exactly like the pictures of them," said the Romantic, in a tone of disappointment.

"What would you have, my dear? I am lost in speculation when I attempt to conceive what your verdict would have been if they had not looked like the pictures of them."

"And the coloring!" exclaimed the Convert. "Look at those pools! One is turquoise blue, and one is a splendid orange, and one is rose-color, and one is the richest crimson."

"But don't stop," said the Maiden, piteously. "I know the Monarch will go off before we get there."

"No hurry," said the Man of Sense, as they turned back to the road. "Nothing ever goes off till the Romantic gets there."

A few minutes later they saw where the Monarch must be, though there were as yet no signs of him, from a group of people waiting patiently upon the rocks.

"How do you dare to sit so near the crater?" asked the Convert, noticing that the group were hardly twenty feet from a chasm that was expected momentarily to send up eighty feet of boiling water.

"Oh, the water never splashes on the rocks," was the confident reply. "It just goes up and comes right down."

"And how long have you been waiting?"

"An hour," was the reply, with a sigh.

"Never mind," said the Man of Sense; "it's all right now. Announce to his Majesty," turning gravely to the Maiden, "that the Romantic is waiting."

In ludicrous answer to his jest, just as he finished speaking there was a rumble and a roar, and behold! his Majesty was there.

In five minutes he had gone again, but it was a magnificent sight.

No hour could be so enchanting for these geysers as one just before twilight, when a wintry sunset lingers in the sky, and the whole expanse of white formation, dotted with columns of white curling steam and glowing pools of water that seem to hold "the light that never was on sea or land," has all the effect of one of Landseer's lovely, lonely landscapes, lit





IN CAMP.



with a coloring of its own, and truly neither of the sea nor land.

Oh, why would it grow dark? Nothing but the gathering darkness would ever have sent them home. Yes, *home*; for the little camp that had been pitched for the night, with its glowing fire and its waiting dinner, lent a "value" of unmistakable cozy comfort to the grandeur of the Yellowstone Park.

It was a pretty scene where the camp had been pitched. Close by gleamed the dozen white tents that formed the hotel where the "coupons" dine, while the green expanse of pretty meadow, shut in by pines glowing with the rich red light of sunset, was dotted with the tents of travellers camping out. Brightly flowed the river past the tents; brightly gleamed the camp fires through the trees; brightly glowed the faces round the tempting dinner on the grass.

At nine o'clock the Maiden disappeared in the ladies' tent. Only, however, to emerge looking prettier than ever. She had completely changed her costume, and was a lovely "value" in the landscape as she stood holding back the white canvas of the tent door, while the fire-light played on her skirt of heavy crimson flannel, her little tight-fitting jacket of dark blue edged with Astrakhan, and the tiny cap of Astrakhan and blue set jauntily on her golden curls.

"Well, Mabel?"

"We dress for the night at the Yellowstone instead of undressing," explained the Maiden, with dignity. "It is warm now, but there will be a frost before morning. Phillips says so."

"But, Mabel, if the thing is to be cold at the Yellowstone, you want to be cold. You never can go home properly and tell people that you were half frozen in August, if you wear all that furry armor."

"Yes, I can. That is the point of it. You must be cold with all your winter things on. Anybody could be cold with only a summer overcoat."

It seemed incredible that they could need all the blankets Phillips had provided.

"But then, when you think of it," said the Man of Sense, "we're a thousand feet higher above the sea than the top of Mount Washington. Why shouldn't we be cold?"

And they were cold before morning. That is, they didn't suffer, for there were

wraps in abundance, and the delicious invigorating air playing around them was something quite unlike the deathly chill of a cold chamber.

"Hot water, fresh from the spring!" was the novel cry outside the tent of the ladies. "You can't have cream in your coffee, for the milk froze in the pail; but the hot pool didn't freeze, by a good deal. Come out and see the frost."

But quickly as the ladies dressed, spurred to activity by the splendid air, the desire to get out, and the tempting sputtering of bacon evidently turning crisp over a fire just outside their tent, the frost was almost gone before they came out to look at it. As soon as the sun goes down at the Yellowstone it is singularly cold, but as soon as the sun comes up it is singularly warm.

"I wonder what makes it seem so heavenly?" said the Romantic. "It is just like a June morning, in spite of the cold and the absence of roses."

"I know what it is, Anna," said the Maiden, slyly. "It's the beautiful stillness. You pretend that you like those horrid Kansas winds at the ranch, but you don't. There isn't any wind; that's what makes it so lovely."

Undoubtedly it was. The slightest breeze of the clear cold air might have destroyed the charm of the out-of-doors breakfast, in spite of the camp fire. But there was not a zephyr moving. The delicious crisp freshness simply existed all around you, ready for the breathing, but not fluttering so much as the hem of your garment.

And now to break camp and away; that is, they would leave Johnson and Sam to break camp, and they would "away." As they were to stop at the Gibbon Paint Pots, there would be time for Johnson and the camping "outfit" to pass them later on the road, and have luncheon ready for them at the head of the Gibbon Cañon.

All was stir and excitement. Twenty or more different encampments were breaking up; horsemen galloped away toward the Firehole or toward the springs; patient wagons took their heavy loads of camp equipage and toiled after the eager horsemen. Nothing was left of the little settlement that had been so full of life the night before but the quiet tents of the hotel, where even now dinner was being prepared for the next "coupons."



The Man of Sense and the Maiden would ride that morning. The day before it had been too hot, and the saddle-horses had been allowed to plod along by the wagons. In the afternoon it would be again too

"I don't see why they associate everything around here with Satan, just because it is hot," said the Romantic. "Those little white puffs are pretty enough to make it seem as if it were here that they



"SHE STOOD HOLDING BACK THE CANVAS OF THE TENT."

hot, perhaps; but at eight o'clock nothing could be more tempting than a ride as far as the Paint Pots.

The road led them by the field of geysers, looking strangely different in the bright morning air. More than a hundred of them seemed to be "up and at it," sending up their light curling wreaths of steam with a zeal that never flags, even with the thermometer about them at 40° below zero.

were manufactured for the sky. Nature never thought we should come up here to catch her at it; but she is blowing soap-bubbles that float up into the blue, and stay there like innocent little white clouds that have never touched the earth."

"Very pretty—very pretty indeed," said the Man of Sense. "But they look more to me like the smoke of the future locomotive that I hope is to put us through this park some time."



"And to me," said the Man of Sense, whose favorite resource was his Kansas ranch, "they look more like the smoke from the chimneys of my future tenants, when I build up a big town at Carneiro."

"Well, the guide-book hits it about right this time; it calls it 'an infernal little dell'; and as it has over two thousand active volcanic vents, I think we had better turn the whole thing over to Satan, after all."

Two hours later they entered the curious grove, about a mile from the main road, where the Paint Pots are.

There are more than five hundred of them, and they are admirably named. The little pools are like nothing so much as great paint pots, and the bubbling, boiling, gurgling mass seething within them is like nothing so much as paint. It is soft, smooth, and satiny to the touch, though it turns hard later in lovely coral-work around the basins, only to crumble away if you try to preserve it.

But the wonder of these hot paint pots is the coloring. Because I have been quite frank, and acknowledged that the Yellowstone is not a "pretty place" through its whole three thousand square miles, I shall expect you to trust me when I tell you where it is pretty, and to believe me when I say that these colored paint pots are alone worth a journey of many miles to see. It had been curious to see pools of so many different colors far apart from each other at the Norris Basin; but here, within two or three feet of each other, were pools some of which were blood red, some sulphur orange, some delicate rose-color, and some looking as if filled with hot cream.

Here, too, is the one great joke of the Park. It is a great pool apparently full of white paint. The effort of this thick white paint to be a geyser, resulting in a sputter, sputter, sputter—gurggle, gurggle, gurggle—blob, blob, blob—and then for a moment silence, is something so ludicrous that no one can stand beside it and not laugh aloud in sympathy. It is not the seething of the hot spring, nor the bubbling of the boiling pool, nor the hiss of steam rushing from subterranean caverns, nor the roar of the geyser; it is sputter, sputter, sputter—gurggle, gurggle, gurggle—blob, blob, blob—till the spectator is convulsed with merriment.

The scenery that afternoon was the most interesting they had had on the road.

The Gibbon Cañon is finely picturesque, and they had been repaid by the beautiful Gibbon Falls, lovelier even than the lovely Minnehaha, for the scramble down the hill-side from the road.

Nevertheless, they were strangely tired, almost too tired to enjoy the really noble view, when Phillips suddenly drew up his horses where they could look down into the valley of the Firehole River, and across to the great Divide, sending the head-waters of the Columbia down one side to the Pacific, and the springs of the Missouri down the other to the Gulf of Mexico.

"Now," said Phillips, in a tone of intense satisfaction, "if you'll get out the field-glasses, I shouldn't wonder if we could see the Three Tetons."

"What in the world are the Three Tetons?"

"They're mountains."

"But we can certainly see mountains enough. I don't believe it is worth while to dig out the glasses."

"But they're two hundred miles away."

"Oh, we've seen lots of mountains as far off as that," announced the Man of Sense, "in the San Juan country, from the Marshall Pass. Isn't that the valley down there where the weary cease from jolting and the horses are to rest?"

"Yes, sir; that's where we camp for to-night—eight miles farther on."

"Eight miles!" sighed the Romantic. "Then don't let's wait to hunt up any Tetons."

So they hurried down into the valley, leaving the Tetons, as it were, behind them.

They camped for the night in a grove of pines, just at the entrance to the picturesque road that leads out of the Park through Beaver Cañon to the Union Pacific Railway. It was a pretty spot, with a spring of clear water tinkling close beside their tents, their mattresses laid on fragrant boughs of pine, the river flowing within sight, and Marshall's comfortable hotel within reach.

Not that they wanted a hotel, except that one of the hot sulphur baths would be grateful after the dust and heat of the drive.

The next morning they explored the Devil's Half-Acre, and it was worth exploring. Though only a repetition in kind of what they had seen before, it was all on a much larger scale. Instead of tiny pools





FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

there is here a great lake, with its basin rimmed with so many and such rich colors, and its water of such deep and heavenly tints, that the very vapor from it is tinged by reflection with hues of pale blue or deli-

cate pink. From this lake runs a phenomenal little brook. The water in the lake is of limpid turquoise blue; for a few yards the water of the brook is thick and white, like rich cream; for a few more yards it





CRATER OF "OLD FAITHFUL."

runs over a bed distinctly and brightly crimson; then for a few yards more its course is marked by a perfectly defined band of brilliant yellow. There's a definite break in each color; they do not run into each other. The same water drops in its course entirely different deposits.

Here, too, is the horrible crater of the greatest geyser in the world, the Excelsior, whose eruptions are fortunately few, when it sends 300 feet into the air water enough to wash away bridges over small streams below, rumbling with a roar to be heard for miles, and scattering over acres rocks a hundred pounds in weight. The crater is dreadful enough when not in action; but into this seething, burning, frightful abyss of boiling horror a little rill of clear, perfectly cold water, fed from the snowy uplands in the distance, drops gently, unceasingly, unafraid.

Nothing further diversified the scene until about noon. Phillips halted suddenly and asked, "What do you think of that?"

They looked up for a geyser, and off for a mountain, and around for a forest, but could see nothing extraordinary.

"Try looking down."

Then they cried out with wonder.

They were on the brink of the Morning-glory Pool, the most beautiful of all the pools, lovely enough to tempt one from

New York if nothing else were to be seen at the Yellowstone Park. It is exquisitely named; for it is precisely like a morning-glory flower. Its long and slender throat, like the tube of the blossom, reaching from unknown depths below, branches out in ever-widening snowy walls, forming at last a perfectly symmetrical and exquisite chalice, which is filled with water of the loveliest, clearest, robin's-egg blue. The rim of the chalice is delicately and regularly scalloped, like the flower, and is edged with a tiny line of hard coral from the deposit.

Ten minutes later they drove into the upper geyser basin, which the "coupons" reached at nightfall of their first day out. It is a cleared space of three or four miles, in which there are said to be nearly five hundred springs and geysers, twenty-six of them being unequalled elsewhere on the surface of the globe for size, splendor, and the tremendous flood of water they send forth.

But our party had been so steeped in wonders that they hardly cared now to look at each geyser cone, though perhaps every one is worth separate examination, especially that of the Grotto, with its fantastic arches crusted with opals and lined with mother-of-pearl.

They drove directly to the head of the basin, where Old Faithful stands picturesquely, setting a noble example to his followers in beauty, sublimity, and punctuality. He saluted as they approached, sending a splendid fountain for a hundred and fifty feet into the air, and they went into camp in pine woods just across the way, where the warm spray from his hourly greeting would perhaps blow into their faces.

It was the first time they had gone into camp at noon, and they enjoyed a leisurely lunch, with the prospect of a whole afternoon not to be wasted in the wagons.

"Quarter past two," said the Man of Sense, looking at his watch as Old Faithful again rose into the air while they were lingering over their coffee and cigars. "He's on time. It's the fashion, you know, to have a tall old-fashioned clock in your dining-room, and Faithful is about the tallest one I ever saw. I judge, too, from the figures they give about here, that he is old enough to suit the very latest style."

"Do you know," said the Maiden,



thoughtfully, "I think it's even funnier to see him go down than to see him come up. If the geysers were great hot fountains, playing all the time, they would be wonderful enough; but to see them come up and go down, like a jack-in-the-box, without your having even to touch the spring—"

"A hot spring too," murmured the Imperturbable.

And now for the rest of the afternoon they separated. The Maiden and the Man of Sense took the saddle-horses and rode off through the woods to see the Lone-star Geyser. The Convert and the Imperturbable wandered off for a tour of inspection on foot. The Romantic announced that she should stay where she was and write letters.

"A geyser is a geyser," she announced, with undeniable accuracy. "When you have seen one, you have seen all. Of course they're remarkable and splendid and magnificent and all that; but they are not half as lovely or as interesting as the pools. One Morning-glory Spring is worth a dozen Faithfuls. I have come to the point when I don't even look round at him if he happens to go off when my back is turned."

But even she was moved when she heard of the Laundry: the set tub of solid rock, just the shape and size of a genuine wash-tub, filled with natural soapsuds. Here all the washing of the hotel is done, a picturesque Chinaman bringing over the clothes in his nicely balanced buckets to throw them into the bubbling, frothy pool, fish them out again when they had been tossed about enough, and run them through a wringer in the tent conveniently near.

The next day they retraced their track of the day before for eleven miles. Then at the Fire-



"IF YOU MUST HAVE A WATER-FALL."



hole they turned off to pastures new, in the direction of the falls and cañon.

Three or four miles before you come to the falls the country takes on a distinctly New England charm, and is really extremely pretty, with the rushing river, the pleasant woods, the lovely wild flowers, and the picturesque rocks. They went into camp close by the river, lunched, and then went over to the hotel for more saddle-horses with which to ride down the cañon.

The hotel here is also in tents, but it has the most picturesque location of any, in a thick grove of pines. The falls are hardly more than half a mile away.

"Yes," said the Man of Sense, as they dismounted and scrambled down the rocky slope to look up at the falls. "If you must have a water-fall, that is as good a water-fall as you could have."

A hundred feet higher than Niagara, it is far more beautiful than Niagara, in spite of the loss of breadth, because of its magnificent setting in the noblest mountain scenery. It adds to the impressiveness, too, that you can see hardly anything of the river before it makes the plunge. It makes an abrupt turn just before its leap, so that what you see is not a long, prosaic stream dropping suddenly over a rock, but only what looks like a small and quiet pool sending this splendid messenger to the river below.

They did not linger, beautiful as the scene was; they were impatient for the cañon.

The falls are usually considered to be the main object of this part of the trip, but the cañon is very fine even from that point. The guide-books do, indeed, "advise" the tourist, "if he has time," to go on a mile farther to Point Lookout; but in point of fact there should be a stringent law that no one should be allowed to enter Yellowstone Park who will not promise to ride eight miles down the cañon, as a mental and moral stimulus to the noblest impressions of his life, and also in justice to the Park. I say "down the cañon," because you follow the river on its downward course; but you do not go through the cañon as you do through those in Colorado; you walk through lovely woods above the cañon, and look down over the edge of these magnificent cliffs at the gorgeous scene before you. The milk-white walls drop suddenly from the very edge of the dark pine forests, down, down,

down, down, carved into most splendid grottoes, holding perhaps snow in their deep recesses, rising again in slender pinacles, on which the eagles build their nests, and may be seen fluttering around them, looking like sparrows in the distance; down, down, to the river, clasped, but not held, in this splendid embrace, not lying, as the guide-books say, "like a green ribbon" or "a silver thread" at their base, but writhing, gleaming, hurrying from these strong arms like a great, glittering, splendid serpent, alive, determined, terrible, but too far away to be dangerous, its emerald scales glorious in the sunlight.

Yet it is not the height of the cliffs alone, nor their wonderful sculpture, that makes the Yellowstone cañon what it is. The cliffs in Colorado are often higher and steeper, and quite as beautifully carved. As one of the guides put it, "There's cañons' most anywhere; but they ain't painted." Here, if anywhere, is the place to recall Sir Thomas Brown's definition of nature, as "the art of God." The splendor of color at the Yellowstone—the gorgeous streaks of crimson, orange, violet, and green—are even more wonderful than the snowy walls themselves. It is less the color than the purity of the color that makes the scene such a wealth of glowing loveliness. These are not merely alternate layers of dull red and pale yellow, curious but faint, like those which are thought so remarkable at Gay Head; nor does "snowy" mean here, as it is apt to do when applied to nature, merely a soiled and grimy gray. What is snowy is milk white; what is red is blood red; what is pink is the loveliest rose-color.

Should they go to the lake? It would be a twenty-mile drive, and a light haze that promised rain almost persuaded them to give it up. However, they kept on—the soul of the Man of Sense torn within him as he saw wild-duck, geese, and snipe hovering by the hundred over the river, and even a herd of antelope in the distance.

A light shower came up, but it was so interesting to discover what all the little belts and buckles and bags were for—to keep the team water-proof—that they decided it was rather cozier to have it rain. But if it had rained cats and dogs, they would have forgotten it all as they approached the loveliest sheet of water they had ever seen.

If it were merely a vast expanse of wa-





GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

ter, its mere size, though it covers 150 square miles, would not be worth the effort to get to it; for although it is a curious fact that so large a body of water is to be found so far above the level of the sea that if Mount Washington were to be sunk in it to the sea-level, the surface of the lake would still be half a mile above the top of the mountain, there is nothing, of course, to make you realize this when you stand beside it. All its statistics are interesting—its immense area, its great height, its depth of nearly 300 feet not far from shore—but, so far as the facts are concerned, you might as well stay at home and learn them from the geographies. Its surpassing loveliness is due to the fact that it is not one great prairie of water, stretched out before you so that you see the whole of it at once; it curves and bends and narrows and widens into beautiful rivers and noble bays; over it, across it, and through it float myriads of

white swans, ducks, geese, pelicans, and sea-gulls; at times it stretches out in a long line of sounding surf, breaking white upon a pebbly beach; it is dotted with lovely islands, and it is all held in place by mountains 10,000 or 12,000 feet high, clad all the year round with snow.

"In short," said the Man of Sense, "if you take Mount Desert—minus, of course, Rodick's and the hauled mealers—multiply it by ten, put some snow on the mountains, throw in a little of the Bay of Rio and the Palisades of the Hudson, add the whole of the Lake of Como and a few of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, you will have something approaching the loveliness of Yellowstone Lake."

They pitched the tents in pine woods close to the shore. Trout leaped almost onto their luncheon table; little squirrels peeped, and ran for the crumbs; wild flowers blossomed all about them in reckless profusion; lonely sea-gulls watched them



curiously from the lake. The sun came out, and the Man of Sense and the Imperturbable took the saddle-horses and went in search of the Natural Bridge, not, however, till they had banked the ladies' tent, in case of a harder rain, with heavy sods so full of blossoming flowers that they formed a beautiful little parterre of brilliant flower beds.

And the heavier rain came indeed. It was a thunder-shower glorious to see as it came up over the lake in great purple clouds that soon spent themselves in heavy hail. Still more glorious was it to see it disappear, when at last the ladies, who had been perfectly secure in their warm tent, dared to push aside their canvas door and look at the big hailstones nestled among the pink and blue blossoms of their flower bed, and then across to the mountains, white with a heavier fall of snow, and with exquisite little

clouds, tinged with a rosy sunset, drifting in and out of the ravines.

"Supper is ready," said the Maiden, confronting the gentlemen as they rode into camp. "But you said we were not to take in any hauled mealers."

"But you would let two moistened wanderers dry themselves by your fire, wouldn't you," said the Man of Sense, with an insinuating smile, "if they promised to tell you all about the Natural Bridge?"

In spite of the lovely scene, as the moon rose over the lake, it was a sorrowful conclave that gathered about the camp fire that night. They had seen the Park; that is, they had seen the seven wonders, and had done all they could that summer. It remained for them now to get back to the railroad, seventy-eight miles away, and then home again. And, after all, they had not seen the Three Tetons.

## FROWNS AND TEARS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

BEFORE the days of clock in hall,  
Or watch in pocket, or on wall,  
The ancients told the time of day  
By measurements of sun and shade,  
Just as you do, you froward jade,  
Who can be everything but gay.  
They set up in a public place  
A dial, with a painted face,  
Whereon a figure, like your nose,  
Or like your threatening finger, rose;  
And, when the sun went up and down,  
Pointed the hours, as you do now,  
With sullen humors on your brow,  
For every hour a different frown!

When the sun set, or hid his light  
In cloudy days, and in the night,  
They told the time another way,  
By water, which from vessels dropped,  
Till they were emptied, when it stopped;  
And this they called the clepsydra.  
You use the same old measure yet,  
For evermore your eyes are wet,  
You leaky creature, old and sour,  
Whose life is a perpetual shower!  
Strong should he be, and in his prime,  
To whom, as wife, you measure time.  
How he can tell, with you in sight,  
Whether it be the day or night,  
Has puzzled me, I own, for years,  
Your peevish tempers change so soon;  
Your frown, as now, proclaims it noon,  
And now 'tis midnight—by your tears!





MOUNET-SULLY AS HAMLET.

## ACTING AND ACTORS.\*

BY C. COQUELIN.

### I.

**A**RT I define as a whole, wherein a large element of beauty clothes and makes acceptable a still larger element of truth.

Thus in the execution of a work of art the painter has his colors, his canvas, and his brushes; the sculptor has his clay, his chisel, and his modelling tools; the poet has his words, rhythm, harmony, and rhyme. Every art has its different in-

struments; but the instrument of the actor is himself.

The *matter* of his art, that which he has to work upon and mould for the creation of his idea, is his own face, his own body, his own life. Hence it follows that the actor must have a double personality. He has his first self, which is the player, and his second self, which is the instrument. The first self conceives the person to be created, or rather—for the conception belongs to the author—he sees him such as he was formed by the author, whether he be Tartuffe, Hamlet, Arnolphe, or Romeo, and the being that he sees is represented by his second self. This dual personality is the characteristic of the actor.

\* EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author has mentioned only such French actors as illustrate points in his argument. Owing to the general interest in the subject, we have made the scope of the illustrations wider, including Félix, M. Coquelin *Cadet*, and M. Mounet-Sully, concerning each of whom the reader will find a brief mention in the foot-notes kindly furnished by Mr. Brander Matthews.





THE MAN AND THE ACTOR—M. COQUELIN AND HIS "LUTHIER DE CRÉMONE."

Not that the double nature is the exclusive property of actors alone; it undoubtedly exists among others. For example, my friend Alphonse Daudet takes delight in distinguishing this double element in the personality of the story-teller, and even the very expressions I am now using are borrowed from him. He confesses that he also has his first self and his second self—the one a man made like other men, who loves or hates, suffers or is happy; the other a being belonging to a

higher sphere, whose balance nothing can disturb, and who in the midst of tumultuous emotions can observe, study, and take notes for the future creation of his characters.

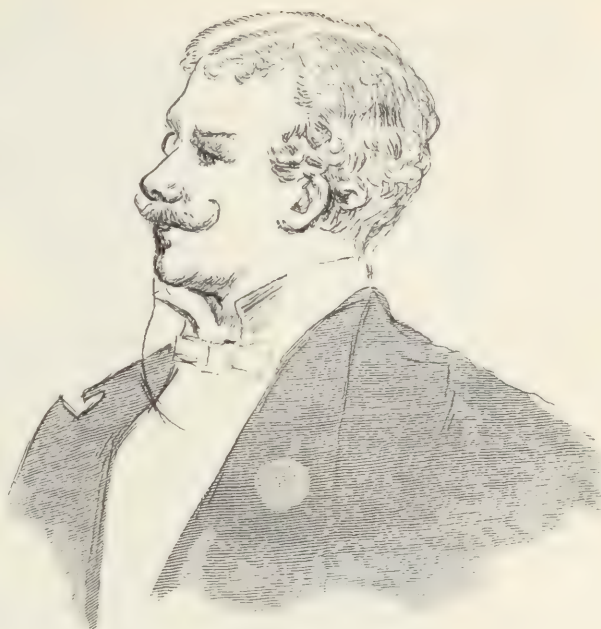
But this double nature of the writer is neither so essential nor so conspicuous as that of the actor. The first self of the author watches the second self, but they never mingle. In the actor, on the contrary, the first self works upon the second till it is transfigured, and thence an ideal



personage is evolved—in short, until from himself he has made his work of art.

When a painter is about to execute a portrait he first poses his model, and then, concentrating, as it were, in his brush all the striking features that his trained eye can seize, he transfers them to the canvas by the magic of his art, and when he has done this, his work is finished. The actor, however, has still something to do—he must himself enter into the picture. For *his* portrait must speak, act, walk in its frame, which is the stage, and it must convey the illusion of life to the spectator.

Therefore when the actor has a portrait to execute, that is, a part to create, he must first read the play carefully over many times, until he has grasped the intention of the author and the meaning of the character he is to represent, until he has a clear understanding of his personage, and *sees* him as he ought to be. When he attains to this, he has his model. Then, like the painter, he seizes each salient feature and transfers it, not to his canvas, but to himself. He adapts each element of this personality to his second self. He sees Tartuffe in a certain costume, he wears it; he feels he has a certain face, he assumes it. He forces, if one may say so, his own face and figure into this imaginary mould, he recasts his



M. COQUELIN AS THE DUC DE SEPTMONTS IN  
"L'ÉTRANGÈRE."

own individuality, till the critic which is his first self declares he is satisfied, and finds that the result is really Tartuffe.

But this is by no means all, otherwise the resemblance would be only external; it would merely convey the outward form of the personage, not the personage himself. Tartuffe must be made to speak with the voice that he hears Tartuffe using, and in order consistently to represent the part the actor must learn to move, talk, gesticulate, listen, and also think, with the mind which he divines in Tartuffe.

Now, and not till now, is the picture completed; it is ready to be framed—I mean put on the stage—and instead of exclaiming, "Look at Geoffroy!" "Here comes Bressant!" or whoever it may be, the audience will cry, "Ah, this is Tartuffe!" if otherwise, your labor is lost.

To sum up, the first thing necessary must be a deep and careful study of the *character*; then there must be the conception by the first self, and the reproduction by the second, of the person such as his character inevitably makes him. This is the work of the actor.

Like Molière, he takes his own wherever he may find it; that is, to complete the resemblance he may add to his portrait any striking traits which he himself has observed in nature; thus Harpagon was composed of a thousand misers melted and cast in the mould of a masterly unity.



BRESSANT.



## II.

The two natures which coexist in the actor are inseparable, but it is the first self, the one which *sees*, which should be the master. This is the soul, the other is the body. It is the reason—the same reason that our friends the Chinese call the *Supreme Ruler*; and the second self is to the first what rhyme is to reason—a slave whose only duty is obedience.

The more absolute the subjection to this mistress, the greater the artist.

The ideal would be that the second self, the body, should be a soft mass of sculptor's clay, capable of assuming at will any form, who would become a charming *jeune premier* for Romeo, a diabolical and intellectually fascinating humpback for Richard III., for Figaro a ferret-faced valet with an expression of audacious impertinence. Then the actor would be all-accomplished, and granted he also had equivalent talents, he could undertake every part. Alas! nature forbids this: he would be too fortunate. However supple may be the body, however mobile may be the face, neither one nor other can be changed indefinitely at the will of the artist.

Sometimes it happens that a man's exterior will prevent him from acting certain parts which he is, notwithstanding, well able both to grasp and to expound. Sometimes nature relentlessly confines an actor to certain kinds of parts; but this touches the question of physique, of which I will speak later.

There are some in whom the *second self*, or the *ego*, rebels, on whom their own individuality exerts so much influence that they can never put it aside, and instead of their going to their rôle and clothing themselves in its semblance, they make the rôle come to them and clothe itself in theirs.

This becomes another way of conceiving art, and I do not hesitate to pronounce it inferior to the first, although I am well aware how much can be done in this direction by a highly gifted artist.

The first drawback is that a man becomes, in a measure, the man of a single part; it also leads to the neglect of the study and digestion of the character—to me the only important thing—for the quest of that of the exterior, and of picturesque detail.

Of course picturesque detail is not to be despised, but it should never become the

object of exclusive attention, and above all no picturesque trait, however natural, should ever be taken as the starting-point of a rôle.

It is the *character* that is the starting-point for everything.

If you have assimilated the essence of your personage, his exterior will follow quite naturally, and if there is any picturesqueness, it will come of itself. It is the mind which constructs the body.

If Mephistopheles is ugly, it is because his soul is hideous. I have seen him admirably played in Vienna by Levinski, who represents him lame and hump-backed, which is quite appropriate to the character.

But Irving, who has also made a name for himself in this rôle—Irvig, who is a kind of methodical Mounet, setting great store by the exterior of his parts—Irvig cannot avoid seeking after the picturesque even in his slightest movement. If he wishes to touch his chin, he raises his arm and encircles it, his hand makes the tour of his head, striking the audience as it does so with a sense of its leanness, and never seizes the point of his beard till after it has described a complete circle.

Rouvière exaggerated to the utmost this view of a character, and suffered the lay-figure which was in him to get the better of the actor.

The love of dramatic effect, and a very praiseworthy dislike of the hackneyed and commonplace, often induce very intelligent actors to err on this side. They choose first the aspects which they suppose to be characteristic of the person they can represent; then they allow themselves to be tempted by others which are purely picturesque, without considering, or perhaps without caring, if they belong really to the part; and the end is a caricature, not a portrait; a monster or a puppet, never a human being.

Even from the point of view of immediate success, this method of proceeding has one great drawback. The public tires of nothing so quickly as mere picturesqueness of effect. Your entrance once over, they pay no further heed to you; you have missed fire if you have not style, delivery, and the development of the character to fall back on. The style is the man, said M. de Buffon.

More than this: if by a misplaced anxiety to individualize your part you end by





MOUNET-SULLY APOSTROPHIZING YORICK'S SKULL IN "HAMLET."

catching up a trick, oh, then beware! Instead of amusing your audience, you will prejudice them against you. The public, though it may laugh the first time, will

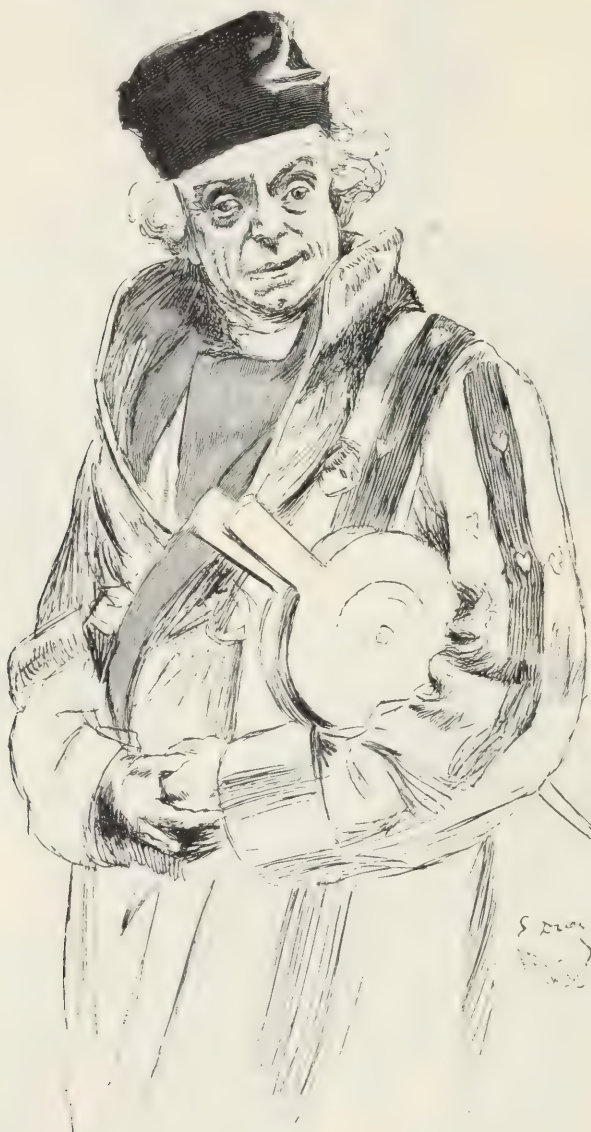
soon become bored, and will not fail to convey its feelings to you by coldness and reserve, or by something more disagreeable still.



## III.

Do not misunderstand me. I forbid no one to borrow from observation of a model the peculiarities which betray the inner man. As I have said above, it is one of the necessary qualities of the actor to be able to seize and note at once anything

and self, or created out of his own personality characters more different in themselves, or with more intense expression. It was really astonishing. But then he studied with the fury of enthusiasm. In his house there was a sort of dark room, with closed windows and locked doors,



LESUEUR IN "LES GANACHES."

that is capable of reproduction on the stage; but these traits must be adopted with discretion. For example, those must be avoided which are purely individual; the actor must take care not to adopt the characteristics of some special miser whom he may know but whom the public does not know, but instead he should give, as Harpagon, the concentrated essence of *all misers*, which his audience would recognize instantly.

There was one actor, Lesueur, who was pre-eminent in this art of true portraiture. No one has ever done more with his sec-

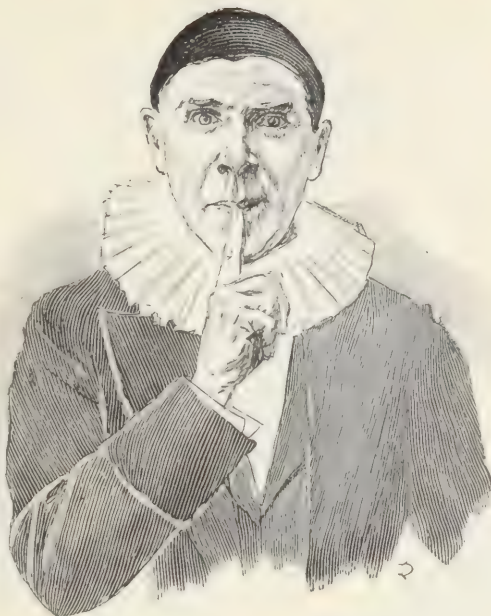
where he used to shut himself in with his costumes, his wigs, and all his paraphernalia. There, alone before his mirror, he would sit trying experiments with his face by the light of the lamps. He would make up twenty, he would make up a hundred, times, before he would succeed in producing the ideal which he felt to be the true one, and of which he could say, "Yes, that is he."

And when he had put the finishing touch to the likeness, he would work for hours at one wrinkle. The result was so extraordinary that judges of acting will



never forget his absinthe-drinker, his madmen, nor his old gentleman playing piquet. He was one day Monsieur Poirier, that incarnation of the middle classes, and the next he would be Don Quixote, the type of starving knight-errantry. When he entered the stage in this last part, although he was really a small man, it seemed as if there was no end to his stature, he seemed to draw himself out, like a telescope, till he was as long as his lance. It was indeed the hero of Cervantes in all the melancholy of his interminable leanness.

But in spite of this wonderful talent, fortified by a close study of his parts, he lacked one element necessary to make the illusion complete—command of his voice. He never could manage to train his, and it remained to the last, in all his parts, the voice of Lesueur—very comic, but always



COQUELIN THE YOUNGER AS PIERROT.



LESUEUR AS DON QUIXOTE.

comic in the same way, and with a terribly ponderous articulation. In the *Chapeau d'un Horloger* (the watchmaker's hat) he has to say, "*Monsieur, madame me désire*" (my mistress wants me, sir), and he pronounced it, "madameu meu désieureu."

Now articulation is to speech what drawing is to painting.

A single sentence of Samson's, articulated as he knew how to articulate, was as good as a portrait by M. Ingres for enabling you to grasp the character of the person he was representing.

When this master in the art of speaking appeared in *Mademoiselle de La Seiglière*, if you had had your eyes shut you would have known from the way in which he put the question, "*Jasmin, Madame la Baronne de Vaubert n'est pas encore arrivée?*" (has the Baroness de Vaubert come yet?) what manner of man he was.

It was the insolent *grand seigneur*, who looks on Jasmin as a being of different clay to himself, the empty-headed *émigré*, the egoist to whom it is nothing if Madame





SAMSON IN "MADEMOISELLE DE LA SEIGLIÈRE."

de Vaubert should have arrived or not, who makes the inquiry merely from politeness, mingled with a certain anxiety as to what effect her absence will have in delaying breakfast, after which he, the Marquis de La Seiglière, must be starting again, mighty hunter as he is before the Lord.

And when he referred to Bonaparte—to "Monsieur de Buonaparte"—he would catch himself up in order to exalt his enemy, so that the honor might rebound on himself, for the sole object of M. de Buonaparte in winning so many victories had been to gain him, the Marquis de La Seiglière, over to his cause, and he, the Marquis, had turned a deaf ear to all his advances—to Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. The simple articulation of the syllables was enough to convey the *naïve* self-sufficiency of the man, and all his headstrong pride of race.

The power of a true inflection of the

voice is incalculable, and all the picturesque exteriors in the world will not move an audience like one cry given with the right intonation. Articulation should be therefore the first study of the actor.

The public *must* understand every word he says, however quickly he may say it. A word must be able to draw tears or laughter from the mere manner of its articulation.

The voice should not be less finely trained than the exterior. It belongs to the second self, and should be specially supple, expressive, and rich in modifications of tone. According to the part, the voice should be caressing, smooth, insinuating, mocking, bold, eager, tender, despairing. You should be able to ring the changes from the clarionet to the bugle.

The lover's voice is not like the lawyer's voice. Iago has not the voice of Figaro, nor Figaro the voice of Tartuffe. Intonation, key, and note all differ with the rôle. As Madelon says, "It contains the chromatic scale." In a word, your character should be drawn and portrayed so that even the blind may see him by your articulation, your delivery, and your intonation.

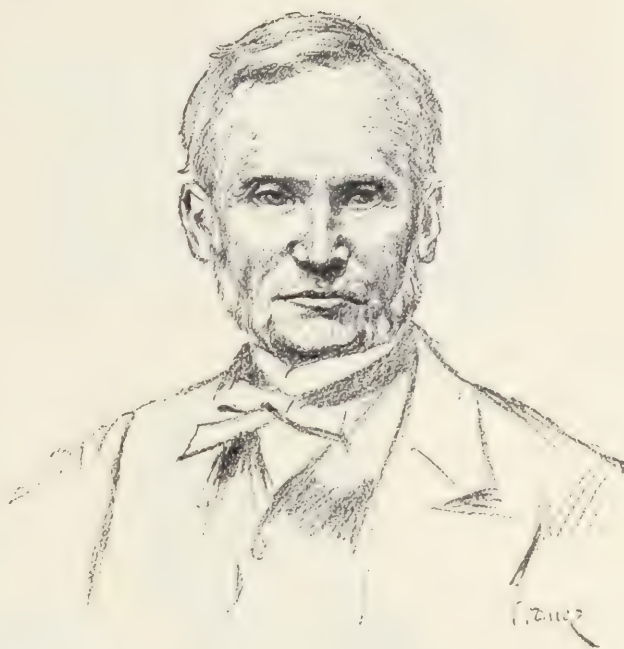
All this should be added to the care that you bestow on your exterior; with the same minuteness as Lesueur, if you will, provided it be also with the same truth to nature. I mean always keeping in mind the character of which the exterior is only the illustration—the person who must be set before men's very eyes without the deformity which comes from exaggeration.

Physiognomy, gesture, and voice should all make one whole. It often happens that characters which are apparently quite insignificant need the greatest efforts of metamorphosis on the part of the actor. For instance, look at Thouvenin in *Denise*. One would think I could not have a more easy rôle than this extremely simple one. I am not speaking now of my success, but only of my struggles to attain it, of my long hours of study of the character. Thouvenin takes no part in the action; he talks and argues as any honest man would, as I might do myself any day. That is the very rock on which I might wreck myself. In virtue of the relationship between this personage and the man that is in me, the man such as I am in common life, I may be tempted to endow him



with my gestures, to make him speak with my voice—to be, in fact, Monsieur Coquelin; and if I did this, I should have betrayed the author, who required that I should be Thouvenin. So it was necessary to watch more carefully than usual to restrain myself, to correct my ordinary ways, to modify my walk, to tone down the eagerness of my voice, to keep only the exact vibration that is required for the great speech at the end; to mould my physiognomy in such a manner as to give to Thouvenin his appropriate exterior as an ex-working man who has educated himself and fills creditably his place in the world, but who brings to bear on the usages and conventions of society a liberty of judgment and an originality of language which reveal at once his origin and his character.

The special advantage of a serious study of the parts is to facilitate these transformations. Samson and Regnier



REGNIER, COQUELIN'S MASTER.



REGNIER IN "LA JOIE FAIT PEUR."

hardly ever painted their faces; they contrived to change their expressions solely from within. In this art, as in so many others, Frédéric was the greatest master. The word *transfiguration* was applied for the first time, as far as I know, to an actor when he appeared in *Ruy Blas* with such splendid success. Transfiguration will hardly be thought too strong a word to describe the successive representations of Robert Macaire and *Ruy Blas*. His personifications of the scoundrel, with his shabby hideousness, and of the servant and lover of the Queen, with the tragic splendor of his face, were alike the work of a master; for he was beautiful in *Ruy Blas*. He contrived to throw a shadow of passionate melancholy over everything that was irregular, sharp, and severe in his countenance, till nothing was left but the light of genius, and he seemed to put on beauty like a mask. As no one ever had more accentuated features than he, he deserved all the more credit for his extraordinary transformations. This power is not given to all. Not even the hardest work will enable us always to grasp it; and this brings us back to the question of *physique*, so important on the stage.

#### IV.

As I have said before, the exterior of an actor, certain details of his physical conformation, of his "architecture," may con-



fine him exclusively to one special kind of part.

There are men whom nature has made *lovers* to the end of time, like Delaunay; there are *duennas* from the cradle, like Madame Jouassain. This indication of a special line often arises from some very slight peculiarity—from the angle made by the nose with the horizon, for example. But on the subject of the influence of the

nose, every one should read what Pascal says of Cleopatra: "The destinies of the world would have been different had Cleopatra's nose been shorter." One sort of face only suits tragedy, or, at most, serious comedy. Another face, bristling with queer irregularities, is out of place save in farce.

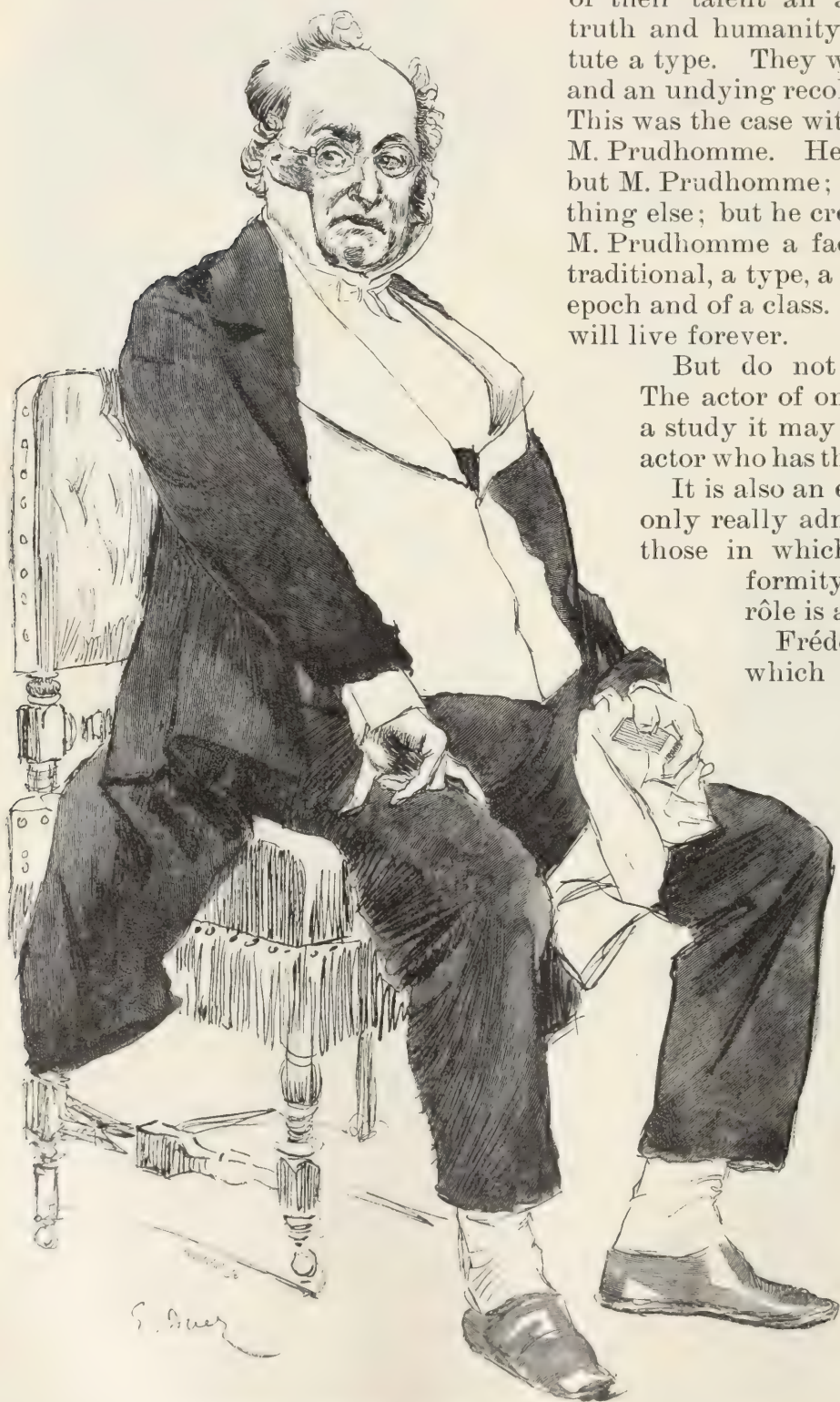
Happy indeed are these actors if their physique which forces them into a certain line allows them to add to it by the help of their talent an amount of universal truth and humanity sufficient to constitute a type. They will leave their image and an undying recollection behind them. This was the case with Henry Monnier in M. Prudhomme. He was never anything but M. Prudhomme; he could not be anything else; but he created in the person of M. Prudhomme a face which has become traditional, a type, a representation of an epoch and of a class. He and his creation will live forever.

But do not misunderstand me. The actor of one part, however fine a study it may be, is inferior to the actor who has the command of many.

It is also an error to hold that the only really admirable creations are those in which the outward conformity of the actor with his rôle is absolute and entire.

Frédéric created a type which is, in its way, quite as immortal as M. Prudhomme. This was Robert Macaire, to which I have already alluded, and to which I shall have occasion again to refer. To Frédéric alone the creation is due, but this did not prevent him from also creating Ruy Blas.

Notwithstanding, he resembled in himself neither the one nor the other of these two persons, whom he may be said to have almost amalgamated in Don César, and he



HENRY MONNIER AS JOSEPH PRUDHOMME.





would be a bold man who would dare to affirm that he was better as an artist in one than in the other. He was, in truth, wonderful in comedy, and sublime in tragedy. He had great powers, and his face was not of a kind to interfere with their outward expression.

The truth is that as long as an actor is free from any natural defects of structure, as long



as his countenance is not more laughable nor more unpleasant than the countenances of the generality of men, and the face is sufficiently mobile, even though it may lack beauty, to be able to assume at will a dramatic expression—given all these things, there is no reason why he should not distinguish himself both in comedy and tragedy.

It is all a question of degree, and



FRÉDÉRIC LEMAITRE IN VARIOUS CHARACTERS.





MOUNET-SULLY\* AS HERNANI.

of course a question of talent. It is hardly necessary to quote instances; they abound everywhere, and it is impossible it should be otherwise.

Tragedy and comedy are so closely blended in the contemporary stage that the capacity for the double impersonation is demanded of nearly all. Look at Regnier, my dear master. What admirable creations we owe to him! Was it laughter he provoked in *Gabrielle*, or in

\* M. Mounet-Sully is the foremost of contemporary French tragedians. He is an actor of very remarkable natural powers, not always developed or utilized to best advantage; but at his finest he is an actor to whom it would be impossible to deny the quality of genius. Although he has appeared at the Théâtre Français in all the great characters of classic French tragedy, it is not in any of these that he has won his chief fame, but by four as strongly contrasted characters as the *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* of Victor Hugo, and as *Œdipus* and *Hamlet* in modern French adaptations of Sophocles and Shakespeare. That M. Mounet-Sully can pass at will from the fire and passion of *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* to the mighty grief of *Œdipus* and the profound melancholy of *Hamlet* is proof positive of his histrionic force.—B. M.

*Le Supplice d'une Femme?* And who will ever forget him as Balandard in *Une Chaîne*, or the shouts of irresistible merriment which he raised all through the theatre?

Physical beauty, or charm, is indispensable to *jeunes premiers*. In order to make and to receive gracefully declarations of love before an audience, it is necessary to possess no peculiarity which can excite a smile. The actor must either be handsome or able to appear so.

For there is a difference. It is possible to appear handsome, and to have the power of attracting all hearts, without being in the least a model of beauty. I am sure I shall not wound the feelings of my friend Delaunay if I say that his nose is not exactly Grecian in its outline; and yet no one more fascinating ever appeared on the stage. He had so much charm, something so ineffably young and tender and airy, something which I do not hesitate to say has left the stage with him.

Charm, that is the one thing needful for the *jeunes premiers*. How is it that certain faces have so much of it that are entirely destitute of classical beauty? In what does their attraction lie? Why is it they can bewitch women? It is a problem I cannot undertake to solve. All I know is, let a man succeed in fascinating a single woman, and the rest will run after him. We are all like the sheep of Panurge, and women are the ewes.

As regards the *jeunes premières*, the case is the same. Beauty is not essential, but charm is. We all recollect what Victor Hugo said to Madame Dorval—"You are not beautiful; you are worse!" The charm which he felt, which he described exactly in this epigram, was the charm of genius; of the genius of the stage. So stage lovers must be handsome, like Laferrière, or look so, like Delaunay. The public, like their sweethearts, must fall in love with them at first sight; they must belong to the class



who are worshipped from their cradles. Not that all love need be confined to them. On the contrary, one sees every day in our modern plays persons far less gifted outwardly than these *jeunes premiers* rob them in the long-run of their myrtles and laurels. But only in the long-run. Never at once. They win love by their genius, by their courage, by their devotion, and this love only grows with time, and the audience has gradually to get accustomed to the idea of it.

To take myself as an example, if I may be allowed to do such a thing, the audience would never for a moment suffer that on my entrance on the stage in the first act, I should receive a declaration of love from a beautiful woman.

I have, however, acted Jean Dacier, where I ended by being loved by a girl of noble birth. But I did not receive her confession till the last act, and then only because I was at the point of death. But it was love that gave the piece its success, and the public accepted it, and watched its progress with interest, because, plough-boy as I was in the first act, then soldier, and finally officer, I raised myself from one height of devotion to another, till I merited the supreme honor of being loved by my wife, for the lady was my wife.

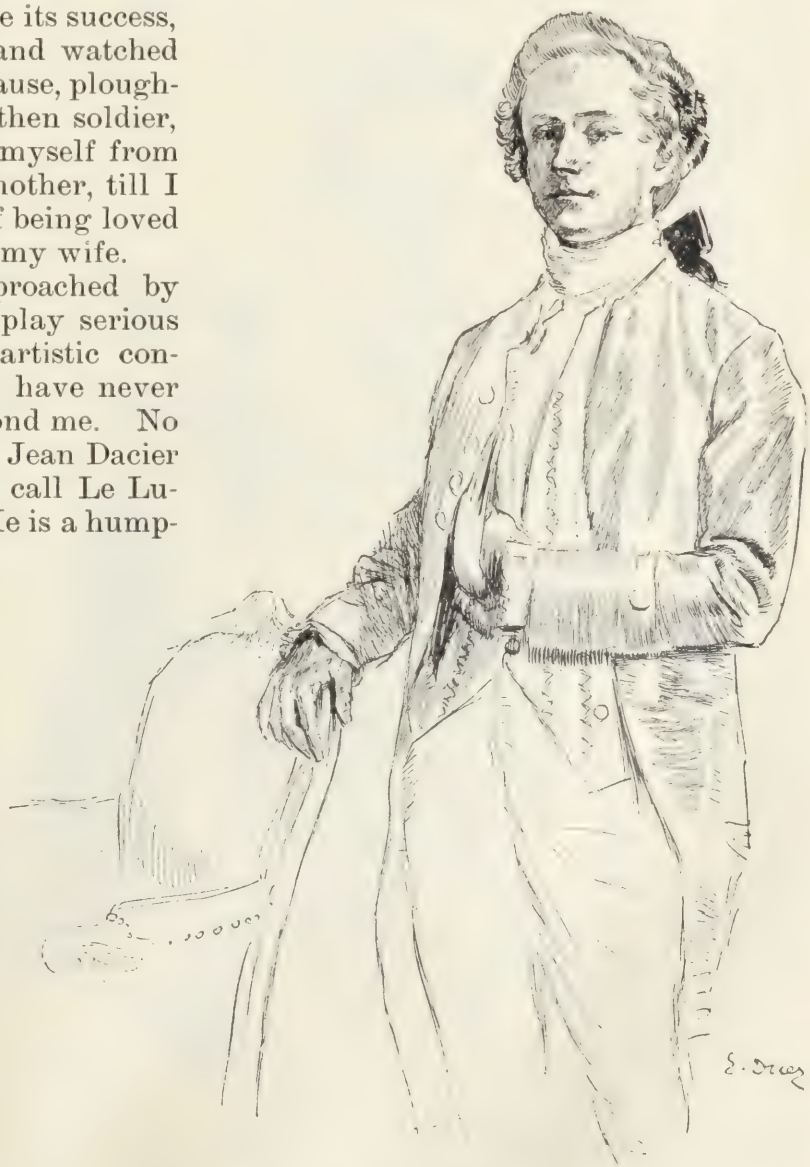
I have been bitterly reproached by many critics for wishing to play serious parts. On this point my artistic conscience is perfectly easy. I have never played parts which were beyond me. No one ever saw me act a lover. Jean Dacier is a character. Who could call Le Luthier de Crémone a lover? He is a hump-back whom nobody loves. And Chamillac? He is an eccentric person, a sort of mustached apostle, who atones for a moment of madness, and who wins love indeed, but only in the end. It is a part full of reserve and capable of expression, but without the excitement of passion. And Gringoire, the unlucky poet condemned to the gallows, can *he* be called a lover? The very first *word* he hears from the girl when her eyes are directed to him is, "*Il n'est pas beau*" (he is not handsome). This is the position, and if I succeed in the end

in winning love, it is with the help of poetry and of pity, it is that I am transformed by the aid of song, at any rate in the fancy of the maiden.

There is a race of actors who cannot get outside the limits of prose, others who are bound to be lyrical. I have done my best to belong to the latter class, and it is partly owing to my friends among the poets who have so often intrusted their verses to me. The most culpable of all is the most lyrical of all—Banville, the father of Gringoire, for whose divine Socrates and many other winged strophes it has been my happy lot to win applause, strophes instinct with the eternal dawn which glows in the heart of their author.

V

It is obvious that this essay rests on the theory with which I started, that in the actor the first self should be the mas-



DELAUNAY AS FORTUNIO.



ter of the second; that the part of us which *sees* should rule as absolutely as possible the part of us which *executes*. Though this is always true, it is specially true of the moment of representation. In other words, the actor should remain master of himself. Even when the public, carried away by his action, conceives him to be abandoned to his passion, he should be able to *see* what he is doing, to judge of his effects, and to control himself—in short, he should never feel the shadow of

the sentiments to which he is giving expression at the very instant that he is representing them with the utmost power and truth.

I will not return to what I have already said on this subject in *L'Art et le Comédien*, but I emphatically repeat it. Study your part, make yourself one with your character, but in doing this never set aside your own individuality. Keep the control of yourself. Whether your second self weeps or laughs, whether you become

frenzied to madness or suffer the pains of death, it must always be under the watchful eye of your ever-impassive first self, and within certain fixed and prescribed bounds.

The best mode of representing a part once decided on, it should henceforth never vary. You must grasp your conception in such a manner as to be able to recall the image you have created, identical down to the minutest particular, when and where you please.

The actor ought never to let his part "run away" with him. It is false and ridiculous to think that it is a proof of the highest art for the actor to forget that he is before the public. If you identify yourself with your part to the point of asking yourself, as you look at the audience, "What are all those people doing here?"—if you have no more consciousness where you are and what you are doing—you have ceased to be an actor: you are a madman. And a dangerous madman too. Conceive Harpagon climbing the balustrade and seizing



COQUELIN IN "LES RANTZAU."



the orchestra by the throats, loudly demanding the restoration of his casket!

Art is, I repeat, not identification, but representation.

The famous maxim, If you wish to make me cry, you must cry yourself, is therefore not applicable to the actor. If he has really to cry, he would, more likely than not, make his audience laugh; for tragedy often becomes comedy to the spectators, and sorrow frequently expresses itself in a grimace.

I can quite well understand how a young man on his first appearance should lose himself in his part, and get *run away* with. Uneasy as to his reception by the public, the emotions which he has to represent become confounded with his personal feelings. This has occurred to me as well as to every one else, and I can recall it without shame, for I was then only seventeen years old. I was acting in public for the first time, and my part was *Pauvre Jacques*. *Pauvre Jacques* is an unhappy musician who goes mad from being crossed in love (another proof that I was early corrupted by my preference for tragic parts). I was suffocated with emotion; still I managed somehow to act, and perhaps some of the audience were moved to tears, but when I went behind the scenes I know I felt quite ill. This is the way with all raw recruits. But if it were to happen to me to-day, I should consider myself dishonored. A practised actor should be beyond the reach of such accidents.

I am aware that this theory has been questioned by many great artists. I remember an intelligent and appropriate remark made on the subject to Madame Ristori by a young English lady full of artistic instincts. Madame Ristori was arguing that the actor could only represent truly what he was really feeling. "But, madame," said Miss T——, "what happens when you have to die?" Plainly Madame Ristori had no intention of really dying. She acted as if she was dying, and acted extremely well, for she had previously studied, considered, and deter-



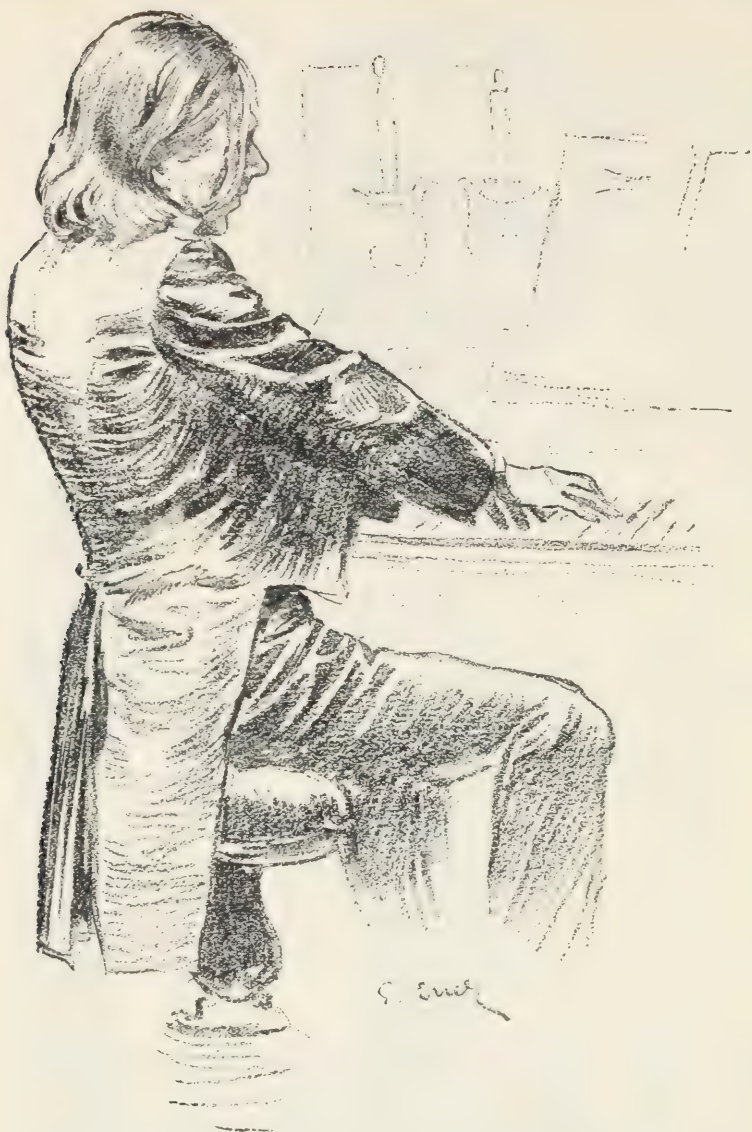
COQUELIN THE YOUNGER.\*

mined the manner of her death, and when the moment of representation came, she rendered her fixed impressions with all her wonderful intelligence, with the full force of her vigor and of her self-possession.

Occasionally an actor who is completely master of himself may indulge in experiments before the public, for he knows that he has himself in hand, and can always pull up. Those who have not their faculties perfectly under control run a great risk of losing their heads, and not being able to regain their self-possession for the rest of the evening. And the worst of it is that it is invariably those actors who are always trying new tricks. As they never have a firm grip of their character,

\* M. E. Coquelin, generally known as *Coquelin Cadet*, is a few years younger than his famous brother, *the Coquelin*. He followed his brother to the *Théâtre Français*, where he has always remained (except during a brief engagement at the *Variétés*). M. Coquelin *Cadet* is a comedian of broad humor, excelling in exuberant farce and in adroit caricature. Although holding his own in the unequalled company of the *Comédie Française*, he has made for himself a special reputation outside as a speaker of comic monologues, one of his favorites being "*L'Obsession*," a French adaptation of Mark Twain's "*Literary Nightmare*," "*Punch, brothers, punch, with care.*"—B. M.





COQUELIN THE YOUNGER IN "THE SPHINX."

they are incessantly experimenting on it. They even go the length of glorying in the fact. I once overheard some one say of Worms, "I don't care to see him act; I know exactly what he is going to do." At any rate, the speaker might have known that everything Worms did would be done well, and, after all, is not that the chief thing? Is it more satisfactory to watch an actor who, for all we know, will be perpetrating some folly the next minute? It reminds one of the Englishman who followed Batty, the lion-tamer, from place to place in the hope of one day seeing him torn in pieces by his own lions. The interest of the theatre appears to me to be of quite another kind.

## VI.

There still remains the delicate question, how far great intelligence is necessary to the actor. There is much to be

said on both sides. Examples are by no means rare of actors and actresses who have varied talents. Many are distinguished in literature, in painting, and in both, not to mention in ballooning.

But, after all, this intelligence is a superfluous luxury; the only intelligence indispensable to the actor is *that which belongs to his art*.

Some one, I forget who, once told me that the only French poetry Corot knew was "Polyeucte," and he had never read all of that. But this did not prevent him from being a wonderful landscape-painter, and a poet down to the tip of his brush.

In the same way an actor may be totally ignorant of painting, of music, of poetry even, and yet be a good actor, and a poetical actor. It is enough for him to be steeped in his own art, which is different from these others.

And though it is different, it is equally important, and it is unfair to scoff at the special intelligence of the actor. The faculties which can touch and move men are by no means to be despised. And it is not the case that it is the author alone who gives rise to these emotions. To

those who hold this I would instance Talma, Frédérick, and multitudes of others who created their own parts out of what was originally absolutely insignificant. It was to their skill and genius alone that the public owed that profound, almost divine, trouble which seizes all of us when we contemplate beauty which rends for the moment the veil of our egotism, and which is the sensation that approaches most nearly to love.

It has been said of endless pieces, "What an absurd play, but wasn't Frédérick magnificent!" Take Robert Macaire, to which I have already alluded—was not the creation of this character a prodigy, showing to what heights an actor's special intelligence can rise? The very authors were the first to be struck dumb at this astonishing conception, which substituted for their solemn puppet an imperishable comic figure.



The dramatic art is, above all, the art of humanity, and this is what makes a play the highest of pleasures, the pleasure which moves the people most powerfully, while it offers to the refined the most exquisite enjoyments.

In my opinion, therefore, it should always remain an *art*; that is, it should add the sweetness of poetry and the representation of the ideal to the expression of truth.

"Naturalism" on the stage is a mistake. In the first place the public won't have it. It always resents the exhibition of revolting hideousness, of pitiless and naked realities. People do not come to the theatre



PAULIN MÉNIER AS CHOPPARD.



Frédéric Lemaître  
dans  
Robert Macaire

F. D.

for that sort of thing. Even in parts that are vile and degraded they demand a gleam of ideality. Paulin Ménier as Choppard appears at first revolting in his debased realism, but it is not so. There is a certain reckless touch about the character which does something to redeem it: "*Eh bien! quoi, prenez ma tête—c'est pas un fameux cadeau que je vous fais là!*" (well, take my head, then—it isn't much of a present!) How defiance was hurled at Death! his power was mocked at. It was the gleam of the ideal.

Just as I would not allow any departure from truth on the plea of picturesque effects, so I would not permit a representation of commonplace or horrible things on the pretext of reality.

I am always on the side of nature, and against naturalism.

*Nature in art!* How much there is to say about it!

It is a subject that is understood differently according to the country and the century.

When Garrick came over to France he admired our actors greatly, but thought they were hardly natural enough. Perhaps some one will say the reason was because they were acting tragedies. But when Talma appeared he introduced into tragedy a natural manner of speaking and moving, and it was to this that he owed his influence and his success. Was his



idea of what was natural the same as Garrick's? I do not know; for the genius of the two races is very different, and the love of originality is too deep-seated in our neighbors to allow them always to use a due measure of self-restraint; and anyway to-day it is we who find fault with Irving for not being sufficiently natural.

The English idea of "nature" does not correspond with ours: that is the whole truth of the matter. We must also make reserves as to the German conception of nature, unnaturally tearful, resembling in its philosophic affectations the "nature" of Diderot and the susceptible school at the end of the eighteenth century.

It was they who, we must remind our

readers, were really the innovators. The style which to our ears rings so false was introduced by them to the stage in the name of "nature." And it was likewise in the name of nature that the standard of the romanticists was raised—a standard which to-day is thrown aside and trampled in the dust by those who are weary of grandiloquence and of posing. They desired to substitute for conventional tragedy a drama which is really human, in which smiles and tears are mingled, and gave us *Antony*, *La Tour de Nesle*, *Lucrèce Borgia*. With the same object in view, Baron Taylor collaborated with the well-known and delightful Nodier, and put on the stage *Melmouth, ou l'Homme errant* (the wanderer), *Les Vampires*,

*Honte et Remords* (shame and remorse), *Amour et Étourderie* (love and carelessness), etc.

These were obviously "natural" in quite another sense from that of Voltaire; and the actors, making common cause with the authors, declared Talma to be unnatural. They took it into their heads to speak as people "really speak," in such a way that no one could hear them, and to sit with their backs to the audience. They recited the poetry of *Athalie* precisely as they would have said, "Good-morning, how are you?"

"Good heavens, yes," said Abner, "I have come to worship the Almighty in His temple. I have come just as I am, cane in hand, to celebrate with my friends the famous occasion on Mount Sinai, where, if I am not vastly mistaken, the law was given to us. *Sapristi!* how times have changed!" They flattered themselves that in this manner they were introducing "nature" into Racine. On the other hand, when they were on their own ground, that is, in the melodramas, the emphasis of the metre once more reasserted itself. It was not indeed the sepulchral and monotonous singsong of yore; it was a halting kind of sublimity—wild bursts of verse, and a sudden alacrity in sinking.





They no longer said, "How are you?" but "Let me grasp that manly hand." There were hidden meanings everywhere. They wore an air of doom from head to foot. It was an era of hat and feather. But is there no feather on the hat of M. Zola? Were he to have his way we should be threatened with a new madness of extremes, but this time it would be the extreme of the trivial and commonplace. What I mean by art that is natural in the modern sense is equally remote from both these extremes. It is classic rather than romantic, for everywhere it regards limit, everywhere it shuns violent antitheses.

The actor with this ideal does not give an exaggerated importance to different aspects of his part. He does not try to play three or four different characters at once; he aims, on the other hand, at unity and a broad general representation of humanity. He sees things as they are, but he conforms to the general rules of theatrical conventions, and to the particular necessities of the part he is interpreting. The "nature" of the tragedy differs from that of the melodrama, and that again from the comedy, and it is impossible to render it in the same way. Hence Frédérick ought never to be reproached for not acting always naturally. The kind of parts he undertook demanded certain exaggerations. He would, after the manner of his school, speak ten lines in a conventional fashion, in order to be able to give to the eleventh a truer and more natural ring. He was forced to say the verses as they were written, and when he at last made his point with the true intonation, it left behind it a deeper impression of naturalness than the foregoing lines had done of unreality.

And here I must close, for this is not a formal treatise on acting, still less an apology. Every artist in speaking of his art seems in some degree a special pleader. Of course he only wishes to preach what he believes to be true, and that which he believes to be true is what he tries to do himself. I have said what the comedian should be, but I am far from flattering myself that I realize my ideal, and if I have alluded to myself, it is only for the sake of illustrating more clearly my arguments. I should have preferred to erase



FÉLIX.\*

any personal note from these pages, as I have always tried to do from my parts, where my wish is to be, to enter into, nothing but the characters I play. For, after all, that is the essential point, and it is with that I must end. Is not the greatest poet he who has managed to efface himself the most entirely, in whose pages you find every kind of man, but never himself?

It was thus with the father of poetry, Homer; it was thus with Shakespeare and with Molière: all are absent from their works, where humanity in its thousand varied aspects lives eternally.

Herein standeth our honor, the honor of all us players, namely, in this, that these two men, its chief creators after God, were players like ourselves. Therefore should we study their works religiously and without ceasing, nor ever turn from them, save it be to peruse that eternal Comedy of Human Nature.

\* Félix was a comedian who excelled in the lighter characters of modern drama. He was easy and natural. His chief gift was a faculty for delivering burning and bitter sarcasm. The part in which he made his first great success was the Diogène-Desgenais of *Les Filles de Marbre* (in the English adaptation, *The Marble Heart*, the character is called Volage). M. Victorien Sardou was prompt to utilize this faculty of the actor, and he provided him with sarcastic characters in both *La Famille Benoiton* and in *L'Oncle Sam*. Félix was a member of the company of the Vaudeville Theatre during nearly the whole of his long career; he never played at the Théâtre Français.—B. M.



# THROUGH THE CAUCASUS.

BY RALPH MEEKER.

## Part XX.



CIRCISSIAN WEARING THE BASHLIK AND BOURKA.

THE cars reach Vladi-Kavkas at about sunset each day, and when the European passenger alights from the train he realizes that he is among strange people. A large number of caravans come through the mountains with silks, tapestries, dye-stuffs, and other merchandise of Persia and Arabia. A new and complicated jargon surprises the ear, and only an accomplished interpreter can translate the *patois* that prevails among the Asiatic wanderers who swarm this part of the world.

Vladi-Kavkas presents a varied picture. The streets are paved; the massive stone buildings are protected by sheet-iron or tile roofs; shade trees ornament the spacious boulevards; pretty girls in European costumes promenade the walks on fine afternoons, and flirt just as they do "unter den Linden" in Berlin, or under the elms in New Haven; well-dressed

"swells" lounge in the French cafés, discussing politics, while the tinkling bells of the caravans come nearer, with swarthy Arabs urging their patient beasts to greater speed. Skilful artificers sit cross-legged like tailors, while Oriental bazars display gorgeous fabrics, which strangers are allowed to buy for treble their value. Circassian garments, well made and artistically fashioned of black broadcloth, or plain woollen of many colors, richly embroidered with silk, silver, or gold, are temptingly arranged in the open windows. Photographs of the mountains, taken by native artists in a manner that would do credit to a Munich photographer, are among the surprises of the town. Vladi-Kavkas is about as large as Stamford, Connecticut. Its name is spelled and pronounced in three or four different ways, and the stranger who can accent it quickly and correctly after a day's practice is fortunate. The name means "Key to the Caucasus." The climate is like that of southern Colorado; the situation of the town and the general appearance of the surrounding country remind one of Colorado Springs, near the celebrated Garden of the Gods, at the foot of Pike's Peak. But the verdure of the region is far more luxuriant; strawberries and flowers are as thick as the grass, while the magnitude of the mountains and the beauty of the scenery overshadow anything in America. If the great ranges of the Sangre de Cristo and the San Juan skirted the open plain between Cheyenne and Santa Fe, reaching an altitude of 16,000 and 17,000 feet, with luxuriant grass extending up to the snow, and avalanches thundering down their sides, they would give one a fair conception of the Caucasus. The foot-hills in the outskirts of Vladi-Kavkas are so high that their peaks, even on sunny days, often appear above lofty clouds. Kazbek, which is 16,533 feet high, is but a few miles from town, and directly on the road that leads into Asia through the grand cañon of Dariel. The Terek River, which flows down the cañon, runs through the town, turbid and roaring in its impetuous course. It was in this exquisite pastoral village of Vladi-





STREET SCENE IN VLADI-KAVKAS.

kavkas that General Loris Melikoff was born. He is an Armenian, a man of wonderful adroitness and political insight, with a fine European military education, and yet familiar with the traditions and superstitions of the bandit tribes who dwell amid the solitudes of the Caucasus. It was his knowledge

of the secret sects and peculiar traits of these strange men that caused the Czar to place him in charge of the government at St. Petersburg. It is claimed that eighty-two languages (not dialects) are spoken by the various tribes of the Caucasus. Among these people are bands of fanatics whose depravity is said to equal



the abominations of Sodom. Their rituals are performed with incantations, mutilations, and atrocities so monstrous that the Russian government has expended much money in trying to suppress them. One of the Grand-Duke's secretaries asserted that the European imagination could not invent practices so cruel and infamous as those religiously upheld by these secret societies.

Nothing but the ignorance of the Caucasian tribes and the vigilance of Russia prevent serious uprisings. It is generally admitted that the government has been very successful in managing the hostile hordes of the Caucasus. Every mile of the territory is of classic interest, and no thickly inhabited country so little known has excited more curiosity. It seems but a minute's walk from Vladikavkas to the Dariel Pass. The foothills rise abruptly from the strawberry meadows of the steppe to a height of several thousand feet, and the snowy mountains lie directly behind them.

The highway from Vladikavka through the Caucasus was built by the Czar in 1859, and it is said to be the finest mountain road in the world. It is so wide that two post-wagons, drawn by four horses abreast, can pass at full speed at any place by night or day. The macadam road-bed is graded like a railway, and its surface is as hard as the boulevards of Paris. It was by this celebrated military thoroughfare that we entered the Dariel Pass. The horses dashed around a bend in the road, and suddenly stopped before a post-station. These government houses, which are well constructed of cut stone, with sheet-iron roofs painted green, have been built from eight to fifteen miles apart along the entire route through the Caucasus. Horses, wagons, and drivers are changed at every station, unless the traveler is fortunate enough to own his vehicle; then only a change of horses and driver is necessary. The toll for transportation is one and a half cents a verst—a distance of about two-thirds of a mile. Each passenger is supposed to have a permit, or way-bill, from the government, which he must show in addition to his regular passport. This imperial order for horses is supposed to enable one to travel with little delay; but the post-masters along the route always make it a point to compel one to wait as long as possible, and unless liberal fees are given one may

be detained two or three days at a station. We had travelled but ten miles, yet the character of the springless vehicle was such that we felt as if we had been pounded by machinery. An officer of the government who was travelling with us ordered fresh horses harnessed at once, and in a few moments their steel shoes were ringing on the road.

The scenery grew rapidly bolder, and mountains that seemed lofty but half an hour before sank out of sight as we ascended the cañon. In places the roadway was a mere groove cut in the sides of appalling precipices, with the river breaking into foam a thousand feet below. As our horses galloped around one of these buttresses a mighty amphitheatre opened directly before us, on one side of which a little notch was seen midway between the river and the heavens. It was the road. Looking across the measureless abyss, we saw a caravan of freight wagons toiling up this channel, chiselled in the side of the mountain. All the artillery wagons and the great siege-guns that thundered against Kars and the heights of Soubatan passed over this road. More than two thousand vehicles were moving between Vladikavkas and Alexandropol. They stopped for nothing but avalanches and dead horses; neither darkness nor storm delayed their progress. Some were loaded with powder and shells; others carried clothing and medical supplies. But none of these great wagons nor swiftly running post-horses impeded us. The magnificent mountain boulevard over which we were travelling was often broad enough for three teams to pass. Sometimes, however, a line of two-wheeled Asiatic carts drawn by bullocks refused to yield the customary share of the road, and as the post-wagons swept by them the Tartar drivers lashed the Arabs in the face with their Cossack whips, and accompanied the sting with epithets and laughter. A solid and well-laid wall of masonry, two or three feet thick and three feet high, prevents careless teamsters from tumbling into the river a half-mile below.

As the mountains grew loftier the road was really more secure, and the artificial fountains that had been built along the route were a delightful surprise to the European traveller. When the wind was low, their feathery spray fell like dew on the mountain-sides, where the greenest of grass softened their wild grandeur. The





CIRCASSIAN GIRL.



gigantic walls increased in height and vastness until about noon, when we unexpectedly swept into the bed of a new and terrible amphitheatre, with mountains rising from the post-station to an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, and at least eleven thousand feet above the station, in one vast and perpendicular wall of rock. The horses crossed the river on a splendid iron bridge, and halted at the station of Kazbek. A dozen starry-eyed boys, with their hands full of crystals and agates, held them up, and shrilly piped away in an unknown language, for us to buy. For twenty copecks (fifteen cents) we secured very fair "specimens." Owing to the large numbers of passengers traveling over the route, it was difficult to find lunch; however, some boiled eggs, bread, and Russian tea were procured; but we had to wait for horses.

It was but a short walk to the eastern wall of the amphitheatre. It arises so nearly vertical that neither snow, grass, nor herbage of any kind can cling to it. Its tremendous face, freshly broken, is an awful spectacle of rock, rising eleven thousand feet in a sheer precipice from the earth up to the swimming sky, where the winds scatter the snow in spray around its head, and none finds resting-place. Outside of the village were curious little corn-mills and flat-roofed houses where Georgian women were treading out their grain. Blue-eyed children with light hair played on the grass beside rivulets of water fresh from the snows above. Far up, at dizzy heights, little animals, seemingly no larger than rats, appeared clinging to the velvet turf; they were the flocks—goats, sheep, and cows—peacefully browsing amid the grandest scenery in the world. Later in the season we saw Circassian shepherds cutting grass with sickles, which by some process they managed to get into hay-cocks and fasten to the mountain. So high in places were the hay-cocks that they appeared no larger than thimbles. From these giddy heights came the faint music of sheep bells; and as the afternoon advanced, shepherds and their dogs began climbing the mountains to search for the wandering herds. Xenophon's accurate descriptions, written thousands of years ago, apply to most villages of Transcaucasia; and to this day, as in the youth of the world, fowls, goats, and bullocks are nightly driven into villages, and herded in the

underground chambers that connect with every dwelling apartment in the mountains. In times of war it is difficult to capture the flocks, because the harvests are also stored in these subterranean barns, and the cattle can be fed and kept alive beyond the reach of marauders. Even on the plains of Armenia one is often awakened in the night by the noises of jackasses or the bleating of the sheep that are quartered in the cellars just off the main family sleeping-room. Here in this ancient civilization, where girls make bread no thicker than pasteboard, and bake it in the open air on hot stones—here, where the fleas and dogs are more numerous than the stars in heaven—are found carvings as beautiful as those carried from Persia to the Alhambra. Daggers of the finest Damascus steel, ornamented with embroidery-like tracing, engraved or enamelled in silver and gold, are hanging in every one of these smoky houses. In the villages of the Caucasus there are buildings several stories high in front, but as a rule the rear of a dwelling is but an extension of underground chambers. The entire town usually looks like a ruin, and yet from the ruin arise towers and citadels where watchmen keep vigilant outlook for robbers. We saw fields of rye, and several little gardens beautiful with tender plants, growing in the few hours of sunlight that floods the valley at mid-day.

Fresh horses were at last obtained, and once more we resumed our way. The ascent, though of an even and consistent grade, became heavier, and after crossing a substantial iron bridge we began to climb the water-shed that separates Europe from Asia. The river, the village, and the tall towers sank into the depths of the cañon, but behind us Kazbek, the omnipresent, seemed to rise in the heavens as we advanced. As we went from him he approached. The ascent soon brought us into the region of avalanches, yet the road continued as smooth as a Swiss turnpike. Innumerable ox-carts from Asia filled the pass, boys not more than ten years old, with mothers, fathers, and children, walked beside the patient bullocks. Strangely fashioned yokes, such as are found in no part of Europe, galled the necks of the poor beasts, and often, to hold down the tongues of the loaded carts, the boys sat on the yokes between the oxen, apparently unconscious of danger or of the yawning chasms beside them. The





A CIRCASSIAN.

scenery assumed an imposing character. A glacier green and glassy filled the world before us, and streamed from the mountain-tops into the profound abyss at our feet. The travellers were dumb, the road disappeared, and nature assumed its most terrible aspect; but presently we entered a

tunnel, and continued our journey directly under the glacier. Lamps illumined the passage, and we began to realize the despotic enterprise of Russia.

We soon passed above the line of vegetation, and at dusk reached the summit of the Grand Chain. Lighted candles, hot



tea, and a warm fire made every heart happy, and when the officer told us that we would have fresh horses, and at midnight begin the descent into Asia, we were eager with expectation. At intervals the mist was entirely blown away, and then the great moon appeared, shedding splendor over the wilderness of snow. We were now approaching the land of the Georgians, where the mountains faced the hot plains of Armenia, and the melting glaciers are inexpressibly beautiful. There were doubts about the propriety of making the descent during the night, but an official assured us that the road was broad and well guarded by a heavy wall. Always ready, the word given, and before we were fairly seated, bells jingled, and the horses were off at the top of their speed.

Just after leaving the station on the summit a succession of faint distant lights appeared in the void beneath us. "What are they—hunters' fires?" we asked. "It's the moon shining on the river Aragva, fifteen versts below," said the officer; and by straining our eyes a ribbon of lace-like film appeared and disappeared in the bottom of the black abyss. It was the celebrated river Aragon of ancient history, but its roaring waters were too far away to be heard. Our wild midnight ride was too exciting for dozing, yet it was not long before the strain on our nerves produced a reaction, and sleep soon followed. It continued for three hours, but it seemed only a few minutes. There was a brief little dream of falling down strange mountains, then a sudden awakening by yells from the driver. The station Mleti had been reached, and with wondering thoughts we alighted under an arch of climbing jasmines. The air was perfumed with pleasing odors, the architecture of the houses was picturesque, and we were in a strange country. All the caravans had vanished. The quaint Georgian village of Mleti lay in a sweet little valley at our right. Nature was asleep, and even the dogs did not bark. The cold mountain moon had given place to a moon of Italy, whose soft mellow light filled the valley with a kind of delicious enchantment; but the terror of the night still lingered, for right over our heads a frightful precipice arose into the sky, and the summit seemed inaccessible. It entirely shadowed the Georgian village. "Do you see that overhanging crag in the clouds?" asked the engineer, pointing upward to a

far-away peak. "Yes." "That is the place we left at midnight." This statement seemed incredible, but it was true, for on our return trip in the autumn we ascended this most marvellous of all roads, and found that from its summit one could toss an apple into the very streets of Mleti. A finer example of a military road up the face of a mountain is yet to be found. Still it is a remarkable fact that the educated engineers who blasted out the zig-zag channels for the road-bed up and down the precipice saw all the grading done with ordinary wooden shovels of Asia, which are only tipped with steel. Wooden shovels, military schools, dynamite, and springless post-wagons fairly illustrate the paradoxes of Russian civilization.

About two hours before daylight fresh horses were harnessed, and once more we were in the mountains. A low spur of the Caucasus was to be crossed and another descent made before we could reach the foot-hills. The fatigues of the night were exhausting, sleep came speedily, and when we awoke an Asiatic sun was rising beyond the plains of Daghestan. The scene was like fairy-land; birds were singing, the scent of flowers came up from dewy meadows, brooks murmured by the road-side, and a new civilization was all around us. We called it barbarism. Black Bashi-Bazouk-looking scoundrels stalked about with daggers in their silver girdles; women in the costumes of Rebekah at the well carried classic jars on their shoulders; little Maltese jackasses crowded beside pretty girls whose mouths were covered with scarfs; olives and apricots grew in the gardens; turbaned men appeared; and it was difficult to tell whether we were approaching Bagdad or Constantinople. By nine o'clock the rays of the sun began to scorch our hands, the verdure faded, dust rose in clouds, and the enchantment of the morning quickly vanished. Horses were changed frequently, so that our speed never slackened. Tiflis, once a city of the ancient Georgian kings, was reached in the afternoon. Beggars, bazars, camels, filth, fleas, women with their faces covered, men treading dough in bread troughs with their bare feet, tailors at work in the open air, and many other Oriental sights, presented a picture not soon forgotten. Weary, thirsty, and suffocated with dust, we were glad when the driver urged his horses to the European quarter of the town. The sun





A BIT OF TIFLIS.

blazed like a furnace, and we longingly turned our eyes toward the glittering Caucasus.

Tiflis is a city of two civilizations—Asiatic and European. Large dry-goods stores, French cafés, boulevards, imposing public buildings, and a railway are some of the features of the European quarter, while miles of bazars fill the Oriental alleys, where camels and loaded donkeys dispute passage with pedestrians. Beautiful veiled girls and wrinkled hags of Georgian and Circassian types glide among the bales of silver cloth in the warehouses. Dogs, beggars, priests, fruit peddlers, Persians, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, Russians,

and Europeans mingle in the changing scene. The river Kür, impetuous and turbid, flows through the centre of the town. On its banks in the suburbs are the water-raising machines of Egypt and ancient Palestine. Semi-tropical fruits grow luxuriantly along the irrigating canals that are fed by the water-wheels. Wooden ploughs, drawn by bullocks, recall the days of Herodotus. Southeast of these perfumed gardens the country stretches away in one vast wilderness of volcanic plains, chasms, and mountains, arid and desolate—the monotony only broken by scorpions and owls. Four days and nights of ceaseless travel were between



us and Kars. New mountain ranges were crossed, and again there were valleys of verdure. Russian cottages, built in the Swiss style, perched on Alpine crags; quaint villages nestled in grassy cañons, and at the end of the fourth day we beheld the snowy peaks of Ararat.

Alexandropol lay in the valley at our feet. It was dusk when our post-wagon stopped before the principal hotel. Like all Asiatic inns, its doors and windows opened into a court having a large street gateway. Dogs and mangy vagabonds called "servants" greeted us, and as we entered the mud-roofed caravansary we sighed for the accommodations of Rostov, which had once seemed so uninviting. In the presence of these repulsive evidences of barbarism, Russian civilization seemed glorious. The beds, the flies, the dogs, and the braying donkeys made us quite thoughtful, and as we wearily closed our eyes, in spite of our resolutions to sit up, it did not seem wicked to bowstring a Turk. When we arose from our hard and narrow beds the next morning, a boy who looked as if he had never seen a piece of soap poured water on our hands in the court-yard while we performed our ablutions. Then he brushed the flies from our clothes, and led the way to breakfast. The only clean things on the table were the contents of the boiled eggs. Russian officers arriving and departing every hour were full of business, and it was refreshing to see them stir up the hotel porters with their Cossack whips. Immense cannon were being dragged through the streets, and clouds of dust arose as the military wagon trains passed on their way to Kars. The distance from Alexandropol to this historic citadel is about two days' journey by a wagon, but a smart horseman can easily cover the distance in a day. We were out bright and early, and as we drove through the suburbs were surprised to see olives and apricots growing in the gardens of the merchant princes, the leading men in town. These thrifty owners of real estate, who are experts in "buying and selling," take pleasure in spending their money for carpets and tapestry to decorate their mud-roofed ruins, which would scarcely satisfy a New York junk-dealer. The squatter shanties around Central Park fairly represent the average dwelling of the Turk in Asia Minor. However, when we come to speak of dyes,

embroideries, silver ornamentations, rug and scarf weaving, sword forging, and fruit raising, the Mohammedan is a wonderful success. The bazars of Alexandropol are not very extensive, but what they lack in elaborate magnificence they fully make up in the variety of their goods, which includes everything from a Circassian breastpin to an English handsaw. We soon left its dilapidated streets, and reached the meadows watered by the Arpa-Chai. Real New England dandelions bloomed by the road-side, and ducks and chickens hunted grasshoppers in the grass. It was only when we saw the mosques, the turbaned devotees, the beggars, and the Mohammedan farmers breaking the soil with wooden ploughs that we realized we were six thousand miles from home. Passing under the walls of a newly built fort, and showing our papers to an armed sentry, we crossed the imaginary boundary line separating the hostile from the peaceful Turk. The Turks on the Alexandropol side of the border were supposed to be good friends of Russia, while the Armenians excited no fears among Christians or pagans. The roads were filled with soldiers and wagons; the highway seemed a moving encampment, and the dust was stifling. In spite of all annoyances, we dashed on at good speed, regretting that there were no more stone station-houses with fancy iron roofs and inviting verandas. A cellar in the side of a hill, which figures in the London press as a "house," took the place of these stations, and when we changed horses we were glad to get a crust of bread and a cup of water.

The rich milk, crystal tea, white bread, and fried chickens of the Caucasus had disappeared; good horses were growing scarce, and the poor creatures which were given us found difficulty in drawing their loads. Poverty, desolation, and war were in possession of the land. On ascending the rolling table-lands west of Alexandropol a marvellous view of Mount Ararat burst on our sight. The vast and chaotic region around it bristled with blue mountains and icy peaks, holy Alaghez stood in the midst of volcanic upheavals, and lifted its head fourteen thousand feet above the sea, while beyond and above all these ragged shapes gleamed the white dome of Ararat; there were plenty of smaller mountains like the Catskills, where patches of snow lay in the sheltered gorges. At





RUSSIAN MILITARY ROAD.



one place we were given ice to cool the warm river water which was brought us in goat-skins. We asked whence it came. The Arab who brought it took off his hat and pointed to the glaciers. It seemed strange that snow should be found in July within a few miles of the blooming gardens of Alexandropol. The sun shone with tropical fervor, but the high altitude and numerous mountains with their great cañons caused delicious breezes to cool the atmosphere. In sheltered places under the walls and forts where the air could not circulate, soldiers were blistered until the skin peeled from their faces. One of the most delightful features of this wild, treeless country is the springs that gush from the rocks in unexpected places. It is here under a burning sun, where grasshoppers destroy the herbage, and the scorpion glistens on the sand, that one more fully comprehends the meaning of what the Bible says of "rocks" and "running waters" in the "wilderness." While crossing a small river we saw shepherds on the banks tending their flocks, which consisted of sheep, goats, jackasses, cows, and bullocks, all feeding together. For half a mile the river ran through a little green meadow, then flashed into a fissure through a tremendous bluff of volcanic formation. Its gloomy cañon offered no passageway but to the water, from which its black vertical walls arose to the height of a quarter of a mile.

As we approached Fort Kars the landscape became more desolate and more broken. Precipitous bluffs towered by the road-side, the streams became more rapid, the atmosphere rarer, the sky more beautiful, and when we stopped for the night before a miserable underground hut, the sun sank into a sea of amber and gold. Nature was as enchanting as a scene in "Lalla Rookh;" indeed, as we turned we saw the mountains of Persia bathed in the soft purple of twilight; but the sight of our wretched lodgings, the howling dogs, and the crouching stealthy creature, called a woman, who was preparing the evening meal among the flies and dust of the cellar, made us want to kill a few dozen poets; and it was only when we heard the faint music of distant sheep bells, and saw dusky worshippers bowing toward Mecca, that we regained our faith in the accuracy of Oriental romancers. Having provided ourselves at Alexandropol with black bread, pickles, caviare, and other Christian delicacies, we

did not give way to the sensual delights of Turkish cookery, but as a matter of compliment to our host, we "broke bread" with him. The guests as well as the host sat on the ground, supported by a sheepskin. Some very pretty children and beautiful dark-eyed voluptuous girls in picturesque costumes shyly peeped from the recesses of the cave, but they did not join in the banquet. The meal consisted of bread and water. The water tasted of the goat-skin which one of the girls had filled and brought from the spring on a jackass. The bread, like all Turkish bread in Asia Minor, was a kind of thin dough pasteboard, of the consistency of a cold buckwheat cake. Turkish bread is always baked in large sheets about the size of a school atlas, and after baking it is rolled up like a map, wrapped in a towel, and laid away with the Koran and other household relics for future use. We were handed some of this bread, which we unrolled with due gravity, and ate with deliberation; it had a flat, nourishing taste, very much like Graham flour pancakes. We did not linger in the abode of our Oriental friend, and as the fleas were beginning to bite, we spread our blankets on the ground near our wagons, three hundred feet away, and with all the shining stars above us we fell asleep. Angels did not waken us—it was the voices of half an acre of dogs which made us sit up in terror. As we were in the enemy's country, near the seat of war, it was not policy to shoot the four-legged songsters and alarm the troops. Our host was hospitable, because he was afraid of the soldiers who were camped along the road for twenty miles, and we did not wish to kill his pets. While we were musing upon the superiority of the dogs of Turkey, other dogs a mile away set up a series of wolfish howls. By this time the fleas had discovered us, and then our torment began. It would have been a pleasure to resume our journey at that moment, but the entire district was under martial law, bands of Bashi-Bazouks prowled in search of stragglers, and no one was allowed to travel by night, even with an armed escort. Suspicious persons who could not give an account of themselves were arrested or shot. Finally the night wore away, and when the first blush of dawn appeared behind Mount Ararat, we were up and on the road. At sunrise the distant thunder of artillery came from the guns of Fort Kars, on





BOMBARDMENT OF KARS.

our left, between Kuruk-Dara and Kizil-Tepe, where the bloody battles of 1853 were fought between Russia and Turkey. The country of this entire region is wild yet thickly inhabited, but as the houses are mere cellars, it looks as desolate as the uninhabited parts of Arizona. There are no

schools, no churches, no houses, no trees, nothing but nature in its wildest forms, and yet in plain sight are the snows that feed the Tigris and Euphrates. Here, where barbarism reigns supreme, is the historic cradle of civilization.

The situation was growing rapidly war-



like. Soldiers seemed to rise out of the earth before us, and swift-riding Cossacks galloped over the hills between the outpost sentinels stationed on all commanding points near the "front." Owing to the bad condition of the roads, and the great number of wagon trains that blocked them, our progress was slow. With the increasing altitude the sun grew fiercer and the dust more suffocating, and the earth shook with the reports of the heavy siege guns of the Russians. The firing from Fort Kars was equally heavy. Then a sudden storm came out of the mountains, the sun was obscured, the tornado blew away wagon covers and light merchandise, and when hail stampeded the "loose" horses that were following behind the wagons, we began to appreciate Xenophon's description of the terrors his army encountered when passing through this same region from the Persian wars. Wet, cold, and hungry, we climbed a series of zigzag mountain ascents, and at last came in sight of the outskirts of the Russian encampment. Kars, which was being bombarded, lay five miles beyond the Russian tents, but we could distinguish nothing in the mist except the ascending ground above us.

Our progress was impeded by freight wagons which had become jammed on our road, and to improve this delay our St. Petersburg man went up to the camp to see the officer in command, but would not let us accompany him for fear some of the camp-followers would rob our wagon, the contents of which, being papers, maps, etc., were very precious. The scene was not cheerful; wagons mired deep in the mud, tents torn in shreds, teamsters drunk and quarrelling, canvas bazars swarming with the lowest adventurers to be found on the frontier, together with the drizzling rain, which was now cool, made us savage and impatient. About twenty thousand men were encamped in the neighborhood, the rest of the troops having gone with General Melikoff to fight the Turks among the mountains of Ziwin, but re-enforcements were arriving every day. It was curious to watch the mongrel crowd that swarmed the sutler-shop bazars of this Asiatic camp. There were Armenians, Circassians, reformed Bashi-Bazouks, Arabs, Tartars, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Greek confectioners, interpreters from Trieste, and near them, in the camp restaurant, Russian

princes, dukes, counts, barons, and other men of birth and education, who spoke English and many other languages, and had travelled in America, dined at Delmonico's, and were enthusiastic about the beauties of the Hudson. One of the young barons, who was told that "American correspondents" had arrived, came to the wagon and invited us to lunch. In very good English he assured us that he loved America and all its people. The most delightful period of his life was when he flirted with a New York girl in Rome, and chaperoned her mother through the Colliseum. "The ambition of my existence," said he, "is to see all the English and Turks killed, and Russia and America united under one government."

After a protracted absence, our officer returned with the information that the Grand-Duke welcomed us to his headquarters. This was good news, but we soon discovered that there was to be more delay. No vacant tents could be found, and a man was despatched to get one. We were still on the side of the mountain, hidden from the officers' quarters, and the only clean persons visible were the young officers who came down to the restaurant for lunch and champagne. By the time the man returned, with word that he had found a tent, the rain had ceased, as suddenly as it came, and when our driver was ordered to move forward, the sun was again blazing in the heavens. The jaded horses slowly toiled up the hill until they reached the summit, where we found ourselves among the clean white tents of the Grand-Duke's quarters. The wagons, the restaurant, and the unwashed traffickers of the bazars had disappeared behind the brow of the mountain. At last, after a journey of six thousand miles, we were at the imperial head-quarters of the Russian army in Asia. The canvas town which surrounded us looked as if it were just out of a French laundry. The ground was level; straight alleys divided the tents; a band played in front of the Grand-Duke's pavilion; the click of telegraph instruments was heard in a neighboring Tartar tent. Correspondents from Paris, London, and St. Petersburg welcomed us, but the all-absorbing thought was of the spectacle around us. The country lay at our feet like a map. For one hundred and fifty miles a vast panorama unrolled its magnificent beauty. Mountains, rivers, and plains mingled in silent gran-



deur. Ararat gleamed on the horizon beyond the spires of sacred Alaghez; and nearer Ani, the capital of ancient Georgia, showed its lonely ruins. The swift waters of the Mavryak sparkled by the heights of Soubatan. But this lovely vision formed only a background for the "horrors of war." Directly in front of us, not a quarter of a mile away, the Russian batteries were throwing three thousand shells a day against Fort Kars, and its mighty guns answered continuously. A stiff breeze blew away the smoke, so that we could plainly see the yellow walls of the town, which is perched on the cliffs of the river that washes its foundations. The distance from our tent was five miles, yet while we were looking through our glasses a shell exploded among some

Cossacks not two hundred yards from our telegraph office. But this was an extraordinary shot, for usually the enemy's projectiles did not come within half a mile of us. Presently mutilated forms from the forts, where death and destruction held sway, were brought upon a stretcher. Many soldiers were killed every day by bursting shells, and on this day the death list was very large. In the evening, when funeral guns were fired at the graves of the dead, the Grand-Duke's imperial band played airs from Offenbach, while his elegantly dressed officers talked politics over their champagne.

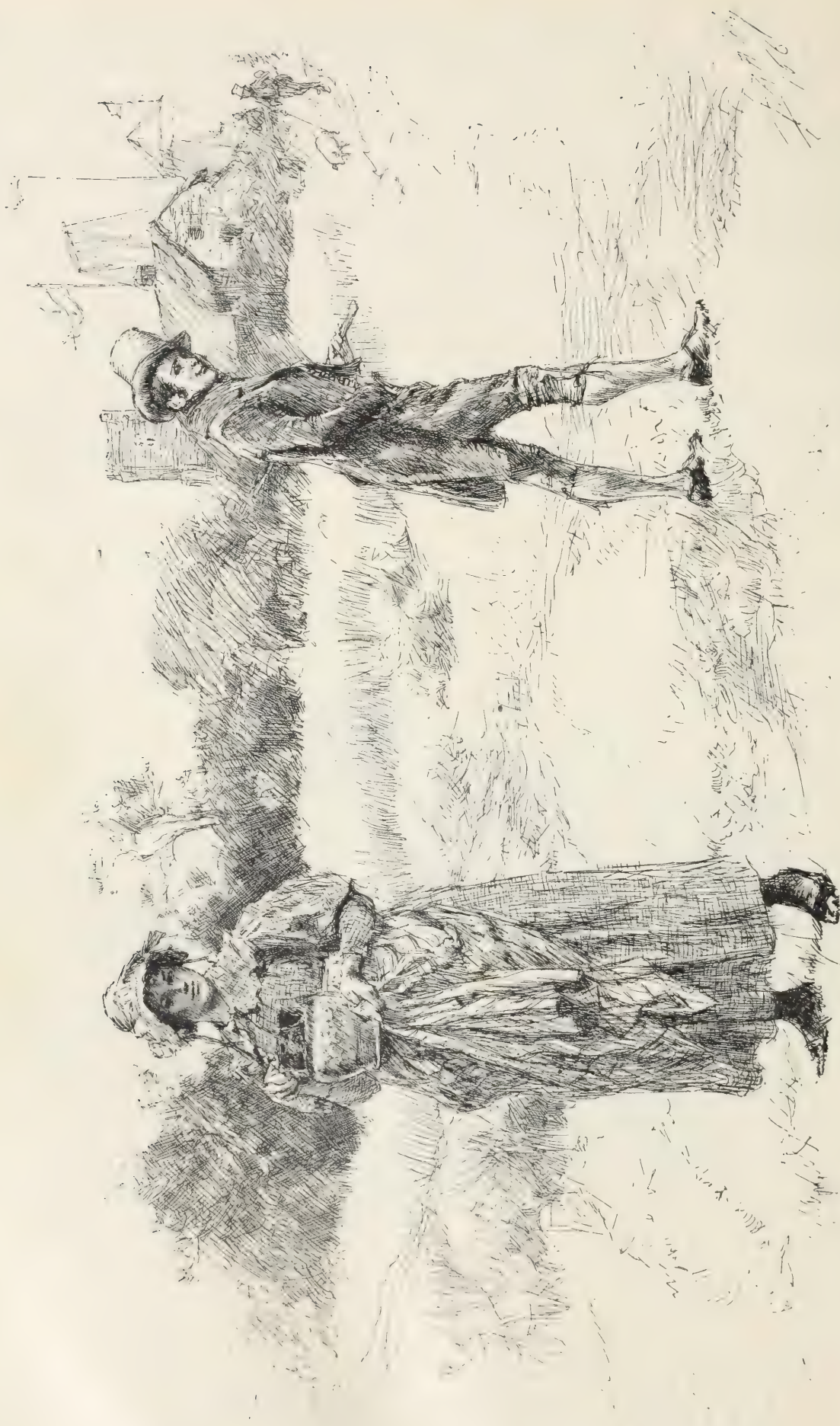
Such was the beginning of the dreary siege of 1877, which, after five months of Russian defeat, ended in the overthrow of the Turks on the mountains of Alaghez.



## KITTY OF COLERAINE.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,  
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine  
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,  
 And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.





"AS BEAUTIFUL KITTY ONE MORNING WAS TRIPPING WITH A PITCHER OF MILK FROM THE FAIR."



“T’WAS THE PRIDE OF MY DAIRY.”







"I SAT DOWN BESIDE HER, AND GENTLY DID CHIDE HER."



Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you, now.  
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.  
 'Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney M'Leary,  
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
 A kiss then I gave her. Before I did leave her,  
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas haymaking season. I can't tell the reason—  
 Misfortunes will never come single—that's plain—  
 For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



## THE NIGHT MIST.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

ALL the night long the gray, embracing mist  
 Has held in tender arms the tired world;  
 The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed,  
 And over hills and meadows it has curled.

Its white, cool finger it has gently placed  
 On weary stretches of deep, drifting sand;  
 The noisy city and the far-off waste  
 Have felt the benediction of its hand.

The drowsy world rolls on toward the day;  
 The fresh, sweet wind of morning softly blows;  
 The willing mist no longer now may stay;  
 With first expectancy of dawn it goes!





ILFORD CROMWELL.

Property of Mr. A. Gerald Hull, Saratoga Springs, New York.

## THE AMERICAN MASTIFF.

BY CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

IN the year 1877 the Westminster Kennel Club gave the first dog show of any importance in this country, at Gilmore's Garden, in the city of New York. The entries numbered eight hundred and seventy-four, and the cash prizes amounted to nineteen hundred and eighty-five dollars. In 1886 five clubs held shows, the entries at which aggregated nearly three thousand, and the cash prizes over seven thousand five hundred dollars. These figures demonstrate the growing interest in fine dogs, and the importance and value which in the last ten years they have acquired among us.

There was a time when public interest centred almost entirely on sporting dogs, and the exhibition of other breeds formed but a minor attraction at the shows; but the visitor at the yearly exhibitions has seen a great change in this matter, and it is a question whether the non-sporting dogs do not now receive a greater amount of attention than those old favorites, the pointers and the setters.

The recent formation of a club, calling

itself the "American Mastiff Club," with Mr. Robert Lenox Belknap as president, and Dr. Richard H. Derby as secretary, draws attention to one of the non-sporting breeds, whose limited popularity in this country, at least until quite recently, furnishes a remarkable example of the unjust discrimination of the public. The object of this club, as announced in its rules, is to encourage the breeding of that remarkable dog which forms the subject of this sketch. Its formation is only one step in the many by which the things which have been approved in the mother-country have been permanently adopted here.

One unfamiliar with the history of the mastiff will fail to realize the high position of the breed in England. The bull-dog, so often accepted as the typical Britisher, represents in reality only a small section of society, and that by no means the best. It is the mastiff, *Canis anglicus*, as Linnaeus called him, that is the representative dog in origin, history, and characteristics—as closely associated with the homes of England as the St. Bernard with the mon-



astery whose name he bears. He has a history both long and distinguished, made up in part of those heroic acts which have given him his present proud position. It is little wonder that the native who strokes the noble head of some stalwart specimen of his representative dog feels a genuine enthusiasm as he calls to mind the mention made in the ancient chronicles of his country of the fidelity of one of the breed to her dead master on the field of Agincourt, or the combat between the mastiff and the lion in the presence of King James I., in which the former was victorious, winning from the prince the declaration that "he who had fought with the king of beasts should never fight with a meaner creature." As the attributes of this historic breed—its almost chivalrous devotion, intelligence, and great strength—have rendered it prominent in the annals of its country, so its noble appearance

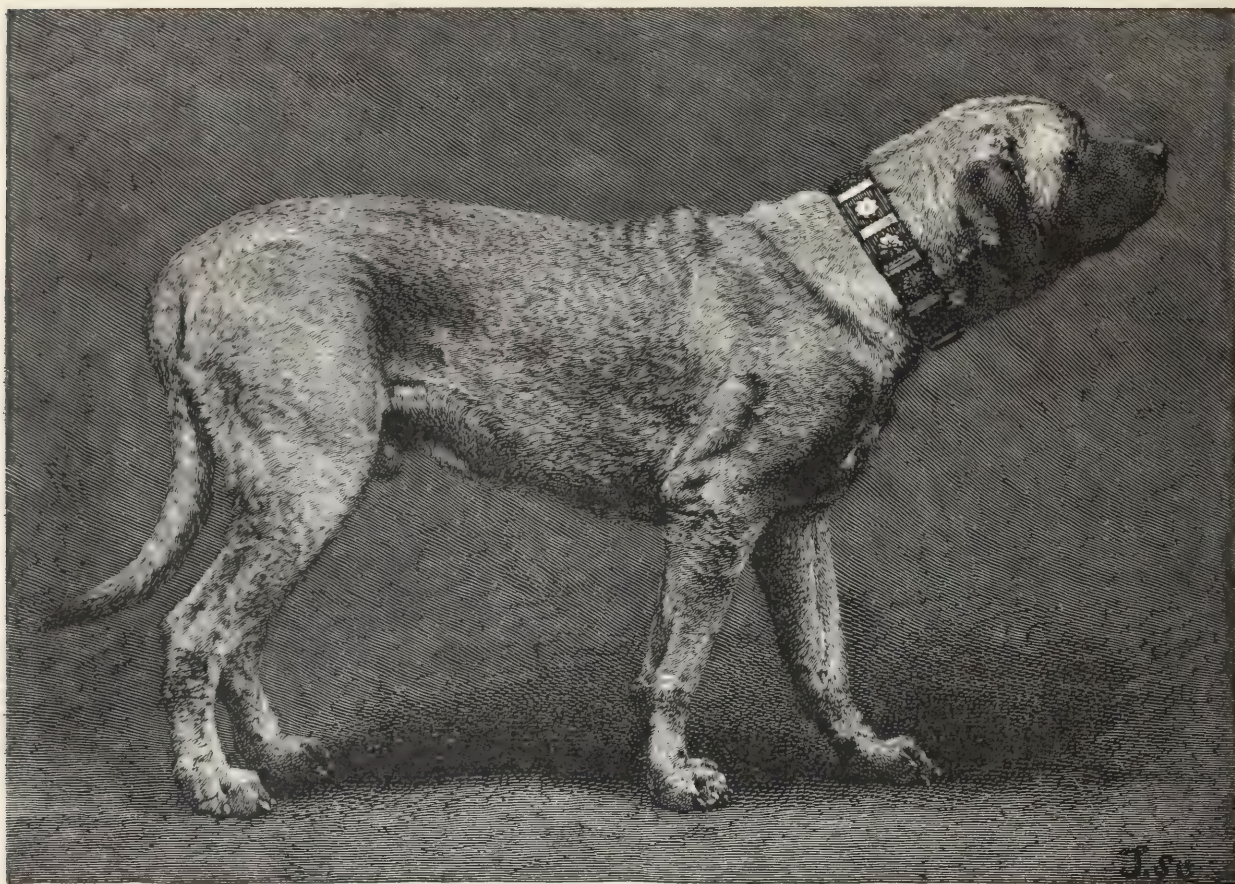
has found a record in art. Landseer made the mastiff a favorite study, and Titian and Vandyck each painted his portrait, the latter introducing into several of his pictures the favorite mastiff of Charles I. In one of the English galleries hangs the portrait of Sir Henry Lee and his mastiff, painted to commemorate the saving of Sir Henry's life by the latter from attempted assassination by that nobleman's valet. Mr. Mark Beaufoy, not many years ago, had the portraits of his mastiff Beau and his bloodhound Merton painted side by side, and at the head of this article will be found a



PHARAOH.

Owned by Dr. R. H. Derby, New York City. Bred at the Winlawn Kennels, Roselle, New Jersey.





HERO III.

Property of Mr. V. M. Haldeman, General Wayne, Pennsylvania.

picture engraved from a photograph of this painting. Beau was one of the most famous mastiffs in all England, and celebrated for his beauty of head and expression.

It is clear, then, that the mastiff has come to us with the very highest credentials. He is eminently the dog of the race, and destined to as general a recognition in this country as he has obtained in the land whose laws and language we have inherited, and whose "Jerseys," "South-downs," and "Berkshires" we have adopted, with great advantage to ourselves.

At the first, the reception of the mastiff in America was not a warm one, save from a few admirers, who in the early days of American mastiff breeding expended some time, effort, and money in importing stock from England and breeding here, but who, owing to their ignorance of the science of breeding, or to their inability to buy good dogs from English owners, never produced any remarkable dogs. Up to a few years ago the American breeder was several years behind his English competitor. This is a matter difficult to understand, until one becomes fa-

miliar with the transformation that has been going on during the last ten or fifteen years in mastiff type. The English mastiff, who formerly was considered the best representative of his breed, would now scarcely be noticed at a show, so great has been the change. Englishmen were too shrewd to send to this country dogs of the type which they had been striving to produce, so that for several years Americans were buying dogs of an inferior type, and breeding in lines that had been abandoned in England. This sent through the country a worthless stock of dogs, who, because they were called "mastiffs" and were given long pedigrees, were supposed to be all that could be desired, and, unfortunately, it is from these that most people have formed their ideas of the mastiff. When at length the mistake was discovered, steps were taken leading to a correction of the evil. The show bench now declares the result in a yearly exhibition of mastiffs, among which are American-bred specimens comparing favorably with the best imported dogs. It may well be doubted whether England can show a much more typical mastiff head than that of Dr.



Derby's Pharaoh, who was bred in this country.

The American mastiff of true type having thus become a reality, it will be proper to devote a few words to a description of him.

The mastiff, as it exists to-day, is an artificial breed, whose characteristics are maintained only by the most careful breeding. There is therefore opportunity for the greatest diversity of appearance, all depending as it does on the selection and crossing of various strains of blood. This diversity shows itself frequently in the matter of size. The minimum height allowed by the English Mastiff Club is twenty-seven inches. The maximum height of the breed is said to be thirty-four inches, but a height greater than thirty-one or thirty-two inches is seldom attained. The height should be produced by depth of body, and not by length of leg. Massiveness of frame should be the first consideration, stature the second. Yet for many years the one idea of the American breeder was to obtain height. To get this he seemed willing to sacrifice every characteristic of the breed, introducing crosses of mongrel blood that have proved most unfortunate

in their effects, all the time ignoring the fact that great height, though desirable, is not an essential characteristic of the mastiff. This seems one of the most difficult things for the tyro to learn. It is not desired that these statements should be taken as a declaration in favor of small size in the mastiff. The aim of the breeder should be toward the largest dog that can be produced without a sacrifice of that most valuable attribute which the breeder calls type or character. A mastiff twenty-seven inches high should weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, and one thirty-two inches high should weigh one hundred and eighty pounds.

The head is the great point. The choice lies between a dog with a head like Hero III., or a dog with a head like Pharaoh. Both types have in this country their admirers and advocates. We believe that there has never been any authoritative declaration on the question by any of the American kennel clubs, but we quote an extract from the points of the mastiff as declared by the English Mastiff Club:

"Head—very massive and short, with great breadth and depth of skull and squareness of muzzle. Expression—lowering. Forehead—broad, flat, and wrin-



BOSS AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY CLARE.

Property of Mr. J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vermont.



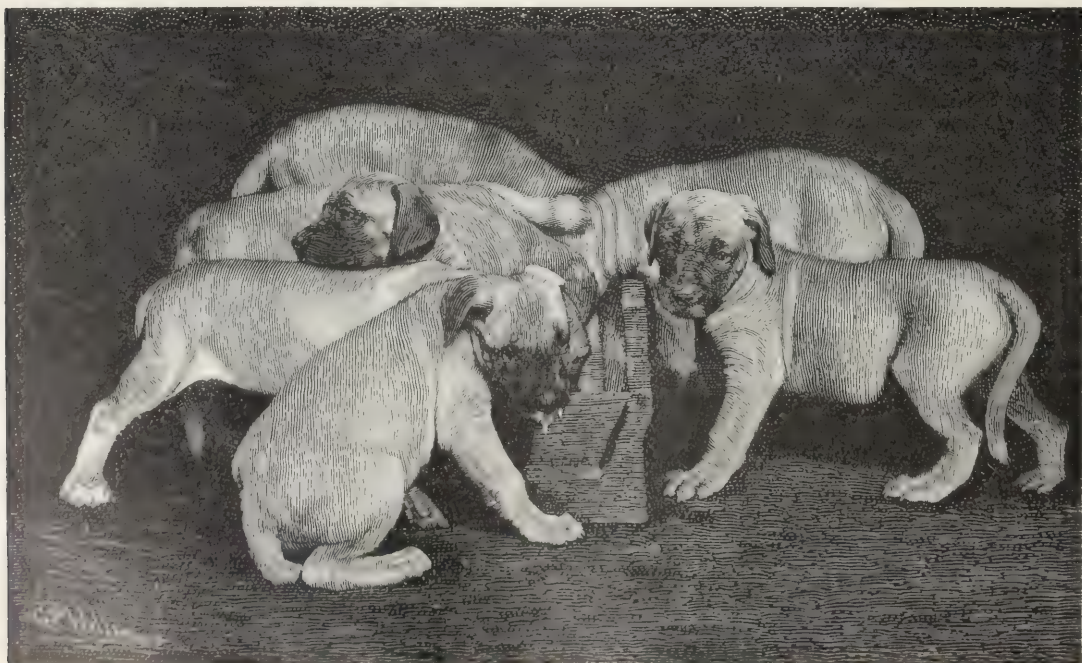
kled. Muzzle—short, truncated, deep, and broad, not tapering toward the nose. Jaws—very wide.”

It is claimed by some that a dog of great size and perfect formation, with such a head as that above described, is contrary to the laws of nature, and cannot be produced. This assertion is based on certain scientific analogies, and on the fact that so many of the broad, short-headed mastiffs are either small in size or weak in legs. The latter defect, being peculiarly prevalent in heavy mastiffs, leads to the impression that the mastiff is naturally a slow, unwieldy animal; but this is not true. Strength and agility should be united in him, and from the present stand-point there seems to be no good reason why a mastiff with a typical head and of large size should not be produced as strong and agile as a certain English specimen which was known to be able to seize in his jaws the carcass of a full-grown sheep and leap with it over an average stone wall.

If a dog of short head and great size cannot be produced, it would seem that we must be contented with a dog of smaller size than usually thought desirable, or else abandon the mastiff and construct a new dog in his place. For, many years ago, before the days of the English Mastiff Club, Cuvier, most careful of naturalists, wrote that the characteristics of the mastiff were “shortness of upper jaw,

projection of lower jaw beyond the upper, causing the teeth to be undershot, height of forehead, depth and breadth of muzzle, and massiveness of head.”

Of the three colors which characterize the mastiff, the red, the brindle, and the fawn, the last seems to be regarded in America as well as in England with by far the most favor. When that grand brindle Ilford Cromwell was first exhibited in this country, it was thought that he would turn the fashion toward his color; but such was not the case, and if one may judge by the show bench, he has not been much used as a sire. Yet, apart from his color, this dog is one of the best, and in the minds of some judges the best mastiff in this country. However, the brindle has its admirers. It has been a fashionable color in the bull-dog, and is highly prized in those gigantic Germans the Ulmer dogs, and there seems to be no real objection to it in the mastiff. Several of the most famous specimens of the breed have been of this color. The red is the least desirable color, and it is quite rare. We call to mind only one specimen in recent shows, and that a very indifferent animal. One attraction in the fawn-color is the sharp and effective contrast produced with the dense black mark and ears. The black mark renders essential the dark mastiff eye—the eye, where it is light in color, giving the dog's face an unpleasant, almost sinister, expression. The coat



MASTIFF PUPPIES.

Kennel of Mr. C. R. Colwell, Weymouth, New Jersey.



should be soft and smooth. It is one of the most remarkable things in breeding that so large and powerful a dog as the mastiff can be produced with a coat which, though short, is as soft and fine as a spaniel's.

The reputation of the mastiff for docility and gentleness has in his native land been very great. If we may judge from observation and experience, it will be equally great in this country, for the dog, as bred here, seems to have all the ancient characteristics. At one of the large dog shows the experiment was recently made of having a person who, though he greatly admired the breed, was a stranger to each of the thirty mastiffs exhibited, handle each of them as they lay in their stalls. The dogs seemed to recognize that they were in a public place and subject to public inspection, for not a growl was elicited from the entire number, and most of them made a demonstration of pleasure. The same experiment was then made with the St. Bernards and collies, but with a very different result. No one acquainted with canine physiognomy would ever impute a churlish, snarling disposition to Ilford Cromwell, or those two grand dogs Prussian Princess and Rosalind. There may be something of sternness or solemn dignity, but nothing of ill-temper. These admirable traits come out very strongly in the conduct of the mastiff toward creatures smaller and weaker than himself. Not long since the writer had occasion to visit the stock farm of a gentleman who has been one of the pioneers in American mastiff-breeding. On this farm there were at the time some ten full-grown mastiffs, with whom the little child of the owner was accustomed to roam about at will. The dogs were loose at the time, and it was a strange sight to see the troop of ten following after a playfellow so much smaller than themselves. Their owner said that they had always been accustomed to the child, and always treated him with the greatest gentleness. This disposition of the mastiff has in some cases been known to show itself in his treatment of animals smaller than himself. An instance was noted not long since of a strange attachment between a full-grown mastiff and a diminutive Yorkshire terrier, who for two years occupied the same kennel and ate from the same dish in the most friendly manner.

But with the mastiff, as with all dogs, the disposition is largely the result of his training. Environment influences the character of the puppy as well as of the child. The man who relegates his mastiff to the confinement of a stable and the exclusive attention of the man-of-all-work will probably succeed in rearing a dog that will be anything but desirable either in disposition or habits. There is no dog more fitted for human association than the mastiff, and there is no dog which goes wrong so quickly for the want of it.

In America, where leisure hours are few, and a busy life the life of nearly all, it seems desirable to secure the popularity of a dog whose uses and character will harmonize with the common life. The various sporting dogs, the greyhound, and the stag-hound all have special traits which render them most valuable to those who have the time and the means to develop them, but the mastiff takes so kindly to domestic life, thrives so well in the house yard, and performs so valuable a duty as a guard, that any man with a home may find great pleasure in him. His master can give him all the exercise necessary for a full-grown dog by a daily walk through the village or the city streets. This walk will be made most decorously, for among the most amusing and desirable traits of the well-trained mastiff are his dignity and gravity. It is a well-known fact that when called upon for protection he does not bite except under extreme provocation, but, throwing his huge body against his opponent, knocks him down, and then stands over him until help arrives, delivering a moral lecture meanwhile in a series of savage growls. It is in this capacity of protector that he excels, and it is a pleasure to find his whole characteristics in this line portrayed by two English authors of note. We refer to the description of the mastiff Bran, whom Kingsley in *Hypatia* makes so prominent as the companion of Raphael Aben-Ezra, and to old Don Roderigo, who does so much to add to the attractive scenes in William Black's novel of *Judith Shakespeare*. Strangers to the mastiff will doubtless consider Mr. Black's description of Don harnessed in ribbons and ridden about the garden by little Bess Hall as rather ideal, but those familiar with him will not be so incredulous. If our American girls ever get the habit of strolling through country lanes, like Mr. Black's



heroine, they can find no more faithful guard than one like her Don.

As the American bench shows furnish an opportunity to most readers to see the best mastiffs in the country, an extended reference to those shown in the illustrations is not necessary. Hero III., Mr. Colwell's puppies, Boss, Lady Clare, and Pharaoh were all bred in this country. The other illustrations represent some of our best imported stock.

Many other fine specimens are scattered through the country. The attention of English breeders has lately been drawn to American stock by the success of Dr. J. F. Perry, of Boston, in breeding two dogs who are said to be dogs of fine type, and in the matter of weight and size to surpass the record of Orlando, one of the most famous of England's representatives. We refer to the dogs Ashmount, Nero, and Lorna Doone II., now owned by Mr. P. F. Amidon, of Hinsdale, New Hampshire. The former stood thirty inches high at the age of thirteen months, it is

said, and weighed one hundred and eighty-four pounds, being the heaviest weight ever attained by a mastiff at that age.

The question is frequently asked, what does a mastiff cost? The price of a dog is always a matter of some uncertainty, depending largely on the demand. It is always cheapest in the end to buy the very best stock. There is much stock offered for sale at low prices that a man will do well to refuse as a gift. A really desirable puppy cannot well be procured for less than twenty-five dollars, and perhaps one at fifty dollars will prove a better investment. The full-grown dogs, if of the best stock, will bring very large prices. Ilford Cromwell was once offered for sale at \$250; his present owner undoubtedly values him at a much higher price; and there are dogs which are said to have brought prices much greater than this within the last few years. But the reader need not allow these sums to discourage him, for puppies of excellent stock can be obtained at reasonable figures.

## APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### XIX.

THE evening's entertainment was something that must fail before an audience which was not very kind. They were to present a burlesque of classic fable, and the parts, with their general intention, had been distributed to the different actors; but nothing had been written down, and beyond the situations and a few points of dialogue, all had to be improvised. The costumes and properties had been invented from such things as came to hand. Sheets sculpturesquely draped the deities who took part; a fox-pelt from the hearth did duty as the leopard-skin of Bacchus; a feather duster served Neptune for a trident; the lyre of Apollo was a dust pan; a gull's breast furnished Jove with his gray beard.

The fable was adapted to modern life, and the scene had been laid in Campobello, the peculiarities of which were to be satirized throughout. The principal situation was to be a passage between Jupiter, represented by Maverling, and Juno, whom Miss Anderson personated; it was to be

a scene of conjugal reproaches and reprisals, and to end in reconciliation, in which the father of the gods sacrificed himself on the altar of domestic peace by promising to bring his family to Campobello every year.

This was to be followed by a sketch of the Judgment of Paris, in which Juno and Pallas were to be personated by two young men, and Miss Anderson took the part of Venus.

The pretty drawing-room of the Trevors—young people from Albany and cousins of Miss Anderson—was curtained off at one end for a stage, and beyond the sliding doors which divided it in half were set chairs for the spectators. People had come in whatever dress they liked; the men were mostly in morning coats; the ladies had generally made some attempt at evening toilet, but they joined in admiring Alice Pasmer's costume, and one of them said that they would let it represent them all, and express what each might have done if she would. There was not much time for their tributes; all the lamps were presently taken away and set



along the floor in front of the curtain as foot-lights, leaving the company in a darkness which Mrs. Brinkley pronounced sepulchral. She made her reproaches to the master of the house, who had effected this transposition of the lamps. "I was just thinking some very pretty and valuable things about your charming cottage, Mr. Trevor: a rug on a bare floor, a trim of varnished pine, a wall with half a dozen simple etchings on it, an open fire, and a mantel-piece without bric-à-brac, how entirely satisfying it all is! And how it upbraids us for heaping up upholstery as we do in town!"

"Go on," said the host. "Those are beautiful thoughts."

"But I *can't* go on in the dark," retorted Mrs. Brinkley. "You can't think in the dark, much less talk! Can *you*, Mrs. Pasmer?" Mrs. Pasmer, with Alice next her, sat just in front of Mrs. Brinkley.

"No," she assented; "but if I could—you can think anywhere, Mrs. Brinkley—Mrs. Trevor's lovely house would inspire me to it."

"Two birds with one stone—thank you, Mrs. Pasmer, for my part of the compliment. Pick yourself up, Mr. Trevor."

"Oh, thank you, *I'm* all right," said Trevor, panting after the ladies' meanings, as a man must. "I suppose thinking and talking in the dark is a good deal like smoking in the dark."

"No; thinking and talking are not at all like smoking under any conditions. Why in the world *should* they be?"

"Oh, I can't get any fun out of a cigar unless I can see the smoke," the host explained.

"Do you follow him, Mrs. Pasmer?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Thank you, Mrs. Pasmer," said Trevor.

"I'll get you to tell me how you did it some time," said Mrs. Brinkley. "But your house is a gem, Mr. Trevor."

"*Isn't* it?" cried Trevor. "I want my wife to live here the year round." It was the Trevors' first summer in their cottage, and the experienced reader will easily recognize his mood. "But she's such a worldly spirit she won't."

"Oh, I don't know about the year round. Do you, Mrs. Pasmer?"

"*I* should," said Alice, with the suddenness of youth, breaking into the talk which she had not been supposed to take any interest in.

"Is it proper to kiss a young lady's hand?" said Trevor, gratefully, appealing to Mrs. Brinkley.

"It isn't very customary in the nineteenth century," said Mrs. Brinkley. "But you might kiss her fan. He might kiss her fan, mightn't he, Mrs. Pasmer?"

"Certainly. Alice, hold out your fan instantly."

The girl humored the joke, laughing.

Trevor pressed his lips to the perfumed sticks. "I will tell Mrs. Trevor," he said, "and that will decide her."

"It will decide her not to come here at all next year if you tell her all."

"He never tells me all," said Mrs. Trevor, catching so much of the talk as she came in from some hospitable cares in the dining-room. "They're incapable of it. What has he been doing now?"

"Nothing. Or I will tell you when we are *alone*, Mrs. Trevor," said Mrs. Brinkley, with burlesque sympathy. "We oughtn't to have a scene on *both* sides of the foot-lights."

A boyish face, all excitement, was thrust out between the curtains forming the proscenium of the little theatre. "All ready, Mrs. Trevor?"

"Yes, all ready, Jim."

He dashed the curtains apart, and marred the effect of his own disappearance from the scene by tripping over the long legs of Jove, stretched out to the front, where he sat on Mrs. Trevor's richest rug, propped with sofa cushions on either hand.

"So perish all the impious race of Titans, enemies of the gods!" said Maverick, solemnly, as the boy fell sprawling. "Pick the earth-born giant up, Vulcan, my son."

The boy was very small for his age; every one saw that the accident had not been premeditated, and when Vulcan appeared, with an exaggerated limp, and carried the boy off, a burst of laughter went up from the company.

It did not matter what the play was to have been after that; it all turned upon the accident. Juno came on, and began to reproach Jupiter for his carelessness. "I've sent Mercury upstairs for the aynica; but he says it's no use: that boy won't be able to pass ball for a week. How often have I told you not to sit with your feet out that way! I knew you'd huyt somebody."

"I didn't *have* my feet out," retorted Jupiter. "Besides," he added, with dig-



nity, and a burlesque of marital special pleading which every wife and husband recognized, "I *always* sit with my feet out so, and I always will, so long as I've the spirit of a god."

"Isn't he delicious?" buzzed Mrs. Pasmer, leaning backward to whisper to Mrs. Brinkley; it was not that she thought what Dan had just said was so very funny, but people are immoderately applaudive of amateur dramatics, and she was feeling very fond of the young fellow.

The improvisation went wildly and adventurously on, and the curtains dropped together amidst the facile acclaim of the audience.

"It's very well for Jupiter that he happened to think of the curtain," said Mrs. Brinkley. "They couldn't have kept it up at that level much longer."

"Oh, do you think so?" softly murmured Mrs. Pasmer. "It seemed as if they could have kept it up all night if they liked."

"I doubt it. Mr. Trevor," said Mrs. Brinkley to the host, who had come up for her congratulations, "do you always have such brilliant performances?"

"Well, we have so far," he answered, modestly; and Mrs. Brinkley laughed with him. This was the first entertainment at Trevor cottage.

"Sh!" went up all round them, and Mrs. Trevor called across the room, in a reproachful whisper loud enough for every one to hear, "My dear!—enjoying yourself!" while Mavering stood between the parted curtains waiting for the attention of the company.

"On account of an accident to the call-boy and the mental exhaustion of some of the deities, the next piece will be omitted, and the performance will begin with the one after. While the audience is waiting, Mercury will go round and take up a collection for the victim of the recent accident, who will probably be indisposed for life. The collector will be accompanied by a policeman, and may be safely trusted."

He disappeared behind the curtain with a *pas* and a swirl of his draperies like the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, and the audience again abandoned itself to applause.

"How very witty he is!" said Miss Cotton, who sat near John Munt. "Don't you think he's really witty?"

"Yes," Munt assented, critically. "But you should have known his father."

"Oh, do *you* know his father?"

"I was in college with him."

"Oh, do tell me about him, and all Mr. Mavering's family. We're so interested, you know, on account of— Isn't it pretty to have that little love idyl going on here? I wonder—I've been wondering all the time—what she thinks of all this. Do you suppose she quite likes it? His costume is so *very* remarkable!" Miss Cotton, in the absence of any lady of her intimate circle, was appealing confidentially to John Munt.

"Why, do you think there's anything serious between them?" he asked, dropping his head forward as people do in church when they wish to whisper to some one in the same pew.

"Why, yes, it seems so," murmured Miss Cotton. "His admiration is quite undisguised, isn't it?"

"A man never can tell," said Munt. "We have to leave those things to you ladies."

"Oh, every one's talking of it, I assure you. And you know his family?"

"I knew his father once rather better than anybody else."

"Indeed!"

"Yes." Munt sketched rather a flattered portrait of the elder Mavering, his ability, his goodness, his shyness, which he had always had to make such a hard fight with. Munt was sensible of an access of popularity in knowing Dan Mavering's people, and he did not spare his colors.

"Then it isn't from his father that he gets everything. He isn't in the least shy," said Miss Cotton.

"That must be the mother."

"And the mother?"

"The mother I don't know."

Miss Cotton sighed. "Sometimes I wish that he did show a little more trepidation. It would seem as if he were more alive to the *great* difference that there is between Alice Pasmer and other girls."

Munt laughed a man's laugh. "I guess he's pretty well alive to that, if he's in love with her."

"Oh, in a certain way, of course, but not in the highest way. Now, for instance, if he felt all her fineness as—we do, I *don't* believe he'd be willing to appear before her just like that." The father of the gods wore a damask tablecloth of a pale golden hue and a classic



pattern; his arms were bare, and rather absurdly white; on his feet a pair of lawn-tennis shoes had a very striking effect of sandals. "It seems to me," Miss Cotton pursued, "that if he *really* appreciated her in the *highest* way, he would wish never to do an undignified or trivial thing in her presence."

"Oh, perhaps it's that that pleases her in him. They say we're always taken with opposites."

"Yes—do you think so?" asked Miss Cotton.

The curtains were flung apart, and the Judgment of Paris followed rather tamely upon what had gone before, though the two young fellows who did Juno and Minerva were very amusing, and the dialogue was full of hits. Some of the audience, an appreciative minority, were of opinion that Maverick and Miss Anderson surpassed themselves in it; she promised him the most beautiful and cultured wife in Greece. "That settles it," he answered. They came out arm in arm, and Paris, having put on a striped tennis coat over his short-sleeved Greek tunic, moved round among the company for their congratulations, Venus ostentatiously showing the apple she had won.

"I can hardly keep from eating it," she explained to Alice, before whom she dropped Maverick's arm. "I'm awfully hungry. It's hard work."

Alice stood with her head drawn back, looking at the excited girl with a smile, in which seemed to hover somewhere a latent bitterness.

Maverick, with a flushed face and a flying tongue, was exchanging sallies with her mother, who smothered him in flat-teries.

Mrs. Trevor came toward the group and announced supper. "Mr. Paris, will you take Miss Aphrodite out?"

Miss Anderson swept a low bow of renunciation, and tacitly relinquished Maverick to Alice.

"Oh, no, no!" said Alice, shrinking back from him, with an intensification of her uncertain smile. "A mere mortal?"

"Oh, how very good!" said Mrs. Trevor.

There began to be, without any one's intending it, that sort of tacit misunderstanding which is all the worse because it can only follow upon a tacit understanding like that which had established itself between Alice and Maverick. They laughed and joked together gayly about all that

went on; they were perfectly good friends; he saw that she and her mother were promptly served; he brought them salad and ice-cream and coffee himself, only waiting officially upon Miss Anderson first, and Alice thanked him, with the politest deprecation of his devotion; but if their eyes met, it was defensively, and the security between them was gone. Maverick vaguely felt the loss, without knowing how to retrieve it, and it made him go on more desperately with Miss Anderson. He laughed and joked recklessly, and Alice began to mark a more explicit displeasure with her. She made her mother go rather early.

On her part, Miss Anderson seemed to find reason for resentment in Alice's bearing toward her. As if she had said to herself that her frank loyalty had been thrown away upon a cold and unresponsive nature, and that her harmless follies in the play had been met with unjust suspicions, she began to make reprisals, she began in dead earnest to flirt with Maverick. Before the evening passed she had made him seem taken with her; but how justly she had done this, and with how much fault of his, no one could have said. There were some who did not notice it at all, but these were not people who knew Maverick, or knew Alice very well.

## XX.

The next morning Alice was walking slowly along the road toward the fishing village, when she heard rapid, plunging strides down the wooded hill-side on her right. She knew them for Maverick's, and she did not affect surprise when he made a final leap into the road, and shortened his pace beside her.

"May I join you, Miss Pasmer?"

"I am only going down to the herring-houses," she began.

"And you'll let me go with you?" said the young fellow. "The fact is—you're always so frank that you make everything else seem silly—I've been waiting up there in the woods for you to come by. Mrs. Pasmer told me you had started this way, and I cut across lots to overtake you, and then, when you came in sight, I had to let you pass before I could screw my courage up to the point of running after you. How is that for open-mindedness?"



"It's a very good beginning, I should think."

"Well, don't you think you ought to say now that you're sorry you were so formidable?"

"Am I so formidable?" she asked, and then recognized that she had been trapped into a leading question.

"You are to me. Because I would like always to be sure that I had pleased you, and for the last twelve hours I've only been able to make sure that I hadn't. That's the consolation I'm going away with. I thought I'd get you to confirm my impression explicitly. That's why I wished to join you."

"Are you—were you going away?"

"I'm going by the next boat. What's the use of staying? I should only make bad worse. Yesterday I hoped— But last night spoiled everything. Miss Pasmer," he broke out, with a rush of feeling, "you must know why I came up here to Campobello."

His steps took him a little ahead of her, and he could look back into her face as he spoke. But apparently he saw nothing in it to give him courage to go on, for he stopped, and then continued, lightly: "And I'm going away because I feel that I've made a failure of the expedition. I knew that you were supremely disgusted with me last night; but it will be a sort of comfort if you'll tell me so."

"Oh," said Alice, "everybody thought it was very brilliant, I'm sure."

"And you thought it was a piece of buffoonery. Well, it was. I wish you'd say so, Miss Pasmer; though I didn't mean the playing entirely. It would be something to start from, and I want to make a beginning—turn over a new leaf. Can't you help me to inscribe a good resolution of the most iron-clad description on the stainless page? I've lain awake all night composing one. Wouldn't you like to hear it?"

"I can't see what good that would do," she said, with some relenting toward a smile, in which he instantly prepared himself to bask.

"But you will when I've done it. Now listen!"

"Please don't go on." She cut him short with a return to her severity, which he would not recognize.

"Well, perhaps I'd better not," he consented. "It's rather a *long* resolution, and I don't know that I've committed it

perfectly yet. But I do assure you that if you were disgusted last night, you were not the only one. I was immensely disgusted myself; and why I wanted you to tell me so was because when I have a strong pressure brought to bear I can brace up, and do almost anything," he said, dropping into earnest. Then he rose lightly again, and added, "You have no idea how unpleasant it is to lie awake all night throwing dust in the eyes of an accusing conscience."

"It must have been, if you didn't succeed," said Alice, dryly.

"Yes, that's it—that's just the point. If I'd succeeded, I should be all right, don't you see. But it was a difficult case." She turned her face away, but he saw the smile on her cheek, and he laughed as if this were what he had been trying to make her do. "I got beaten. I had to give up, and own it. I had to say that I had thrown my chance away, and I had better take myself off." He looked at her with a real anxiety in his gay eyes.

"The boat goes just after lunch, I believe," she said, indifferently.

"Oh yes, I shall have time to get *lunch* before I go," he said, with bitterness.

"But lunch isn't the only thing; it isn't even the main thing, Miss Pasmer."

"No?" She hardened her heart.

He waited for her to say something more, and then he went on. "The question is whether there's time to undo last night, abolish it, erase it from the calendar of recorded time—sponge it out, in short—and get back to yesterday afternoon." She made no reply to this. "Don't you think it was a very pleasant picnic, Miss Pasmer?" he asked, with pensive respectfulness.

"Very," she answered, dryly.

He cast a glance at the woods that bordered the road on either side. "That weird forest—I shall never forget it."

"No; it was something to remember," she said.

"And the blueberry patch? We mustn't forget the blueberry patch."

"There were a great many blueberries."

She walked on, and he said, "And that bridge—you don't have that feeling of having been *here* before?"

"No."

"Am I walking too fast for you, Miss Pasmer?"

"No; I like to walk fast."

"But wouldn't you like to sit down?"



"On this way-side log, for example?" He pointed it out with his stick. "It seems to invite repose, and I know you must be tired."

"I'm not tired."

"Ah, that shows that *you* didn't lie awake grieving over your follies all night. I hope you rested well, Miss Pasmer." She said nothing. "If I thought—if I could hope that you hadn't, it would be a bond of sympathy, and I would give almost anything for a bond of sympathy just now, Miss Pasmer. Alice!" he said, with sudden seriousness. "I know that I'm not worthy even to think of you, and that you're whole worlds above me in every way. It's that that takes all heart out of me, and leaves me without a word to say when I'd like to say so much. I would like to speak—tell you—"

She interrupted him. "I wish to speak to you, Mr. Mavering, and tell you that—I'm very tired, and I'm going back to the hotel. I must ask you to let me go back alone."

"Alice, I love you."

"I'm sorry you said it—sorry, sorry."

"Why?" he asked, with hopeless futility.

"Because there can be no love between us—not friendship even—not acquaintance."

"I shouldn't have asked for your acquaintance, your friendship, if—" His words conveyed a delicate reproach, and they stung her, because they put her in the wrong.

"No matter," she began, wildly. "I didn't mean to wound you. But we must part, and we must never see each other again."

He stood confused, as if he could not make it out or believe it. "But yesterday—"

"It's to-day now."

"Ah, no! It's last night. And I can explain."

"No!" she cried. "You shall not make me out so mean and vindictive. I don't care for last night, nor for anything that happened." This was not true, but it seemed so to her at the moment; she thought that she really no longer resented his association with Miss Anderson and his separation from herself in all that had taken place.

"Then what is it?"

"I can't tell you. But everything is over between us—that's all."

"But yesterday—and all these days past—you seemed—"

"It's unfair of you to insist—it's ungenerous, ungentlemanly."

That word, which from a woman's tongue always strikes a man like a blow in the face, silenced Mavering. He set his lips and bowed, and they parted. She turned upon her way, and he kept the path which she had been going.

It was not the hour when the piazzas were very full, and she slipped into the dim hotel corridor undetected, or at least undetained. She flung into her room, and confronted her mother.

Mrs. Pasmer was there looking into a trunk that had overflowed from her own chamber. "What is the matter?" she said to her daughter's excited face.

"Mr. Mavering—"

"Well?"

"And I refused him."

Mrs. Pasmer was one of those ladies who in any finality have a keen retrovision of all the advantages of a different conclusion. She had been thinking, since she told Dan Mavering which way Alice had gone to walk, that if he were to speak to her now, and she were to accept him, it would involve a great many embarrassing consequences; but she had consoled herself with the probability that he would not speak so soon after the effects of last night, but would only try at the furthest to make his peace with Alice. Since he had spoken, though, and she had refused him, Mrs. Pasmer instantly saw all the pleasant things that would have followed in another event. "Refused him?" she repeated, provisionally, while she gathered herself for a full exploration of all the facts.

"Yes, mamma; and I can't talk about it. I wish never to hear his name again, or to see him, or to speak to him."

"Why, of course not," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a fine smile, from the vantage-ground of her superior years, "if you've refused him." She left the trunk which she had been standing over, and sat down, while Alice swept to and fro before her excitedly. "But why did you refuse him, my dear?"

"Why? Because he's detestable—perfectly ignoble."

Her mother probably knew how to translate these exalted expressions into the more accurate language of maturer life. "Do you mean last night?"



"Last night?" cried Alice, tragically. "No. Why should I care for last night?"

"Then I don't understand what you mean," retorted Mrs. Pasmer. "What did he say?" she demanded, with authority.

"Mamma, I can't talk about it—I won't."

"But you must, Alice. It's your duty. Of course I must know about it. What did he say?"

Alice walked up and down the room with her lips firmly closed; like Maverick's lips, it occurred to her, and then she opened them, but without speaking.

"What did he say?" persisted her mother, and her persistence had its effect.

"Say?" exclaimed the girl, indignantly.

"He tried to make *me* say."

"I see," said Mrs. Pasmer. "Well?"

"But I *forced* him to speak, and then—I rejected him. That's all."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "He was afraid of you."

"And that's what made it the more odious. Do you think I *wished* him to be afraid of me? Would that be any pleasure? I should hate myself if I had to *quell* anybody into being unlike themselves." She sat down for a moment, and then jumped up again, and went to the window, for no reason, and came back.

"Yes," said her mother, impartially, "he's light, and he's roundabout. He couldn't come straight at anything."

"And would you have me accept such a—being?"

Mrs. Pasmer smiled a little at the literary word, and continued: "But he's very sweet, and he's as good as the day's long, and he's very fond of you, and—I thought you liked him."

The girl threw up her arms across her eyes. "Oh, how can you say such a thing, mamma?"

She dropped into a chair at the bedside, and let her face fall into her hands, and cried.

Her mother waited for the gust of tears to pass before she said, "But if you feel so about it—"

"Mamma!" Alice sprang to her feet.

"It needn't come from you. I could make some excuse to see him—write him a little note—"

"Never!" exclaimed Alice, grandly. "What I've done I've done from my reason, and my feelings have nothing to do with it."

"Oh, very well," said her mother, going

out of the room, not wholly disappointed with what she viewed as a respite, and amused by her daughter's tragics. "But if you think that the feelings have nothing to do with such a matter, you're very much mistaken." If she believed that her daughter did not know her real motives in rejecting Dan Maverick, or had not been able to give them, she did not say so.

The little group of Aliceolaters on the piazza who began to canvass the causes of Maverick's going before the top of his hat disappeared below the bank on the path leading to the ferry-boat were of two minds. One faction held that he was going because Alice had refused him, and that his gayety up to the last moment was only a mask to hide his despair. The other side contended that if he and Alice were not actually engaged, they understood each other, and he was going away because he wanted to tell his family, or something of that kind. Between the two opinions Miss Cotton wavered with a sentimental attraction to either. "What do you really think?" she asked Mrs. Brinkley, arriving from lunch at the corner of the piazza where the group was seated.

"Oh, what does it matter, at their age?" she demanded.

"But they're just of the age when it does happen to matter," suggested Mrs. Stamwell.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brinkley, "and that's what makes the whole thing so perfectly ridiculous. Just think of two children, one of twenty and the other of twenty-three, proposing to decide their life-long destiny in such a vital matter! Should we trust their judgment in regard to the smallest business affair? Of course not. They're babes in arms, morally and mentally speaking. People haven't the data for being wisely in love till they've reached the age when they haven't the least wish to be so. Oh, I suppose I thought that I was a grown woman too when I was twenty; I can look back and see that I did; and what's more preposterous still, I thought Mr. Brinkley was a man at twenty-four. But we were no more fit to accept or reject each other at that infantile period—"

"Do you really think so?" asked Miss Cotton, only partially credulous of Mrs. Brinkley's irony.

"Yes, it does seem out of all reason," admitted Mrs. Stamwell.

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Brinkley.



"If she has rejected him, she's done a very safe thing. Nobody should be allowed to marry before fifty. Then if people married it would be because they *knew* that they loved each other."

Miss Cotton reflected a moment. "It is strange that such an important question should have to be decided at an age when the judgment is so far from mature. I never happened to look at it in that light before."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brinkley—and she made herself comfortable in an arm-chair commanding a stretch of the bay over which the ferry-boat must pass—"but it's only part and parcel of the whole affair. I'm sure that no *grown* person can see the ridiculous young things—inexperienced, ignorant, feather-brained—that nature intrusts with children, their immortal little souls and their extremely perishable little bodies, without rebelling at the whole system. When you see what most young mothers are, how perfectly unfit and incapable, you wonder that the whole race doesn't teeth and die. Yes, there's one thing I feel pretty sure of—that, as matters are arranged *now*, there oughtn't to be mothers at all, there ought to be only grandmothers."

The group all laughed, even Miss Cotton, but she was the first to become grave. At the bottom of her heart there was a doubt whether so light a way of treating serious things was not a little wicked.

"Perhaps," she said, "we shall have to go back to the idea that engagements and marriages are not intended to be regulated by the judgment, but by the affections."

"I don't know what's intended," said Mrs. Brinkley, "but I know what is. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the affections have it their own way, and I must say I don't think the judgment could make a greater mess of it. In fact," she continued, perhaps provoked to the excess by the deprecation she saw in Miss Cotton's eye, "I consider every broken engagement nowadays a blessing in disguise."

Miss Cotton said nothing. The other ladies said, "Why, Mrs. *Brinkley*!"

"Yes. The thing has gone altogether too far. The pendulum has swung in that direction out of all measure. We are married too much. And as a natural consequence we are divorced too much. The whole case is in a nutshell: if there were no marriages, there would be no di-

vorces, and *that* great abuse would be corrected, at any rate."

All the ladies laughed, Miss Cotton more and more sorrowfully. She liked to have people talk as they do in genteel novels. Mrs. Brinkley's bold expressions were a series of violent shocks to her nature, and imparted a terrible vibration to the fabric of her whole little rose-colored ideal world; if they had not been the expressions of a person whom a great many unquestionable persons accepted, who had such an undoubted standing, she would have thought them very coarse. As it was, they had a great fascination for her. "But in a case like that of"—she looked round and lowered her voice—"our young friends, I'm sure you couldn't rejoice if the engagement were broken off."

"Well, I'm not going to be 'a mush of concession,' as Emerson says, Miss Cotton. And, in the first place, how do you know they're engaged?"

"Ah, I don't; I didn't mean that they were. But wouldn't it be a little pathetic if, after all that we've seen going on, his coming here expressly on her account, and his perfect devotion to her for the past two weeks, it should end in nothing?"

"Two weeks isn't a very long time to settle the business of a lifetime."

"No."

"Perhaps she's proposed delay; a little further acquaintance."

"Oh, of course that would be perfectly right. Do you think she did?"

"Not if she's as wise as the rest of us would have been at her age. But I think she ought."

"Yes?" said Miss Cotton, semi-interrogatively.

"Do *you* think his behavior last night would naturally impress her with his wisdom and constancy?"

"No, I can't say that it would; but—"

"And this Alice of yours is rather a severe young person. She has her ideas, and I'm afraid they're rather heroic. She'd be just with him, of course. But there's nothing a man dreads so much as justice—some men."

"Yes," pursued Miss Cotton, "but that very disparity—I know they're *very* unlike—don't you think?"

"Oh yes, I know the theory about that. But if they were exactly alike in temperament, they'd be sufficiently unlike for the purposes of counterparts. That was ar-



ranged once for all when male and female created He them. I've no doubt their fancy was caught by all the kinds of difference they find in each other; that's just as natural as it's silly. But the misunderstanding, the trouble, the quarrelling, the wear and tear of spirit, that they'd have to go through before they assimilated—it makes me tired, as the boys say. No: I hope, for the young man's own sake, he's got his *congé*."

"But he's so kind, so good"—

"My dear, the world is surfeited with kind, good men. There are half a dozen of them at the other end of the piazza smoking; and there comes another to join them," she added, as a large figure, semi-circular in profile, advanced itself from a doorway toward a vacant chair among the smokers. "The very soul of kindness and goodness." She beckoned toward her husband, who caught sight of her gesture. "Now I can tell you all his mental processes. First, surprise at seeing some one beckoning; then astonishment that it's I, though who else should beckon him? then wonder what I can want; then conjecture that I may want him to come here; then pride in his conjecture; rebellion; compliance."

The ladies were in a scream of laughter as Mr. Brinkley lumbered heavily to their group.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Do you believe in broken engagements? Now quick—off-hand!"

"Who's engaged?"

"No matter."

"Well, you know *Punch's* advice to those about to marry?"

"I know—chestnuts," said his wife, scornfully. They dismissed each other with tender bluntness, and he went in to get a match.

"Ah, Mrs. Brinkley," said one of the ladies, "it would be of no use for you to preach broken engagements to any one who saw you and Mr. Brinkley together."

They fell upon her, one after another, and mocked her with the difference between her doctrine and practice; and they were all the more against her because they had been perhaps a little put down by her whimsical sayings.

"Yes," she admitted. "But we've been thirty years coming to the understanding that you all admire so much; and do you think it was worth the time?"

## XXI.

Mavering kept up until he took leave of the party of young people who had come over on the ferry-boat to Eastport for the frolic of seeing him off. It was a tremendous *tour de force* to accept their company as if he were glad of it, and to respond to all their gay nothings gayly; to maintain a sunny surface on his turbid misery. They had tried to make Alice come with them, but her mother pleaded a bad headache for her; and he had to parry a hundred sallies about her, and from his sick heart humor the popular insinuation that there was an understanding between them, and that they had agreed together she should not come. He had to stand about on the steam-boat wharf and listen to amiable innuendoes for nearly an hour before the steamer came in from St. John. The fond adieux of his friends, their offers to take any message back, lasted during the interminable fifteen minutes that she lay at her moorings, and then he showed himself at the stern of the boat, and waved his handkerchief in acknowledgment of the last parting salutations on shore.

When it was all over, he went down into his state-room, and shut himself in, and let his misery roll over him. He felt as if there were a flood of it, and it washed him to and fro, one gill of shame, of self-accusal, of bitterness, from head to foot. But in it all he felt no resentment toward Alice, no wish to wreak any smallest part of his suffering upon her. Even while he had hoped for her love, it seemed to him that he had not seen her in all that perfection which she now had in irreparable loss. His soul bowed itself fondly over the thought of her; and stung as he was by that last cruel word of hers, he could not upbraid her. That humility which is love casting out selfishness, the most egotistic of the passions triumphing over itself—Mavering experienced it to the full. He took all the blame. He could not see that she had ever encouraged him to hope for her love, which now appeared a treasure heaven-far beyond his scope; he could only call himself fool, and fool, and fool, and wonder that he could have met her in the remoteness of that morning with the belief that but for the follies of last night she might have answered him differently. He believed now that, whatever had gone before, she must still have rejected him.



She had treated his presumption very leniently; she had really spared him.

It went on, over and over. Sometimes it varied a little, as when he thought of how, when she should tell her mother, Mrs. Pasmer must laugh. He pictured them both laughing at him; and then Mr. Pasmer—he had scarcely passed a dozen words with him—coming in and asking what they were laughing at, and their saying, and his laughing too.

At other times he figured them as incensed at his temerity, which must seem to them greater and greater, as now it seemed to him. He had never thought meanly of himself, and the world so far had seemed to think well of him; but because Alice Pasmer was impossible to him, he felt that it was an unpardonable boldness in him to have dreamed of her. What must they be saying of his having passed from the ground of society compliments and light flirtation to actually telling Alice that he loved her?

He wondered what Mrs. Pasmer had thought of his telling her that he had come to Campobello to consider the question whether he should study law or go into business, and what motive she had supposed he had in telling her that. He asked himself what motive he had, and tried to pretend that he had none. He dramatized conversations with Mrs. Pasmer in which he laughed it off.

He tried to remember all that had passed the day before at the picnic, and whether Alice had done or said anything to encourage him, and he could not find that she had. All her trust and freedom was because she felt perfectly safe with him from any such disgusting absurdity as he had been guilty of. The ride home through the mist, with its sweet intimacy, that parting which had seemed so full of tender intelligence, were parts of the same illusion. There had been nothing of it on her side from the beginning but a kindness which he had now flung away forever.

He went back to the beginning, and tried to remember the point where he had started in this fatal labyrinth of error. She had never misled him, but he had misled himself from the first glimpse of her.

Whatever was best in his light nature, whatever was generous and self-denying, came out in this humiliation. From the vision of her derision he passed to a pic-

ture of her suffering from pity for him, and wrung with a sense of the pain she had given him. He promised himself to write to her, and beg her not to care for him, because he was not worthy of that. He framed a letter in his mind, in which he posed in some noble attitudes, and brought tears into his eyes by his magnanimous appeal to her not to suffer for the sake of one so unworthy of her serious thought. He pictured her greatly moved by some of the phrases, and he composed for her a reply, which led to another letter from him, and so to a correspondence and a long and tender friendship. In the end he died suddenly, and then she discovered that she had always loved him. He discovered that he was playing the fool again, and he rose from the berth where he had tumbled himself. The state-room had that smell of parboiled paint which state-rooms have, and reminded him of the steamer in which he had gone to Europe when a boy, with the family, just after his mother's health began to fail.

He went down on the deck near the ladies' saloon, where the second-class passengers were gathered listening to the same band of plantation negroes who had amused him so much on the eastward trip. The passengers were mostly pock-marked Provincials, and many of them were women; they lounged on the barrels of apples neatly piled up, and listened to the music without smiling. One of the negroes was singing to the banjo, and another began to do the rheumatic uncle's break-down. Maverick said to himself: "I can't stand that. Oh, what a fool I am! Alice, I love you. Oh, merciful heavens! Oh, infernal jackass! Ow! Gaw!"

At the bow of the boat he found a gang of Italian laborers returning to the States after some job in the Provinces. They smoked their pipes and whined their Neapolitan dialect together. It made Maverick think of Dante, of the "Inferno," to which he passed naturally from his self-denunciation for having been an infernal jackass. The inscription on the gate of hell ran through his mind. He thought he would make his life, his desolate, broken life, a perpetual exile, like Dante's. At the same time he ground his teeth, and muttered: "Oh, what a fool I am! Oh, idiot! beast! Oh! oh!" The pipes reminded him to smoke, and he took out his ciga-



rette case. The Italians looked at him; he gave all the cigarettes among them, without keeping any for himself. He determined to spend the miserable remnant of his life in going about doing good and bestowing alms.

He groaned aloud, so that the Italians noticed it, and doubtless spoke of it among themselves. He could not understand their dialect, but he feigned them saying respectfully compassionate things. Then he gnashed his teeth again, and cursed his folly. When the bell rang for supper he found himself very hungry, and ate heavily. After that he went out in front of the cabin, and walked up and down, thinking, and trying not to think. The turmoil in his mind tired him like a prodigious physical exertion.

Toward ten o'clock the night grew rougher. The sea was so phosphorescent that it broke in sheets and flakes of pale bluish flame from the bows and wheel-houses, and out in the dark the waves revealed themselves in flashes and long gleams of fire. One of the officers of the boat came and hung with Mavering over the guard. The weird light from the water was reflected on their faces, and showed them to each other.

"Well, I never saw anything like this before. Looks like hell; don't it?" said the officer.

"Yes," said Mavering. "Is it uncommon?"

"Well, I should *say* so. I guess we're going to have a picnic."

Mavering thought of blueberries, but he did not say anything.

"I guess it's going to be a regular circus."

Mavering did not care. He asked, inquisitively, "How do you find your course in such weather?"

"Well, we guess where we are, and then give her so many turns of the wheel." The officer laughed, and Mavering laughed too. He was struck by the hollow note in his laugh; it seemed to him pathetic; he wondered if he should now always laugh so, and if people would remark it. He tried another laugh; it sounded mechanical.

He went to bed, and was so worn out that he fell asleep and began to dream. A face came up out of the sea, and brooded over the waters, as in that picture of Vedder's which he calls "Mystery," but the hair was not blond; it was the color

of those phosphorescent flames, and the eyes were like it. "Horrible! horrible!" he tried to shriek, but he cried, "Alice, I love you." There was a burglar in the room, and he was running after Miss Pasmer. Mavering caught him, and tried to beat him; his fists fell like bolls of cotton; the burglar drew his breath in with a long, washing sound like water.

Mavering woke deathly sick, and heard the sweep of the waves. The boat was pitching frightfully. He struggled out into the saloon, and saw that it was five o'clock. In five hours more it would be a day since he told Alice that he loved her; it now seemed very improbable. There were a good many half-dressed people in the saloon, and a woman came running out of her state-room straight to Mavering. She was in her stocking feet, and her hair hung down her back.

"Oh! *are* we going down?" she implored him. "Have we struck? Oughtn't we to pray—somebody? Shall I wake the children?"

Mavering reassured her, and told her there was no danger.

"Well, then," she said, "I'll go back for my shoes."

"Yes, better get your shoes."

The saloon rose round him and sank. He controlled his sickness by planting a chair in the centre and sitting in it with his eyes shut. As he grew more comfortable he reflected how he had calmed that woman, and he resolved again to spend his life in doing good. "Yes, that's the only ticket," he said to himself, with involuntary frivolity. He thought of what the officer had said, and he helplessly added, "Circus ticket—reserved seat." Then he began again, and loaded himself with execration.

The boat got into Portland at nine o'clock, and Mavering left her, taking his hand-bag with him, and letting his trunk go on to Boston.

The officer who received his ticket at the gang-plank noticed the destination on it, and said, "Got enough?"

"Yes, for one while." Mavering recognized his acquaintance of the night before.

"Don't like picnics very much?"

"No," said Mavering, with abysmal gloom. "They don't agree with me. Never did." He was aware of trying to make his laugh bitter. The officer did not notice.



Mavering was surprised, after the chill of the storm at sea, to find it rather a warm, close morning in Portland. The restaurant to which the hackman took him as the best in town was full of flies; they bit him awake out of the dreary reveries he fell into while waiting for his breakfast. In a mirror opposite he saw his face. It did not look haggard; it looked very much as it always did. He fancied playing a part through life—hiding a broken heart under a smile. "Oh, you incorrigible ass!" he said to himself, and was afraid he had said it to the young lady who brought him his breakfast, and looked haughtily at him from under her bang. She was very thin, and wore a black jersey.

He tried to find out whether he had spoken aloud by addressing her pleasantly. "It's pretty cool this morning."

"What say?"

"Pretty cool."

"Oh yes. But it's pretty *clo-ose*," she replied, in her Yankee cantilation. She went away and left him to the bacon and eggs he had ordered at random. There was a fly under one of the slices of bacon, and Mavering confined himself to the coffee.

A man came up in a white cap and jacket from a basement in the front of the restaurant, where confectionery was sold, and threw down a mass of malleable candy on a marble slab, and began to work it. Mavering watched him, thinking fuzzily all the time of Alice, and holding long, fatiguing dialogues with the people at the Ty'n-y-Coed, whose several voices he heard.

He said to himself that it was worse than yesterday. He wondered if it would go on getting worse every day.

He saw a man pass the door of the restaurant who looked exactly like Boardman as he glanced in. The resemblance was explained by the man's coming back, and proving to be really Boardman.

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## XXII.

Mavering sprang at him with a demand for the reason of his being there.

"I thought it was you as I passed," said Boardman, "but I couldn't make sure—so dark back here."

"And I thought it was you, but I couldn't believe it," said Mavering, with

equal force, cutting short an interior conversation with Mr. Pasmer, which had begun to hold itself since his first glimpse of Boardman.

"I came down here to do a sort of one-horse yacht race to-day," Boardman explained.

"Going to be a yacht race? Better have some breakfast. Or better not—*here*. Flies under your bacon."

"Rough on the flies," said Boardman, snapping the bell which summoned the spectre in the black jersey, and he sat down. "What are you doing in Portland?"

Mavering told him, and then Boardman asked him how he had left the Pasmers. Mavering needed no other hint to speak, and he spoke fully, while Boardman listened with an agreeable silence, letting the hero of the tale break into self-scornful groans and doleful laughs, and ease his heart with grotesque, inarticulate noises, and made little or no comments.

By the time his breakfast came Boardman was ready to say, "I didn't suppose it was so much of a mash."

"I didn't either," said Mavering, "when I left Boston. Of course I knew. I was going down there to see her, but when I got there it kept going on, just like anything else, up to the last moment. I didn't realize till it came to the worst that I had become a mere pulp."

"Well, you won't stay so," said Boardman, making the first vain attempt at consolation. He lifted the steak he had ordered, and peered beneath it. "All right this time, anyway."

"I don't know what you mean by staying so," replied Mavering, with gloomy rejection of the comfort offered.

"You'll see that it's all for the best; that you're well out of it. If she could throw you over, after leading you on—"

"But she *didn't* lead me on!" exclaimed Mavering. "Don't you understand that it was all my mistake from the first? If I hadn't been perfectly besotted I should have seen that she was only tolerating me. Don't you see? Why, hang it, Boardman, I must have had a kind of consciousness of it under my thick-skinned conceit, after all, for when I came to the point—when I *did* come to the point—I hadn't the sand to stick to it like a man, and I tried to get her to help me. Yes, I can see that I did now. I kept fooling about, and fooling about, and it was be-



cause I had that sort of prescience—or whatever you call it—that I was mistaken about it from the very beginning.”

He wished to tell Boardman about the events of the night before; but he could not. He said to himself that he did not care about their being hardly to his credit; but he did not choose to let Alice seem to have resented anything in them; it belittled her, and claimed too much for him. So Boardman had to proceed upon a partial knowledge of the facts.

“I don’t suppose that boomerang way of yours, if that’s what you mean, was of much use,” he said.

“Use? It ruined me! But what are you going to do? How are you going to presuppose that a girl like Miss Pasmer is interested in an idiot like you? I mean me, of course.” Maverick broke off with a dolorous laugh. “And if you can’t presuppose it, what are you going to do when it comes to the point? You’ve got to shillyshally, and *then* you’ve got to go it blind. I tell you it’s a leap in the dark.”

“Well, then, if you’ve got yourself to blame—”

“*How* am I to blame, I should like to know?” retorted Maverick, rejecting the first offer from another of the censure which he had been heaping upon himself: the irritation of his nerves spoke. “I *did* speak out at last—when it was too late. Well, let it all go,” he groaned, aimlessly. “I don’t care. But *she* isn’t to blame. I don’t think I could admire anybody very much who admired *me*. No, sir. She did just right. I was a fool, and she couldn’t have treated me differently.”

“Oh, I guess it’ll come out all right,” said Boardman, abandoning himself to mere optimism.

“How come all right?” demanded Maverick, flattered by the hope he refused. “It’s come right now. I’ve got my deserts; that’s all.”

“Oh no, you haven’t. What harm have you done? It’s all right for you to think small beer of yourself, and I don’t see how you could think anything else just at present. But you wait awhile. When did it happen?”

Maverick took out his watch. “One day, one hour, twenty minutes, and fifteen seconds ago.”

“Sure about the seconds? I suppose you didn’t hang round a great while afterward?”

“Well, people don’t, generally,” said Maverick, with scorn.

“Never tried it,” said Boardman, looking critically at his fried potatoes before venturing upon them. “If you had staid, perhaps she might have changed her mind,” he added, as if encouraged to this hopeful view by the result of his scrutiny.

“Where did you get your fraudulent reputation for common-sense, Boardman?” retorted Maverick, who had followed his examination of the potatoes with involuntary interest. “She won’t change her mind; she isn’t one of that kind. But she’s the one woman in this world who could have made a man of *me*, Boardman.”

“Is that so?” asked Boardman, lightly. “Well, she *is* a good-looking girl.”

“She’s divine!”

“What a dress that was she had on Class Day!”

“I never think what she has on. She makes everything perfect, and then makes you forget it.”

“She’s got style; there’s no mistake about that.”

“Style!” sighed Maverick; but he attempted no exemplification.

“She’s awfully graceful. What a walk she’s got!”

“Oh, don’t, don’t, Boardman! All that’s true, and all that’s nothing—nothing to her goodness. She’s so *good*, Boardman! Well, *I* give it up! She’s religious. You wouldn’t think that, maybe; you can’t imagine a pretty girl religious. And she’s all the more intoxicating when she’s serious; and when she’s forgotten your whole worthless existence she’s ten thousand times more fascinating than any other girl when she’s going right for you. There’s a kind of look comes into her eyes—kind of absence, rapture, don’t you know—when she’s serious, that brings your heart right into your mouth. She makes you think of some of those pictures— I want to tell you what she said the other day at a picnic when we were off getting blueberries, and you’ll understand that she isn’t like other girls—that she has a soul full of—of—you know what, Boardman. She has high thoughts about everything. I don’t believe she’s ever had a mean or ignoble impulse—she couldn’t have.” In the business of imparting his ideas confidentially Maverick had drawn himself



across the table toward Boardman, without heed to what was on it.

"Look out! You'll be into my steak first thing you know."

"Oh, confound your steak!" cried Mavering, pushing the dish away. "What difference does it make? I've lost her, anyway."

"I don't believe you've lost her," said Boardman.

"What's the reason you don't?" retorted Mavering, with contempt.

"Because, if she's the serious kind of a girl you say she is, she wouldn't let you come up there and dangle round a whole fortnight without letting you know she didn't like it, unless she *did* like it. Now you just go a little into detail."

Mavering was quite willing. He went so much into detail that he left nothing to Boardman's imagination. He lost the sense of its calamitous close in recounting the facts of his story at Campobello; he smiled and blushed and laughed in telling certain things; he described Miss Anderson and imitated her voice; he drew heads of some of the ladies on the margin of a newspaper, and the tears came into his eyes when he repeated the cruel words which Alice had used at their last meeting.

"Oh, well, you must brace up," said Boardman. "I've got to go now. She didn't mean it, of course."

"Mean what?"

"That you were ungentlemanly. Women don't know half the time how hard they're hitting."

"I guess she meant that she didn't want me, anyway," said Mavering, gloomily.

"Ah, I don't know about that. You'd better ask her the next time you see her. Good-by." He had risen, and he offered his hand to Mavering, who was still seated.

"Why, I've half a mind to go with you."

"All right, come along. But I thought you might be going right on to Boston."

"No; I'll wait and go on with you. How do you go to the race?"

"In the press boat."

"Any women?"

"No; we don't send them on this sort of duty."

"That settles it. I have got all I want of that particular sex for the time being." Mavering wore a very bitter air as he said this; it seemed to him that he would al-

ways be cynical; he rose, and arranged to leave his bag with the restaurateur, who put it under the counter, and then he went out with his friend.

The sun had come out, and the fog was burning away; there was life and lift in the air, which the rejected lover could not refuse to feel, and he said, looking round, and up and down the animated street, "I guess you're going to have a good day for it."

The pavement was pretty well filled with women who had begun shopping. Carriages were standing beside the pavement; a lady crossed the pavement from a shop door toward a coupé just in front of them with her hands full of light packages; she dropped one of them, and Mavering sprang forward instinctively and picked it up for her.

"Oh, *thank* you!" she said, with the deep gratitude which society cultivates for the smallest services. Then she lifted her drooped eyelashes, and, with a flash of surprise, exclaimed, "Mr. Mavering!" and dropped all her packages that she might shake hands with him.

Boardman sauntered slowly on, but saw with a backward glance Mavering carrying the lady's packages to the coupé for her; saw him lift his hat there, and shake hands with somebody in the coupé, and then stand talking beside it. He waited at the corner of the block for Mavering to come up, affecting an interest in the neckwear of a furnisher's window.

In about five minutes Mavering joined him.

"Look here, Boardman! Those ladies have snagged onto me."

"Are there two of them?"

"Yes, one inside. And they want me to go with *them* to see the race. Their father's got a little steam-yacht. They want you to go too."

Boardman shook his head.

"Well, that's what I told them—told them that you had to go on the press boat. They said they wished they were going on the press boat too. But I don't see how I can refuse. They're ladies that I met Class Day, and I ought to have shown them a little more attention then; but I got so taken up with—"

"I see," said Boardman, showing his teeth, fine and even as grains of pop-corn, in a slight sarcastic smile. "Sort of poetical justice," he suggested.

"Well, it is—sort of," said Mavering,



with a shamefaced consciousness. "What train are you going back on?"

"Seven o'clock."

"I'll be there."

He hurried back to rejoin the ladies, and Boardman saw him, after some parley and laughter, get into the coupé, from which he inferred that they had turned down the little seat in front, and made him take it; and he inferred that they must be very jolly, sociable girls.

He did not see Maverling again till the train was on its way, when he came in, looking distraughtly about for his friend. He was again very melancholy, and said dejectedly that they had made him stay to dinner, and had then driven him down to the station, bag and all. "The old gentleman came too. I was in hopes I'd find you hanging round somewhere, so that I could introduce you. They're awfully nice. None of that infernal Boston stiffness. The one you saw me talking with is married, though."

Boardman was writing out his report from a little book with short-hand notes in it. There were half a dozen other reporters in the car busy with their work. A man who seemed to be in authority said to one of them, "Try to throw in a little humor."

Maverling pulled his hat over his eyes, and leaned his head on the back of his seat, and tried to sleep.

### XXIII.

At his father's agency in Boston he found, the next morning, a letter from him saying that he expected to be down that day, and asking Dan to meet him at the Parker House for dinner. The letter intimated the elder Maverling's expectation that his son had reached some conclusion in the matter they had talked of before he left for Campobello.

It gave Dan a shiver of self-disgust and a sick feeling of hopelessness. He was quite willing now to do whatever his father wished, but he did not see how he could face him and own his defeat.

When they met, his father did not seem to notice his despondency, and he asked him nothing about the Pasmers, of course. That would not have been the American way. Nothing had been said between the father and son as to the special advantages of Campobello for the decision of the question pending when they saw each oth-

er last; but the son knew that the father guessed why he chose that island for the purpose; and now the elder knew that if the younger had anything to tell him he would tell it, and if he had not he would keep it. It was tacitly understood that there was no objection on the father's part to Miss Pasmer; in fact, there had been a glimmer of humorous intelligence in his eye when the son said he thought he should run down to Bar Harbor, and perhaps to Campobello, but he had said nothing to betray his consciousness.

They met in the reading-room at Parker's, and Dan said, "Hello, father," and his father answered, "Well, Dan;" and they shyly touched the hands dropped at their sides as they pressed together in the crowd. The father gave his boy a keen glance, and then took the lead into the dining-room, where he chose a corner table, and they disposed of their hats on the window-seat.

"All well at home?" asked the young fellow, as he took up the bill of fare to order the dinner. His father hated that, and always made him do it.

"Yes, yes; as usual, I believe. Minnie is off for a week at the mountains; Eunice is at home."

"Oh! How would you like some green goose, with apple-sauce, sweet-potatoes, and succotash?"

"It seems to me that was pretty good, the last time. All right, if you like it."

"I don't know that I care for anything much. I'm a little off my feed. No soup," he said, looking up at the waiter bending over him; and then he gave the order. "I think you may bring me half a dozen Blue Points, if they're good," he called after him.

"Didn't Bar Harbor agree with you—or Campobello?" asked Mr. Maverling, taking the opening offered him.

"No, not very well," said Dan; and he said no more about it, leaving his father to make his own inferences as to the kind or degree of the disagreement.

"Well, have you made up your mind?" asked the father, resting his elbows on either side of his plate, and putting his hands together softly, while he looked across them with a cheery kindness at his boy.

"Yes, I have," said Dan, slowly.

"Well?"

"I don't believe I care to go into the law."



"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's all right, then. I wished you to choose freely, and I suppose you've done so."

"Oh yes."

"I think you've chosen wisely, and I'm very glad. It's a weight off my mind. I think you'll be happier in the business than you would in the law; I think you'll enjoy it. You needn't look forward to a great deal of Ponkwasset Falls, unless you like."

"I shouldn't mind going there," said Dan, listlessly.

"It won't be necessary—at first. In fact, it won't be desirable. I want you to look up the business at this end a little."

Dan gave a start. "In Boston?"

"Yes. It isn't in the shape I want to have it. I propose to open a place of our own, and to put you in charge." Something in the young man's face expressed reluctance, and his father asked, kindly, "Would that be distasteful to you?"

"Oh no. It isn't the *thing* I object to, but I don't know that I care to be in Boston." He lifted his face and looked at his father full in the eyes, but with a gaze that refused to convey anything definite. Then the father knew that the boy's love affair had gone seriously wrong.

The waiter came with the dinner, and made an interruption in which they could be naturally silent. When he had put the dinner before them, and cumbered them with superfluous service, after the fashion of his kind, he withdrew a little way, and left them to resume their talk.

"Well," said the elder, lightly, as if Dan's not caring to be in Boston had no particular significance for him, "I don't know that I care to have you settle down to it immediately. I rather think I'd like to have you look about first a little. Go to New York, go to Philadelphia, and see their processes there. We can't afford to get old-fashioned in our ways. I've always been more interested by the æsthetic side of the business, but you ought to have a taste for the mechanism, from your grandfather; your mother has it."

"Oh, yes, sir. I think all that's very interesting," said Dan.

"Well, go to France, and see how those fellows do it. Go to London, and look up William Morris."

"Yes, that would be very nice," ad-

mitted the young fellow, beginning to catch on. "But I didn't suppose—I didn't expect to begin life with a picnic." He entered upon his sentence with a jocular buoyancy, but at the last word, which he fatally drifted upon, his voice fell. He said to himself that he was greatly changed; that he should never be gay and bright again; there would always be this undercurrent of sadness; he had noticed the undercurrent yesterday when he was laughing and joking with those girls at Portland.

"Oh, I don't want you to buckle down at once," said his father, smiling. "If you'd decided upon the law, I should have felt that you'd better not lose time. But as you're going into the business, I don't mind your taking a year off. It won't be lost time if you keep your eyes open. I think you'd better go down into Italy and Spain. Look up the old tapestries and stamped leathers. You may get some ideas. How would you like it?"

"First-rate. I should like it," said Dan, rising on the waft of his father's suggestion, but gloomily lapsing again. Still, it was pleasing to picture himself going about through Europe with a broken heart, and he did not deny himself the consolation of the vision.

"Well, there's nobody to *dislike* it," said his father, cheerily. He was sure now that Dan had been jilted; otherwise he would have put forth some objection to a scheme which must interrupt his love-making. "There's no reason why, with our resources, we shouldn't take the lead in this business."

He went on to speak more fully of his plans, and Dan listened with a nether reference of it all to Alice, but still with a surface intelligence on which nothing was lost.

"Are you going home with me to-morrow?" asked his father as they rose from the table.

"Well, perhaps not to-morrow. I've got some of my things to put together in Cambridge yet, and perhaps I'd better look after them. But I've a notion I'd better spend the winter at home, and get an idea of the manufacture before I go abroad. I might sail in January; they say it's a good month."

"Yes, there's sense in that," said his father.

"And perhaps I won't break up in Cambridge till I've been to New York and



Philadelphia. What do you think? It's easier striking them from here."

"I don't know but you're right," said his father, easily.

They had come out of the dining-room, and Dan stopped to get some cigarettes in the office. He looked mechanically at the theatre bills over the cigar case. "I see Irving's at the 'Boston.'"

"Oh, you don't say!" said his father. "Let's go and see him."

"If you wish it, sir," said Dan, with pensive acquiescence. All the Mavericks were fond of the theatre, and made any mood the occasion or the pretext of going to the play. If they were sad, they went; if they were gay, they went. As long as Dan's mother could get out-of-doors she used to have herself carried to a box in the theatre whenever she was in town; now that she no longer left her room, she had a dominant passion for hearing about actors and acting; it was almost a work of piety in her husband and children to see them and report to her.

His father left him the next afternoon, and Dan, who had spent the day with him looking into business for the first time, with a running accompaniment of Alice in all the details, remained to uninterrupted misery. He spent the evening in his room, too wretched even for the theatre. It is true that he tried to find Boardman, but Boardman was again off on some newspaper duty; and after trying at several houses in the hope, which he knew was vain, of finding any one in town yet, he shut himself up with his thoughts. They did not differ from the thoughts of the night before, and the night before that, but they were calmer, and they portended more distinctly a life of self-abnegation and solitude from that time forth. He tested his feelings, and found that it was not hurt vanity that he was suffering from; it was really wounded affection. He did not resent Alice's cruelty; he wished that she might be happy; he could endure to see her happy.

He wrote a letter to the married one of the two ladies he had spent the day with in Portland, and thanked them for making pass pleasantly a day which he would not otherwise have known how to get through. He let a soft, mysterious melancholy pervade his letter; he hinted darkly at trouble and sorrow of which he could not definitely speak. He had the good sense to tear his letter up when he

had finished it, and to send a short, sprightly note instead, saying that if Mrs. Frobisher and her sister came to Boston at the end of the month, as they had spoken of doing, they must be sure to let him know. Upon the impulse given him by this letter he went more cheerfully to bed, and fell instantly asleep.

During the next three weeks he bent himself faithfully to the schemes of work his father had outlined for him. He visited New York and Philadelphia, and looked into the business and the processes there; and he returned to Ponkwasset Falls to report and compare his facts intelligently with those which he now examined in his father's manufactory for the first time. He began to understand how his father, who was a man of intellectual and artistic interests, should be fond of the work.

He spent a good deal of time with his mother, and read to her, and got upon better terms with her than they usually were. They were very much alike, and she objected to him that he was too light and frivolous. He sat with his sisters, and took an interest in their pursuits. He drove them about with his father's sorrels, and resumed something of the old relations with them which the selfish years of his college life had broken off. As yet he could not speak of Campobello or of what had happened there; and his mother and sisters, whatever they thought, made no more allusion to it than his father had done.

They mercifully took it for granted that matters must have gone wrong there, or else he would speak about them, for there had been some gay banter among them concerning the objects of his expedition before he left home. They had heard of the heroine of his Class Day, and they had their doubts of her, such as girls have of their brothers' heroines. They were not inconsolably sorry to have her prove unkind; and their mother found in the probable event another proof of their father's total want of discernment where women were concerned, for the elder Maverick had come home from Class Day about as much smitten with this mysterious Miss Pasmer as Dan was. She talked it over indignantly with her daughters; they were glad of Dan's escape, but they were incensed with the girl who could let him escape, and they inculpated her in a high degree of heartless flirtation. They



knew how sweet Dan was, and they believed him most sincere and good. He had been brilliantly popular in college, and he was as bright as he could be. What was it she chose not to like in him? They vexed themselves with asking how or in what way she thought herself better. They would not have had her love Dan, but they were hot against her for not loving him.

They did not question him, but they tried in every way to find out how much he was hurt, and they watched him in every word and look for signs of change to better or worse, with a growing belief that he was not very much hurt.

It could not be said that in three weeks he forgot Alice, or had begun to forget her; but he had begun to reconcile himself to his fate, as people do in their bereavements by death. His consciousness habituated itself to the facts as something irretrievable. He no longer framed in his mind situations in which the past was restored. He knew that he should never love again, but he had moments, and more and more of them, in which he experienced that life had objects besides love. There were times when he tingled with all the anguish of the first moment of his rejection, when he stopped in whatever he was doing, or stood stock-still, as a man does when arrested by a physical pang, breathless, waiting. There were other times when he went about steeped in gloom so black that all the world darkened with it, and some mornings when he woke he wished that the night had lasted forever, and felt as if the daylight had uncovered his misery and his shame to every one. He never knew when he should have

these moods, and he thought he should have them as long as he lived. He thought this would be something rather fine. He had still other moods, in which he saw an old man with a gray mustache, like Colonel Newcome, meeting a beautiful white-haired lady; the man had never married, and he had not seen this lady for fifty years. He bent over and kissed her hand.

"You idiot!" said Maverick to himself. Throughout he kept a good appetite. In fact, after that first morning in Portland, he had been hungry three times a day with perfect regularity. He lost the idea of being sick; he had not even a furred tongue. He fell asleep pretty early, and he slept through the night without a break. He had to laugh a good deal with his mother and sisters, since he could not very well mope without expecting them to ask why, and he did not wish to say why. But there were some laughs which he really enjoyed with the Yankee foreman of the works, who was a droll, after a common American pattern, and said things that were killingly funny, especially about women, of whom his opinions were sarcastic.

Dan Maverick suffered, but not solidly. His suffering was short, and crossed with many gleams of respite and even joy. His disappointment made him really unhappy, but not wholly so; it was a genuine sorrow, but a sorrow to which he began to resign himself even in the monotony of Ponkwasset Falls, and which admitted the thought of Mrs. Frobisher's sister by the time business called him to Boston.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MEXICAN NOTES.

### II.—CUAUTLA.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CUAUTLA is a typical Mexican village in the temperate region, about 4000 feet above the sea, in the state of Morelos, which adjoins the state of Mexico on the south. It is reached by a railway—eighty miles in seven hours—which climbs out of the valley eastward, and then runs south and west, making an almost exact half-circle to its destination. In Mexico the railways must run where the mountains permit.

The first part of the way lies over the flat plain, through the *chinampas*, or little patches of truck gardens, over narrow canals and ditches, through overflowed ground with tufts of marsh-grass, and between the two lakes. The whole region is alive with teal ducks, which rise from the lagoon and whirl away in flocks as the train passes. On the slightly elevated roads donkeys laden with vegetables (the patient beast which a witty woman calls



"the short and simple animal of the poor"), Indian women, also bent to their burdens, short, with flat faces, brown legs, small feet, and small hands—the aristocracy of the soil—and Mexican laborers in ragged serapes and broad straw hats, file along toward the city. Soon abrupt elevations in the plain are reached, picturesque heights with churches, and the foot-hills are entered. The journey grows more interesting as we ascend, the adobe villages have a more foreign character, and the mixed population becomes more picturesque in costume and habits. The train is made up of first, second, and third class cars. The Mexican men in the first-class, yellow half-breeds, are gorgeous in array, wearing enormous and heavy high-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, loaded with silver and gold bullion, trousers braided down the seams or thick sewn with coins or buttons of silver, every man with a pistol ostentatiously strapped on his waist, and many of them carrying guns. These gentlemen are going to hunt at some hacienda in the hills, and at the stations where they alight there is great scurrying about, getting into rickety carriages, mounting heavily caparisoned little horses, which fidget and curvet. There is an amusing air of bravado about it all.

The third-class cars have four parallel benches running from end to end, and are packed with a motley throng—Indian-looking Mexican women in blue ribosas, plenty of children and babies, men in soiled serapes and big hats, everybody eating some odd mess. At all the stations the train makes a long halt, and the sides of the cars swarm with hucksters, mostly women and boys, offering the sapotas and other tasteless fruits, *tamales* and other indescribable edibles, ices (flavored and colored snow), pink drinks faintly savored with limes, and pulque. The *tamal* is a favorite composite all over the republic. It consists of chopped meat, tomatoes, and chile rolled in a tortilla. The tortilla, perhaps it is necessary to say, the almost universal country substitute for bread, is a cake made of maize, and about the size of a large buckwheat cake. Its manufacture is one of the chief occupations of the women. In almost every hut and garden one can hear the grinding and the patting of the tortilla. Seated on the ground, the woman has beside her a dish of soaking grains of maize. In front

of her is a curved stone, and upon this she mashes the maize with a stone roller held in both hands until it is a paste. This paste she moulds and skilfully pats into shape, and lays upon a piece of sheet-iron to bake over a charcoal fire. Too often it is like Ephraim—"a cake not turned."

Beggars abound, hideously malshapen and afflicted. At one station a sightless giant (who could, however, see a train of cars and pick up a piece of money), six feet four inches in his bare feet, a mass of streaming hair and tattered clothes, roared aloud for charity. Kneeling on the ground opposite the cars, so that his face was about on a level with the windows, he delivered a long oration in sonorous Spanish. When a bit of money was thrown him he picked it up and kissed it fervently, and called down all the blessings of Heaven on the giver. When he got nothing he cursed the entire train in a blast of anti-Scriptural language enough to blow it off the track. He does very well at this business, and is the owner of houses, and is a comfortable citizen when not excited by a railway train. The population, on the whole, looks poor and degraded; but the women, though squat in figure and aboriginal in feature, the Indian type predominating over the Spanish, have pleasant faces, and wear an aspect of patience.

At and before we reached Amecameca, an elevation of over 8000 feet, the twin snow mountains rose in view, and thereafter lorded it over the landscape in all our winding way. From Amecameca the ascent of Popocatepetl is usually made, and the cone shows very grandly across the ravine from its elevation. This is the village of sacred shrines and noble groves, much resorted to by pilgrims and excursionists. At the sacred festival in May as many as 40,000 worshippers assemble here. At Ozumba, where the road begins to descend, we breakfasted very well for fifty cents, in a rude shanty, on eggs, rice, beefsteak, three or four other kinds of meat and stews, sweets, pulque, and black coffee. The pulque is best in these high regions. It is a viscous milk-white fluid, very wholesome and sustaining, and would be a most agreeable drink if it "tasted good." In fact it tastes, when it has been a few days' fermented, like a mixture of buttermilk and sour cider. But many strangers become very fond of



it. The older it grows the more intoxicating it is. As the reader knows, probably, it is drawn from the maguey plant, called by us the "century," which grows on these elevations to a great size, and is the cleanest-limbed and most vigorous and wholesome-looking product of the region. When it matures it shoots up a stout spike ten or twenty feet high from the centre, bearing brilliant orange flowers. When the plant is ready to tap, the centre stalk is cut out, and the sap collects in the cup thus formed. It is dipped out, or sucked out by a tube, and when first drawn is mild, cool, and refreshing. In about three days it begins to ferment. As it is often carried to market on the backs of natives in pig or goat skins, it gets a disagreeable flavor. The maguey plant has many uses. It is eaten cut up and preserved like melon rinds. Its long tough fibre is very extensively used in making ropes and cordage. The end of each leaf terminates in a hard, sharp, black thorn. Break off this thorn and strip down the fibres attached to it, and you have a capital needle and thread for coarse sewing. The muleteers use it to mend their saddles and broken harness straps. What encouragement is there to industry when nature furnishes in one plant drink, food, needles and thread, and a rope for lariats?

From Ozumba the descent was rapid, in most extraordinary loops and curves, the long train, which was nearly all freight cars, so doubling on itself that the passengers in the rear car could almost shake hands with the engineer on the curves. The air on the summit had been cool, but it grew rapidly warm as we descended to Cuautla. Olive groves were seen on the slopes, and peach-trees were in bloom in the little mud villages. The descent was exciting in its rapidity, and the ever-changing view—a vast panorama of mountains and valleys—kept us on the *qui vive*. In our windings the twin volcanoes were always in sight, first on one side and then on the other, Popocatepetl, almost a regular cone of snow, 17,500 feet in the azure sky, and Iztaccihuatl, a little lower, but longer, with a jagged, serrated summit, and buttressed by gigantic ledges. Nothing is finer than the majesty of these mountains, so rich in color, so changing in hue at different angles of vision, so nobly dominating the vast slopes down which we were rushing.

The country was brown in this dry season, but the soil looked fertile, ready to burst into bloom with the summer rains. As we wound down into the valley, shabby brown villages, both Mexican and Indian, were passed, each with its big cathedral, some of the churches almost in ruins and deserted, remnants of the old Spanish religious enthusiasm. In some of these Indian villages quite primitive customs prevail still, and the inhabitants are as shy of foreigners as they were before the conquest. The plain of Cuautla is watered by a cool mountain stream, and abundantly irrigated; trees dot the valley, and we had the welcome sight of green fields. Just before reaching the town we ran through vast plantations of cane in all stages of growth.

Cuautla, which is too hot and damp in the summer, has a singularly agreeable winter climate, with a warm, direct sun, but a very genial atmosphere. The railway has a picturesque station and storehouse in an abandoned church. We passed from that across a tree-planted square to the Hotel San Diego. This is a house of one story, with interior colonnades, built about a large court or garden. All the rooms, which have brick or stone floors, and are furnished only with movable cots, a chair, a small washstand, a bit of mirror (when the irresponsible maid-of-all-work does not carry it away to some other apartment), and perhaps a mat by the cot-side, open on the court, and most of them have no other opening for light and air except the door. A few on the street have windows and wooden shutters. The fare is not quite as primitive as the apartments, for the French landlord introduces some variety into the Mexican cuisine. The garden, although the kitchen is on one side of it, and it is not altogether tidy, is a sunny, lovely spot, with a fountain, flowers, bananas, a date-palm, sapotas, jinnies, and other fruit and flowering plants, and Popocatepetl is seen over its trees.

It is difficult to give an idea of a village so foreign to general experience, Oriental in so many of its aspects, and semi-tropical in its vegetation. Its main streets are regular, continuous blocks of one-story adobe houses and shops—the latter like those in an Italian village—and present mainly blank walls to the passer-by, through the doors of which one looks into a court or a garden. There is a for-



mal plaza, with the municipal buildings and shops on three sides, and the principal church on the other, none of them remarkable; but the plaza has fountains, sweet shrubs, trees, and flowers, and a band stand. The minor streets are simply monotonous rows of adobe walls, some are narrow and roughly paved, but half the town consists of lanes, dusty and unpaved, bordered with gardens and huts, and overhung with the foliage of fruit trees and with vines. It is all novel, however; the odd little shops—bakers', butchers', barbers', jewellers', all on a small scale and primitive—and the queer costumes, bits of colors in the walls, groups of yellow children, a dog riding a donkey, pretty girls in the doorways, women in ribosas, men in white, always with the enormous hats: some strange sight continually catches the eye. In one of the churchyards are the handsome trees whose flowers are bunches of long crimson tassels, and in another are the parotas, splendid growths, one of them overrun with a gigantic vine, the *copa de oro*, which hung out all over it its great yellow flowers, literal cups of gold. In the large church a few people were kneeling on the floor, women mostly; the interior was cheap and shabby, and gaudily painted in staring colors.

The reason that the shops are so small and of little consequence is that almost all the buying and selling is done in open market on the regular market-day. To this the dealers take their merchandise, and the country people bring their produce. In Cuautla Sunday is the chief market-day, and to the market we went after morning coffee. It was a large open space, dusty, with booths about the sides, and a couple of roofed platforms in the middle. Here were for sale meats, vegetables, fruits, mats, hats, sugar, cloth, every sort of merchandise, mostly spread upon the ground, Oriental fashion. But for the absence of camels and turbans and dervishes one might have fancied himself in a North African market-place. It was thronged. The women in cotton gowns of sober colors, now and then one of faint pink; all wore the ribosa, and all had broad faces and Indian features. But the real Indian women were easily distinguished; shorter, with heavy masses of coarse black hair, and rather copper than yellow in color, they uniformly wore two strips of dark blue cloth, which were

wrapped about them so as to reveal part of the bosom, and leave the sturdy brown legs bare. The men wore white shirts, pleated and starched before and behind, and worn outside the white cotton trousers, and of course the broad hat, usually of straw. These people, except the Indians, who come in from their little villages with a handful of vegetables or some tortillas to sell, are hybrids of various shades, with much of the Spanish courtesy and civility, but indolent in manner, and apparently perfectly satisfied in their ignorance and poverty.

As good a specimen of a semi-tropical garden as one will see anywhere is that of Cortina Mendoza. It is an extensive fruit plantation, and is rather an orchard than a garden, though it resembles neither in our experience. It is a thicket of luxuriant and sweet-smelling and spicy vegetation, and one strays in its dark and damp *allées* in a tropical gloom, into which the sun only penetrates in rifts and gleams. Water diverted from the river rushes through it in swift streams—pure water, the ever-pleasant moisture of which fills all the garden—and small conduits from the canals keep the whole surface water-soaked, except the elevated paths. Here grow in a wild tangle bananas and plantains, thickly set along the streams as rushes by a meadow brook; the mango, the mamey, and papaya—all large trees; the orange, lemon, and the lime, and the coffee-plant. It is a wilderness of strange foliage, swinging vines, penetrating odors, and brilliant colors. Amid the dark leaves gleam the white blossoms of orange and lemon and their golden globes of fruit, the yellowing mangoes, and the red coffee-berries. Coming into this place of deep shade, dampness, and coolness, out of the hot and dusty street, this fenced section of green foliage and bright fruit, one appreciates the passion the Orientals have for running water and shade. But it is all unkempt and untidy, and to the eye accustomed to neatness and orderly cultivation this wild plantation is typical of the character of this civilization.

It is the slack time of the year (February) for fruits in this region, and the few, like the chico papaya, that are ripening are flat and tasteless—indeed, the majority of tropical fruits are always insipid to our palates. But it is the time of the maturing of the coffee-berry. This plant requires abundant water and heat and shade.



When not planted by waterways in such a fruit forest as this, it is set out in banana thickets, whose broad leaves protect it from the direct rays of the sun. The plant is a hardy shrub, with a stem from two to three inches in diameter, and growing ten or twelve feet high—a very respectable tree. From some of the young saplings I cut good walking-sticks. The berries grow on the slender branches, which droop under the weight like the willow: if you lift one, it is as heavy as if it were strung with beads of glass. When ripe the berry is deep red in color, oval in form, and in size varying from that of a thorn-apple to a hazel-nut. Inside the skin is a soft sweetish pulp, and this embeds the two beans, which lie with the flat faces touching, and each further protected by a thin membrane. When the majority of the berries are red they are stripped from the branches and spread upon mats to dry, and sometimes upon the ground. Dried, the berries shrivel and become black, and they are then passed through a machine to separate the pulp from the berries. The beans, after further drying, are pounded in a wooden mortar to free them from the thin membrane. The bean, which is then of a faint green color, is ready for market; but it needs age before it is fit to be ground for coffee, and the older it is the better: in ten years' time it gets a good flavor. In this way of harvesting and curing of course the unripe and imperfect berries are included with the good, and the product is inferior. While drying, if the berry gets wet from the dew or a chance shower, its flavor is impaired; and when it is spread on earth floors to dry, I fancy it gets an earthy taste. The Mexican coffee, which with proper care is as delicious as any in the world, not excelled for richness and fineness of flavor by the Arabian, is as a rule rudely prepared. It will come into great popularity under more scientific handling. The product, which is large, is nearly all consumed at home, for the Mexicans are great coffee-drinkers; but with its soil and climate there is no reason why Mexico cannot grow coffee for all the Western world.

There is a great mystery about the varieties and grades of coffee—Java, old Java, Mocha, Rio, etc. It is my opinion, from what I saw of the growth and preparation in Mexico, that the same plant produces in appearance all these varieties—though I do not mean to say that there

is not a difference in flavor in the coffee-bean grown in Brazil, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and Arabia. A considerable proportion of the Mexican coffee is grown from the Arabian or Mocha bean. The Mocha, as we know it in Europe or in this country, is a small round berry, not flattened on one side, but creased. Each berry contains only one bean. Now all the coffee plants that I saw in Mexico bear berries with one bean and with two beans; on very old plants there are more single-bean berries than on the young plants, and single-bean berries grow on the ends of the branches. There is a famous variety of coffee in Mexico called the Colima, said to be from the Mocha berry. I have no doubt that it is. But coffee resembling the Colima bean in appearance and flavor is produced elsewhere in Mexico, and is merely a matter of selection. I saw it at Uruapan in the west, and at Coatepec on the east coast. Pick out from the beans of any field all the small round ones, and you have Mocha; then select the fair, well-grown, flat beans, and you have a good quality of Java; the refuse, broken and imperfectly ripened beans, you can send to market under any name you please.

I suppose that the low repute the Mexican coffee of commerce has had is owing to the fact that it has been thrown into the market green and without selection. Its cultivation and handling are usually very primitive. Ripe and unripe berries are stripped from the stalk; in drying on mats or the ground it is likely to acquire foreign flavors, and no care is taken to reject the imperfect beans. Careful growers, foreigners, are beginning to use more scientific processes. They will pick or buy none but the red, perfectly ripe, berries. These are immediately put through the machines for removing the pulp. The beans are then dried on frames in ovens with low artificial heat, and the grains are carefully picked over before they are sacked. The natives say that the coffee gains a desirable flavor by being dried in the sweet pulp. All the Mexican coffee, of sufficient age, that I tasted, has a delicious flavor, but it is often spoiled in its preparation for the table. It is commonly burned too much. Ground to a fine powder, and placed in a vessel with a fine sieve bottom, water is poured on, and the fluid drips through slowly, drop by drop, requiring hours to collect a small cup of



liquor. This is very strong, and black as ink. It is the very essence or extract of coffee, and a table-spoonful of it is enough when added to hot milk to make a large cup of coffee. The traveller will do well to procure a bottle of this extract in order to strengthen his hotel coffee.

We spent a week at Cuautla, and might have staid there months, as many tourists and invalids do, and not have tired of its easy-going, picturesque life. We wander along one of the dusty lanes, vine-embowered, mount some uneven stone steps, and through a door in the wall enter, not a house, but a garden. Yet it is a house, and we are in the midst of domestic life. There is a pool of water, perhaps a running stream; large fruit trees cast a dense shade; splendid oleanders are in flower; the coffee-berries are ripening red; the great plantain leaves, whipped to strings by the wind, rustle in the breeze. Children, half naked, are playing about, racing after the donkey or chasing each other in the leafy *allées*. Sombre-looking men lounge about the huts in a perpetual siesta. Some of the huts are of adobe, open in front, with an earth floor. By the entrance, sitting on the ground, a woman is grinding corn on a stone and baking tortillas. Always one hears in all these houses and gardens, at all hours of the day, the soft pat-patting of the tortilla cakes. Very likely the hut is of cane, a mere shelter from the sun and dew, and several of them grouped together make the different rooms of the house; or it may be a more pretentious dwelling, round in form, the walls of cane, and the conical roof heavily thatched with brown grass. Perhaps there is a palm-tree near, and, with the bananas, the picture is exactly that of a Central African hut with its surroundings. The whole family, all its branches, with swarms of children, live in this garden, eating its fruits, sucking cane stalks, and procuring, I know not how, the one indispensable thing—maize to make the tortillas. In this fashion live a considerable proportion of the population of Mexico. How long will it be before they will care anything for politics or literature, and feel the restlessness of modern life? Very Oriental all this—the thatched, conical huts, the luxuriant vegetation, the dark, lazy people.

Cuautla has some reputation for its sulphur baths, to which rheumatic and other invalids resort occasionally. We drove

one morning in the only vehicle the place possesses—a rumbling, rickety carriage—out across the river bridge, and over a broken country, mostly a brown barren waste of land, with dried-up aromatic shrubs and coarse herbage, a mile and a half to the baths. Beyond the bridge is a collection of huts and a shanty of entertainment, to which the lower orders resort for dancing and revelling. In a little rocky valley flows a strongly alkaline, clear stream, smelling of sulphur, and where it falls into a couple of basins in the rock the bathers were assembled. The pools are of greenish hue, and clear as crystal. The bathing is delicious, but the arrangements for it are very primitive. The pools were occupied by men, women, and children, and others were undressing and dressing on the margin. Shelter there was none, except an angle in the rocky wall, and a couple of little cane huts. After waiting a long time until the women and children were withdrawn, I secured the angle in the rock, and succeeded in getting a dip in the crystal brook; but none too soon, for fresh company continually arrived. I mention this because it is a custom of the country, and the Mexicans do not mind this promiscuous bathing, though I believe they are as modest in fact as many of the bathers along our Atlantic coast. Strolling down the stream after the bath, I made the acquaintance of a Mexican family out for a holiday. They had bathed, and were now building a fire under a spreading sycamore to cook their mid-day meal, and enjoy an afternoon siesta. There was the vigorous mother, three or four young girls, prettier than Mexican young women usually are, and half a dozen small children. The whole party were full of merriment and good-nature, did not seem to regard the presence of a stranger as an intrusion, pressed upon me the hospitality of their unappetizing-looking “messes,” and were friendly and cordial and simple, and as little self-conscious as if I had been a native. The country all about was a broken dry plain, with strange, fantastic flowering plants, a few cacti, and no grass. But the air was delicious, and the sky blue and cloudless.

The Cuautla Valley is a vast sugar plantation, most of it the property of one man, Cortina Mendoza, a wealthy Mexican, reputed to be worth six millions of dollars, and the builder and chief own-



er of the Morelos Railway. His large hacienda and sugar factory are a few miles down the valley, and we reached them by a branch railway running through the cane fields. The whole region is perfectly irrigated. Cane matures in this country and blossoms as it never does in the short Louisiana season. We passed fields in all stages of growth—wet ground just set with new sprouts, stubble fields springing up anew, fields with green blades like young maize, fields nearly matured, with the red, sturdy stalks, and fields where the cutters were at work. The richness of the cane is judged not only by the size of the stalks, but by the length of the joints. The mature cane here was exceedingly rich in sugar.

The hacienda is a vast establishment, a pile of buildings—dwelling-house, factory, sheds, stables, all together, the whole inclosed by a high wall, with cannon mounted at intervals. When the country was disturbed, this defensive preparation was needed by all the haciendas, which had to guard against attacks by brigands and chance plunderers. This is said to be the largest sugar hacienda in Mexico. I do not know the number of acres of cane under cultivation; it is about 2000; but the owner employs 600 men in the mill, and 2500 altogether on his vast estate. He has imported and set up improved machinery to the value, it is said, of half a million dollars. The cane is maturing all the time, winter as well as summer, and the grinding goes on every day in the year. The sugar, which has one of the requisites of good sugar, great sweetness, is brown in color, and cast into conical loaves of twenty-five pounds each, the reported net profit to the owner on each loaf being one dollar. The Mexicans consume a great deal of sugar, probably nearly all they produce; and they say that they prefer the dark because it is sweeter than the white and the refined, and purer.

Within the walls the scene was a very animated one. The area was strewn with crushed cane stalks. Carts loaded with fresh cane, carts loaded with the crushed stalks, were constantly arriving and departing; half naked men, their dark bodies shining with perspiration, dragged the cane from the carts, bound it for the swinging derricks that carried it to the crushers, or piled the vehicles with the refuse. Everybody was in a hurry; the boys lashed

the mules and shouted, and the incessant whirring of the mill machinery seemed to communicate its energy to the whole plantation. The crusher was always revolving; the stream of sweet sap was always pouring from its wheels into the channel to the boiling vats; the boilers were always steaming; in sticky, molasses-saturated rooms the centrifugals were always whirling; in long chambers men passed to and fro bearing the melted sugar and pouring it into the moulds; in great drying-rooms stood rows on rows of sugar-loaves; and in the shipping-house all was bustle and activity. We groped about in the half-dark caverns and recesses of this vast establishment, slipping on the sticky floors, sprinkled by the centrifugals, up stairs and down, until we were stunned by the noise and saturated with sweetness. Floors, walls, machinery, the ground—everything was plastered with sugar. I thought that if the premises were "cleaned up," as gold-mills are, sugar enough would be "tried out" to supply Cuautla for a year.

The centre of all this life and whirl was one man; his presence it was that made the mule carts race through the fields, the men shout and hurry in the yards, the wheels grind, the vats run, and the sugar take form. In a high, broad, dirty, recessed gallery, down the yard, and attached to the main factory, sits Cortina Mendoza, a giant of a man, long past the age of sixty, in a light summer suit, his ample forehead shaded by a broad straw hat, black keen eyes glowing through his spectacles. Before him is a plain deal table, with an inkstand and a few papers. About him are dogs, servants, children, messengers coming and going, swarms of dark-skinned, half-clad heathen, amid the whirl of the machinery and the braying of donkeys. This is his office. From this platform he overlooks the whole moving panorama. Here he sits, hour after hour, day after day, a man taciturn, morose in appearance, despatching all business with a few curt words. He stops a minute in his work to greet us civilly, details an attendant to show us the mill, and asks afterward what he can do for us; even rises when we depart, and regrets that he has not more time for hospitality. There he sits, reading and answering his correspondence, receiving hourly reports from every part of his plantation, from each section of his works. He knows every



hour just how much cane is brought in, what rate of sugar it is yielding, exactly the day's product, how many pounds have been made, how much shipped. The premises swarm with flies; attracted by the sweets, they pervade the place, settling in black masses or darkening the air. It is an Egyptian plague. They literally cover the stalwart proprietor as he sits at his deal table.

Cortina Mendoza is a widower. Years ago he lost his lovely and beloved wife, and the story is, he has since that bereavement devoted himself exclusively with a grim determination to his sugar hacienda. I was told that he is actually alone in the world. Of society certainly he can have little in that mongrel crew among whom his life is passed. He is very rich, as I said; he has a fine house luxuriously furnished in Mexico. Seldom if ever does he visit it, seldom does he seek other society than that of his laborers and dependents. It is a hot place, that recess, hot even in February. But there sits, day after day, year in and year out, surrounded by swarms of steaming, half-naked servants, donkeys, and dogs, one of the richest men in Mexico covered, with flies!

The capacity of this country for sugar-growing seems to me enormous. How can it be otherwise in regions where the soil is fertile, as it is in all the valleys, upland or lowland, where water is abundant for irrigation, where frost never comes, and the cane matures for grinding every day in the year, and where labor is still cheap? There would seem to be no limit to its production, except the capital that is put into it. But notwithstanding the present cheapness of labor—from twelve cents to twenty-five cents a day—Mexico, in order to compete with its cane sugar in the markets of the world with the beet sugar, needs capital for labor-saving machinery and improved processes. And it is not easy to get that capital. There are very few Mexicans who have the energy or the ability to handle it if they had it. And there is the smallest encouragement for foreigners to go there. The law protects them in their rights just about in proportion to their ability to buy that protection from judges and the political officials. Every sort of hinderance is put upon business and commerce. There are heavy import duties, heavy export duties, stamp duties, octroi duties, duties between states. All

this tax might be borne if it were steady and fixed at different ports and places of entry, and if the taxes and customs were honestly levied and paid into the treasury. But they are not. The state of things existing in Egypt years ago obtains now in Mexico. A great proportion, perhaps the larger part, of the tax and custom dues goes into the pockets of the officials, and not into the treasury of the government. If the taxes laid and wrung from natives and foreigners went into the treasury, Mexico would be out of debt and financially prosperous. I think no one can deny this. The officials all get rich, the natives are kept poor, and the foreigners live in uncertainty. There is no uniformity in the official plundering. Importers of goods prefer to bring them in by the Central Railway rather than by Vera Cruz, because they can make better terms with the inland officials. I heard the story of an English ship captain who brings cargoes to the west coast, which I have reason to believe to be true. When he reaches a western port he anchors, and lands in his small boat and ascertains what terms he can make at the custom-house. If they are unsatisfactory he sails to another port, and then to another, and he finally takes his goods ashore at the port where he can make the best terms with the customs officials.

In order to encourage mining and other industries the government admits certain machinery free of duty. That is the law. But a foreigner seldom gets in any machinery without paying heavily on it, sometimes three or four hundred per cent. on its cost. It takes a good deal of money to convince the officials that it is machinery. If it is an engine, it of course comes in pieces. How can the officials tell that it is an engine? If it is a bar of steel, how can the officials tell that it is for a drill? An American miner who imported tubes to replace those worn out in his boiler had to pay six hundred dollars for what in the States cost him less than sixty dollars. A man on the line of the Central road waited weeks to get a carboy of sulphuric acid through the hands of the various officials. Its cost in El Paso was three dollars. He paid twenty-four dollars duties on it. When he opened the carboy it was empty! Two invoices have to be made out, one in English and one in Spanish. If any article is misspelled, not spelled exactly in the invoice as it is in the free



schedule, it must pay duty. Of course it is the officials, and not the government, who profit by this clerical error. These are some of the hundreds of annoyances and hinderances in the way of doing business in Mexico. A foreigner must reckon, and does reckon, as a part of his necessary outlay, money to keep on the right side of the officials.

Of course the root of all these evils is

not in the fact that Mexico is poor, and needs to squeeze everybody for a revenue, but in the fact that the government is purely a personal one, and run for the benefit, not of the people, but of the officials. And before this can be otherwise there has to be created in Mexico a public; and this will be a long and slow process with a mongrel people civilized on the Egyptian basis of mutual distrust.

## JERRY AND CLARINDA.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

THE Medfords sat at early breakfast in a tenement-house of the more respectable sort, among the battered old mansions of once fashionable Bleecker Street, in New York.

A distinctly unpleasant atmosphere of temper prevailed. Some might have accounted for it by the narrow quarters or the advancing heats of the fervid July day, but there was much more than these under the surface.

"Well, give the boy something to eat, anyway," cried Thomas Medford. "You look as if you hoped every next mouthful he took would choke him."

"Maybe I do," returned the woman who was his companion, sullenly. "You know I don't want him here, and it ain't the first time you've heard me say so either, nor yet the second."

The head of the household was a large, strong man of fifty, unkempt, and still slouching in his shirt sleeves. His wife was a frouzy woman of perhaps thirty-five, over-stout, and with thin, shrewish lips, yet retaining considerable traces of good looks about her.

The boy they spoke of, the third member of the group, was neatly dressed, of a certain refined air, and decidedly superior in aspect to either. His expression was chronically uneasy or pained, as if trouble were no stranger to his experience, yet, strangely enough, he seemed quite oblivious of the acrimonious discussion at present being waged in his regard.

"Look at him now," pursued Mrs. Medford, "with no more sense o' what we're talkin' about than if he was the obbylix up to Central Park."

"He's my offspring, and I'll have him well treated," thundered Tom Medford, pounding on the table.

"Then why don't you leave him in the deaf-and-dumb asylum, where he belongs? What did you put him in there for, if you'd got to keep takin' him out?"

"Jerry wants a little pleasure like anybody else. It's three years since he's set foot outside of it before this. When he kep' writin' all them letters that he was bound to come home for a part of his vacation, what could I do but bring him? And here he is, and I'll stand by him while my name's Tom Medford."

Even in the man's defiance there was a perceptible trace of skulking and surrender. His was a morally indolent and selfish nature, and thoroughly under control of this wife, whom he had married for her good looks when she was a Mrs. Seemüller, a German bakeress of the neighborhood. She had taken him when the fortunes of the bakery were at a low ebb, because, with the good wages he was earning at his work as a coppersmith, he promised to be able to support her in greater comfort. She had made him put a number of other children by a former marriage into various half-orphan asylums and what not, and treated poor Jerry with great cruelty on every opportunity that offered, considering her dignity with her choice circle of acquaintance best vindicated by this means. It is safe to say that under the same sensuous influence Medford would have done, in the long-run, whatever else she might demand.

From a small dark bedroom *en suite* with the parlor and the kitchen, in which the repast was being held, now came forth another boy, a son of the ex-bakeress's own, who proved himself a true chip of the old block. He wore the trim uniform of an employé in the District Messenger



service, yet this could not overcome his appearance of a hulking, insolent lout.

"Dummy! dummy!" he whispered, his eye lighting up with a malicious satisfaction, as he passed around to his own side of the table, accompanying the words with a torturing pinch and thrust of the elbow.

Medford raised his voice in reprimand. "I had to defend myself, hadn't I?" responded the cub, with an air of injured protest. "He gave me a lick, and I had to return it, hadn't I?"

"My boy's bein' the whole time set upon. I'll take my bonnet and leave the house this minute," screamed the mother, in her shrillest tones.

Medford succumbed, as was his way, before her violence, and had now, besides, to hurry away to his shop in Centre Street. When he was gone, the pair renewed their persecutions of Jerry, now quite unhampered. The coarse woman, leaning one fat arm heavily on the table, mimicked the motions of his peculiar mode of speech before his very face, and laughed loudly at the excellence of the joke. Her son was an able assistant. Finally they struck the deaf boy, and then, smarting with pain, and bearing a visible mark of the blow on his cheek, he fled from them, and made his way to the place where his father was at work.

Tom Medford was but little pleased to see his peculiar offspring enter his shop. Instead of being proud of the boy, who was in many ways entitled to it, he was never anything more than apologetic for his existence. The eyes of his shop-mates were fixed upon him with curiosity. He summoned one of the more intelligent of them, and asked: "Here, talk with him a bit, will you? See what he wants."

"Me talk with him? Why don't you do it yourself?"

"The fact is, mate, I don't understand his lingo; he's been learned by these here devil's own crinklum-crunklums that nobody but themselves knows anything about."

"Then how do you think *I* would? I never was no dummy."

"Oh, he writes it down; he can write it down for ye fast enough; but the fact is"—confidentially—"the fact is I don't read much writin', and I wouldn't wonder if a good part o' what he's got to say goes astray at our house."

Thus urged, the other procured a soiled

piece of paper, and endeavored to open communication with the youth thus so curiously cut off from intercourse even with the parent who brought him into the world. Provided with so good a cause of complaint as he was, Jerry was but reticent, however, before a perfect stranger.

"As near as I can make out," summed up the interpreter, "he's been hit a pretty hard crack by some woman, and he don't like it. There's the mark of it on his face, too."

"Yes," assented Medford, "the woman o' the house don't fancy him—that's it, that's it. Well, tell him it's all right, all right," waving an arm soothingly. "I'll look after him at supper-time. Tell him he can run around town and play till then. Of course he wouldn't want to stay here."

He quite forgot to give the boy any money for a luncheon, but this was soon, even to the latter, a matter of slight consequence. He had seen little of the world till now. He had a quick eye and alert movement, and was amply able to take care of himself in the crowded streets. He gazed into the shop windows, at the burly policemen, and up at the tall buildings. Finally a fire-engine tore by, dropping hot coals behind it, and when he followed it to its destination, and actually saw the conflagration of a dry-goods house in Worth Street, he was quite beside himself with enthusiasm, and for the time being at the end of all his troubles.

He was a boy much like other boys. The public institution where he had been placed for long years past was benevolent, no doubt, but it was far from his ideal of a home. Alas! since the coming of the step-mother there had been for him no trace of that warm personal interest and affection that it is in the hearts of all of us of the human race to desire. It was the very old story of the heartless cruelty that so often arises from this kind of connection, frequently so desirable in itself. He had felt that unless some change for the better arose in his friendless and desolate situation he must even run away from the school, and seek his fortune in the world. He had persuaded himself that he might have exaggerated the repulse he had met with under his father's roof, or that things there, in the long interval, might have changed for the better. Self-invited, he had begun this luckless visit; it had proceeded from bad



to worse; its third day was now drawing to a close, and events approached a crisis.

At the supper table the scenes of the morning were renewed, and even, if possible, in aggravated form. Medford had no efficient protection to offer. The boy's heart sank within him. Hardly knowing whither to turn, he went alone into the stuffy little parlor, and took up one of a few cheap books lying there. The first two nights of his stay he had gone down into the street, with Mrs. Seemüller's son, to be amused, but found that this was only to be made a butt of by a band of companions as rough and graceless as his conductor himself.

The virago and her son followed him into the parlor. The latter struck the book from his hand, and the former bristled up over him in a threatening attitude. He threw out his hands in a gesture of self-defence. The messenger-boy ran to the door and summoned Medford, malevolently crying, "He's struck me mother! he's struck me mother!"

"Ah, would you? You strike a woman! That's a little too much," cried the man, seizing the cowering Jerry, and violently belaboring him. His ire had long been fuming at the idea of all this annoyance to which he found himself subjected, and, like many such natures, he now, as the easiest course, turned squarely over to the side of injustice, and let it burst forth upon the victim who had already suffered so much.

Jerry escaped from his hands, blinded, stunned, and crying as if his heart would break—though this even less at the injuries he had received than the final dispelling of all his illusions—and found himself in the brilliantly lighted street. The electric lights, then only lately introduced there, shone vividly into the shop windows and upon the motley groups of foreigners on the sidewalks, and it was no place for concealment. Even as he paused a moment to take breath he saw his father coming after him.

"Hi, Jerry! come back now. I'll do ye no more harm," cried the parent. "Come back now, I say."

But the ears of the fugitive were impervious to all human sounds; thinking he was wanted only for further punishment, he sped on, fear adding wings to his feet. He plunged down a side street and through a number of dark alleys, and came out at last at the water's edge.

Medford, discomfited in the pursuit, went back to his home, swore awhile, as in duty bound, at his family remaining there, and then settled down to an entirely comfortable state of resignation to his loss, which was not disturbed even when he found that Jerry had not returned to school, nor was heard of in any other quarter.

The great dark hulls and tangled cordage of the shipping rose mysteriously around our poor Jerry, and the dark water gave its ominous chuckle under his feet. He could not return to school to-night, even if he would. The pressing question of the time was how to secure a night's lodging.

While he was lost in thought a young man of dandified pattern came by and threw his valise at his feet for him to carry. The action, though not the speech, was plainly intelligible, and Jerry, glad of the opening, shouldered his heavy bag and followed him across one of the ferries, and even a considerable distance up into the town on the other side. He received a quarter of a dollar piece in payment for his service, and with this coin in his hand found himself at ten o'clock at night in an unknown part of Jersey City; all parts of which, for that matter, were equally unknown to him.

He wandered somewhat aimlessly, and came to the northern suburbs. Just there he met with an ice wagon, going homeward empty after its belated rounds of the day. A high partition so cut off the rear part of it from the view of the driver—drowsing besides on his seat—that he would not be likely to see what was transacting there. Jerry took advantage of this circumstance to creep within it to steal a ride. Lulled by the long-continued, monotonous motion, he at length fell fast asleep.

He was awakened next morning by a number of people, belonging to a farm attached to the ice-cutting establishment, standing over him. They scolded him at first, then manifested much curiosity about his infirmity, and finally gave him a good breakfast and let him go. According to Jerry's own account, his endeavor to communicate with these acquaintances made on his first actual venture into the world was not in all respects thoroughly satisfactory. "That ice-farmer family," said he, "ask me how was my name, where did I go, and what did I do. I gave them a changed name, because I



was not secure if they would send me back to my father. But sometimes they look to both sides of the paper, and cannot know its meaning, and I had discouraged."

In deaf-mute education, as we know, there are many who learn to express themselves with perfect facility in the ordinary language of men, but there are many more who do not. The vast majority, in fact, never escape from a quaint dialect—thought by some to be constructed upon analogy with the idioms employed in their language of signs. They use the vernacular like the most remote of foreigners. Jerry, with all his brightness—bearing in mind, too, that he had not finished his schooling—belonged to the latter class, and afforded no exception to their peculiarities.

From this first stopping-place he went on, meeting with various adventures and hardships, till he arrived at a region which must have been somewhere about the Wallkill Valley. There he worked a short time at the trade of cabinet-maker, the elements of which he acquired at the Institution, and thence set out again, this time making in the direction of the Hudson, which he finally reached at Newburgh. He was conveyed across it by a fisherman, took to catching rides on railroad trains, with the idea of getting to Canada, lost his bearings, and was at length ignominiously put off a train by a conductor, and found himself at the small station of Staatsburg, very much south of the point where, by this time, he had expected to be.

It was there that I first saw him, sitting disconsolately on the edge of the depot platform. He had fallen in already, it appeared, as I approached, with one of our own peculiar characters, of a good deal of local celebrity. This was Barney Pringle, a strong, adult deaf-mute, of little education, who was employed on the railroad in moving the turn-tables, now here and now further up the track. He had lost both arms in an accident, but neither this nor any other of his disabilities was allowed to dampen for an instant his peculiarly jovial flow of spirits. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with a ruddy visage, the liveliest ways in the world, and could do a great variety of surprising things, such as putting on and taking off his hat with no more than the aid of his stumps and teeth alone.

This pair seemed to have been conferring together, and probably to no great purpose. Jerry arose and extended toward me a written paper, which I took from his hand, and found to be as follows:

"Do you know a gentleman who would be willing to let a deaf boy learn to work how to do farming, without getting any money for several weeks?"

The hint was a modest one, and certainly much more striking than common by its form. Pringle, who stood by, and had evidently acquainted himself with the purport of the communication, waved his stumps in a cheerful way, as if conveying that the plan suggested was one that amply met with his approval.

I had learned, years before, something of the method of spelling on the fingers, and now proceeded to revive it, much to Jerry's delight. It so happened that just at this time a valuable colt on our place had been discovered to be totally deaf. He was Bulbul, son of Bullfinch, by imported Capricorn, first dam Electra, second dam Aleyone, etc., etc., a dark bay beauty with star in his forehead and black points extending up to the knees, and by his birthright he should have been one of the best of his kind, but was likely, instead, through his luckless disability, to be all but wholly worthless.

A singular idea all at once flashed across my mind: might there not be a certain affinity devolved between the boy and the colt? Might there not be an occult sympathy arising out of their common affliction which would render Jerry a more useful guardian and educator of Bulbul than anybody else who could be found?

It was a very wild and whimsical conceit, no doubt, yet it was sufficient to determine me to take the boy home with me, adding the consideration that there really was plenty of room for extra hands to do odd jobs about the place. I was at the station that day to meet a coppersmith who was to come up from New York to do some work on a rather elaborate fountain we were having done in connection with an oblong fish-pond on the terrace before the house; but he disappointed me. He did not arrive, in fact, for a week or ten days after this. I therefore took Jerry up beside me, and we drove away homeward.

At a transverse road we crossed the



course of another wagon coming toward us, containing a man and several women, and we both in a measure pulled up. All at once Jerry leaped to his feet, leaned out over the dash-board, and began to signal violently to a young girl in the other wagon, who replied to his manifestations in kind. She was a chubby little thing of fourteen or fifteen, with a comely face, and black hair tied in a twist, and falling down her back. My companion seemed to ask, in an appealing way, that I should stop, and actively leaping down, he ran to shake hands with his friend. Their motions, rapid as lightning, were a marvel to see. They were rather like scions of the animated races of southern Europe than of the phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon stock. It seemed that they were friends or acquaintances at school, and they met like strangers in a strange land, overjoyed at the unexpected encounter, and the recollection it brought up of so many things in common between them.

"Clarinda's my brother's child," said the man in the other vehicle, very civilly. "He left her to us when he died, and she's the pride of our house. It's a great treat to them dummies," he added, presently, "to see some o' their own sort once in a while. I'd go half a day's journey out o' my way, any time, to give the girl a treat like this."

He was a locomotive engineer, living at Tivoli, and being briefly off duty, had hired a horse and taken his family out for a drive. I told him how it was I happened to have Jerry with me.

"He's a good boy," said Clarinda, her certificate of character being passed over to me in her own handwriting, on a pad she carried for the purpose. "He can study very well. He can also play well at various many games, as such the baseball, the oar, the athletic, &c."

"You must let him come and see us," urged Clarinda's family; and the girl herself gave him a parting salute that might have been that of some vivacious Spanish señorita.

He returned to me flushed with excitement and pleasure. The only drawback to his contentment for the time being was that his clothes, as he said, were "too old-fashioned" for such an interview, describing thus their dusty and travel-stained condition.

Our farm at Staatsburg was an attractive one. There was not much money in

such an enterprise, it is true, but it was, though I say it myself, the show place of the country roundabout. I think Jerry enjoyed its charms to the full. We had from the terrace a view off to the distant range of the Catskills, blue as a dream of fairy-land. Back of the house, on a sunny slope, was a vineyard, the terraced vines of which, on their slim poles, always impressed me like rows of dismounted cavaliers on parade. A feature on which we particularly prided ourselves was our white pigeons, the flock of which were continually fluttering above the farm buildings, or sitting on their ridge crests, giving a most genial, home-like effect. If by chance any of darker hue appeared among them, it was their great misfortune, though not their fault, for the shot-gun was at once got out, and they were picked off, in the interest of the whiteness of the whole.

A certain part of the farm buildings was at no great remove from the railroad. The track, I regret to say, ran directly through our place, this being its only drawback. And yet it sometimes seemed also that to have it thus cross our own fields might not be so much of a misfortune after all, inasmuch as by accustoming the animals to a variety of alarms they would not be sensitive to them when met with in after-life.

Before being introduced to the colt, Jerry was familiarized somewhat with the other stock, and set at a variety of small tasks, in all of which he acquitted himself very well. I asked him about his trade; he said he had not learned it well.

"Our boss," said he, "taught us to make only very common or old-fashionable articles, such as mostly sweeping the floor."

Meantime the coppersmith from New York arrived. He proved to be from the very same shop in Centre Street as Jerry's father, and the one who had acted as interpreter in the interview described.

"His step-mother battered him around, and he ran away from 'em, and I don't blame him," said he.

After what he told us about the case, we felt in need of but little further certification of our new assistant's standing. In the mean time also came a letter from Clarinda. It was a little overture, beginning an innocent, quaintly amusing, and original correspondence, which, first and last, came to extend over a long time. It was addressed to "Esq. J. Medford."



## CLARINDA TO JERRY.

"MY FRIEND,—That is the first time I wrote to you for my improving education. I ask what is your doing now? What is your business in? Also I would like to hear of your travels. Will you tell me them? For my own person, I help my aunt, Mrs. Shackley, in house-working. Sometimes I ride with my uncle on his locomotive engine, of which its name is Ajax. My uncle says if you will come to see us here, you can ride with ourselves on Ajax, if you will have a curiosity to do so. When you come here you can find a white color house. You must turn in a eastly direction, about three blocks far, right side down. It opposes the Baptist religion's church, also white color. I am quite better in my writing now, so I close my satisfactorily letter with saying Good Morning. Your Friend,  
CLARINDA SHACKLEY."

The much-flattered recipient of this epistle replied to it substantially as follows:

## JERRY TO CLARINDA.

"MY DEAR FRIEND CLARINDA,—My business is I work in a large farm. My employer is a fine-headed and sound man in his heart. He will give me some dollars each month or week, and will buy my fare on the railroad to go seeing you. I have to arise up at five o'clock in the morning, milking cows or animals and drive them in the woods. Also I give food to a small deaf horse name Bulbul, and have many frolic times with him. He is deaf like us; he could not hear a railroad track. When a dog, Peter, barked at him in his field he cannot hear it. Bulbul leaved that dog alone till when Peter went too near his heels and he kicked his leg out backwardly. If I could be a rich farmer I would make much money by selling my fruits, corns, vegetables, poultries, and eggs. I like best country than a city life, because if we do not exercise our muscles they soon become senseless. Many city men who only play in billiard-house, rinks, &c., become weak in their bodies and pale face. I cannot say now about my travels because I have not a leisure time, but another time I will tell you them. I hope you will accept my letter. I am glad to have a benevolence for you. So now I have come to an end. Your good friend,  
"JERRY MEDFORD."

Whether it was but a mere coincidence, or that there was, in fact, an atom of truth in my theory, the colt really seemed to take to his new keeper with a peculiar kindness. Jerry was greatly interested when he heard of his condition, and set out upon his work with an evident zest. Without dwelling here at any length upon the details, it may be said that we first discovered this case of deafness by observing the conduct of the young animal, after the weaning period, at feeding-time. If he chanced to be asleep at these times, he did not rouse up like the others. We at first thought it lack of appetite, but his performances at the trough, when his attention was fairly called to it, showed there was no fault on that score. Again, when the rest of the troop of rogues would come galloping, in response to the call, to the top of the slope in the pasture, and cluster there with ears erect, he would mope alone in the background. It might even be said that Bulbul was dumb as well as deaf, for he would stretch out his neck and open his mouth as if to whinny, and not succeed even in that; there came from his mouth instead only a sort of half gurgle—amusing or pathetic, according as one chose to look at it.

Jerry bade fair to cure him of many of his eccentricities. He adopted a system of gestures and sudden gyrations to replace the use of the voice, and was soon able to control him, even from a distance, with a certain friendly sorcery, as it were, by motions of a handkerchief, and waving arms, and passes.

He found time withal to give Clarinda an account of his journey into our part of the country, as she had requested.

## JERRY TO CLARINDA.

"I ran out of my father's inhabitation because it had not been peaceful in sociability with me. I had not money enough, but soon a young man of worldly pleasure gave me a quarter to brought his satchel over a Jersey ferry. I did the same.... Then I started, staid, and arrived in various many popular ["populous" no doubt intended] town and villages. When the sun did not shine and the weather rained I could not tell which was the east or west direction. Once I made a little house for defence from the rain, but it was all in vain. I often felt a homesick, and thought if I would better go back. I met many men and boys and asked them the way



by my writing, but I considered that they were mostly uneducated....

"When I reached to Newburgh there were many wonderful and relic things there, which I would like to describe you them all. The most relic thing in Newburgh is Washington's head-quarter. I visited that head-quarter many times, both inside and outside. There was a man who was taking many fishes in a long net. I asked him would he be willing to give me a row with him across the river; he said he would do the same. There was a rough water, the waves dashed themselves and flew up in a foam, and my clothing was wetted to the skin, but I continued to smile pleasantly, because I was crossed over for nothing, and viewed many fine sceneries on either shores of the Hudson River. Now I tell you another thing, the last. I took much pains in walking on the track, and contrived how I could go to Canada to get work. I asked a man how I could get a ride, in the freight cars, to anywhere. He pointed the truck, under the car, for me to go there, but I informed him I would accidentally be killed if I went there. When he saw I was very wet, and had no breakfast, dinner, and supper, he let me go in the caboose with him and dry on the side of a stove. Also he gave me some food, and was told I could eat as much as I choose. I spent not less than some time and had a very pleasant vacation with that man, and on parting gave him many thanks in return of his kindness, which he accepted.

"The next time, I went in a passenger car, till what the conductor would say when I had no money to buy my fare. I did not care if it would go as far as California or not, but unluckily it came in a wrong direction. But I had troubled about it, and asked a passenger what would the conductor do. That passenger said he might bring some detectives to collar me to the station-house, but luckily he only put me off at a small town. Then I was sad, and my head hung down loosely. I do not say any more of it now, because I think by this time you are too busy. So I remain,  
"Your sincerely friend, J. MEDFORD."

He went to visit Clarinda, and the visit appears to have been a social success. One striking feature of it was a jaunt he took in her company, under her uncle's conduct, on the Ajax. He wrote me an

enthusiastic account of it, from which I extract some sentences.

"The iron horse stood in his stable till Mr. Pringle moved the turn-table for his coming out on his own track. I was afraid to climb in on the leviathan Ajax, but Clarinda was not afraid. Some people made fun of ourselves by making signs at us. Mr. Shackley rolled up his coat on the sleeves. At first Ajax was lazy, and the large wheel turned slowly, but soon it turned fastly, and he seemed to ate up the railroad ground. Long smoke went off backwardly, and loud whistles blew, but alas! I could not hear them, but I could feel some of them. We back down many freight cars, and went once in a tunnel where no light larger than a needle's head could be seen."

He was installed, as his abode, in the gardener's house, but spent many evenings with us. His manners, through the influence no doubt of polished instructors, were perfectly good. We came to look upon him not as one hampered by an infirmity, but as a very original sort of little foreigner. We remarked him, when engrossed in some piece of study, unconsciously rendering the sense of it to himself with rapidly twinkling fingers, just as hearing children con over their lessons on their lips. He had been educated partly by the method of visible speech, so mysterious to the outsider, and if we formed our words with distinctness, could often read them from our own mouths.

We were interested in all this, in some novel games he had, and in the opinions on all sorts of subjects he had formed from the point of view of his peculiar isolation. Spelling on our fingers, and talking by signs, came to possess for us a sort of hilarious fascination or rage. I noticed that if we chanced to have any feminine visitor with unusually pretty hands, she was always especially interested to take a share in these practices.

On one occasion we had Clarinda over to dine with Jerry, and were much entertained to see them together once more. Her uncle brought her down on his locomotive—as from this time on he did occasionally—and having some business further along the line, left her with us till his return. Jerry had a considerable knack for mechanical contrivances, and made her a rustic chair.



"My employer says I have some very fine faculty for it," he announced, complacently.

Again, he desired to know if it were not true that many great men had passed through the world without a knowledge of arithmetic—in which, as may be inferred from this, he was not at first remarkably proficient. Yet, again, with a naïve blush, he inquired if I thought he could become a learned philosopher and celebrity by abstaining from animal food and living on vegetables alone for one year, as he heard had been done by Benjamin Franklin.

Clarinda's acknowledgment of his present was in these terms:

CLARINDA TO JERRY.

"I sit in the rustic chair you had made me, and show to all my hearing friends. Each one say he or she had never seen such a beautifully chair, and he or she would like to have that chair. A another my friend said she pointed once her father a rusticked one like that in a showed-case window, but he could not be able to afford the expenses of it."

I urged Jerry to return to school when the time arrived, dwelling upon the advantages of a superior education; but he said he was happy in his present situation, and he was set upon earning wages, and getting on in the world as fast as possible. I wrote to his father, and even once, when in town and his vicinity, called upon him. The interview, on the Medford side, was conducted chiefly by the ex-bakeress. Disbelieving or affecting to disbelieve that the boy could have found friends of any consideration, she said: "A good riddance to bad rubbish! If there's them that wants him, let 'em keep him, say I."

Her worthy spouse stood by, participating by a few monosyllables and a subdued grin in her insolence.

Clarinda had gone back to school, and the two still corresponded, with liberal intermissions, treating of such topics as books they had read, studies, and other occupations they were engaged in. These effusions inclined strongly to the didactic and edifying.

"I have read a Longfellow," wrote Jerry; "he is a grand poet, he poets well. Also I have read one called 'Peck, the Life of a Bad Boy,' which contains many good, laughable histories." He wrote, too, about

field sports, however, in which he still preserved an interest that was always strong with him. "I excite much at present," he said, "about the champion game of the New Yorks and Chicagos. I hope the New Yorks can win. I would be willing myself to play the base ball many times if the players do not quarrel so much to each other."

"The brain exercises," returned Clarinda, "in committing wisdom to memory. Arithmetic is that which avoids us from being cheated in money and other valuable mathematical articles. In history is told us much about ancient buildings, animals, huts, human beings, presidents, statesmen, and other many things. Our earth is round alike a ball; it is the centre of a polar system, which strongly attracts our earth around its heat."

The maid returned to spend her vacations, and Jerry always went to see her on these occasions. In the autumn they found opportunity to go wading among the richly stained leaves that fall so profusely along our pleasant road-sides, and to gather nuts; and in the winter not infrequently they joined some of the other young people of the neighborhood in coasting down the long hills.

A considerable period now elapses, during most of which I was absent from Staatsburg, and saw little in person of what was transacting there. Jerry grew to be a mature young man, tall and strong, and a figure of no little consequence in the place. He worked a piece of land on shares, took prizes at the county fair with fruit, Queen of the Valley potatoes, and colts of his own raising, and had put away savings in the bank. Clarinda, too, had become a woman grown, and leaving school, the way so many young women will, before her education was completed, settled down as a permanent assistant to the family in which she was so kindly harbored. Examples from the epistles of the two friends, during this time, might be multiplied indefinitely, but let us now pass them over till they had assumed a much warmer tone.

A ball and reunion of deaf-mutes was held at Tivoli to honor the birthday of some celebrity in the annals of deaf-mute education. A considerable company of them gathered from the country round about, or came up from the city to take part in this occasion, and to have the opportunity at the same time of enjoying



the autumn scenery of the Hudson. It was shortly after my return to the farm, and I was privileged to have a brief glimpse of the proceedings.

There seemed something mysterious and almost alarming in the view of so large a hall full of people going through all the forms of animated gayety in such an unbroken silence. A parallel assemblage of hearing persons would have rent the air with their laughter and chatter. The dancing—and there was a great deal of it—was excellently done, considering all the circumstances. The drum held a position of distinguished prominence in the orchestra, which supplied music much in the regular way, some notes of it being felt through vibration, as I gathered, and giving the rhythm and point of departure to the dancers.

There was no lack of genuine enjoyment. A very democratic spirit appeared to prevail among the participants. The jovial Pringle, who moved the turn-tables, was there among the rest, and amused the company with caperings and flourishes of his stumps that were a sight for gods and men. Jerry, as one of the floor-managers, was gorgeous in a large resplendent rosette of blue and silver, and had obtained the cherished privilege of acting as the special escort of Clarinda.

“After the middle of the dancing was over,” said he, in describing the affair later on, “we formed in two by two, and marched ourselves to the supper place. Stew oysters, crackers, and richly cakes were served on us on long length tables. There were only not more than about fifty couples, and we laughed and chatted merrily at each other. Clarinda was the belle of them.”

He even attempted, ambitiously, to describe her toilet to my wife. There is every reason to believe that the final approaches to a distinct tender understanding between the pair were made at this ball. Shortly after, the following letters of proposal on the one hand and acceptance on the other were duly exchanged.

#### JERRY TO CLARINDA.

“MY DEAR FRIEND CLARINDA,—Perhaps you might miss me after our lately pleasant companionship together. I shall not soon forget how pleasantly I enjoyed myself in your company. Now I will say another important thing, which is about love and matrimony, since greatly a long

time I am thinking very much about you all day, also in night-time. When a young man become about nineteen to thirty years of age, he cannot always foretell that he would be a single man. He thinks he would like a wife and a general house-keeping. Well, it is what I feel about you, my dear friend.

“Since I knew you, I hold many long conversation with you, and see you in many place. I find you to be a good, honest, and beautiful young lady, very good to do general housework, so I ask you if you can be willing to marry me. I truthfully hope your favorable answer would be ‘Yes.’ I can give you a valuable gold ring for engagement ring. We can engage ourselves for some months or years, till when I should have money enough to support for two or more persons. Then we will wed ourselves warmly in either a public or private marriage. The pastor will speak to us about marriage while we standing opposite to him. Then the male put the finger of the female into a wedding ring, and the relatives or friends disband to their respective homes. Then we can take our marriage trip to anywhere. Perhaps I will purchase some U. S. farming lands for nothing in Dakota, and we can have a large farm and a beautiful residence in a country. Hoping you will say a heartfully ‘Yes,’ I continue your always loving true lover,  
J. MEDFORD.”

#### CLARINDA TO JERRY.

“MY SINCERELY FRIEND JERRY,—I confess I cannot say much of love and matrimony, because I do not know much of love and matrimony, and the gentleman must be more skilful to speak of those events than the lady, but I will try to tell you of them by writing. I was much interest and feel a benevolence to you for a long time. In school, I notice first you was often bowing to me very politely with a hat. Another time in Staatsburg I meet you again, and we were often corresponding many letters. I ask many questions to your conduct, and find you to be a working-hard, industrial, kind young man, well reputed in your good name. So that make a gentleman and lady court and soon fall in love to each other. We did not often quarrelling; it is understood that if they are often quarrelling they do not fall in love. When a gentleman meet a lady he mostly begin



to woo her by helping her from being badly hurt by some one, or saving her from drowning. We have not done the same because those had not happened to us, but we often talk a short time and take a walk for pleasure, and you company to me at my house or to travel. A lady cannot be wedded without the consents of her parents and guardians, who first consent the gentleman to visit her. So, you can ask my uncle Mr. Shackley when will he have a wedding. For my own person I can say I am gladly willing to love you affectionately and marry you for my husband.

"Your always true-devoted and now engaged friend,

"CLARINDA SHACKLEY."

The engineer did not wish to lose this niece, who was both so well-appreciated and serviceable a feature in his household, but being a man of excellent heart, and having no valid objection to offer, he gracefully submitted to a contingency likely to overtake all guardians in similar circumstances. For our own part we had no thought of withholding our approval. We were not, like some, alarmists on the subject of deaf-mutes marrying among themselves, the weight of evidence being against the spread of evil consequences as a result of that cause. We only urged that they should not be in haste; they were both young, and could afford to wait, and happiness was more likely to be insured when they were amply prepared for the step. Our advice fell in, on the whole, with their own views, and they rested contentedly enough for a while in the state of engaged lovers.

When things had been in this pleasant condition for some little time, Jerry was seen one day while crossing the track to hold a brief parley with a ragged tramp he met there, and then, like Crusoe's man Friday at the meeting with his father among the captive war party of cannibals, to fall upon his neck. The tramp was Tom Medford. It appeared that he had been thrown out of work in consequence of taking part in an unsuccessful strike, and had never afterward recovered a place. A liking for idleness had grown with the taste of it, and—this he did not tell—he had taken to drinking heavily. At last, after many vicissitudes, he had no resource but fairly to go out upon the road as a vagrant. It is more likely that his meeting with his

son was a pure accident than that he had so accurate a knowledge of his whereabouts, or even the supreme impudence to hunt him up in this way.

The ex-bakeress, it further appeared, had abandoned him at the first touch of calamity, and her son had been imprisoned, before that, for some enterprising feat of thievery under cover of his duties as a messenger boy.

I would have advised Jerry to have little or nothing to do, now, with this graceless parent who had treated him so ill, but no one could have failed to admire, and even be touched by, the charming warmth of heart and ideal of filial duty, apparently still surviving, that led him to desire to confer substantial benefits upon him, even after all that had happened. He asked me, with diffident appeal, to find him at least temporary employment, and I had reason to know that he took him to his own lodging, and clothed him from his own wardrobe.

For a while Tom Medford went about in deeply abashed humility, but by degrees he began to recover his confidence, and give himself renewed airs of importance. He let fall, among the other hands, furtive disdainful remarks on the infirmity of Jerry. He began to drink again, though of this it is not probable that Jerry, who had remained very innocent on that score, was aware. When the fact of the engagement finally entered into his cognizance, he was disposed to be extremely disagreeable about it. He forbade it, in fact, and declared that he would never receive another member with such a drawback into his family. Poor Jerry came to me in alarm and asked what he should do about it. Do? I was for turning the vamping reprobate off the place at once; I bade him not pay the slightest attention to him.

The deaf-mute Pringle stopped one morning to leave word that Clarinda was coming down on the Ajax to pass part of the day at the farm, while her uncle was switching cars below. Pringle too had wanted to marry Clarinda, but appeared to have thrown it out as a mere suggestion, for finding that she was to be otherwise disposed of, and do much better in the world, he had accepted the situation with the liveliest acquiescence. There had never been the slightest reason for Jerry's flying into a passion, as he did on first hearing of it, over the presumption of this



ridiculous fellow. On the contrary, Pringle was ready to run his errands or do him any service whatever, as well in regard to Clarinda as in any other direction.

Hardly had he gone, when Jerry came to me, with great anguish of mind showing clearly on his countenance. He drew me gently by the arm past the dairy buildings to a tool-house for the storage of the lighter farm implements.

"Look within, through the hinges at the door's side," he spelled out.

I followed his injunction, and there saw his father, squalid, heavy, and inert, lying prone on some straw he had spread for him. When accompanying Pringle a little way he had found Medford wandering in a state of besotted intoxication on the place, and brought him thither for safe-keeping. It was his first discovery of the truth, and he was overwhelmed by it.

The hour was at hand when Clarinda was to arrive, and the distant smoke of the Ajax could already be seen, approaching around the long bend that debouched at our boundaries. Jerry, with the sad face he had worn all day, moved toward the usual place—a part of the bank less steep than the rest, near the southern line of the estate—to meet her.

All at once the colt Bulbul—now, it should be explained, fully a three-year-old, unusually large and powerful for his age, and still under Jerry's care—was seen upon the railroad track at a considerable distance to the northward. Much pains were taken ordinarily to keep him away from all that part of the estate. How had he strayed there? By some mysterious means he had broken his trammels and passed through the barriers; a long rope halter with which he had been tied still trailed behind him.

Jerry was startled at the dangerous situation of the animal, and signalled to him in his customary way, in vivid alarm, but in vain. Then dismissing for the moment all other thoughts from his mind, he ran down to save him.

He caught the end of the halter, but the stalwart beast, his head, as it chanced, averted from the peril, and mistakenly playful or contumacious at such a time, resisted. He even drew his would-be rescuer upon the track after him, and a conflict now ensued between the horse and man like that of another Alexander at the taming of Bucephalus. The Ajax hove in

sight, and gave a succession of such piercing whistles as might have waked the very dead. All of us who were in the vicinity ran out, and looked on with horror at the scene briefly transacting under our eyes. The white pigeons, as though they felt something ominous in the air, darted and careened like autumn leaves blown by a gale.

The whole took less time even than it does to tell. Through it all, riveted though my attention was elsewhere, I was vaguely conscious that the drunken elder Medford had broken out of his place of concealment, and approached the immediate scene of action by a series of staggering lurches.

On a sudden a quick turn discovered to Bulbul the approaching locomotive, the thunder of which already shook the ground. Crazed and paralyzed too with terror, he leaped, plunged, and bolted furiously, yet without removing sensibly from the same spot; he seemed held to it as if by some fatal spell.

In his plunging the stout rope became entwisted about Jerry, like one of the sons of Niobe in the coils of the serpent, so that he could no longer have saved even himself if he would. Were we then to see our poor Jerry perish by such a fate—almost a typical one with deaf-mutes—before our very eyes? Alas! it seemed as if that swift-rushing monster could not be avoided.

Shackley leaned out despairingly from the cab of his engine. Clarinda, holding by a guard, fluttered yet farther out from the other side, as if she had been some supremely anxious brooding bird, aiming to stretch a protecting wing against the imminent calamity, or one of those goddesses of the Homeric lay who would have snatched up her hero and saved him from harm, in defiance of all the laws of natural sequences. The Ajax had made every effort to slacken the momentum originally calculated to carry it to the alighting place, but with slight avail. It must needs happen that the throttle-valve, at this time of all others, was defective, and would not do its work.

But at the last moment, in the very jaws of destruction, a new element mingled itself with the action. It was an extraordinary one indeed, ludicrous and contemptible of aspect. Besotted Thomas Medford stood beside the track, glowering, leering, and throwing in incoherent



words as of interest encouragement to the contest. Whether it was only the pure, mad delight in the strife, such as might actuate the typical Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, or whether it was a sudden vertigo by which he was now taken—or who shall say even that it was not a sobering, a disgust with life, and a faint purpose of repentance and reparation at this late hour?—all of a sudden he gathered himself, and throwing out both arms before him, with the fists stoutly doubled, leaped headlong into the fray, impinging violently, as he did so, upon Jerry.

Whirling wreaths of steam, lashing coils of rope, vague forms of the men and the animal, white pigeons circling above like gulls in a storm.

Then the Ajax passed on, and Jerry was found beside the track, bruised, half stunned, but practically unharmed. Tom Medford was crushed beyond recovery. The benighted colt too had tried conclusions with the mechanical force with fatal effect. Thus, though his eccentricities had been pretty well studied already, opportunity was never afforded of seeing what such an exceptional animal would have become under the full-fledged responsibilities of private life.

Jerry threw himself on his father's body in a touching way, and Clarinda joined him very sweetly. It had always been one of the things to note in the boy that, perhaps through sense of shame, he said

so little about his family difficulties. He would now have liked to represent that this father had had no faults, and as to their apparent estrangement and his living away from home, that had been a plan commending itself to the better judgment of both.

May I say, by way of a word in conclusion, that since Jerry and Clarinda took up their quarter section of government land in Montana, though the time has been but very short, they have risen to a position of admitted prominence. Jerry—and properly enough too, having the best handwriting and best average education of any of his neighbors—has even been made postmaster of his place. He might have counted upon retaining it almost indefinitely, I am informed, but for some charges of offensive partisanship which have been very credibly laid at his door. This is unfortunate, it is true, but it has its redeeming feature in the political ardor and vigor of mind it implies as the inspiring cause of it.

But perhaps the most interesting bit of intelligence of all that has come to our house about them is that their first child is a hearing and speaking baby, just like anybody else's. We often please ourselves with picturing in imagination some of the experiences likely to occur to this infant, brought up under such exceptional circumstances.

## SOCIAL STUDIES.

### Second Series.

#### I.—THE NATURE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF CORPORATIONS.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.

OUR age is more democratic than other ages because it is more Christian. This significance of the mighty onward strides of democracy, so often overlooked, becomes manifest when we consider the essential nature of the social message which the great Founder of Christianity brought to our race. What does Christianity mean to the student of social science? It means the brotherhood of man, because it means the fatherhood of God. In this is implied the trite phrase, "A man and a brother," so full of meaning to him who has comprehended it. All men are brothers; then all men have certain equal

rights, and among them is the right of self-development. Faculties are infinite in diversity, but it is our right and duty, so far as possible, to see that all have the freest opportunity for the completest growth, in order that a rich expansion of latent powers may bring to the service of man untold wealth. There is an end in life for all of us, and not, as the past has believed, an end for some of us which others of us must subserve. The grandeur of this idea has begun to be felt. It is yeast, and its infusion into the mass of humanity produces that fermentation which now excites undue alarm in many



timid souls. A storm is at times better than a calm. The Prince of Peace proclaimed boldly, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." Yet truly was he called the Prince of Peace.

What a glorious thing, then, is this triumph of democracy! It means that we are approaching nearer to the purpose for which humanity exists. It is a fulfilment of the destiny of mankind. Democracy has already made long strides toward conquest in the domain of political life. We are now entering the era of the gradual triumph of the democratic principle in industrial life, and the peculiar significance of the modern corporation is that it must carry with it the progress of democracy in industry.

The observation that we have as yet by no means attained democracy in industrial life can scarcely be necessary. On the contrary, it is evident that, in marked contradistinction to the general prevalence of political democracy, the production of material good things on a vast scale is still largely conducted despotically. Huge industrial establishments are under the unrestrained control of a single man. At his will they are set in motion; at his will they stand still; at his will capital and labor unite, and are fruitful; at his will they are parted, and remain barren. Men come and go at his bidding. He knows no superior, and recognizes no limitations. He calls an attempt at control "dictation," and resents it with anger.

But this is one extreme. The other extreme is democratic industrialism as represented by co-operative production of workers who furnish both labor power and capital power. The many decide on a course of economic action either directly or indirectly by chosen representatives, and take upon themselves the consequences, whatever they may be, whether they bring prosperity or adversity. Economic democracy has thus begun, and has already won achievements of which the general public is almost in entire ignorance. The remarkably successful coopers of Minneapolis may be cited as an example. But, after all, such achievements are to be regarded chiefly as of prophetic significance, heralding distant events. We are far from the complete triumph of democracy in industry, but we are rapidly leaving industrial despotism, and substituting therefor the lim-

ited monarchical principle in industry. We are near that period in economic life which corresponds to the monarchy with constitutional limitations in political life. One evidence of this is the establishment of boards of arbitration in all advanced lands, and another is the increased recognition of the rights of labor in profit sharing which is at present extending so rapidly.

Now an inherent and necessary part of this growth, this evolution, is, as already intimated, the industrial form called the corporation. A brief examination of the nature of corporations will render this clear to the reader, and will enable him to understand their significance.

I propose, then, in these articles, to examine the essential elements of the corporation as an economic form, to show that corporations are a good thing and ought to be encouraged, that such grave corporate evils as undoubtedly exist are due largely to an extension of corporations beyond their proper sphere, and that the chief evils which arise from corporations in their own sphere may be remedied by changes in a few of those features of the law of corporations which, although fundamental, admit of alteration without in any way destroying the necessary peculiarities of corporate bodies. I shall also have something to say about the growth of corporations, about their future, and about their relations to their employés.

What is a corporation? There are various kinds, but we are here simply concerned with the corporation as a body of men who have contributed various sums of money or other valuable things for common business purposes. We use the word as equivalent to incorporated joint-stock company. Co-operation and corporation have a very different sound to most persons, and strenuous advocates of the one are often violent opponents of the other; but in reality the external resemblance of the words is not closer than their meaning when the real nature of both is considered.

In a co-operative undertaking different men contribute various amounts of capital, generally small, so that a larger aggregate may be formed and capital thus furnished for a more considerable enterprise than one alone could establish. In a corporate undertaking, as we have seen, precisely the same thing is done. There



is, to be sure, this difference: the sums in the latter case are usually larger. One might be inclined to say co-operation is the poor man's kind of corporation, and corporations the rich man's form of co-operation. But even this would be far too sweeping. Men of means occasionally take part in co-operative enterprises, and comparatively poor men are owners of some of the shares of the most powerful corporations. There is this further general difference: in a co-operative establishment it is, as a rule, understood that the workers are owners of the greater part or even all of the capital, and the by-laws and regulations of such a concern often render this obligatory, so that there may be a union of capital and labor in the same hands. It is, however, rarely the case that those who furnish labor for the ordinary corporation own any considerable portion of its capital. It is difficult to find a working-man for a vast railway company who owns any of its stock. Another point of difference is that it is the general aim of co-operative undertakings to give each member one vote, regardless of the amount of his investment in it, while in a corporation in the United States a person's votes equal his number of the shares into which the capital is divided. On the other hand, this is no necessary feature of a corporation, for in many cases, in other countries, the voting power is not proportioned to investment in the capital of a corporation, and those who understand the subject in its economic bearings are probably wellnigh unanimous in their desire to see our law with respect to the voting power of shareholders in a corporation changed as we shall see presently. The close relation between co-operation and corporate enterprises is further seen in the fact that in the United States most co-operative undertakings are in law simply commercial corporations. Thus any one of the celebrated co-operative cooper shops of Minneapolis, to which reference has already been made, is as truly a corporation as is the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, even though radical differences undoubtedly exist between the two.

Let us consider a few of the marked advantages to a people of corporations.

The capital of a corporation, however large, is divided into comparatively small sums, called shares. These are usually \$100 each in the United States, but there is no reason why shares for \$50, \$25, or

even \$10 or \$5, should not be issued, and this not infrequently happens. Sometimes a share is divided, so that a person may own a half or a quarter share. It is on many accounts desirable that shares should, as a rule, be small, for then poor people can acquire them more readily, and thus accumulate capital. The first manifest advantage of corporations is, then, this: they enable people of the smallest means to take part in the grandest enterprises. They effect a concentration of capital, which is indispensable in these days of vast undertakings; but they do not necessarily carry with them a concentration of wealth. Our corporate management, founded on imperfect laws, has been such as to tend to the concentration of corporate property in a few hands, but notwithstanding this, there are over ten thousand share-holders in the ninety million dollars of stock of the New York Central and Hudson River Railway Company, and the three hundred and fifty miles of the Pennsylvania Railway, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, are owned by nearly twenty thousand persons. Among these owners are many widows and orphans. Although a large proportion of these fine properties is owned by a very few persons, this is an encouraging statement, and, like many other statistics which might be cited, substantiates what has been said about the possibility of a concentration of capital without a concentration of wealth in a few hands, save as to its management. The revenues from the undertaking may be divided among the largest number.

The advantages of production on a vast scale are frequently enormous, and of the most vital importance to the entire population. It is then fortunate that corporations enable us to gather together any desired amount of capital without necessarily interfering with even an ideal distribution of wealth.

Corporations encourage saving and the formation of capital, because they furnish opportunity for the investment of small sums. Thus the national resources are increased.

Corporations manage capital for those who for various reasons are unable to engage in commerce or industry for themselves. Widows, orphans, the aged, and the infirm occur to every one at once as examples. Professional men, like lawyers, teachers, preachers, physicians, must also



be added. All these classes of people are thus enabled to contribute to the productive power of the world.

Corporations are gifted with perpetual life. In law they are called immortal, though in modern times their privileges usually run only for a definite number of years, but during that period, when well organized, they cannot die, although all the original members may withdraw, for they can be continued by succession. A corporation has not inaptly been compared to a stream which maintains its identity although its parts are continually changing. Men come and go, but the corporation lives on. All the men who originally founded the Bank of England have been dead over a century, but the Bank of England still lives. Even when corporate rights are granted for a brief period, there is always the possibility of their renewal. Now this immortality of corporations enables them to fulfil functions which individuals, as such, or in the ordinary partnership, cannot perform at all, or cannot perform nearly so well. Insurance companies may be cited as an example. They must daily begin business operations which it may not be possible to terminate for sixty or seventy years or more. No private business man can well take contracts to be fulfilled at so remote a period. It is on this account that those who found institutions are obliged to do so by means of a corporation: universities, free libraries, museums, serve as examples.

Those who invest in shares of a corporation are, as a rule, liable only for the amount of their investment. This principle of limited liabilities is the opposite of that of the private business man or ordinary partnership, whose liability is generally unlimited. On this account corporations can raise large amounts of capital for undertakings which, although more or less hazardous, are of importance to the people. A person will risk a small sum of money to assist in developing resources of a more or less uncertain character, when he will not for a moment stake his entire fortune on its success. It is thus that some of the most important inventions have been utilized. It is money given for economic experimentation.

As ownership of capital is separated from its management either partially or totally, the most skilful directors and superintendents may be secured. It is pos-

sible that the capital will thus be better employed, and the development of a high order of industrial talent is encouraged, since it is to the advantage of the shareholders to remunerate it generously. If an active president of a corporation with a capital of twenty-five millions of dollars receives even the high salary of fifty thousand dollars, it is only two thousand dollars for the management of one million dollars, or one-fifth of one per centum. It is manifestly far more profitable to pay a salary of that size than one of ten thousand dollars for a talent even slightly inferior.

The supremacy of the captain of industry is due more largely to that form of organization of industry which is brought about by the corporation than to any other cause, and this is, on the whole, good. It must be recognized as an advance on past leadership when all its ultimate consequences are taken into consideration.

The modern captain of industry guides and directs the productive forces of society. He is a great officer of the people. In an age which desires peace rather than war the captain of industry gradually takes the place of dukes and generals. It is as yet perhaps difficult to see it, but there is reason to believe that he bears in his hand an olive-branch, and heralds the coming of the time, foretold thousands of years ago, when "men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

It is worthy of notice that this supremacy of the captains of industry is the very thing which one of the earliest, and I may add one of the greatest, French socialists desired. I mean Saint-Simon, reputed descendant of Charlemagne, and heir to the titles and fortune of the Duke of Saint-Simon. This man, who appealed to the King of France to assume the title of the "First Industrial" of his kingdom, conceived of future socialistic society as composed of priests, savants, and industrials—by industrials meaning those engaged in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—and advocated a government composed of the leaders of these three orders, or the chiefs of the priests, the chiefs of the savants, and the chiefs of the industrials. It ought, however, to be added, in order to picture Saint-Simon's social state correctly to one's self, that the religion of the priests had for its main purpose the most rapid improvement in the



lot of the poor, and that one of its central dogmas was the sacredness of labor. Thus when the Saint-Simonians, filled with the ardor of their new faith, set out on a missionary tour to Egypt, their aim was to unite the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by means of a canal. Later, one who was connected with them for a time, M. De Lesseps, formed a joint-stock company and constructed the Suez Canal. Even commercialism may be infused with the spirit of religion. When Saint-Simon in his *Parabole* asked the French people to weigh over against each other the loss they would sustain in the sudden death of three thousand leaders of French industry, arts, and letters, and the loss which they would experience in the decease on the same day of three thousand such leaders of French fashion as Monsieur, the brother of the King, Monseigneur le Duc d'Angoulême, Monseigneur le Duc de Bourbon, Madame la Duchesse de Bourbon, and Mademoiselle de Condé, and all the grand officers of the crown, there was general amazement mingled with no little indignation at the temerity of the question. Now the natural progress of industry has taught us the truth which was such a dangerous heresy when uttered by Saint-Simon.

If the malevolence of great captains of industry is mentioned, we must remember that the abuse of a good principle does not vitiate the principle. Rulership may degenerate into oppression, tyranny, robbery; the captain may become a brigand. Of such a captain I speak not, but rather of those faithful in the discharge of their high trust, and they are benefactors. Nor need we leave with our captains of industry absolute power, which lays too great a stress on human nature. Truly no man is fit to be intrusted with it. But, as already pointed out, industrial constitutional limitations are wanted, and we are approaching the era of constitution-making in industrial life. This is a process which must precede the supremacy of pure republican forms, and thus it is that the captain of industry, developed by corporations, plays a part in the progress of democracy in industry.

The next main point which must be clearly understood in a discussion of corporations is that they are creations of the state, or, perhaps we might still better say, creatures of the state. A corporation is an artificial person endowed by sovereign

power with some of the qualities of natural persons, and with others which natural persons do not possess. It can appear before the courts; it can sue or be sued; it can hold property, acquire property, and prosecute business for profit. The property of the corporation is not the property of its individual share-holders, but stands by itself in law, and, as a rule, is alone responsible for all debts of the corporation. This is, as already mentioned, a special privilege not enjoyed by natural persons, who are responsible for debts and other liabilities to the extent of all their resources. Immortality has likewise been mentioned as an attribute of corporations, which in many ways gives them an advantage over a natural person, whose death, always a possibility, compels others to wind up his affairs, and generally scatters his accumulations. A corporation, on the other hand, can be conceived which would continue to gather together property for centuries, until its resources should surpass any property ever under one control.

To corporations is, furthermore, often given the right of eminent domain, or the right to take private property even against the will of the owner, because it is supposed it will benefit the public to a greater extent as the property of the corporation than in the hands of the individual owner. Railway corporations always have this high sovereign right of eminent domain. Now as corporations are always the product of state intervention, and are the mere creatures of the state, it follows that it is the clear duty of the legislative authority of the state to endow them with such properties as will enable them most effectually to subserve the welfare of the people, and with only such properties. Why does the state create these artificial persons? Manifestly only to promote the welfare of the people; otherwise its action would be inexcusable. It is competent to the creator to form such a creature as is well pleasing to the creator. And in the present case there can be no cause for complaint on the part of the creature. Let us suppose a number of men wish corporate rights. It is then the duty of the state to establish wholesome conditions of incorporation, and to say to all alike: "On these conditions you may secure a charter of incorporation, but on no other terms. Nobody forces you to accept these conditions. They are the same for all.



If you do not like them, you need not form a corporation. You can prosecute your business as natural persons, but the state, representing the whole people, dare not create an artificial person which may injure the people. Nay, there is no occasion for action, unless it can be shown that it will probably benefit the people."

There is no limitation whatever to the right of the state to determine the character of corporations. It might be provided as a condition of incorporation that the principle of publicity of all accounts should be universally introduced, that all difficulties with labor should be arbitrated, that directors should be liable for double or treble their investments, that they should further be criminally liable for deceit or fraud practised either upon the public or the share-holders, that a certain portion, as for example ten per centum, of all profits should accrue to the state, and that the entire property should revert to the public after a certain period. These illustrations are for the most part taken from actual experience. Of course this general principle does not apply to nearly the same extent to existing corporations when the matter is viewed either from a legal or an ethical stand-point. But it applies unreservedly to future corporations, and to some considerable extent to existing corporations when they seek a renewal of their charters. Most corporate charters now exist under the reserved right of the state to change them, but this change must not be of such a character as to be equivalent to taking their property, or any part of it, without adequate compensation. This general principle has been affirmed by the highest judicial authority of our land.

"A corporation," says Chief-Justice Marshall,\* "is an artificial being, invisible, intangible, and existing only in contemplation of law. Being the mere creature of law, it possesses only those properties which the charter of its creation confers upon it, either expressly or as incidental to its very existence. These are such as are supposed best calculated to effect the object for which it was created."

The nature of corporations has not as yet been fully explained. It has been shown that the principle of corporate action is a good thing, and that it must in the end tend to a true democracy in industry. This should never be forgotten,

\* In the case of *Dartmouth College v. Woodward*. 4 Wheat., 636.

and it cannot be emphasized too strongly. When John Stuart Mill used these oft-quoted words, "I must repeat my conviction that the industrial economy which divides society absolutely into two portions, the payers of wages and the receivers of them, the first counted by thousands and the last by millions, is neither fit for nor capable of indefinite duration," he immediately added, "and the possibility of changing this system for one of combination without dependence, and unity of interest instead of organized hostility, depends altogether upon the future developments of the partnership principle."

But the realization of the democratic ideal is ever difficult. It is the ripe fruit of a long course of evolution. It requires high average intelligence, a good degree of general moral culture, and persistent effort to attain suitable life-forms through which it can act. This last point is perhaps of chief importance in the United States, where there is a general inclination to undervalue the power of institutions and their effect on character. Great progress has been made in certain features of our industrial civilization, and it has been primarily due to improvement in the mechanism of economic society. There is no evidence that in morals or intelligence we are decidedly superior to our fathers fifty years ago, but we have a vastly better banking system. It is one which makes honesty profitable and discourages theft. Likewise diminished fraud in State and city government in many parts of the country is perhaps chiefly attributable to an improved administrative machinery, which renders dishonesty difficult and dangerous. If it is the part of wisdom to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," it is equally the part of wisdom for a people, so far as possible, to remove every temptation to wrong-doing by its public servants, and to place before them every incentive to virtuous conduct.

The same policy ought to be pursued with reference to corporations. But as there has been comparatively little attempt to do this, grave evils have sprung up in connection with the extension of the joint-stock principle, and some of these are so intimately connected with the nature of this principle that they require to be guarded against by special regulations and contrivances of a fundamental character.

The objections which can be urged



against corporate undertakings are in many respects quite similar to those which make against enterprises of public bodies like states and municipalities.

The management is apt to be wasteful, and, still worse, inefficient. The owners of the property must select delegates to act for them, and these are not animated to the same extent as the private business man by that active, energetic principle of self-interest to promote the permanent welfare of the business intrusted to them. Only a portion of the property, and sometimes a small portion, belongs to the managers. Any loss due to mismanagement falls only in part on them, and even bankruptcy of the corporation fails to ruin them, owing to the fact that liability is limited to the amount of investment. Added to this is the fact that it is often to the interest of those who control corporations to bankrupt them. Speculative purposes are thus subserved, and property is often bought at auction sale by inside rings at greatly reduced rates.

Again, the management of corporations, if honest, is necessarily slow and cumbersome. Directors must in some things act according to the expressed will of all the body of stock-holders, which meets only at intervals of months, and often has a very imperfect understanding of the business in hand. Even when nearly everything is intrusted to the board of directors, one has all the difficulties inseparably connected with boards. It is impossible that there should be that quick, alert action, that seizure of advantages offered only for a moment, of which an ordinary private business man, accountable to no one, avails himself.

All these disadvantages are illustrated most vividly in American railway history. There can be no doubt that our railways have cost our railway corporations twice what should have been paid for them, and bankruptcies and foreclosures are events of daily occurrence.

In his *Outlines of Lectures upon Political Economy*, prepared for the use of his students, Professor Henry C. Adams summarizes in parallel columns the facts concerning the organization of business on a private basis and on a corporate basis. It is stated that one of the advantages of the corporate basis is that the moral element is at its minimum, whereas it is at its maximum in business organized on the private basis.

This may seem startling, but it is, with certain qualifications, true. Corporations are impersonal. Responsibility is divided, control is divided, and each one concerned in corporate enterprises feels that he cannot be held personally responsible for its immoral conduct. Thus we witness on the one hand public corruption fostered by corporations as it never has been fostered by strictly private enterprises, and on the other a general oppression of labor whenever the temptation thereto has been great. An instance may be found in the case of street-car companies. Good and humane men have been interested in them, but they all oppress their employés if opportunity is offered. The working day, where it is not limited by strong combinations, as in New York, or by law, as in Maryland, is so long as to ruin health, shorten life, and for street-car employés destroy any sound condition of that institution which is at once the pillar of the state and the foundation of our civilization, the family. I have searched in the great cities of this country for even one exception to prove the rule, but have not as yet found it.

Finally, corporate accumulations of capital are so limitless that practical monopolies become possible, and in some instances even now exist. In these cases there is as severe oppression of the general public as either dare be attempted or as will prove profitable. And the methods of corporations in competition with individual enterprises in industry and commerce are so unscrupulous, owing to the absence of the moral element, that they have degraded the conscience of the business community. Agents of a great corporation came to a private business man in Baltimore and said, "We want your business: sell out to us, or we will ruin you." This he did, and is now in the employ of the corporation, chafing under the slavery which affords him a livelihood. This corporation pursues similar methods everywhere.

A frequent method adopted is to sell the commodities which the corporation produces, or in which it deals, below cost, until the more limited means of the hated rival are exhausted. A suit is now pending against the officers of one corporation for an attempt to blow up a rival's works with dynamite, and damages were recently awarded the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company for the violent de-



struction of its wires by agents of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the provisions of the penal code to the contrary notwithstanding. Happily such extreme instances of corporate wrong-doing are comparatively rare, but the common every-day proceeding described above is portrayed in this quotation from *Bradstreet's*, in which the circumstance is mentioned as a mere matter of course in the report on the "Metal Markets": "The action of the Calumet and Hecla Company in reducing their price for ingot copper has, from all accounts, accomplished one of the purposes which the movement had in contemplation. It is now announced that the Anaconda Company of Montana has again totally suspended operations at its works." This is not meant to single out any com-

pany for special condemnation, nor is it intended to express any opinion as to the merits of this particular case, but it is mentioned merely by way of illustration. Similar methods of competition, it is true, have been pursued by individuals and private firms, but never so generally nor with such reckless disregard of the general welfare. These methods have now become so common in some quarters that it is possible to find men of professed piety who can see in them no transgression of the ethical code.

Now these are facts which legislators should keep constantly in view in dealing with corporations, and an effort should be made to replace the conscience of the natural man by some contrivance which will render artificial persons amenable to the moral law.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE first performance of Beethoven's symphonies in this country took place, we believe, at the old City Hotel in New York. The hotel was upon the western side of Broadway, below Liberty Street, and its hall was the scene of the chief concerts of fifty and sixty years ago. It was in New York also that Mademoiselle Garcia sang before she became Malibran. But the first continuous and annual movement for the production of German symphonic music was that of the Boston Academy, about the year 1842, when Beethoven was played in the old Federal Street Theatre transformed into the Odeon, and the tall and lithe Schmidt was the leader. The concerts of the Academy in Boston were presently rivalled by those of the Philharmonic Society in New York, at the old Apollo Rooms, on the eastern side of Broadway, below Canal Street. The upward local movement of musical performances in the city was from the City Hotel to Washington Hall, and from that hall to the Apollo Rooms, and thence to Niblo's Saloon, on the same side of Broadway, above Prince Street. In this saloon—a word which had not yet acquired its present significance—Thalberg played, and the other virtuosos appeared.

Meanwhile in Boston the Academy gave place to the Harvard Musical Association, and the Association, in turn, to the Popular Concerts recently instituted by Mr. Higginson; and in New York the musical movement passed under the leadership of Theodore Thomas and Damrosch; and the great festivals and the triumphant German opera, with the presence of eminent singers and conductors from Germany, have made New York one of the

chief musical cities of the world. As Mr. Thomas with his orchestra has annually shown to Boston the high state of music in New York, Mr. Gericke, with the Higginson orchestra, came this winter from Boston to show to New York the condition of music in the city of the old Academy and of the Harvard Association. The success of Mr. Gericke was decided. It is clear that in the performance of great orchestral music Boston keeps pace with New York, and if the supply is less ample and various than in the larger city, the quality is not inferior.

The natural result of this rapid development of musical taste and of interest in the higher music has been the presence in the country of many highly accomplished teachers. In the city of New York alone there is a host of skilled musicians, most of whom devote themselves to instruction; and from this teaching another result follows; in the city of New York and its neighborhood, and that is, a large body of thoroughly trained pupils. The great audiences at the morning concerts are composed chiefly of women, a very large part of whom follow the performance from the score, and are perfectly competent to judge the comparative character of the performance as well as of the selection. A large part of the audience, also, is composed of those who are themselves admirable performers, but whose skill is known only to the domestic circle. There is therefore a great mass of musical knowledge, taste, ability, and training which is in an important sense unknown, but which is susceptible of adaptation in the pleasantest way to general enjoyment.

It is the consciousness of this fact which



has led to the formation in some suburban retreats near the city of musical societies for the purpose of common study and practice. The ladies and gentlemen of a neighborhood who are musically inclined and accomplished meet stately to practise singing or playing under competent leadership, and give three or four concerts during the winter. The Mendelssohn Glee Club in New York is an illustration of the perennial charm of such combination and training of private persons. The hold of that club upon the interest of the happy audience which is so fortunate as to be invited to its four annual concerts is unrelaxed. Its excellence is largely due, no doubt, to the admirable despot who rules by the loyal consent of its most sweet voices. Mr. Mosenthal, like Hawthorne's artist of the beautiful, has fined and refined and chastened and developed the vocal material intrusted to him, eliminating and adjusting with the devoted enthusiasm of Hawthorne's artist, and with a consequence so delightful that to hear the concert is to feel the truthfulness of Keats's ode to a nightingale.

A society of the same kind, not, however, of men only, was formed eight years ago in the suburb of New York which lies in that pleasant part of the realm of Rip Van Winkle which is known as Sylvania. This society also has annually demonstrated what can be done by neighbors who will take the necessary trouble to meet and practice. Like the Mendelssohn, this society also has a delightful despot. But was ever inflexible resolution so patient and courteous? Were ever results from half-wayward independence so harmonious and satisfactory? The orator plays upon the minds of men as a responsive instrument; this musical director upon their voices. And as Amphion sung the heaped and scattered stones into a wall for the city, so does this director soothe and smooth and artfully join and bind these various voices into accordant strains. It is proved already that he is an apt and admirable ruler. It will go near to be thought so shortly if the Easy Chair should whisper that it is George E. Aiken, lover of madrigals and glees, and student of all concerted vocal music. It would never be known how much of such music is constantly produced except for such societies and such leadership, just as we should know nothing of the trained instrumental ability which is hidden in drawing-rooms and private chambers, like pearls in the shell, if such opportunities as these neighborhood societies furnish did not draw it forth.

For eight years this vocal society in Sylvania has given four concerts annually. The expenses are paid by the subscription of associate members, and the admission to the concert is by invitation. Yet if naturally in a suburb the audience changes somewhat, as it changes also at the Mendelssohn, it seems to be always the same, because it fills the hall, and is always delighted. The last concert was a remarkable illustration of the possible performance of ama-

teurs; men busy all day earning their livelihood in many ways, and women engaged with their families and domestic duties, but meeting once a week for practice, and once in seven or eight weeks giving a concert, at which their families and friends and neighbors compose the audience. It has been thought necessary for the relief of the singers, and probably from their sincere modesty, which doubted their power to hold and satisfy their hearers year after year, to add to the society performance that of some noted professional musician. It was a generous thought, but needlessly distrustful. The late concert was composed wholly of "home talent," and no concert of the society has been more charming, and none of the audiences more crowded or enthusiastic.

The amiable but unbending despot had selected for the programme songs, part-songs, madrigals, glees, choruses; and the composers were of many schools and times—Pinsuti, Mendelssohn, Beret, Leslie, Schumann, Smart, Bishop, Dudley Buck, Cowen, while the domestic contralto and the domestic tenor each chose a song of Tours, and the domestic instrumental performers selections from Ascher, and Lysberg's *fantaisie* from *Don Giovanni*, and all of the soloists and instrumentalists answered the encore with selections from other masters. The variety of such a concert and its interest were very great. It was good to hear Henry Leslie's madrigal "Thine eyes so bright" sung by male voices, harmoniously tender as serenades should be, and Buck's "Watch her, kindly stars!" and to sweep from Schumann's merry cry "The goslings are flying," to Cowen's rippling and sparkling "Bridal Chorus."

In the place of the usual professional virtuoso, four of the members of the society seated themselves at two pianos and played Ascher's "Concordantia," a brilliant and pleasant composition—if Wagner please!—and which was rendered with a spirit and force and precision which entranced the audience, and which it would be very difficult for professional virtuosos to surpass. The intelligence and feeling and exquisite manipulation which marked this performance would have been extraordinary at any concert. The Leipsic *Gewandhaus*, the Berlin *Akademie*, the Paris *Conservatoire*, would have smiled approval. It was in itself a vindication of the existence of the society, because it proved that in a quiet suburban community there may be that degree of musical accomplishment which justifies summoning an audience. The only way to sustain the feeling of delight which this performance had produced was to follow it by something wholly different and yet of the best of its kind, and this was felicitously done by turning at once away from the rich and beautifully modulated modern instrumentation to the quaint and simple pastoral of the old madrigal, in which "the nymphs are fa-la-la-ing," and "the shepherd's daughters playing," and then nymphs and shepherds join in sweet accord of salutation, "Long live fair Oriana!"



Longfellow's sonnet to Mrs. Kemble after her Shakespeare readings is very apt to express the feeling at the end of such an evening. It is "too swiftly sped." But there is always the consolation that it is the seed-down of a perennial flower. If he is to be blessed who invented sleep, how doubly blessed must be the inventor of memory! Is it "truth the poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"? Is memory a curse rather than a blessing? It was not the verdict of the musical evening in Sylvania. It is not the verdict of those who remember it. But one charm of the recollection, as of the enjoyment, is the consciousness that it was one of the results of that musical movement of which we were speaking, and which is one of the chief benefits to this country from the German immigration. The musical education of this country did not really begin until the great German composers had written, and the melodious Italian traditions have not proved strong enough to stay the German influence upon American musical taste.

The suddenness of the present total eclipse of the Italian opera, which is mournfully emphasized by the sale of its especial home, the Academy of Music, was due to the fact of the almost universal teaching of music by Germans, and the consequent extension of the taste for German music. The younger generations, as they came forward, felt the pressure of the spirit of their age. The newly developed resources of the orchestra, the impulse of a fresh genius, the changing theories of the operatic drama, had hopelessly belittled and antiquated the conventional Italian operatic forms, and with the appearance of a fully equipped German company and the rise of the American Opera Company, modelled upon the German tradition, the Italian opera vanished like the Scriptural crop that had no depth of soil. This is one of the results of the movement of which the Beethoven symphonic performance in the old City Hotel was the beginning in this country. Another is the practicability of such neighborhood societies as that of Sylvania. The general and almost the universal accomplishment of the gentler sex is music, and especially piano-forte playing. It is often, of course, slight and superficial, and ends in pounding out a few waltzes or melodies. But of the vast host of pupils of the piano and of the solfeggio, while the larger part are merely called of the good genius of music, some are chosen.

Of these there is a multitude in every little community, and here, we repeat, is all that is needed for a pleasure of the purest kind. There are neighborhood reading clubs, and sewing clubs, and dramatic clubs, and whist clubs, and, in more daring communities, Browning clubs. But a club like the Sylvania Vocal Society is as yet not common. When, however, such a society is established, when it commands the general sympathy by the quality of its performances, and when they

are the chief local events of the winter, it becomes a matter of local pride. It attests the character of the community; and should it, like Mr. Boffin's Gibbon, begin to decline and fall off, it would accuse the public spirit of the neighborhood, and its end would be a local reproach which, in the case of Sylvania, would prompt every Sylvanian to breathe dirges in a minor key, and sigh with the first and second treble, the alto and tenor, the first and second bass, in the serenade:

"So now my light  
Is turned to night."

But, soberly, a community which can of itself furnish such a concert as that we have described, and which refuses to sustain the society which does it, is a community to abandon to its congenial discords, and to confess that Polyhymnia and Saint Cecilia are justified in emulating *Astræa*, and rising to a more sympathetic and enlightened and congenial sphere.

ABOUT the year 1736, when the population of London was somewhat more than 600,000, in one part of the city, comprising Westminster, the Tower, and Finsbury, there were 7044 places where gin was publicly sold as a drink, besides all the places where it was sold privately in garrets, cellars, and backrooms. Smollett says that small painted boards invited the passers to enter, promising that they could be made drunk for a penny, and dead-drunk for twopence. When they were in the latter condition they were removed to the cellar and laid upon straw. Drunkenness was a national calamity. Employers of labor complained that their men worked only half the time, and during that time were seldom sober. The work-houses were crowded with the wrecks of humanity. Crime and pauperism rapidly increased, until it was plain that society must save itself, and petitions poured into Parliament beseeching it to do something to relieve the country.

Sir Joseph Jekyll then proposed to lay a tax on gin and other ardent spirits so large that it was virtually prohibitory. Twenty shillings was to be levied on every gallon sold at retail, and every retail seller was to pay fifty pounds for his license. The act was passed, although Sir Robert Walpole did not approve it, for two reasons. One was that it was wholly unsupported by public opinion; and although Sir Robert was a very autocratic party chief, yet in Parliament he showed his sagacity as a statesman by profound respect for unrepresented public opinion. The other reason was his conviction that the prohibitory tax would diminish the revenue and encourage smuggling. His feeling in regard to the want of public support was instantly justified by the popular insurrection against the law. It could not be enforced, and liquor was everywhere defiantly sold.

The Jacobites, who were then the most dan-



gerous enemies of England, improved the situation to make trouble, and so turn it to political account. They proposed that the great distillers for a day or two should supply the retailers and the small shops with gin gratis, and that the retailers should give it freely to all comers, intending in this way to intoxicate and madden the London mob, which was then one of the chief instruments of partisan mischief. The result would be turbulence, riot, crime, and anarchy, which—who knows?—might help the chances of our sovereign lord King James III., now residing across the water. In this situation, as Sir Robert wrote to his brother, "the Queen was pleased to give such orders to the Guards as, . . . in the opinion of all mankind, are thought to have prevented the greatest mischiefs and disorders that have of late been known or heard of." Soon afterward the obnoxious clauses of the law were repealed.

Lord Bolingbroke quotes Dionysius of Halicarnassus as saying that history is philosophy teaching by example. The old serpent, the worm of the still, yet ravages society, and now as then, in New York as in London, is the cause of the great mass of pauperism and crime. The struggle with him, however, continues, and the conscientious Sir Joseph Jekyll and the wise Sir Robert Walpole, having the same end in view, still differ about the means. A great meeting at Chickering Hall urged very strongly the Walpole policy. It held that when an evil cannot be remedied at once it should be diminished as much as possible. If the retail selling of liquor to drink over the counter be an evil, then to lessen the sale is a public benefit. If the condition of lessening it is the permission to sell, the permission is rightfully granted as the means of diminishing without endangering the final extirpation of the evil.

This is stoutly denied by Sir Joseph, who insists that it is sinful to legalize sin. But, on the other hand, is it less sinful to let sin run riot when you have the power to restrain it? In the conduct of society, if we decline temporarily to permit anything which allows for human weakness and ignorance and habit, we shall meet the fate of the philosopher who, intently gazing with upraised eyes at the stars, fell into the ditch. The progress of society is the course of a ship which is inevitably affected by currents and gales. If Sir Joseph Jekyll instead of Sir Robert Walpole had been the pilot of England in those stormy seas in which England labored after the death of Anne, the result would not have been the great gain to liberty which was achieved by a minister who had no moral elevation of character.

The debate upon the method of diminishing the evil would be perhaps helped if Sir Joseph reflected that while a prohibitory tax fails to secure the object at which he aims, a regulating tax is a long step toward it, and does not in the least lessen or weaken the force of his appeal to the public conscience and intel-

ligence, by which alone that public opinion can be created which will at last sustain his prohibitory tax. He would not think it fair to argue that society connives at certain offences because it permits the man who commits them to go free upon the payment of a fine. Yet the payment of a fine is held in the light of experience and of reason to secure the least injury to society from that offence. Undoubtedly in a certain sense society permits the offence to be committed upon a certain payment. But it knows that it cannot abolish the offence altogether, and so restrains and diminishes it in the way which is least injurious. To license the sale of ardent spirits is in the same way to permit the sale. It is a fine imposed for making men drunk—a proceeding which society does not approve, yet cannot altogether prevent. The permission is the condition of diminishing the evil. To refuse the permission is to take the responsibility of just that amount of suffering and crime and pauperism which the permission would have prevented.

But among those who are honestly aiming together at greater public order and private happiness, yet who see the way differently, fury and sharp recrimination are very superfluous. There is many an earnest and sincere man who insists that the equally earnest and sincere "moderate drinker" is a more deadly foe of righteousness and social peace and order than the seller of liquor to the man whom it intoxicates and imbrutes, and who lays waste his household with terror and pain. Even that imbruted man is less a sinner to such a censor than the man who moderately drinks. This is like insisting that the parent who is sometimes impatient is worse than the parent who abandons himself to a rage which wrecks the happiness of all around him. It is a statement beyond argument, although it sometimes shows the warmth of conscientious feeling.

Sir Joseph holds that if a community chooses, it can forcibly prevent the manufacture and sale of liquor. But if it does not choose to prevent it altogether, would he forbid it to prevent the evil so far as it will?

FOR forty years Mr. Beecher had been the minister of Plymouth Church when on a Sunday morning suddenly came the news that his ministry and probably his life were ended, and he died a day or two afterward. The preacher and the church were more widely known than any others in the Union, and during all his long pastorate he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the country. He was undoubtedly also one of the most famous preachers of his time and of the English race, and the death of Wendell Phillips left him the most eminent of American orators. There have been popular preachers during Mr. Beecher's career, like Maffit and other revivalists, and there are always eloquent and scholarly orators in the American pulpit. The traditions of Summerfield represent a



beautiful youth and a captivating speaker. The charm of Channing was profound and indescribable. But Beecher recalls Whitefield more than any other renowned preacher. Like Whitefield, he was what is known as a man of the people; a man of strong virility, of exuberant vitality, of quick sympathy, of an abounding humor, of a rapid play of poetic imagination, of great fluency of speech; an emotional nature overflowing in ardent expression, of strong convictions, of complete self-confidence; but also not sensitive, nor critical, nor judicial; a hearty, joyous nature, touching ordinary human life at every point, and responsive to every generous moral impulse.

Mr. Beecher was not a pioneer, nor a leader of forlorn hopes, but of the main column of the army. He marched just ahead of the advance, and touched with his elbows those who moved forward with him. He liked to feel the warmth of their breath upon his cheek, and the magnetism of their neighborhood. He spoke for them as they could not speak for themselves. He liked the crowd. The hum and throb of multitudinous life inspired and cheered him. He was at home in streets and towns; with a bright jest for every comer; a happy quip and repartee; with an eye and a heart for the unfortunate and forlorn, and a ready rebuke for insolence and injustice. He had nothing of the recluse or scholarly habit; no fastidious taste. He was fond of pictures and music and all forms of art, without especial æsthetic accomplishment; a man of cheery presence, of cordial address; with a willing word for the reporter, chaffing the interviewer; jumping on the street-car in motion; yet always seemly, and always, despite his slouched hat and careless dress, undeniably clerical, but with no undue professional sense of dignity or decorum.

In the pulpit, or, more truly, upon the platform—for whether preaching, or lecturing, or speaking at table or upon the stump, he seemed to be always upon the platform—he inculcated right living rather than traditional doctrine. He was a soldier of the church militant, but his warfare was with human wrong and misery, and false theories of life, and low aims and poor ambitions. He aimed to build up righteousness of life, and in the ardor of the strife he liked to pause and wink, and let fly a bright-tipped, winged word at the opponent, against whom he bore no kind of malice. He hated the wrong, but not the wrong-doer. Ardent and impulsive, his generous emotions often overwhelmed his judgment; and in politics, although the most popular of stump-orators, and never happier or more truly himself than in a political speech, in which, with the instinct of a born fighter, he “drank delight of battle,” yet he sometimes amazed and confounded his friends, who, however, could not doubt his sincerity nor question his purpose.

The great cloud that fell upon his life seem-

ed also to darken the country. The grief and consternation showed how strong a hold he had upon the national mind and heart, which indeed was never so firm as at the very moment that his good name seemed to be obscured. It was the most tremendous ordeal to which any public man of his peculiar character and quality of eminence has ever been exposed in this country. The most remarkable fact in it all was the way in which he endured it. The blacker the cloud appeared to be, the more sturdy was his stern defiance, and for weeks of seemingly accumulating and insurmountable obstruction he faced unflinchingly a possible doom the mere prospect of which might well have withered a brave heart conscious of innocence. That the cloud ever wholly disappeared cannot be said, in view of the tone of the press even as he lay dead in his house. But that he could never have maintained his position as he did if he had not been generally acquitted in the public mind seems to be indisputable. If the relation of his later life to the country was somewhat changed, the result was due to the decline of confidence in what had been believed to be his strongest quality, supreme good sense and sound judgment, rather than to doubt of his moral integrity.

No man lived more in the public eye and for the public than Mr. Beecher. In his speeches and sermons and writings he took the public into his confidence with a freedom that was characteristic and natural in him, but which would have been extraordinary in any other man. He could not pass through the street without universal recognition, and no man in the two cities was so well known to everybody as he. At public meetings and at dinners where he was to speak, he came late amid smiling and expectant applause, and with the air of saying, “Where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table.” He had the right to that air, for wherever he was to speak he was the chief orator. But he was no niggard of generous praise and sympathy, and no man spoke with more fervent eulogy and eloquent approval of other men. Doubtless, like an actor or singer, the long habit of receiving applause had made it pleasant to him, and as is the fact with all extempore speaking, the greater the applause the higher the eloquence of his strain. It is a reciprocal action. Of Mr. Beecher's later platform speeches, the most remarkable was his political address at the Brooklyn Rink in 1884, which was delivered amid a storm of enthusiasm, while in the delivery he was himself wrought to the highest feeling.

His power over the emotions of an audience was unsurpassed in this country probably since Patrick Henry. Thomas Corwin and Sargent Prentiss perhaps were as great masters of humor and patriotic appeal upon the stump; but Beecher added to these a pathos and sentiment and poetic tone in which the others did not excel. He had not the fine, glittering, incisive touch of Wendell Phillips's fatal sarcasm and



vituperation. Phillips stood quietly and played his polished rapier with a flexible wrist, but its point was deadly; Beecher smote, and crushed. One was the deft Saladin with his chased and curving cimeter, the other was Richard with his heavy battle-axe. In the great controversy in which both were engaged, upon the same side, indeed, but under different banners and wearing different colors, Beecher and Phillips, amid a chorus of eloquence, were the two chief voices. Garrison was not distinctively an orator, while Phillips was the especial and distinctive orator of the cause, and his fame as a public man belongs to that cause alone. But Beecher had many interests and relations, and his oratory had other strains. They were friends always, and Phillips spoke often in Plymouth Church, and uttered many a glowing word of his fellow-laborer.

When these words are published the freshness of the impression of Beecher's death will have passed, and from every part of the country his eulogy will have been spoken. The universal emotion, the warmth and tenor of the tributes, will have shown how eminent a figure he was, and that his death is felt to be a national loss. One of the papers described him as the last of a great generation, and Senator Cullom, speaking of Logan in the crowded Brooklyn Academy on the evening of Beecher's death, called a roll of illustrious names, of which his was the latest, and among which it surely belongs. His profession was the preaching of peace and good-will. But how often he must have felt that his Master came not to bring peace, but a sword! His buoyant temperament, his perfect health, his love of nature and of man, of children and flowers, of the changing sky and landscape, his abounding sympathy, his rich and sensitive humor, made his life joyous and often happy. But it was none the less a stormy life, ending at last, amid the sorrow of a country, in happy rest and the good fame of a great orator for human welfare.

ONE hundred and forty-one years ago a law was passed authorizing a lottery to provide money to found a college in the province of New York, and the first historian of the colony said that he then knew but thirteen graduates in the province, and all of them were young men. Eighty-eight years before, the authorities of New Amsterdam had represented to the old Amsterdam Chamber that the people of the town were willing to build a school-house, and have their children instructed in Latin, and that the matter was pressing, because the nearest place where classical instruction could be obtained was Boston; and at that price probably little classical instruction was to be expected for young New Amsterdam. The authorities clinched their appeal by a forecast of the reflected glory that should accrue to the Chamber by granting their prayer; for by establishing the classical

school New Amsterdam might "finally attain to an academy, whereby this place arriving at great splendor, your honors shall have the reward and praise." It was nearly a century after this cogent appeal that Kings College was chartered—Kings, the chrysalis of that Columbia which even at this hour spreads its centennial wings and prepares brilliantly to soar to still greater heights.

These centenaries of peace and its victories and monuments occur happily amid the commemorations of battles and wars. But Columbia's rejoicings upon coming of age, as Charles Lamb said of the New Year, have a peculiarly happy association, because she began her career as Columbia in the year in which the Constitution of the United States was framed. She is therefore coeval with the government under which we live, and, in the old phrase of English loyalty, with our happy Constitution. As this Magazine is published the old college will be celebrating, not her birth, which occurred thirty-four years earlier, but her modern baptism. It was in April a hundred years ago that Columbia College began, and in the plenitude of her prosperity and vigor she turns to the past gratefully to congratulate herself upon beginning, and upon advancing steadily to her present condition. A hundred years! But time has not withered her. On the contrary, it has but developed and strengthened her, and she confronts her next century with a hundredfold greater hope and assured confidence than when her timid eyes first opened upon the century which is now completed.

The war had been for some years ended. It had suspended the work of the college, and at its beginning the President, Dr. Cooper, who had brought from Oxford the Tory predilections of that old university, after carrying on a controversy for some time with an antagonist whom he did not know, but who proved to be one of his own Freshmen, named Alexander Hamilton, escaped by night to a British ship in the harbor, and so to England. During the twenty years since it was founded Kings College had graduated but one hundred students. But they comprised representatives of most of the chief names of the province—Jay and Livingston and Van Cortland and Morris and Rutgers and Benson; and when, after the war in which these graduates had taken a great part had ended, the doors of Kings were once more opened, the first youth to enter them was De Witt Clinton. Around this college was gathered the University of New York, by an act which virtually vacated the charter, sequestering its property, and intrusting its management to the Regents. This dignified body was to foster a university to be composed of many colleges, of whose government, conduct, and funds they were to have the direction. Meanwhile these excellent gentlemen, and among them were Jay, Hamilton, Livingston, Mason, Duane, Clarkson, and Rogers, were to prescribe the disci-



pline of Kings College, repair the buildings, make the porter's lodge comfortable, pay the messengers, take care that the floors were scrubbed, buy a bell for the college, and four cords of wood annually.

This comprehensive system of supervision was found to be impracticable. After three years the whole project was reconsidered; a new organization was effected; a separate and distinct corporation for each college that should be born to the University was decreed; Kings resumed her independence, and, as Columbia College, entered upon her new career. On her centennial birthday her children will be proudly celebrating the lusty youth of their mother, and declaring that the one clear college cry which is sure to reach the future, and which will probably pronounce the often-mentioned but never-defined "last syllable of recorded time," will be C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!

The luxuriant growth of a great sea-port metropolis recruited from every civilized country destroys homogeneity of character, and its absorbing mercantile activity overshadows all other interests. If, therefore, Columbia College is now but one of many great institutions in the city, if it is less a single object of interest and pride than in the days when there were leading and conspicuous families in the

province which sent their heads to be trained at Columbia, it is none the less true that it was never more thoroughly equipped for the service of education, never more prosperous, never more progressive, never of higher rank among its fellow-institutions. For many years its richly foliaged and shaded domain between Barclay and Murray streets, in full view from Broadway, at the end of Park Place, in which spacious streets, and in College Place beyond, fashion, lingering long, still held its house and court, was one of the familiar green spots of the city, and the presence of Columbia College was daily impressed upon the consciousness of the city thronging along the chief thoroughfare.

And now, withdrawn into the upper part of the city near Central Park, aside from the great urban highways, its existence is less obvious to the citizen hurrying to and from the old business centre. But now, as then, the old college, amid the roaring industrial activities of the vast city, still stands for "learning and romantic expectation," for the serene life of the intellect, for the studies that enlarge the mind and exalt the soul and quicken the heart, for the spiritual pursuits and the humane sympathy which are the chief consolation and hope of life.

## Editor's Study.

### I.

THE most important of the *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, are those that passed between him and the remarkable woman who became his wife. All the letters are in the interest of a kindlier view of Carlyle's character than that we get through Mr. Froude's life of him. They will not radically change the impression which this left, perhaps; but we think that the reader who has lived long enough to have learned for himself that the kindlier view of any man is apt to be the truer view will feel from them that this is peculiarly the case with Carlyle. In this conclusion he will not lack the help of very trenchant criticisms upon Mr. Froude's errors by Mr. Norton; in notes throughout the volumes, in a preface to the first, and in an appendix at the close of the second, the editor follows these so searchingly that one feels the need of gathering his dispersed compassion up for a kindlier view of Mr. Froude. He had a difficult task, and he does not seem really to have performed it with much discretion or accuracy; and yet, supplemented by the censures and the editorial labors of Mr. Norton, his book will always have a great value: a value hardly second to that of Boswell's life of Johnson. By his sins of commission—by the things which Mr. Norton believes he ought to have withheld, the intimate things, the sacred

things—the world, which likes to rush in where angels fear to tread, has profited so far as such a world may; at least it has got a glut of one great man in all those relations and aspects from which more scrupulous biography withholds him. By Mr. Froude's sins of omission it need not suffer if it will read Mr. Norton's comments and contributions; and without reading these it clearly ought not to read Mr. Froude's book at all. They are so interesting a part of the whole truth that we could wish Mr. Froude the courage to embody them in his future editions; that would be a fine atonement, the only possible atonement; otherwise they must always accuse him of inattention, of indifference, of indelicacy, of callousness, even of rancor. Even then they might accuse him, but literature would then show that he had done what he could to right the wrongs they dwell on.

In the letters which they introduce, and which cover the period of Carlyle's life from the time he left home, early in the century, to that of his marriage, eighteen years later, we see him much the same Carlyle we knew already, but in a softer light. Between the harsh rugosities of his face we read a tenderness, a quivering sensibility, a strongly loving faithfulness, an impassioned affection; in the fierce, suffering eyes hovers a near relenting and humor. His young-men friends are dear to him; he writes them long, full let-



ters brimming with himself and his regard for them; but it is upon father and mother, sisters and brothers, that he pours out his whole heart. He did love most fervently and constantly, root, trunk, and branch, flower and fruit and thorn, that tough peasant stock from which he sprang; and one cannot read without pathos and deep respect the letters to and from that poor, simple, honest, strong-headed, right-hearted home of his which is everywhere glimpsed in them. It is not an ideal or an idyllic picture at any time; there is plenty of British fussiness about details of health and personal concerns: the new socks and the mended old socks figure, along with a mother's interest for the son's soul; the carrier's remissness, and the hope that the mother will like the gift of the new hat, blend inextricably with the son's sweet and manly love, and his anxiety for her welfare; the cultivation of letters and the land, criticism and crops, intermingle in the missives to the men-folk on the farm at home. In short, and very thoroughly, all the Carlyles, including the greatest, were what vulgar people call "commonplace people," and their plain, wholesome, unromantic life is vividly, however fragmentarily, pictured in these letters. The high thinking that went along with the hard living, practised equally at Edinburgh and Ecclefechan, finds an expression in them as yet untainted by German idioms and wilful idiosyncrasies of speech; the style is clear, straight, and strong; and the perceptions of truth are not yet curdled into theories. There is abundant promise of the future Carlyle in them: the independence and the arrogance, the honesty and the bitterness, the true tender sympathy and the strong prejudice, the respect for right, the contempt for most men, the adoration of great power for good, and the inability to abhor great power of any kind—all the strange mixture of qualities which issued in tolerably disrespectful worship of the various military, political, theological, and literary mortals whom he vainly spent his great gifts in painting as heroes.

## II.

The letters to Miss Welsh, replying to certain things in hers, dispose pretty effectually of the superstition that she married Carlyle while heart-broken for Irving. A girl who frankly owns to her lover that she once loved another man, but shows herself so far recovered from her first passion that she can make fun of her idol, is not a figure on which even sentimentality can waste many sighs; and whatever was their influence upon each other in after-life, there can be no doubt for the reader of these letters that at the time they were written Carlyle's effect upon Jane Welsh's mind was altogether wholesome. They are rich in the proofs of his admiration for her brilliancy and versatility, but they are also full of warning and counsel for her against the exaggerations of her sensibility, her excesses of emotion, her intellectual exaltations,

her perfervid ideals. She must have been a fascinating girl, but one sees that she had an immense capacity for unhappiness, with or without cause. She and Carlyle read the same books, and wrote to each other about them; he directed her reading somewhat, but he uses her with flattering deference as a mind equally clear and apt with himself. They tried treating some subjects poetically together, and he has some very wise words to her about poetry, and the potentialities of all in that sort, and the actualities of the few. Later she gets befogged and saddened with the calamities of authors, as Disraeli assembled them, and then Carlyle breaks out in a blaze of common-sense, which is perhaps the most luminous expression upon a matter that silly people have maundered so much about.

"I wish I had not sent you this great blubbery numbskull Disraeli. . . . Do you not see that his observations can apply only to men in whom genius was more the want of common qualities than the possession of uncommon ones, whose life was embittered not so much because they had imagination and sensibility as because they had not prudence and true moral principles? If one chose to investigate the history of the first twenty tattered blackguards found lying on the benches of the watch-house, . . . it would not be difficult to write a much more moving book on the calamities of shoemakers or street porters. . . . than this of Disraeli's on authors. It is the few ill-starred wretches, and the multitude of ill-behaved, that are miserable in all ranks, and among writers just as elsewhere. Literature, I do believe, has keener pains connected with it than almost any other pursuit; but then it has far livelier and nobler pleasures."

In another place he tells her the secret charm of art, so far as artists can ever tell it, and warns her not to hope for satisfaction in the applauses of others, not to think that "any man ever became *famous* entirely or even chiefly from the *love of fame*. *It is the interior fire, the solitary delight which our own hearts experience in these things, and the misery we feel in vacaney*, that must urge us, or we shall never reach the goal."

All the time this literary friendship was warming into love: a little more tardily in her than in him. The last of his letters to her is that which he writes the day before her wedding; and there can be no doubt of the truth which Mr. Norton finally expresses, with rare force and distinction, from knowledge and from insight that have not often the courage to be honest in dealing with such matters; for love seems to be set apart from the other principles in humanity, to be fabled about as superhuman. "There was much that was sorrowful in their inexperience, much that was sad in their relations to each other. Their mutual love did not make them happy, did not supply them with the self-control required for happiness. Their faults often prevailed against their love, and yet 'with a thousand



faults they were both,' as Carlyle said to Miss Welsh, 'true-hearted people.'... One reads their lives wholly wrong unless he read in them that the love that had united them... abided in the heart of each, and that in what they were to each other it remained the unalterable element."

## III.

To turn from these letters of Carlyle to the *Democracy and Other Addresses* of Mr. Lowell is to find one's self again in the immediate presence of a great mind, which, in so far as repose is more beautiful than writhing, good-humor lovelier than ill-humor, hope fruitfulest than despair, daylight clearer than torchlight, and patience wiser than impatience, we find a more comfortable and edifying mind. The two might figure as opposing types of the Old World and the New, in that way in which we used to imagine them; but no one would be more reluctant in this office than Mr. Lowell, or more anxious to get down off his pedestal. The humor that everywhere lurks in these exquisite addresses, and suffuses them with the humanest kindness at whatever moment they are near lapsing into solemnity and severity, would not suffer him to stand for anything but himself; which, indeed, is quite enough for any one, as we each know in our smaller way.

The speeches have all been printed before; we have had in the newspapers the address on Democracy, which seemed the best "excuse for being" ever made for us; the tender and just words on Garfield; the generous words on Stanley; the apology for Fielding, which, owning his foulness, almost made us forget it; the eulogy and the confession of Coleridge; the passages, true and fine, about Wordsworth; the delightful talk about books and libraries; the admirable talk about Don Quixote; the frank, charming, and weighty address at the Harvard Anniversary. We tag each with an adjective which has ticketed many another fine achievement before now; but the reader will conceive that we do not think we have sufficiently qualified any. They are so full both of substance and of savor, of thought and suggestion, that it would be far beyond the scope of this Study, unless it were suddenly as big as all out-doors, to commend them fitly; but if we may not hope to speak at large of our matter, we may at least allow ourselves our poor say about their manner. This seems to us the last perfection in that kind, and the last perfection in any kind is simply getting back to nature. At the end you feel, "That is the way Mr. Lowell thinks to himself, and what wonderfully good company he must find himself!" The style is the "full-throated ease" of the best English prose, which is "far above singing"; every word is exactly yet freely used; the fancy glances everywhere; the pure wit sparkles and laughs like a brook at unexpected turns; the poetry which knows how to walk as well as to fly, the pathos which touches so lightly, so deep-

ly, and above all and under all and through all, the unfailing good sense, are some of the charms that may be numbered, while the best, as the best always must, goes nameless and unnamed.

If the reader should happen to turn from the passages in Mr. Lowell's Harvard Anniversary Address where he speaks of the Puritan clergy of New England, to Mr. Brooks Adams's *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, he will be struck not only by the richer humor (that is putting it very mildly), but by the finer historical sense. Mr. Adams judges them, we think, too habitually by the incandescent electric light of the nineteenth century, instead of the glimmer of the seventeenth-century taper. It is to be said of them that they were no worse than most people of their time, and it was their peculiar misfortune that the haggard spirit of persecution in them should be immediately confronted with the heavenly-eyed angel of toleration here on this edge of the New World, where she first visited the earth. Yet, after making all the allowances for them, we must own that they did persecute very cruelly the Antinomians, the Quakers, and the victims of their witchcraft superstition. It has, to be sure, been shown that they would not have imprisoned the Quakers, or lashed their women at the cart's tail from town to town, or hanged either sex, if the Quakers had kept away from their jurisdiction; but the same reasoning would show that the Inquisition did not molest heretics who put themselves beyond its reach. In fact, the theocracy of New England seems to have been a pretty ugly mixture of the dregs of Mosaism and feudalism, all the bitterer because they were the dregs. The Puritan rulers, cleric and laic, were undoubtedly sincere, conscientious, and courageous; all this has been recognized in full measure, pressed down and running over, by their posterity; and it is well at last to have one of their descendants uncover their faults, show their limitations, and rebuke their errors, their wilful cruelties, their crimes against humanity. If he rather overdoes it, that is his defect of temperament; and it remains true, all the same, that their yoke was uneasy and their burden was sore on the necks of their generation. How both were shaken off by the old theological conservatives joining hands with the political liberals in the Revolution against the state which they hated along with the Church it established, and then falling by the free spirit they had evoked, is the story which Mr. Adams tells absorbingly, clearly, strenuously—not to say athletically.

## IV.

There is a grim fantasy of Dostoïevsky's in which he depicts the sudden appearance at the cathedral door in Seville of a man by whose look all the multitude are arrested with a thrill of instant recognition. It does not need the miracles which he performs on



those pressing around him to convince them that he is Christ come again. They know it, and the Grand Inquisitor, passing by and seeing the unseemly disorder at the cathedral door, knows it too. But he does not hesitate; he has the stranger arrested, and the people sent home abashed and trembling. In the evening he visits his prisoner, and frankly says that he knows him. But he tells him that he has had his chance, that he was once offered all that the Church now possesses, and that he will not be suffered to disturb its hold upon the people; he will be burnt in the Plaza the next morning at ten.

The Quakers came preaching peace and equality and freedom to men who believed in war and rank and subordination; and they met the sort of welcome from the theocracy of old New England that we now see might have been expected in the seventeenth century. They would not be hanged in Boston to-day; the Saviour of mankind would not be burned to-day even in Spain: so far has His spirit penetrated at last; but if the old history could be repeated in just the old way in any centre of modern civilization, it certainly would cause anxieties, it would cause misgivings.

The effort to realize any heavenly ideal of goodness is still very offensive to the world, because it is an unpleasant reflection upon the walk and conversation of some of the best people in it. The theocrats of New England treated greater goodness than their own, or different goodness, with ferocity, not because they were the Church, but because they were the World—a little, hard, merciless world of the seventeenth century set down here in the wilderness, with no larger world near to modify it. They had come out of the larger world, supposing themselves an Ark of the Lord; perhaps they were so at first; but as soon as the power was theirs they became a citadel of purely mundane strength and purpose. As part of their time, they were not so much to blame; but they are to be forever disowned as exemplars to this or any future time in things for which they have been warmly defended. In so far as they persecuted and maltreated their fellow-men they were neither brave nor self-devoted nor reverend; and Mr. Adams, who teaches that they were poorer in the Christian virtues than the poor common people of their state, less merciful, less tolerant, will have done mankind a great service if he has brought this phase of their character into lasting and indefeasible disrepute.

## V.

Sore trials they had, no doubt, in the language and carriage of some of the hapless creatures whom they tortured and put to death; though, perhaps, not so heavy as they imagined, or has since been imagined for them: the world has never found difference of opinion agreeable in those who have helped it forward. We were reading, after we had

finished Mr. Adams's robust arraignment of the New England theocracy, some of those limpid translations of Plato which an accomplished woman of Boston has given anonymously to the public; and in the account of Socrates's trial, and his account of himself in his Apology, we saw again what an intolerable nuisance wisdom and goodness must be to most respectable people. Here was a man who, by his own showing and the showing of all the witnesses of his life, dwelt in lasting poverty in order that he might have time to be wise and truly great; and not only this, but he spent the greater part of his vast leisure in going about and convincing some of the leading citizens, who had always supposed themselves wise and truly great, that they were really nothing of the kind. The religious state of the ancient Athens bore with Socrates a very long time; but we know what end he came to at last, and we feel sure that the religious state of the nascent modern Athens would have made much shorter work with him. He seems, like the Quakers, to have thought himself guilty of no wrong, and in his conscious innocence he refused to put himself beyond the jurisdiction of the worshipful magistrates and ministers; he escaped whipping at the cart's tail through Ipswich, Salem, and other towns, but he was put to death at last.

Was it on Boston Common? Not exactly, we believe; but there is an effect of something so recent, such an essential parity in all stories of human cruelty and folly, that we might well be excused a slight confusion of details. The little books themselves are somewhat to blame. That *Day in Athens with Socrates*, those *Talks with Socrates about Life*, and that first volume containing the Apology and the Phaedo, all strike a note so familiar, deal with questions so living, that they seem of present concern and of modern fact. Eminent scholars, men of much Latin and more Greek, attest the skill and truth with which the versions are made; we can confidently speak of their English grace and clearness. They seem a "model of style," because they are without manner and perfectly simple. Part of this virtue is Greek, no doubt, but it imbues the prefaces and introductions, and all the comments which illustrate every dark point in the text, and throws a welcome light of history on many facts which one politely supposes himself to have forgotten, but which perhaps he never knew.

## VI.

Recurring once again to Tolstoï, as we own ourselves fond of doing, from the great reverence and honor in which we hold him, we wonder if there is yet an English translation of his pure and beautiful story of *Katia*, now in its seventh French edition. If not, we hope it will not be long till it is made known to American readers; that study of the romantic passion turning to family affection in two well-



meaning but long-erring lives is something that might be very usefully known here, where the ideal of marriage is so exaggerated and unreasonable; and every page is a pleasure to those who can feel the beauty of truth.

This beauty in Tolstoi is unfailing; and we think our readers will be interested in competent witness to another aspect of it. We quote from the letter of a writer who is one of our chief novelists, and who was one of our bravest soldiers:

"You do right to praise Tolstoi. Something that you wrote a while ago sent me to his *Peace and War*. . . . Let me tell you that nobody but he has written the whole truth about war and battle. I tried, and I told all I dared, and perhaps all I could. But there was one thing I did not dare tell, lest the world should infer that I was naturally a coward, and so could not know the feelings of a brave man. I actually did not dare state the extreme horror of battle, and the anguish with which the bravest soldiers struggle through it. His story of *Borodino*—the soldiers sitting hungry and white under that storm of death; the desperate struggles to keep the mind away from the horrors of the situation; the poor brave Prince pacing the meadow, counting his steps, etc.—it is the actual truth about the glories of war. I say it on the faith of a man who has seen it all a great many times by the hour together. . . . Oddly enough, the truth is not true to the uninformed. I recommended Tolstoi's *Borodino* to an educated, bright man of my acquaintance. He returned it with the remark that it seemed 'confused.' Well, that is just the truth, the supereminent, vital fact of the description. Nothing is more confounding, fragmentary, incomprehensible than a battle as one sees it. And you see so little, too, unless you are a staff officer and ride about, or perhaps a general. No two spectators ever fully agree in their story of a battle. Tolstoi must have been engaged many times. There are a thousand little touches which nobody could have guessed: the general who gives Pierre an angry glare; the staff officer who yells, 'What are you here for?' and rides off; the view of the charging enemy whom Pierre supposes to be Russians, and wonders why they are coming back—are touches which go to make up the picture of the haste, flurry, confusion, which a battle is. I am glad to have found Tolstoi."

#### VII.

Of subordinate fiction, of the sort which neither informs nor nourishes, a correspondent writes us, in sad conviction of the fact that the great mass of those who can read and write seem to ask for nothing better: "Do you think our novel-reading public cares much

for any masterpiece? It appears to me that the ordinary or uncultivated mind revolts from anything much higher than itself. Here is another lofty stair to climb; here is a new dialect of thought, and even of language, to struggle with; here is somebody insulting us by speaking a foreign tongue." There is suggestion in this, and truth enough for serious pause; and yet we think that it hardly does justice to the power of the ordinary mind to appreciate the best. Much of the best fails of due recognition, but enough of the best gets it to make us hopeful that when literature comes close to life, even ordinary minds will feel and know its charm. We think that there is proof of this in the vast popularity of our humorists, in the fame of the greatest, whose pseudonym is at this moment as well known, in America at least, as the name of Shakespeare. We need not blink any of his shortcomings in recognizing that his books are masterpieces of humor; they are so, and yet our public does care for them in prodigious degree, and it cares for them because incomparably more and better than any other American books they express a familiar and almost universal quality of the American mind, they faithfully portray a phase of American life, which they reflect in its vast kindness and good-will, its shrewdness and its generosity, its informality, which is not formlessness; under every fantastic disguise they are honest and true. That is all we ask of fiction—sense and truth; we cannot prophesy that every novel which has them will have the success of *The Innocents Abroad*, or of *Roughing It*, but we believe recognition wide and full will await it. Let fiction cease to lie about life; let it portray men and women as they are, actuated by the motives and the passions in the measure we all know; let it leave off painting dolls and working them by springs and wires; let it show the different interests in their true proportions; let it forbear to preach pride and revenge, folly and insanity, egotism and prejudice, but frankly own these for what they are, in whatever figures and occasions they appear; let it not put on fine literary airs; let it speak the dialect, the language, that most Americans know—the language of unaffected people everywhere—and we believe that even its masterpieces will find a response in all readers.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of March. —UNITED STATES CONGRESS.—The Fortyninth Congress expired March 4. The following bills were passed: To redeem trade dollars, both Houses, March 19; River and Harbor, Senate, March 21; Belmont Retaliation Bill (Can-

ada), House, February 23, vote of 252 to 1; Consular and Diplomatic and Agricultural Appropriation bills, Senate, February 26; Legislative and Deficiency Appropriations, House, March 1; Senate's Fisheries Retaliatory Bill agreed to in House, March 2; Naval Appropriation, Senate, March 2; Legislative Appropri-



ation, Senate, March 3; Mexican Pensions, Senate, March 3; all remaining appropriation bills, excepting fortifications, Senate, March 4.

The following are the appropriations as finally passed: Agricultural, \$1,028,730; Army, \$23,724,718 69; Diplomatic and Consular, \$1,429,942 14; District of Columbia, \$4,285,890 66; Indian, \$5,226,897 66; Legislative, \$20,701,221 67; Military Academy, \$419,936 93; Navy, \$25,753,165 44; Pensions, \$76,252,500; Post-office, \$55,694,650 15; Sundry Civil, \$22,862,490; Public Printing Deficiency, \$107,000; Mexican Pension Deficiency, \$6,000,000 96; Miscellaneous Appropriations (estimated), \$3,500,000: total, \$247,387,144 30.

The House of Representatives on February 24 refused to pass the Dependent Soldiers' Pension Bill over the President's veto, the vote being, Yeas, 175; Nays, 125—a two-thirds vote being required.

The bill authorizing the President to take severe retaliatory measures against Canada, which is a product of the fisheries dispute, was signed by the President before Congress adjourned.

Senator Sherman resigned the Presidency of the Senate *pro tempore* February 22, and Senator Ingalls was elected to succeed him.

The following-named United States Senators were appointed by Governors or elected by Legislatures during the month: Florida, General J. J. Finley (Democrat); New Jersey, Rufus Blodgett (Democrat); West Virginia, D. R. Lucas (Democrat).

Nominations for Governor of Rhode Island were made as follows: Prohibitionists, February 22, Thomas H. Peabody; Democrats, March 8, John W. Davis; Republicans, March 16, George P. Wetmore (renominated).

Mr. Parnell was twice defeated in the House of Commons March 1—once, on an amendment that *clôture* should not be applied until the subject under discussion had been debated (241 to 186); and second, on an amendment to prevent the application of *clôture* directly after the moving of an amendment (302 to 116).

Mr. Stanley set out from Zanzibar, February 24, on an expedition for the rescue of Emin Bey.

The House of Commons of the Canadian Parliament, elected February 22, is made up as follows: Ministerialists, 112; Opposition, 95; with 8 members from disputed districts not reckoned.

The election for members of the German Reichstag took place February 21, and in some cases supplementary elections were necessary. The complete returns were: Conservative, 81; Imperialist, 39; National Liberal, 100; Centre, 97; New German Liberal, 34; Polish, 15; Protester, 15; Socialist, 11; Guelph, 4; Danish, 1.

The new Reichstag was opened March 3. The Emperor was absent, but the reading of his speech called forth loud applause.

The Septennate Army Bill passed the Reichs-

tag, March 11, by a vote of 227 to 31, with 84 not voting. It fixes the peace effective force of the German Empire, from April 1 for seven years, at 463,400 men, exclusive of one-year volunteers.

An attempt was made March 13 to assassinate the Czar, when he was returning from a requiem service in commemoration of his father. A bomb shaped like a book was thrown under his carriage, but the assassins were seized before they could draw the string and cause the explosion. Many arrests were made.

#### DISASTERS.

*February 23.*—Earthquakes in southern Europe, the disturbance extending from Nice to Genoa. Bajardo and Diano-Marino destroyed, and much damage done at Mentone, Nice, and other places. One thousand persons killed.

*March 1.*—Explosion in the Beaubrun mines at St. Étienne. Eighty-six men killed.—News in San Francisco of the wreck of a Chinese junk, from Hainan for Siam, and nearly six hundred passengers drowned.—Steamer *W. H. Gardner* burned on the Tombigbee River, near Gainesville. Twenty lives lost.

*March 5.*—Fire-damp explosion in a colliery at Quaregnon, near Mons, Belgium. One hundred and forty-four lives lost.

*March 10.*—Accidental explosion of *mélinite*, a new explosive, in the French Arsenal at Belfort. Six men killed and eleven injured.

*March 14.*—Passenger train on the Dedham branch of the Boston and Providence Railroad fell through a bridge between Roslindale and Forest Hills. Thirty persons killed and a hundred injured.

*March 18.*—Richmond Hotel, Buffalo, New York, burned. Ten persons killed and many injured.

#### OBITUARY.

*February 19.*—In Newport, Rhode Island, General Robert B. Potter, aged fifty-six years.

*February 24.*—In New York city, General Thomas W. Egan, aged fifty-five years.

*February 25.*—In New York, Robert L. Cutting, aged seventy-six years.—At Norfolk, Virginia, Commodore William T. Truxton, U.S.N. (retired), aged sixty-three years.

*February 28.*—In New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. John Hancock Pettingell, author, aged seventy-two years.—In Rome, Italy, Cardinal Jacobini, Pontifical Secretary of State, aged fifty-two years.

*March 4.*—In Rome, Italy, Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits, aged ninety-two years.

*March 5.*—At Pensacola, Florida, Commodore Edward P. Lull, U.S.N., aged fifty-one years.

*March 8.*—In Brooklyn, New York, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his seventy-fourth year.—In Paris, Paul Henri Féval, author, in his seventieth year.—At Nassau, New Providence, James B. Eads, engineer, aged sixty-seven years.

*March 9.*—In Stuttgart, Germany, Ludwig von Hofer, sculptor, aged eighty-six years.



## Editor's Drawer.

**TO ARMS!** Our young ladies have taken to fencing—that is, the young ladies who keep up with the foreign fashions, and know what the Queen of Naples and other dashing social guerillas are doing. Women have been so long fenced in—we seek in vain another expression for their subjection—that we who favor both the development and the emancipation of woman hail with delight this martial movement. We hear as yet of no students' duels at Smith's or Wellesley or Vassar, but they will be in order when these excellent colleges become universities, and have club life, and a resident population in the full swing of student independence. Fencing is a splendid exercise: it develops the chest, hardens the muscles, invigorates the back—and the back is said to be the one weak element in our otherwise perfect civilization—trains the eye, and by raising physical confidence increases the moral courage. We have heard a great deal about armaments lately, and fortifications, and the necessity of coast defence. But here are our defenders, or the mothers of them; for when our women take the sword, the next generation is certain to be a nation of soldiers. We do not make light of this movement. It has a profound significance. We do not take it to be with women a passing fashion, like croquet, or lawn-tennis, or the constructions on the back in imitation of the burden of sin of Christian. Everybody knows by this time that the ballot is the one thing in life that makes us all happy, and that if every man, woman, and child could vote—excluding untaxable idiots and Indians—misery and inequality would disappear from the world. Now a woman, her tongue armed with Greek and her hand with the rapier—Minerva in the panoply of Mars, in short—will take what she wants—will she not? How will the slender-chested young shopkeepers and light fellows in lawn-tennis suits stand against her? With a one, two, three, and a lunge, she will simply take the ballot, and that will be the end of it.

From what we hear, this movement has been a little misapprehended. It is supposed by some to be a flank movement of the woman suffragists. It is nothing of the sort. Their methods are different. They proceed almost always by resolutions and by lobbying. The Fencers never resolve, and hold no conventions. Their plan is—and it is, after all, the old one with women—simply to make themselves irresistible. In their method they follow the example of hosts of women in this generation. While the suffragists are begging the men to give them the ballot, declaring that it is a necessary means to woman's doing anything noteworthy in the world, other women have gone forward and taken anything they had the capacity to take. If a woman wanted to be a doctor, she made herself one, and

the world wonders how it used to get on without female physicians; if she desired to write a book, she wrote it, and the world now spends a good portion of its time in reading what are loosely called feminine novels; if she chose to be an astronomer, she became one, and made men see stars they never saw before; if she had a fancy for law, she read law, and forced the court which had laid aside gowns itself to recognize a Portia in petticoats; would she draw the curtains and lecture, she had crowded houses; would she preach, she went into the pulpit, and found congregations willing to be led and not driven into goodness; would she have the highest education, she studied (with no objection from anybody but the old-fogy family physician), and either made conspicuous the learning of the age in an institution of her own, or in an "annex" carried off the honors in mathematics and classics from her male competitors; was her turn philanthropic, she took charge of great charitable institutions, or the leadership in city missions, saved children, rescued women, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and sent the idle to the right about face—what is there that she cannot do and has not done? Could a man make a shirt for six cents? What limit is there to her ambition or performance? She drives a stage, plays the violin, sews, sings, dances, acts, paints (both in oil and water-colors), teaches, is a clerk, a type-writer, a typesetter, an editor, a marvellous producer of short stories (said by critics to be the most difficult art in the world), a telegrapher, and as a yell-er through the telephone probably will never have an equal. Go where you will, there is woman, lovely or plain, ready to cure, to chide, to guide, to aid, to instruct, to amuse, to rule, to lead, and point the way for halting man. And she has done and become all this while a few of her sex have been passing resolutions about her inability without the ballot. Perhaps it is a perception of this fact that has lately modified these resolutions: it is not so much now for the sake of women as for the sake of men that women need the ballot. Men have made a bad mess of governing the world; they have filled it with drinking saloons and standing armies.

The Drawer is not certain that the Fencers intend to take the ballot; if they do, their method is independent of the so-called suffragists. Perhaps their purpose is not to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them; their sole object may be to attain that female perfection of form which made the Greeks worshippers of women, when women were as beautiful as Venus and as fleet of foot as Diana.

In the old town of H——, in Vermont, about the beginning of this century, lived a



man named C——, to whom the unique idea had occurred of following the order of the alphabet in naming his children. In accordance with this plan, No. 1, a boy, was named Ashley Brigham C——. The brief existence of No. 2 was shown by her name, Death-born Epithemia. Then followed Foster Gilman, Hilarity Juno, Kathira Lelona, Melina Nolilla, Obadi-ah Polander, Quiretta Rosena, Serviah Trusty; and when this point was reached the old gentleman died, leaving a girl without a name, and his widow finished the list by skipping the intervening letters and calling the unnamed baby &.

TO MY LITTLE BROTHERS.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY tea bells

Tinkling little chimes;

Just as many poets

Tinkling little rhymes.

When great bells are silent,

Little ones may ring;

When great poets are voiceless,

Little ones may sing.

Little bells and brothers

(Do not take it ill),

All vibration ceases

Once your tongues are still.

There are tones and voices

That can never die,

Though I only think of

Tennyson and I.

But there may be others

(I am not a carper)

Of the lyric brothers

Here embalmed by Harper,

*Bound to live—cloth, 12mo.*

So let us agree:

I'll read all your verses,

*If—you sing of me.*

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

IN connection with the article on Southern authors which is given in this number of the Magazine, the following anecdote of Miss Murrefree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, will be interesting to our readers:

Once when a child her mother found it necessary to whip her for disobedience. After the performance the small culprit emerged into the hall, where she found her brother, who told her that he had been praying for her as hard as he could. "Pshaw!" she replied, "God didn't care anything about it. Why didn't you talk loud enough for mother to hear?"

THE worst thing about the Chinese is that they imitate us so readily, as witness this little incident in a California city last year, when excited meetings were held to devise means for getting rid of the Celestials:

Among the most violent of the agitators was Mr. B——, a tolerably well-to-do native of the Emerald Isle. One Saturday evening he was unusually loud and eloquent in his denuncia-

tions, declaring vehemently that the "Chinese must go," and depicting in glowing colors the evils he was bringing upon us poor Americans by doing all our work, and taking the bread out of the mouths of the poor. Monday morning Mrs. B——, the wife, prepared her clothes for wash, but John did not come. Tuesday he did not come. Wednesday she told her husband to stop, on his way to his business, at the wash-house, and send John after the clothes. He did so. "All yight," said John, dropped his iron, and went to her house. Mrs. B—— greeted him with, "Why you no come for my clothes?" John stepped back, folded his arms over his chest, and said, "Me no washee for you; me boycott you," turned on his heel, and left.

RECOLLECTION OF GRANT THORBURN.

BY A LADY OF EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.

WHEN spending a few weeks in New York city the year that Mr. Thorburn occupied an old Quaker meeting-house for a seed store, I not unfrequently dropped in for a few seeds, or to hear his orchestra of rare birds in the gallery, or to see his little plot of unusually gaudy and choice tulips, then in perfection. The social proprietor of the store would often attend upon one he saw was a great admirer of that flower. They were cultivated in the rear of the store.

On one occasion a fine-appearing gentleman came in, attired from head to foot in perfect Quaker garb. Mr. T. addressed him as an acquaintance, saying, "Called to see and admire the works of nature? All right, sir—all right."

To which a ready assent was given.

"Well, you perceive, sir, the God of nature has not clothed *all* His works in drab."

No response was made, but often has it come to mind how ready the elegant gentleman was to reply, "Good-morning," and take a sudden departure.

A "NIGGER" WITH A CARD.

ONE afternoon a half-drunken fellow got on one of the Louisville and Nashville sleeping-cars, bound north.

When the conductor showed him to his seat, he found a clean, well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking colored man to be his partner in that section, and occupying the seat facing his.

He at once began in a drunken fashion to abuse the negro, accusing him of trying to "set up for white folks," doing the dude act in charcoal, etc., and finally got up from his seat, declaring that he'd "be d——d if he'd set thar and be outdone by a blasted nigger in a high silk hat."

The conductor, to keep the peace and prevent any disturbance in his car, led the indignant patron of old Kentucky bourbon to a seat in another part of the car.

Next morning the drunken man, who was not a bad fellow at heart, had sobered up considerably, and, with some remembrance of his





## OVER-ESTIMATED QUALIFICATIONS.

MR. KNOWAL. "Allow me to turn your music, Miss De Lacy."

MISS DE LACY. "You are very kind, Mr. Knowal."

MR. KNOWAL. "Not at all, I assure you. I like nothing better than to turn music that I am perfectly familiar with, and I am *well* acquainted with this piece, and—"

MISS DE LACY. "Please turn now, Mr. Knowal."

previous misconduct, went over to the colored man's seat and commenced to apologize by saying he had been "a little off his base" the evening before, and did not mean any harm by anything he might have said; that he hadn't anything against the "niggers," and was always their friend when they behaved themselves. So he hoped the stranger would see that in anything that had passed he had meant no personal offence to him.

"That is all right, sir," said the colored man, with politeness. "I saw your condition at once, and of course, under the circumstances, did not consider you responsible for your acts at that time. Your apology this morning makes the *amende honorable*. Allow me"—at the same time offering his card to his former persecutor.

The drunken fellow drew back as if he had been shot. "Look a-here, Mr. Nigger," he cried, in great excitement, "I had made up my mind to stand the cut-away coat and the stove-pipe hat, but I'll be derved if *I can stand a nigger with a kyard!*"

LUCY UNDERWOOD MCCANN.

ARCHDEACON KIRKBY, in a recent account of his life-long experiences as a missionary among the Indians in British Columbia, remarked upon the extreme difficulty of making them comprehend the simplest Scriptural

teachings, and illustrated it by saying that he gave a series of lessons on each of the Commandments separately to a class of young Alaskan braves. He dwelt especially upon the principle involved in the Sixth Commandment, explaining to them clearly what murder meant, and what a dreadful crime it was in the eyes of God and man. To test their comprehension of what he had said, he then asked all those in the class who had committed murder to stand up. Only three arose. He was very much surprised, as he knew that they had all been on the war-path repeatedly, and boasted of their scalps. He went carefully over the explanation once more, and again asked them to arise. The same three came to their feet. "Why, surely," he said, in despair, "this can't be *all* that have committed murder." After a moment's reflection, "Will all those who have *tomahawked* their mother-in-law please stand up?" *Nineteen arose.*

DR. ASAHEL BACKUS, who for so many years was the President of Hamilton College, had a more than local reputation for humor, and many of his witty repartees were remembered long after the old gentleman himself had passed away. A number of the students came late to the chapel exercises one morning, and when he rebuked them for the same, they said it was because they couldn't hear the new



bell. "Well," he said, "I don't know that I can blame you. That new bell don't make much more noise than *the wagging of a lamb's tail inside a fur cap.*"

On another occasion a neighbor came in to borrow the Doctor's team of oxen to draw a load of wood. The Doctor said, "You're quite welcome to the oxen, but the fact is they're so poor I don't believe they could draw three leaves of the Catechism from here to the village."

#### THE CROSS-EYED CLERK.

DURING the late Christmas holidays a large firm in B—— employed as an assistant clerk a young man who was exceedingly cross-eyed.

The especial duty assigned to him was to act as watchman, and prevent the peculation of all sorts of small fancy articles that were lying about the counters for exhibition at that time.

One day a half-grown boy came into the store, and after looking all around, pricing first one thing and then another, among which were some very nice socks, he finally started to go out of the door.

At this moment the new clerk touched him lightly on the shoulder, and inviting him to come to the back part of the store, said to him, politely, "Oblige me by giving me at once the socks that you have in your back pocket."

"How do you know I have any socks in my back pocket?" demanded the boy, in a bold tone.

"I saw you put them there," said the clerk, very gently.

The boy looked up into the young man's face in utter amazement. "Are you looking at me now?" he asked, earnestly. "Do you see me this very minute?" he asked, still more earnestly.

"Of course I do," replied the clerk.

"Good Lord, mister!" cried the boy, with a blanching face; "*here's your socks.*" And with a bound he was out the backdoor, over the fence, and away, having learned a lesson concerning all-seeing eyes which it is to be hoped he may never forget. LUCY UNDERWOOD MCCANN.

MR. P—— had for some days remonstrated with his wife about leaving a ragged linen cover on the parlor sofa; she intended daily to remove it, but her time was so fully occupied with her various household duties that she continually forgot it.

One morning she was summoned to the parlor to see some neighbors who had called. She found the ladies chatting with Mr. P——, who was sitting in the middle of the sofa. He was usually the most restless of men, changing his seat every five minutes; now, however, he sat still during the hour that the visitors remained, did not even rise to shake hands with them, and of course did not accompany them to the front gate, as the courtesies of the neighbor-

hood required. Mrs. P—— supplied his neglected attentions, and then returned to the house to remonstrate with her husband on his unusual failure in good manners.

"My dear John, what possessed you to be so impolite?" she began.

"My dear Betsey," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "it was impossible for me to move—I *was acting a patch.*"

The torn cover was replaced before the lady took her seat.

#### VIRGINIA SKETCHES.

MRS. MORTON has just been congratulating herself on securing a good honest cook for the winter.

Enter Aunt Martha, the cook aforesaid, who announces: "Mistis, I come to tell you I 'bleeged to leave you nex' week. I kyarn stay wid you no longer."

MRS. MORTON. "Oh, Martha! You promised to stay all the winter."

MARTHA. "Yes 'm; I did inten' to; but I'm gwine to be married."

MRS. MORTON. "Married! Whom to? What on earth are you going to get married again for, as old as you are?"

MARTHA (*with a sniff of indignation*). "I ain' mo'n sixty. An' ef I is ol', dat's de ve'y reason I warn git married. I tiahd o' wukin'. An' ol' Unc' Peter up in de Bushy Hills ax me to marry him, an' I'm gwine to. He's mighty well off. He's got a house, an' a piece o' lan', an' a cow, an' a mule, an' some pigs, an' some chickens. An' I kin res', he say; his daughter 'll do de hard wuk."

MRS. MORTON. "He's a stingy old miser. He let his first wife die of pneumonia because he wouldn't pay for the medicine the doctor ordered for her. If you don't look out he'll treat you in the same way."

MARTHA. "No'm, he ain' gwine serve me dat way. I got some money myse'f—'tis twenty dollars. Mr. Aguer got it for me. Unc' Peter kyarn git it."

MRS. MORTON. "When are you going to be married?"

MARTHA. "In de Bâptis' chu'ch, Sunday mornin' atter preachin'. Unc' Peter say he have a convenience dyah to kyar me home."

Uncle Peter, coming into town with a basket on his arm, calls in at a customer's house: "Mornin', Miss Jenny. Does you warn any fresh aigs dis mornin'?"

MISS JENNY. "No, thank you, Uncle Peter. How are you getting along?"

UNCLE PETER. "Ain' doin' so well, marm. But I 'spects to be married Sunday. Den I'll git 'long better. Is you heah 'bout dat?"

MISS JENNY. "Yes; I heard Mrs. Morton complaining that you were going to take her excellent cook away from her. She said she didn't know how she could do without her."

UNCLE PETER (*grinning broadly*). "Dee gives her a good cha'acter, does dee? I'm glad to heah



dat. I'm glad to heah a good repo't 'bout dat woman. I ain' much acquainted wid her myse'f."

Two hours after the wedding, Martha, divested of her bridal finery, was hard at work cooking dinner for Uncle Peter's guests. And now she trudges a mile and a half every day to wash at the laundry, where Uncle Peter has hired her out. Whether Mr. Agner still retains possession of her twenty dollars is a doubtful question. \_\_\_\_\_

AN old lady went to the Episcopal church. The sexton gave her a seat not very far forward. She turned to him, and spying the lectern—a spread eagle—said, "I am deaf; I wish you would give me a seat farther front, near the *faowl*."

#### THE WISE SMALL PEOPLE.

SMALL Jamie was at his devotions one royal winter's morning. Now it happened that a great hill sloped just past the window near which our little worshipper was kneeling, and honesty compels me to acknowledge that one of Jamie's eyes was intent on temporal things, while the other was piously given to those of spiritual import. Midway in the petition Jamie's temporal eye spied a prostrate

figure coming jubilantly down-hill. It was too much for the small man's piety. The spiritual eye flew open wide, and Jamie darted to the window, and uttered an excited "Who-oo-p!" then dropped upon his knees and ended his prayer.

Hattie was not at all familiar with "darkies"; indeed, her whole acquaintance with the race was limited to one stalwart ebony friend, whose face fairly shone with blackness. She never could understand about it. Her loyal friendliness and deep pity were at variance, and her small soul was often stirred within her.

"Mamma," she said, one day, "did God make Mr. Jackson?"

"Why, yes, dear—of course he did," her mother answered, surprised.

There was a long silence, which the little lady devoted to much deep thought; then, with a troubled sigh, "Mamma, do you suppose God thought he was *pretty*?"

A typical "Young America" in N——, having been guilty of a flagrant transgression against his younger brother, was called to account by his mother, who proceeded to work the "sympathetic" movement upon him.

"Oh, Freddy, how *could* you do so? How *could* you treat your dear little brother so?"



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

MR. LARD. "That's by Titan, and I call it his *hors-d'œuvre*."



Suppose Carl were to die; what would you do then?"

"Humph!" coolly replied the unimpressed Fred; "I'd put on my new pants 'n' go to his funeral."

A little fellow had been out playing with a small Irish crony, whose cruelty in stepping on a caterpillar had aroused our hero's direful indignation. And thereby hangs this tale, as he told it to his mother that same evening, with righteous wrath in his face: "I told him a taterpillar turned into a butterfly, an' he thaid 'twath a darned lie, 'n' he'd *lick* me; an' I'm thix, an' he'th thix, 'n' *I'd dest like to thee him ty it*!"

During the war, when one of our Southern cities was under martial law, band music was a common occurrence, and a source of unfailing delight to a small child, Kittie. She could never hear enough of it, and one evening, when her mother called her into the house, the music-loving little maiden stoutly declined the invitation.

"But you will catch your death o' cold, dear," her mother urged.

"No matter, mamma; the band plays all day up in heaven, and it don't play only but *two* times here."

The same little person, whose proclivities tended strongly toward Methodism, once had a severe trouble with her knee, insomuch that it was very painful to bend it. At bedtime it was suggested that she say her prayers standing beside her mother. Kittie was shocked, and exclaimed, with withering sarcasm, "Do you s'pose I'm going to be a *Baptist*?" And down dropped the small martyr to pay her vows on the poor little knee.

Little Ben's grandfather was afflicted with a very lame leg, and the small grandson was wont to pray for it every night. After a while, however, he evidently grew tired of it, and one evening arranged matters in this way: "O Lord," he prayed as usual, "bless grandpa's lame leg." Then, struck with a happy idea, he settled his obligations once for all: "O Lord, bless *everybody's legs*. Amen."

Little Joe's Sunday-school teacher questioned him one Sunday as to whether he always said his prayers when he went to bed at night, and the young gentleman replied, cheerfully, "Well, yes, only when I have to sleep on the floor; then I don't have any *place to pray to*."

Millie, three and a half years old, had a regal fashion of ordering her friends about and commanding them to do her small "biddings" with calm dignity. Her grandmother humored her, as grandmothers will. On one occasion, when grandmother had been obediently trotting upstairs and down after cookies and

bread and butter for her petite majesty, auntie looked up from her work, and exclaimed, half impatiently, "Millie, you're a regular little *tyrant*."

"Oh no, I isn't," her wee majesty made answer, scornfully; "I's a *Congregationist*."

It was Sunday afternoon, and upon a sudden our little girl Eloy was seized with a severe attack of industry. Her eyes were miraculously opened to the deplorable fact that her youngest child, "Coradora Waterpine," was in sore straits for something to wear. Nothing would do but the anxious little mother must straightway fall to ripping up Coradora's best gown. It must be made over.

"Why, gamma, Coradora Waterpine's *got* to have a new close; this one's all in *splinters*." So she toiled away earnestly, and snip, snip went the stitches as the ripping progressed.

Presently auntie came into the room, and at once cried out, in horrified tones, "Why, *Floy*, it's Sunday! Don't you know it's naughty to work on Sunday?"

The snipping stopped just long enough for the small snipper to toss her head disdainfully and remark: "Ho! guess I know. I'm not working; I'm *un-working*."

It so happened that two diminutive ladies were once diligently looking at pictures together, when they chanced upon the "open" countenance of a mammoth crocodile. Thereupon one diminutive lady turned to the other, and remarked, with grave impressiveness: "Coccodiles is awful! They eat up little heathen babies what don't say their prayers. To my Sunday-school we put in pennies to buy missionaries to go an' shoot 'em."

A little four-year-old of my acquaintance was much impressed with her first out-of-doors in the starlight. On her arrival home she skipped joyfully up to her mother with the glad tidings: "Oh, mamma! I've seen the moon and all her little childrens."

Two small sisters, whose ages were respectively five and seven, were overheard gravely discussing the pronunciation of a certain disputed word. One maiden insisted on her way, and proudly quoted as authority "Webster on the bridge."

Maiden No. 2 turned upon her sister with utmost compassion and scorn in her voice as she exclaimed, "*On* the bridge? Hm! it's Webster *under* the bridge."

MAXIE was the little six-year-old daughter of a clergyman who had taken great pains with her religious instruction, and had held before her the goodness of the Supreme Being, so that she should have in her mind always His kindness and mercy as well as power. One morning her mother, passing the open door of the room in which the child was play-



ing, saw Miss Maxie standing on a chair before the mirror, with her face close to it, scrutinizing her little phiz with great earnestness, and with a long sigh, she remarked, "I *don't* see how God could have given me such a nose, when he *knows* how particular I am."

This same little girl took a great dislike to a pair of shoes her mother had bought for her, and made some trouble about wearing them. She went one day with a little cousin to visit an aunt; and the aunt, knowing the child's mind about the shoes, thought to please her, so began praising them, and turning to the little cousin, asked her if she too did not think the shoes handsome. Whereupon the cousin said, "No; I think they are horrid!" The aunt was shocked, and turned to see what effect this very frank speech would have upon Maxie, when that young miss, noticing the disturbed expression on her aunt's face, calmly replied: "She knows it's sympathy I *want*, not *praise*."

I HAVE a boy and girl aged, Tom, ten, and Emmie, eleven, who are very much attached to each other. The next oldest, a girl of thirteen, Belle, has just commenced to go to the High School, and on account of her age, etc., sometimes inclines to dictate to the younger ones. The other morning, after some childish disagreement, their mother says, "Emmie, you don't seem to think as much of Belle as you do of Tom."

Emmie replied: "Think as much of her! I guess I don't! If she wasn't in the family I would not recognize her." S. F. T.

Two women in a Boston horse-car were discussing their household affairs audibly and to the great amusement of the other passengers. After comparing notes as to the productiveness of their several farms, the price of groceries, the advantages of a country life over that of one in the city, and uttering a thanksgiving that they kept no servants, and "going to bed, master, get up, mistress," one of them delivers herself in this wise:

"There's sister Sally, now. Her and me ain't no more alike 'n ef 'twa'n't us. She's jest ez different ez I be t'other way."

THE Drawer, although solicited to do so, can not undertake to regulate the pulpit: it is as much as it can do to take care of the pews; and "A Country Parson" must take the responsibility of the following observation, with all the deductions to be drawn from it:

Apropos to the commonly received opinion that "scolding sermons" seldom result in any moral reform, a dominie somewhat noted for the occasional acid flavor of his remarks gloomily arose in his pulpit on a recent Sunday, and prefaced the announcement of his text by the remark, "I shall preach a sharp sermon to-day, as *I am not feeling at all well*." The audience at once began to be restive, as

they knew by experience what was coming. The atmosphere of the parson's discourse may have a physiological as well as theological bearing. It is said Anthony Froude once wittily suggested that Calvinism flourished in the Lowlands of Scotland *on account of the bad drainage*.

IN a certain New England town, lying within what is called "the region of perpetual pie," lived an old lady who every Saturday baked a mince and an apple pie. But after they were baked they were as bad as the "two Dromios"—nobody knew "which was which." But she was not lacking in the fertile ingenuity of her sex, and "Now," she triumphantly exclaims, "I don't have no more trouble, 'cause I just mark with my crust-cutter on the mince-pie, 'T.M.' ('tis mince), and on the apple-pie, 'T.M.' ('tain't mince)."

#### HIS SECOND WIFE.

In silence she raises  
Her low drooping head  
To list while he praises  
The wife who is dead;  
And ever he echoes the old refrain,  
"Oh! that was life  
With such a wife,  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"

She never was idle,  
She never would tire;  
Her temper could bridle,  
Her servants inspire.  
And ever her virtues he sang again:  
"No one could be  
Like her to me,  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"

She never spent money,  
Was ever content;  
To have a new bonnet  
Would never consent;  
Yet summer or winter, or shine or rain,  
Would never stay  
From church away,  
His Susan Amanda Matilda Jane.

Was never too early,  
Was never too late;  
Her dinner was ready,  
Or ready to wait.  
But ah! he never should see again  
With mortal eyes  
Such peerless pies—  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!

Could sew on his buttons,  
Darn, back-stitch, and hem,  
Each button a picture,  
Each darn was a gem,  
A vision of beauty, a pearl without stain!  
When she was there  
His woes to share,  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!

In silence she listens,  
Till sudden there lies  
An ember that glistens  
Deep down in her eyes.  
"To praise her yet farther to me is vain;  
No one," quoth she,  
"Regrets like me  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.





HE. "What! you haven't got a single dance left?"

SHE. "No. It's past two o'clock! Why didn't you come earlier?"

TOO LATE!

HE. "Well—a feller must *dine*, you know!"

—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.



























